

# DINOSAURS' DANCE



By Frank Fisler    Illustrated by J. Bruce Jones

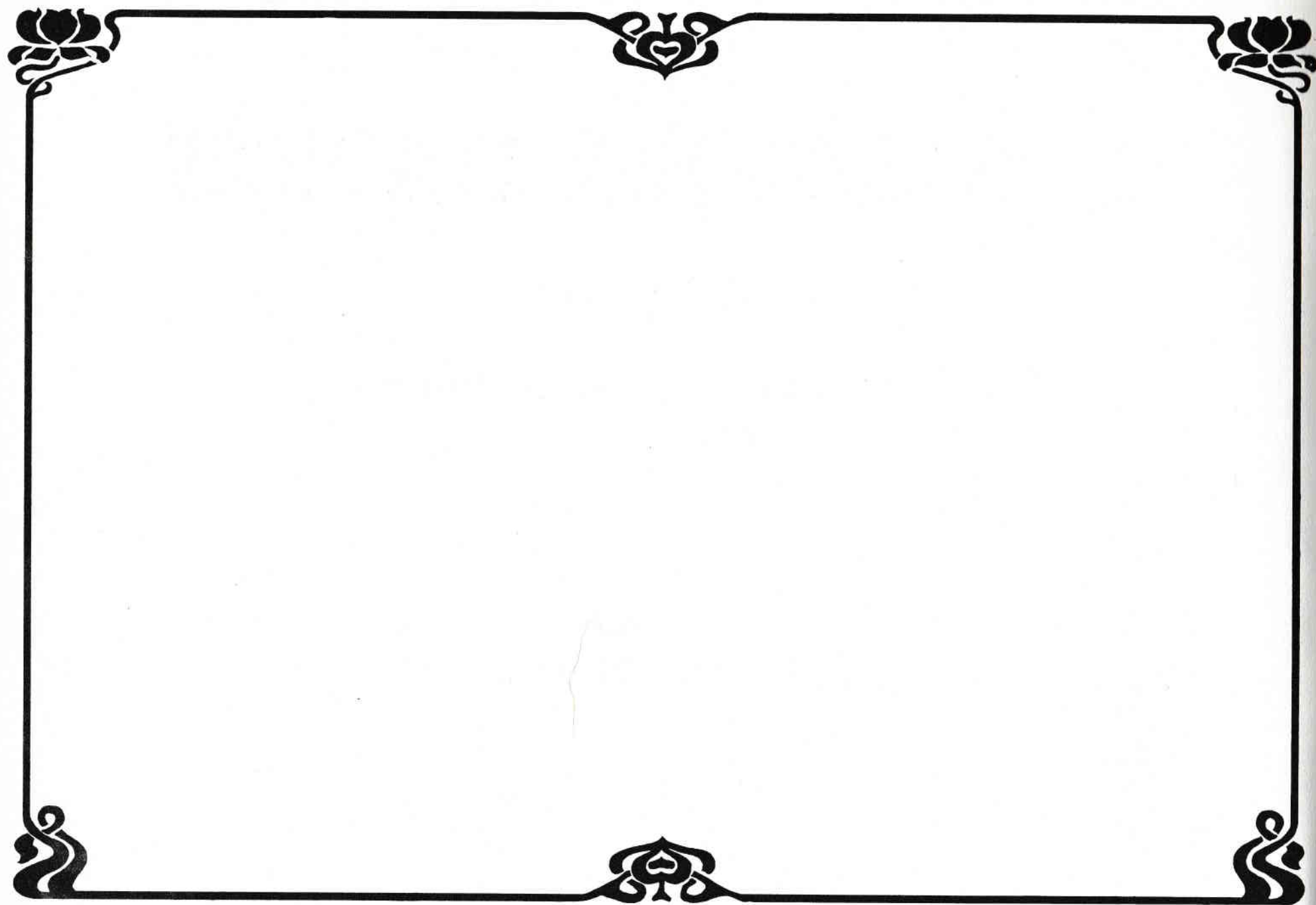
# DINOSAURS' DANCE

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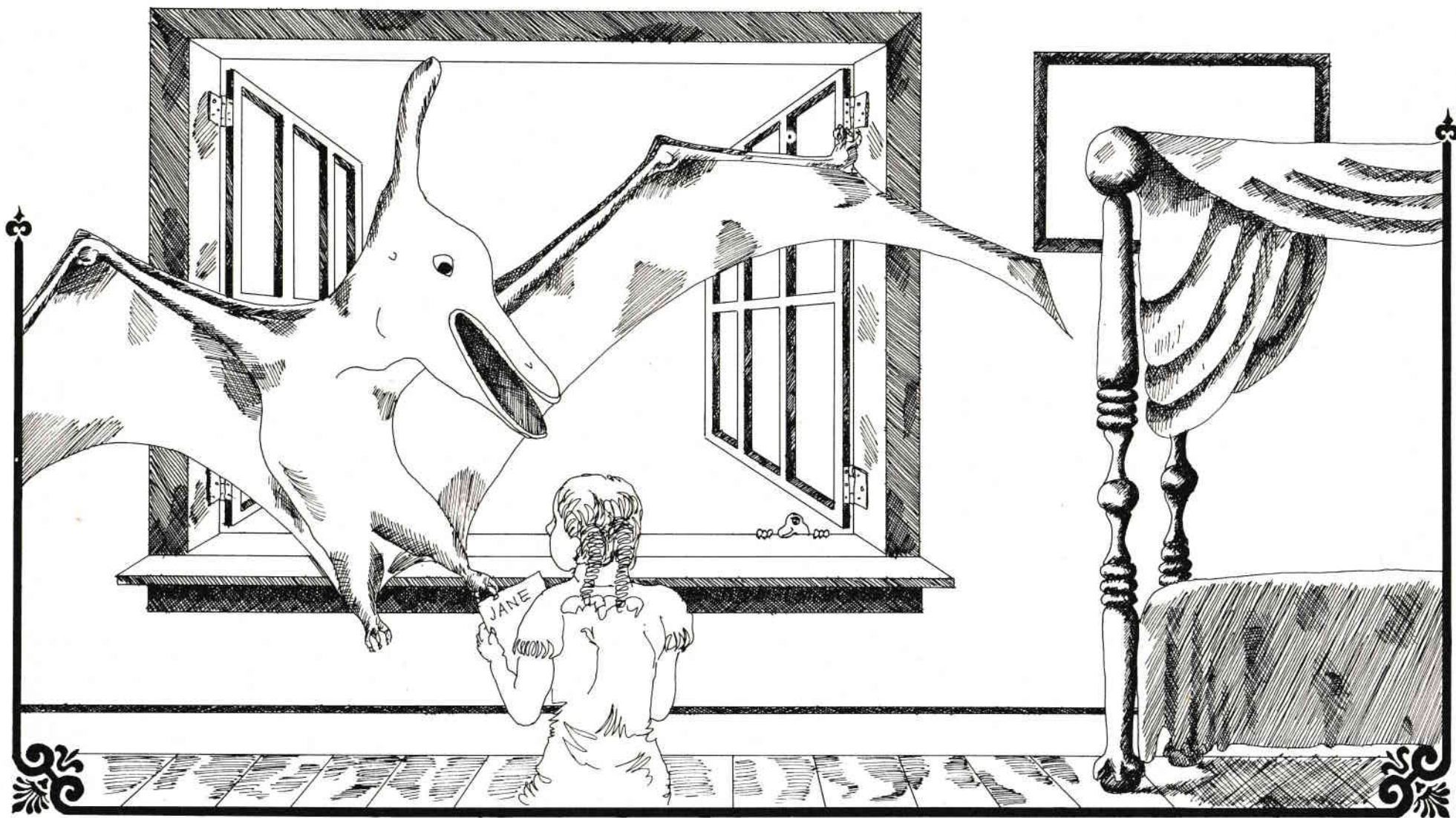
Full Pint ~ Boston

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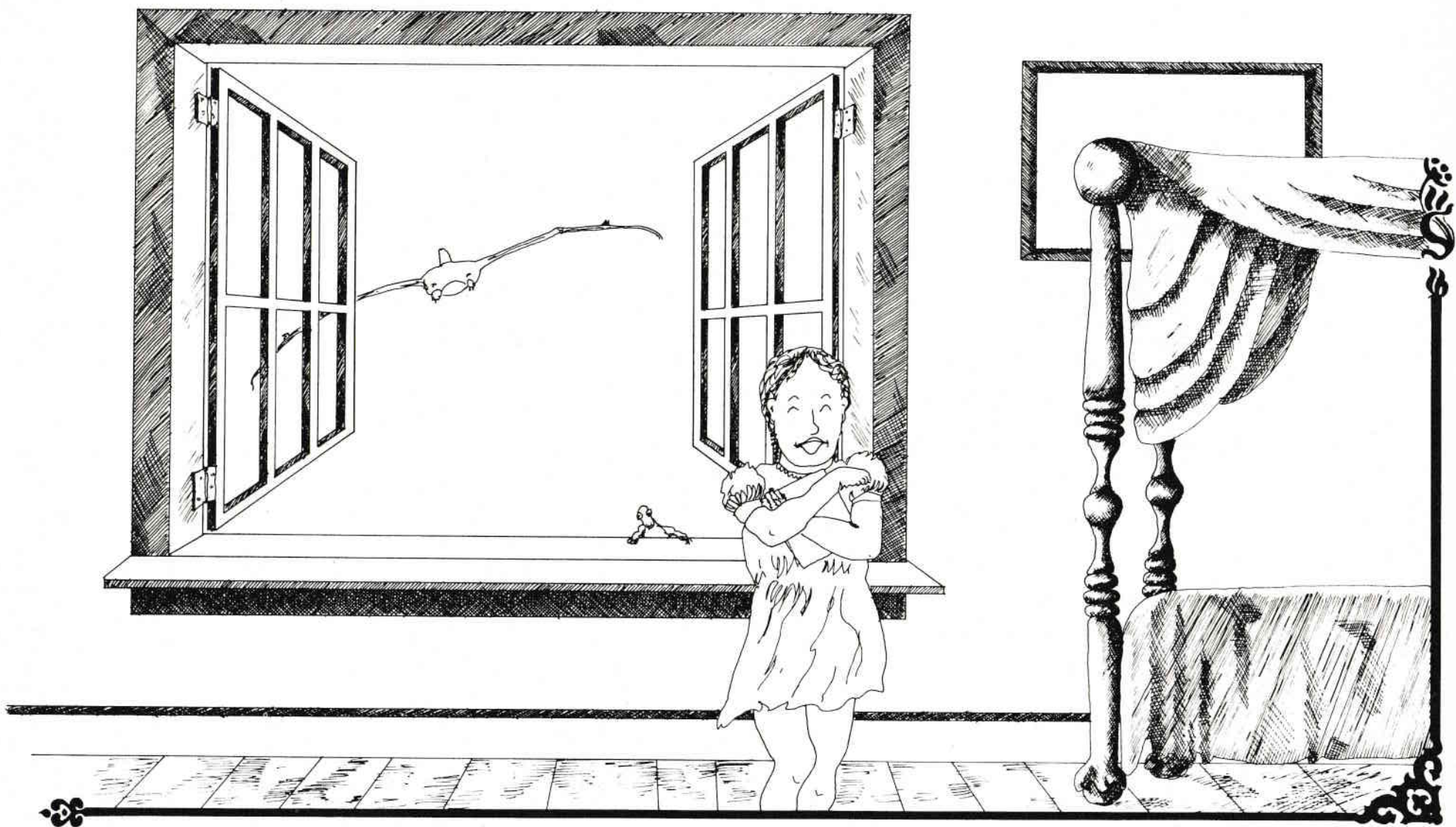
To the Sevens and all our friends.

“Please come to our dance, please do, please do,” said the pterandon with a flap of his skin-covered wings.



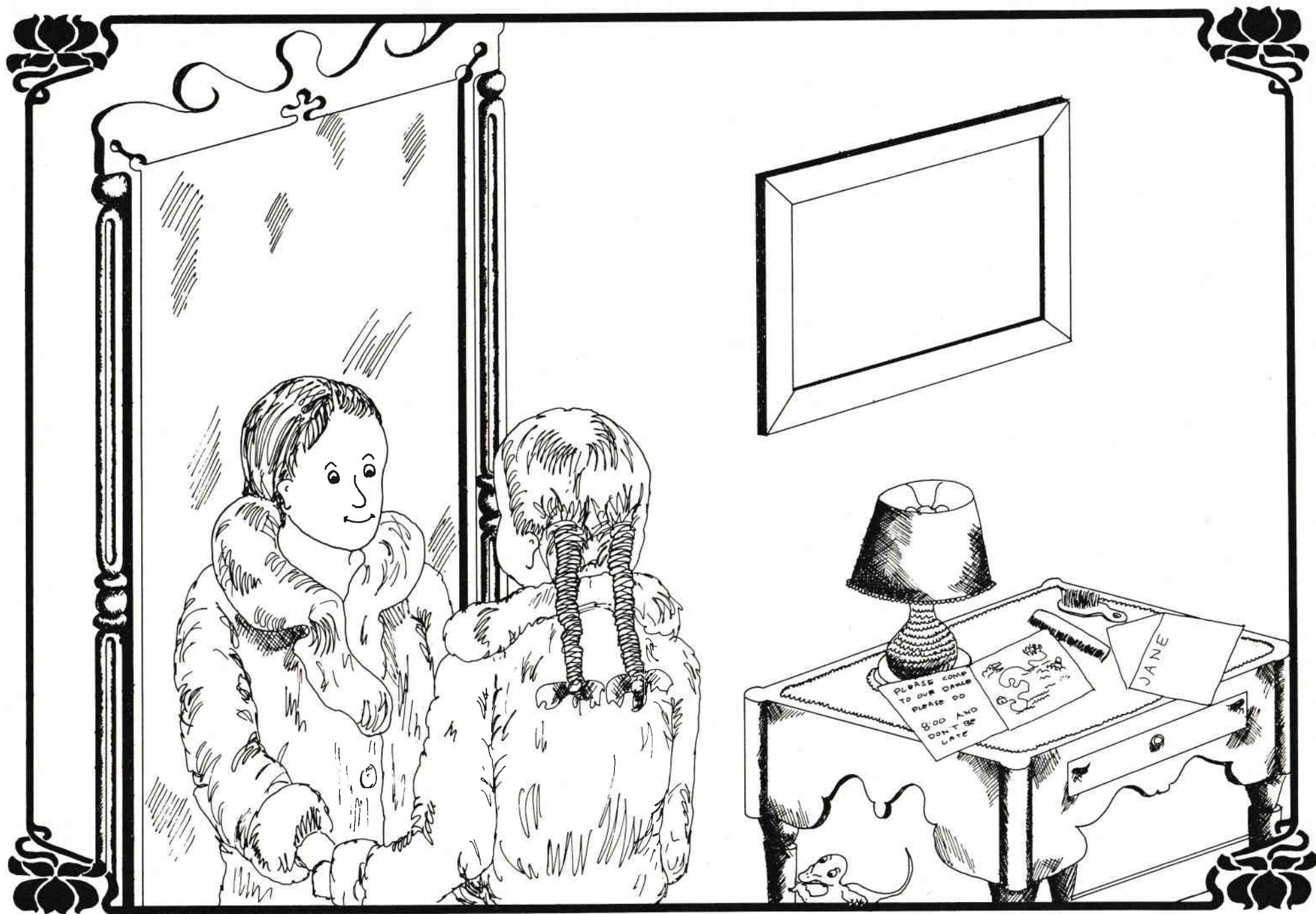
Though Jane was just five, she said,  
“Landsakes alive, I’d never miss one of  
your things.”





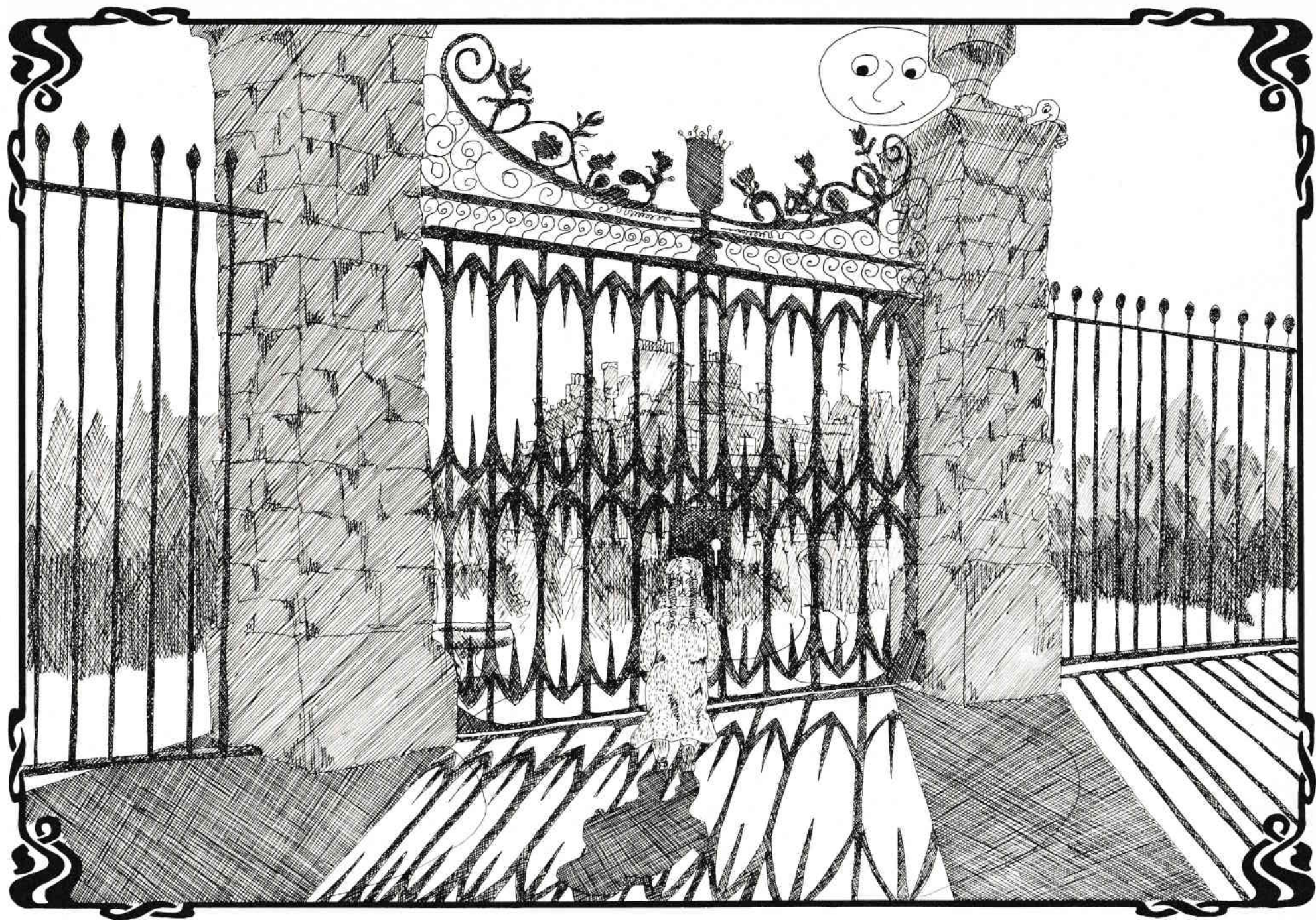


The invitation said, "8" and "Please don't be late," so Jane hurried and dressed, all in fur. How exciting it was, a Dinosaur Dance with an invitation addressed just to her.

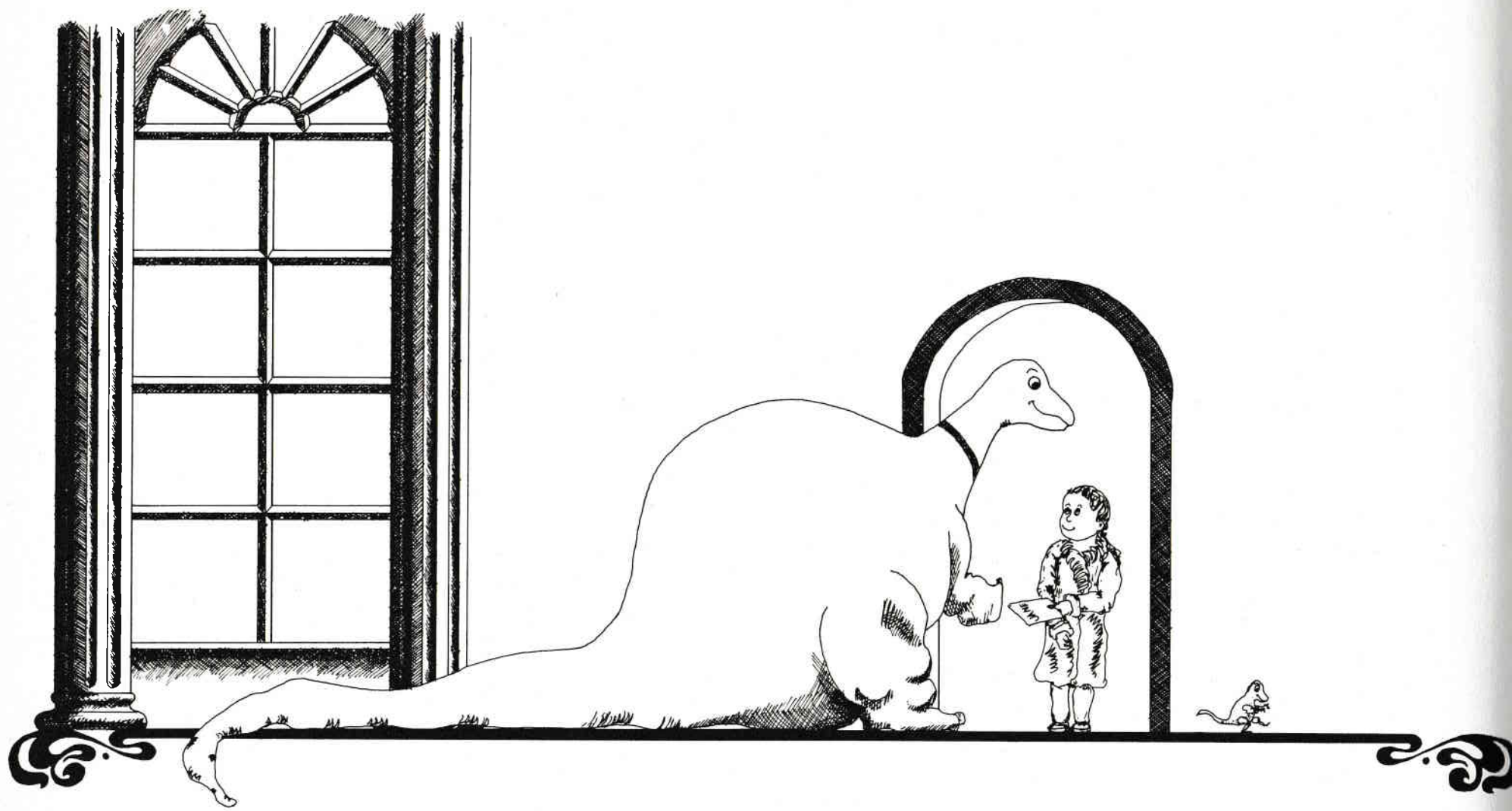


The trip was not far; Jane followed the moon,  
down through the swamp, past a creepy lagoon.  
There stood a house, with a large rusty gate.  
Jane was excited; it was just about eight.



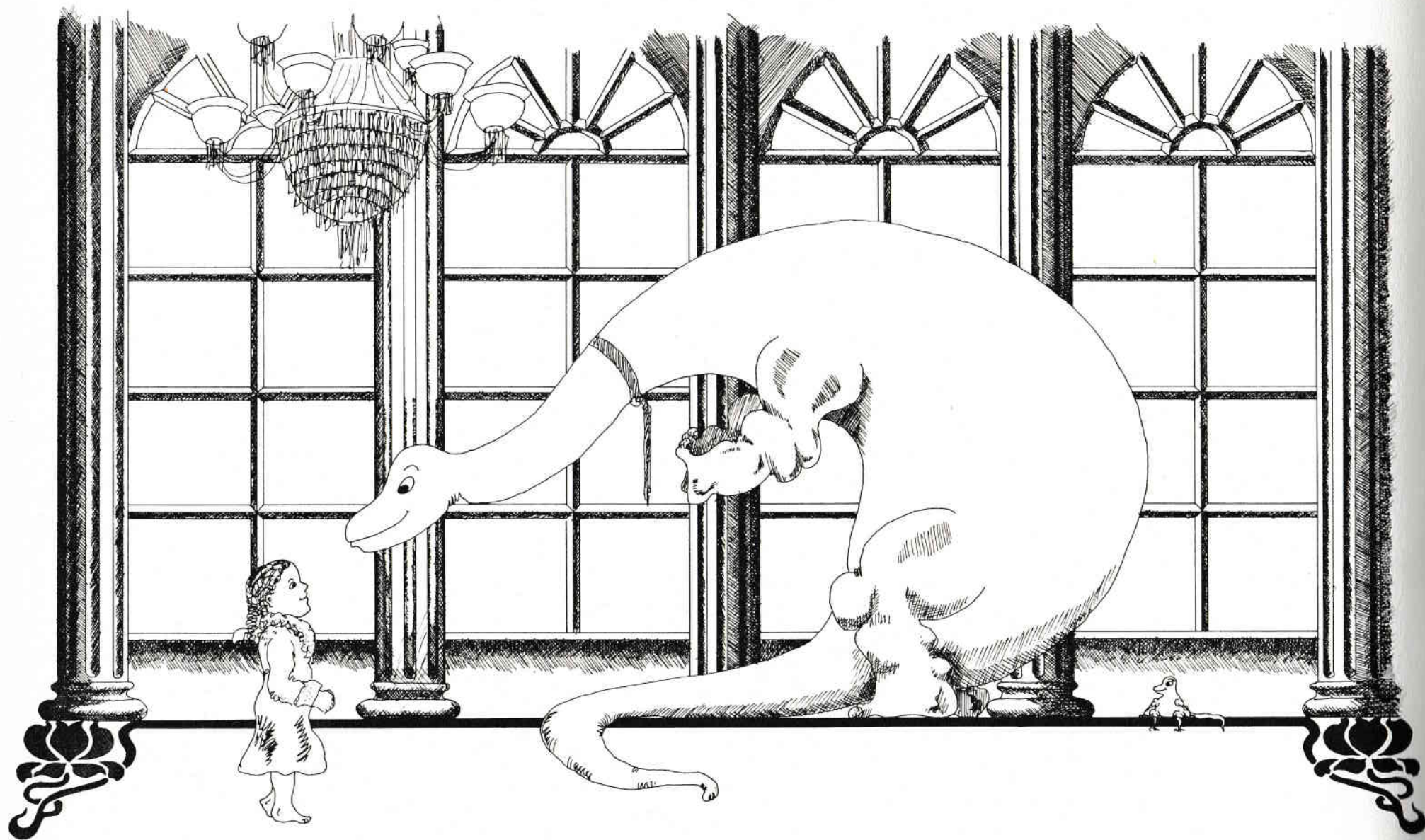






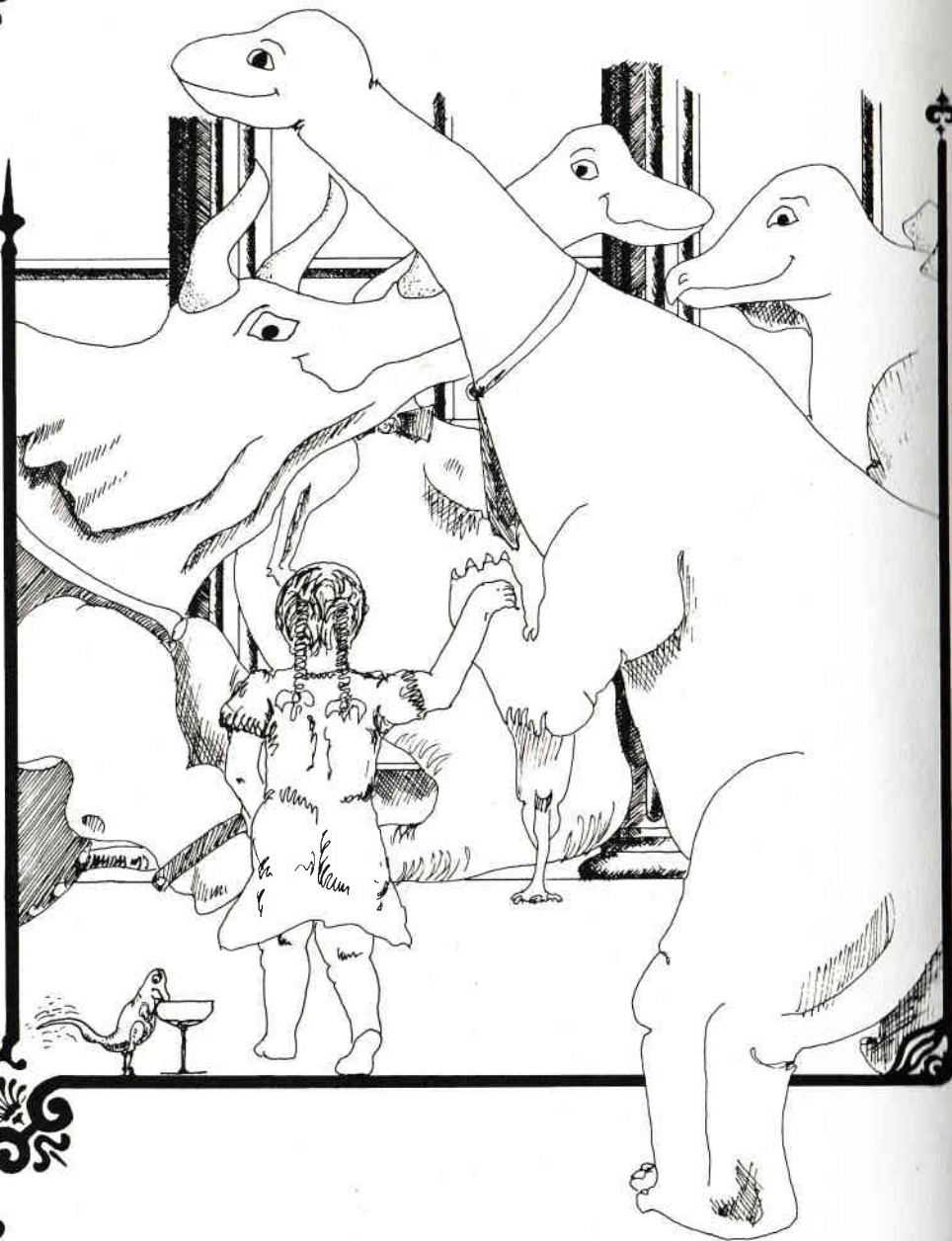


She knocked at the door; to her ears came a  
song; the doorman's a brontosaurus sixty  
feet long!



“Jane, come on in,” the brontosaurus said with a grin. “We were hoping you’d come, and you did.” So Jane said with a smile, “I can just stay a while.” And stay just a while’s what she did.



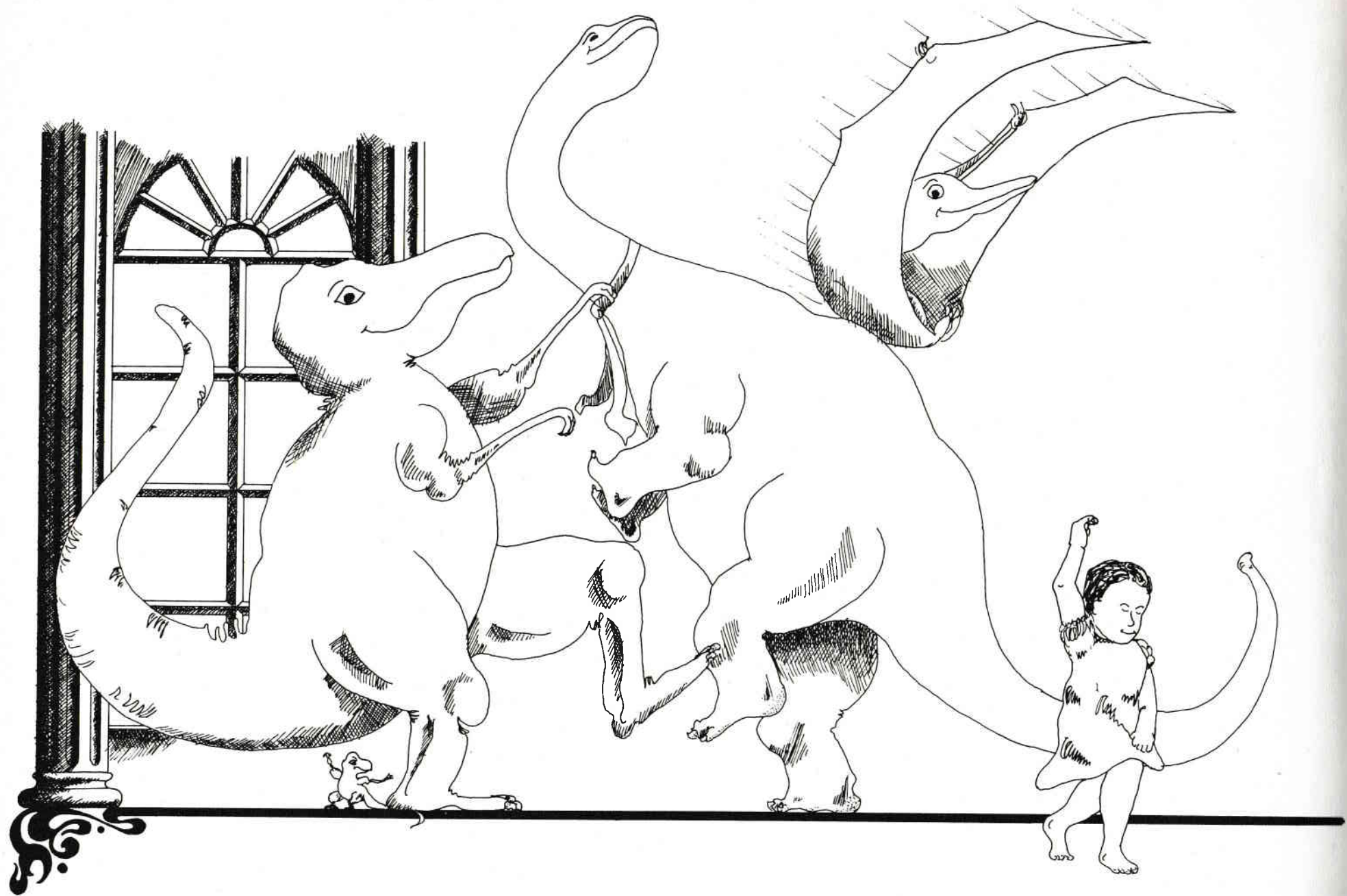


Oh! what a crowd, the music was loud, and the guests were all royally dressed. There were fat stegosauruses and thin struthiomimuses and all were just full of good cheer, not eating each other but acting like brothers at this gala event of the year.

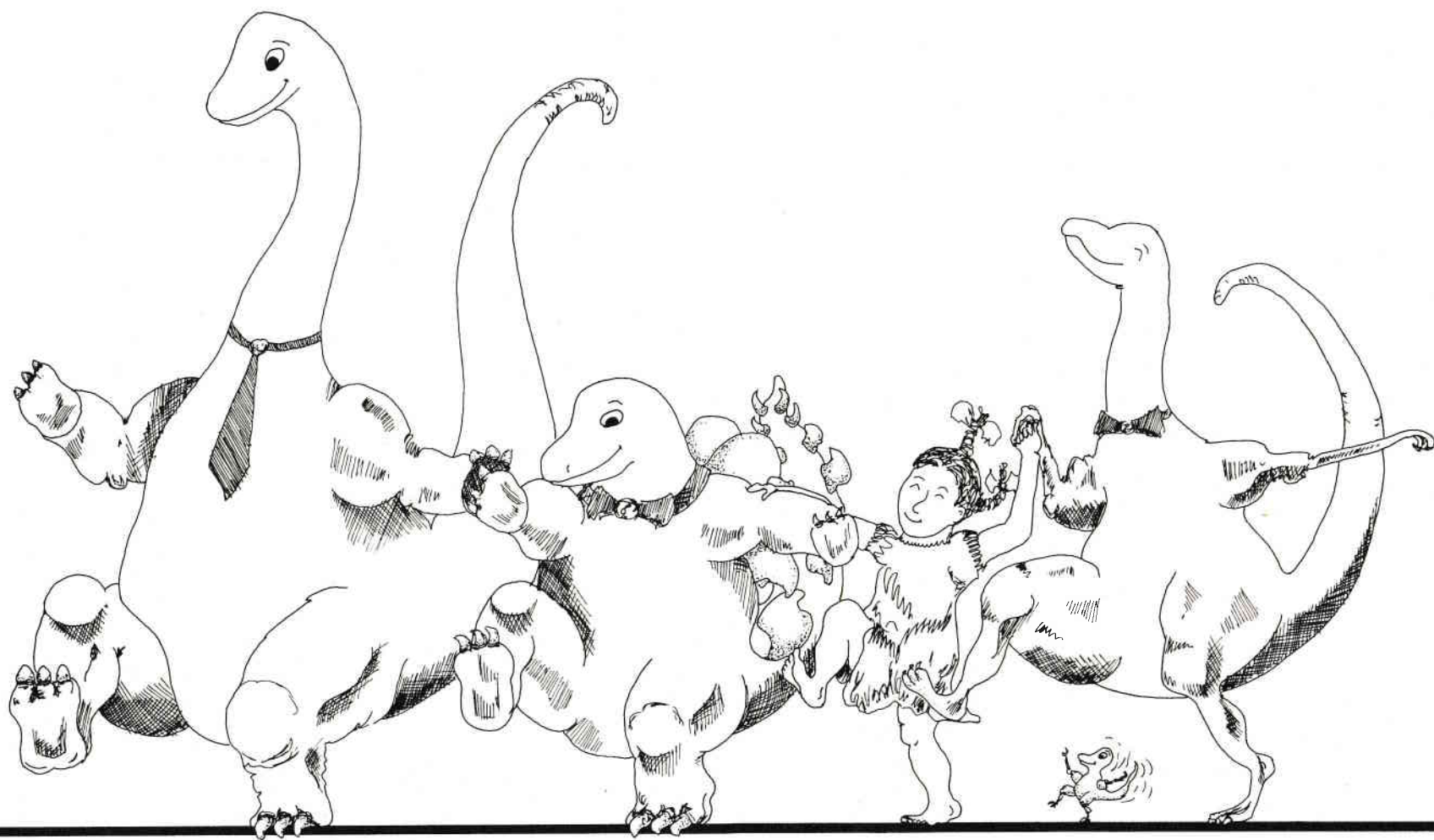


Jane was quite thrilled when her cup was  
filled with a yellowish-pink colored goo.  
It tasted just fine for a dinosaur wine brewed  
in stone caves in minus year two.





The dancing began. What a wonderful scene, such  
bouncing, such thrashing, colliding, careening,  
sliding and gliding on sharp claws and scales.  
A tyrannosaurus, of course, clumsily stepped on  
some tails.

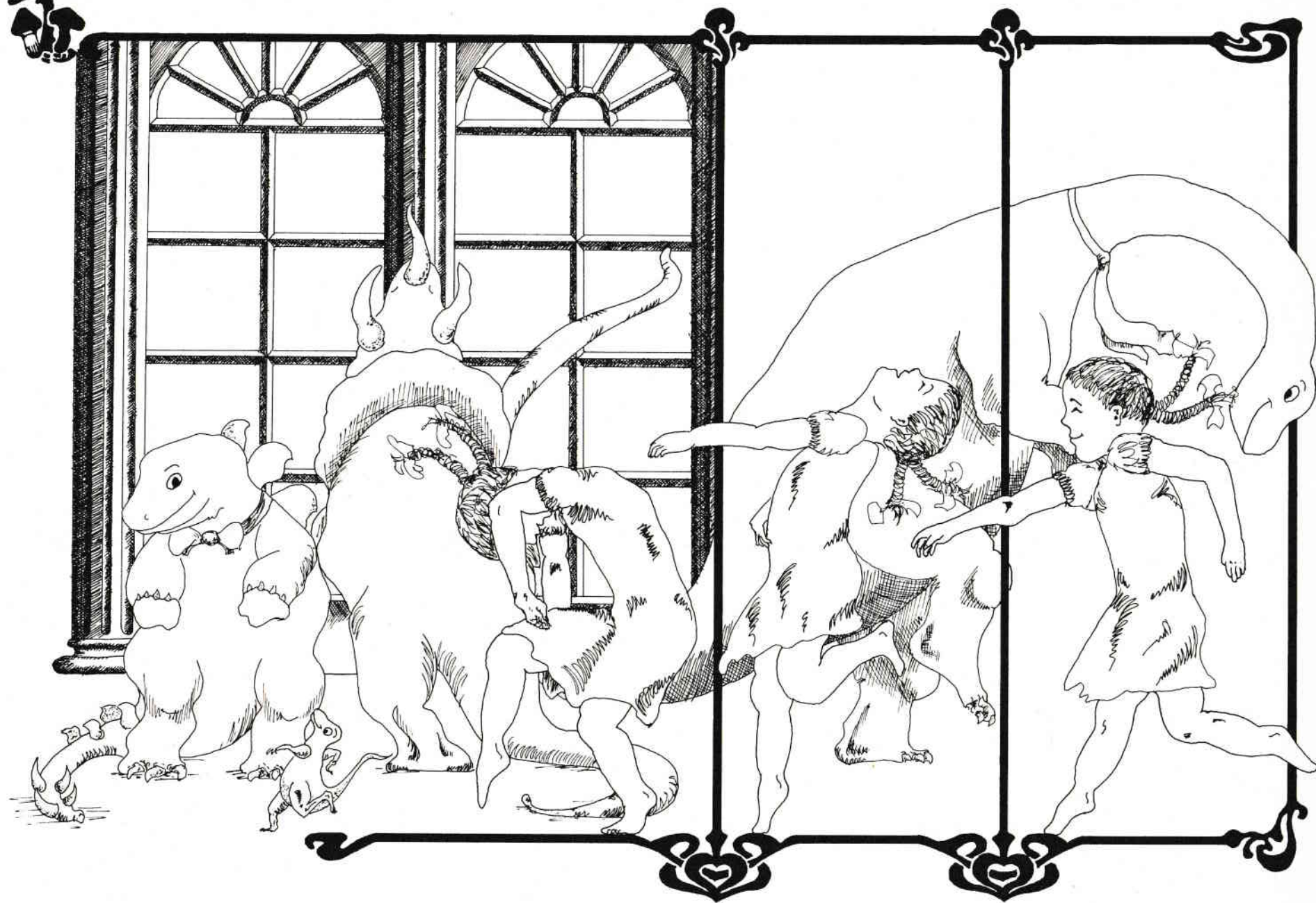


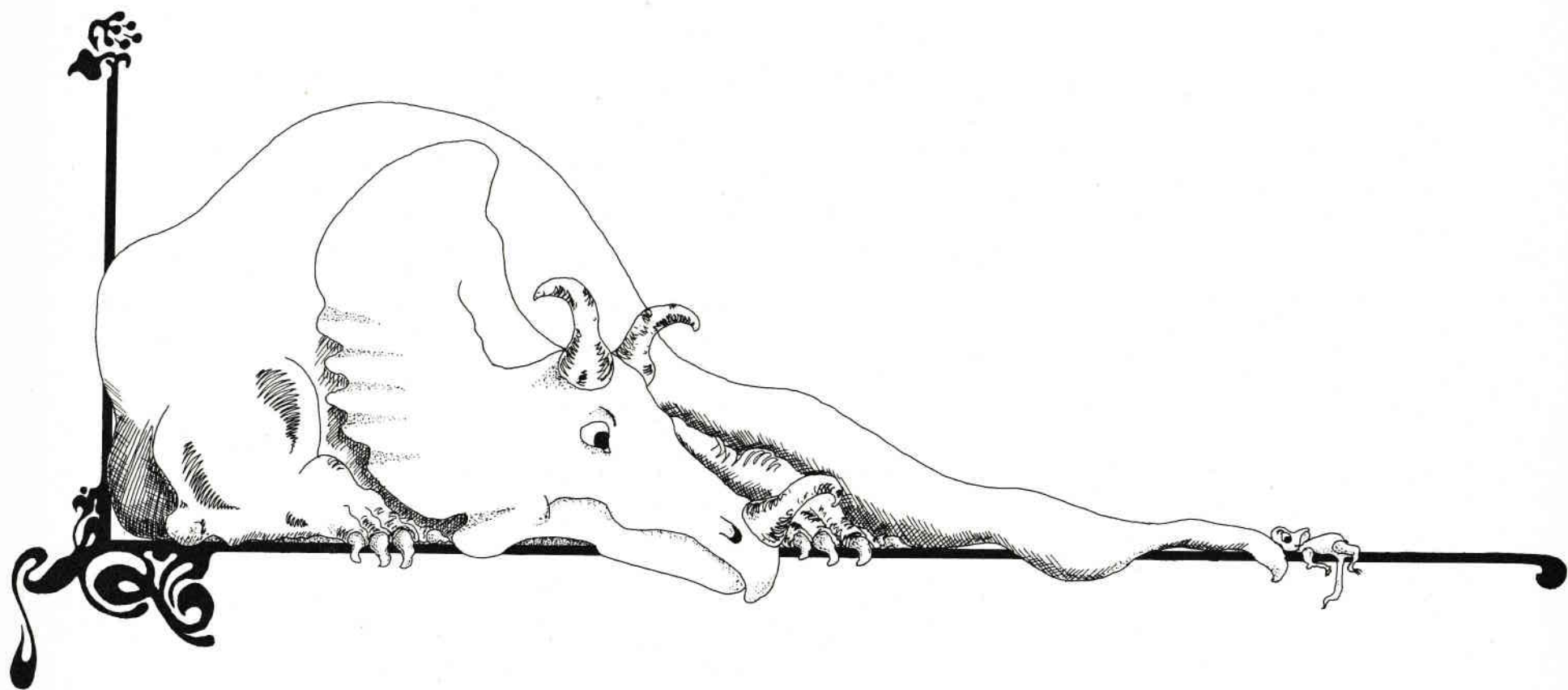




A struthimimus politely asked Jane for a dance,  
and the crowd cleared the floor just to give  
them a chance. Can you imagine her feeling  
sublime to dance with a creature from the  
beginning of time?

Out on the floor Jane did her ladylike best.  
She rocked and she waltzed around all of the rest.  
In just a short time she had danced with them all,  
dinosaurs sixty feet long, and one ten inches tall.

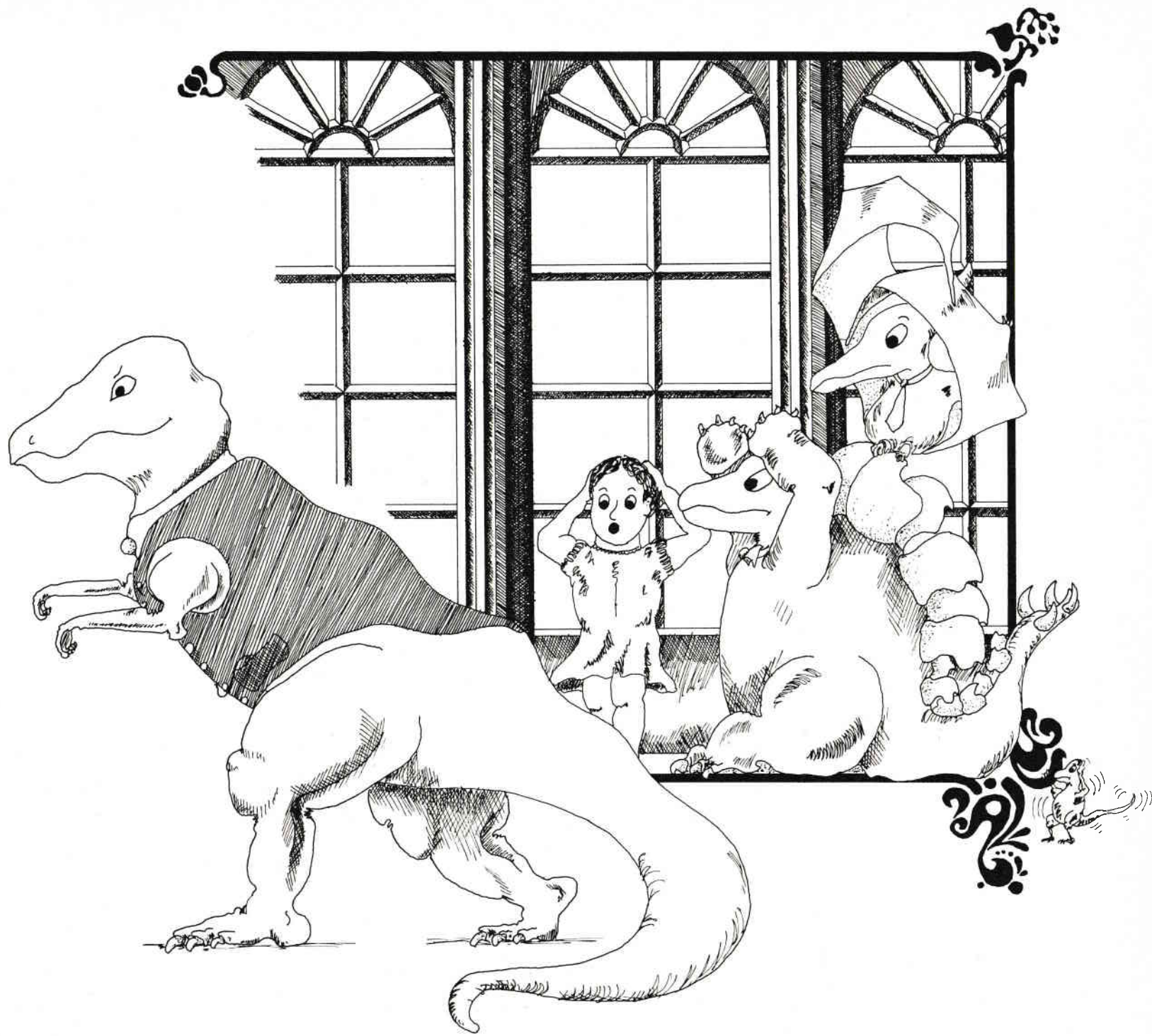




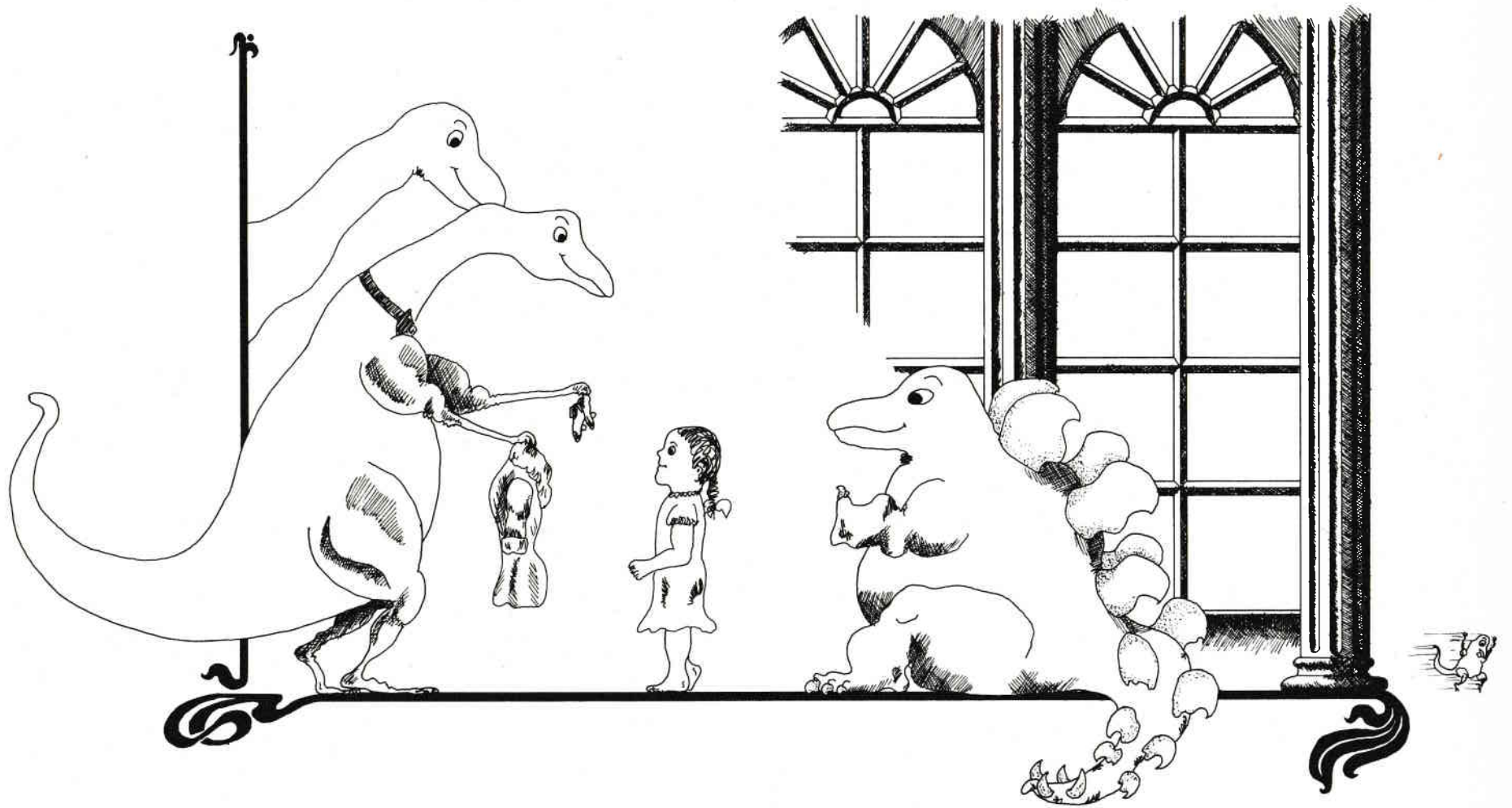


The triceratops grew tired; his claws got quite  
sore; his tail dragged limply along on the floor.  
His horns were all droopy; his temper grew short;  
so he sat in the corner to rumble and snort.

A large tyrannosaurus rex strolled through the hall;  
a shudder ran through the dinosaurs all. His face  
wore a smile, and his vest was quite neat, but the  
rumors were true: this dragon eats' meat.

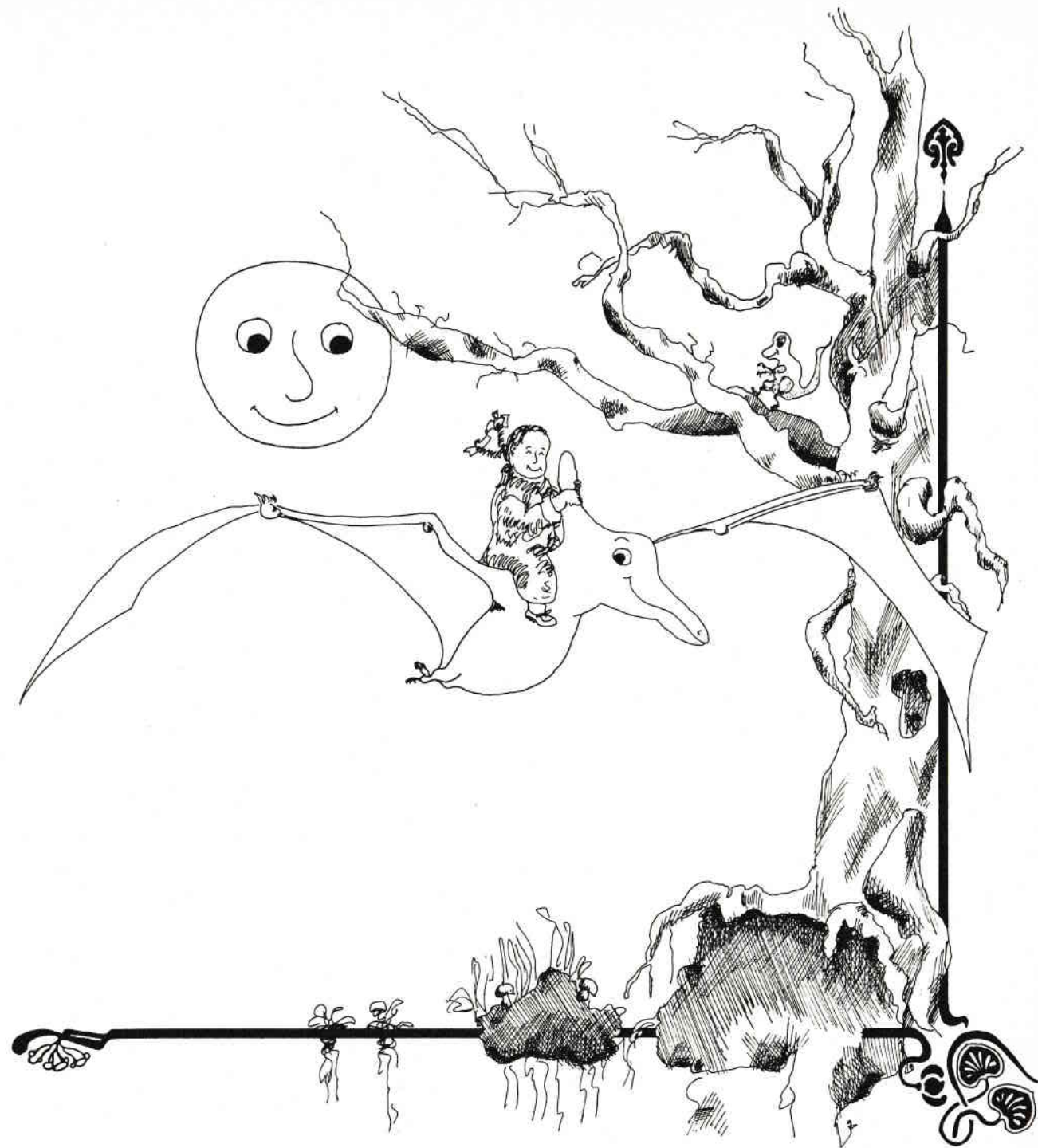


The party roared on towards the hours of the dawn,  
and Jane had to be home before light. So the  
dinosaurs all, the short and the tall, gathered  
around and wished Jane a good night.

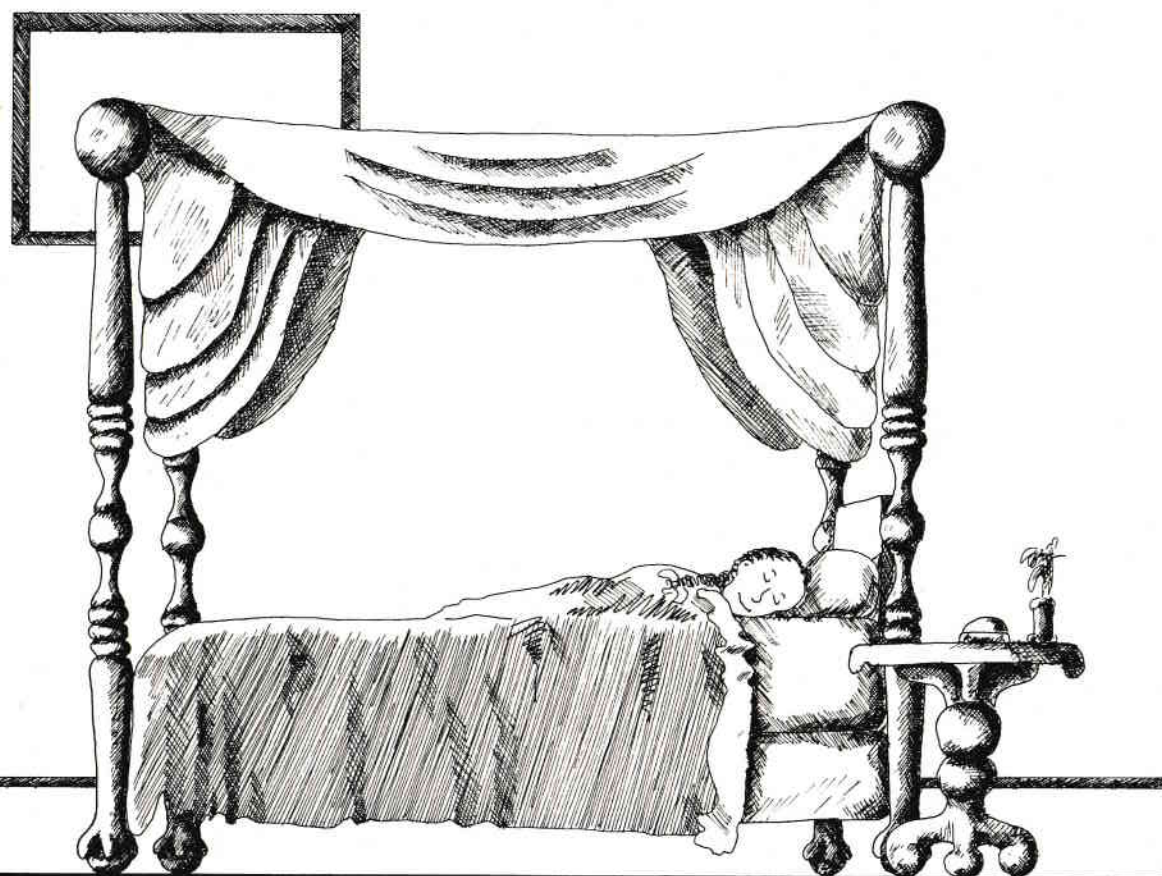
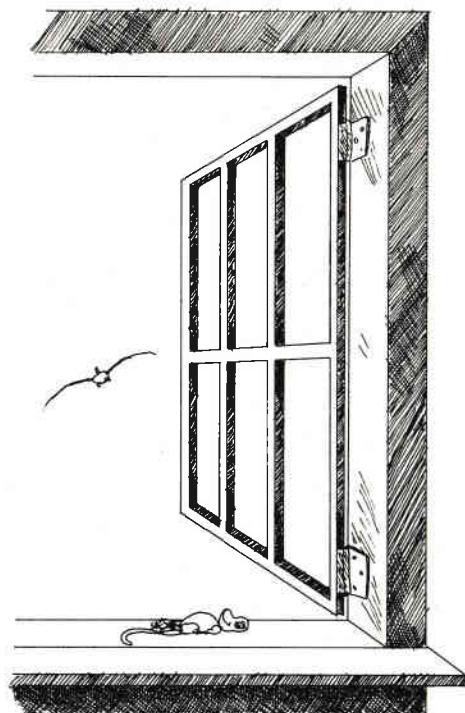




Her trip home was a quick one indeed. On the back of the pterandon she flew with fine speed, away from the moon, past the creepy lagoon, over the swamp to her own little room.



Now we all know, as Jane sleeps in her bed,  
that for millions of years dinosaurs have been  
dead; but if you dream real hard in the next  
year or two, a noise at your window could be  
an invitation for you.





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By Frank Fisher

FULL PINT - BOSTON



