

Dinosaur Blah Blah
by
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Long ago, in days of old, when things were not quite rotten
Friend to friend,
 a tale was told,
 one not to be forgotten...

"Iggy!" yelled Stanley, nearly knocking Ignatius off his stump. "You'll never believe what I just saw."

"Not now, I'm studying this fossil from the Triassic," said Ignatius.

"Come on, you'll love this!" urged Stanley.

With an impatient sigh, Ignatius looked up.

"Remember last spring," began Stanley, "when I was learning how to dance?"

"I don't dance" sniffed Ignatius, pushing his glasses up his nose.

"Not you, Iggy, me!" said Stanley.

"You, no Stanley, I really don't want to dance with you." replied Ignatius.

"Iggyyyyy! I'm not asking you to dance!" shouted Stanley. "Just listen to me! This is an amazing story.

"Last spring I was down at the Slate Bed for an afternoon dance - you know, the place, where Fats works."

"The only slate bed I know is in my cave." huffed Ignatius.

"Well, anyway," continued Stanley "I was just about to ask this duckbill to dance the Jurassic Jiggle."

"You - dance with a duckbill?" puffed Ignatius.

"WHY NOT?!" said Stanley...

"I can spin with the best of them! But that's beside the point - I never got the chance. I was just about to dazzle her with my tail-work when suddenly we heard this ominous crunching noise coming from the forest. It got louder and louder and then SMASH a carnataur came crashing through the trees with a roar and jumped onto the dance floor. And I'm telling you, Iggy, this fellow was MADE of teeth."

"Another good reason not to dance." observed Ignatius quietly.

"There was something familiar about him too," said Stanley. "Then it came to me, he used to live on Battle Rock, his name was John. You must remember him, Iggy. Boy oh boy, though, this kid got big!

"Big...?" whispered Ignatius.

"Well anyway, there's John - glowering in the middle of the dance floor - his eyes slowly searching the crowd. I was backing up toward the trees when he looked my way, licking his lips and his big sharp teeth! So I ran and hid behind a rock."

Iggy ducked down behind his stump.

"But John's gaze moved on, and one of his toes began tapping to the beat. It actually looked like he wanted to dance. Then something grabbed that carnataur's attention. I couldn't tell what at first. From behind the rock, all I could see were four legs in hot pants. John started moving slowly across the dance floor, and then, Iggy, I couldn't believe my ears. He asked a sauropod to dance!"

"A sauropod?" huffed Ignatius as he peeked out from behind the stump.

"Yes!" exclaimed Stanley "he asked Trixie the Triceratops to dance!"

"Technically," pointed out Ignatius as he retook his stump, "a Triceratops is not a sauropod."

"Jeeeeeze, Iggy" said Stanley "that's beside the point. A meat eater wanted to dance with a plant eater! I'd never seen anything like it! But then I thought..."

WHY NOT?!

"Well, Trixie said yes, and in no time it was clear these dinos could dance.

"At first, John's arrival was like a noon monsoon on the crowd, but now it started to come alive. The DJ put on some bouncing music and within no time, John and Trixie were twisting and twirling. Now John and Trixie were not small dinosaurs, and as they got moving, tails and horns were spinning and rocks and trees were flying in the air."

Ignatius was wide-eyed and aghast imagining the mess.

"Just then Fats, the T-rex bouncer, yelled 'DJ, come on, put on a SLOW dance!'

"The DJ did, and for the first time John and Trixie had a chance to really look each other in the eye. And there was not a reptile in the place who couldn't see that these dinosaurs were falling for each other."

"Falling?" quipped Ignatius as he began peeling a banana, "You mean falling OVER each other."

"No, Iggy, they liked each other."

"A carnataur and a triceratops!?" puffed Ignatius. "That's not possible."

"Aw come on, Iggy..."

WHY NOT!?

"Well, anyway, they did!...a lot!" continued Stanley. "So much that early that next morning John and Trixie went knocking on Pops' door.

"Pops is a polycanthus preacher, and he's not known for having the friendliest moods in the morning. But he softened up - a bit - when he got a look at John and Trixie, and that afternoon he married the two of them on the shore."

"PaaWHAT!!" Ignatius choked on his banana in disbelief.

"Yes! And that evening they had a fabulous party down by the sea with lots of dancing! I finally got a chance to jiggle with Lil the Duckbill.

"And then, before the party was over, John and Trixie disappeared. And no one's seen them again for almost a year. But Iggy, listen to this! They came back today...and they were not alone. They were three! I saw them coming up the valley this morning, and when they got close, this little guy jumped forward and said 'HI, I'm Teewee!'"

"They had a child??" yelled Ignatius.

"Yes, and this Teewee is a character like you've never seen! He has rear legs and a tail like his mom's and front legs like his dad's. He has a frill around his neck, a snout like John's, and three horns. And the strange thing is that he has a sock hanging on each horn."

"S o c k s," said Ignatius flatly.

"Yes," returned Stanley. "My guess is it was cold in the mountains, so they put a sock on each of his baby horns to help keep him warm."

Now Ignatius really couldn't believe Stanley's story.

"So, Stanley," he smirked. "What do you call a combination of a carnataur and a

triceratops anyway?"

But before Stanley could answer, the most curious little dinosaur - with three socks hanging from three horns - popped around the corner, looked right up at the stunned Ignatius and piped...

"a trisockataur, of course!"

After Ignatius regained his composure - and his stump - he looked at Teewee and Stanley and said: "A trisockataur, eh...?"

"WHY NOT!"