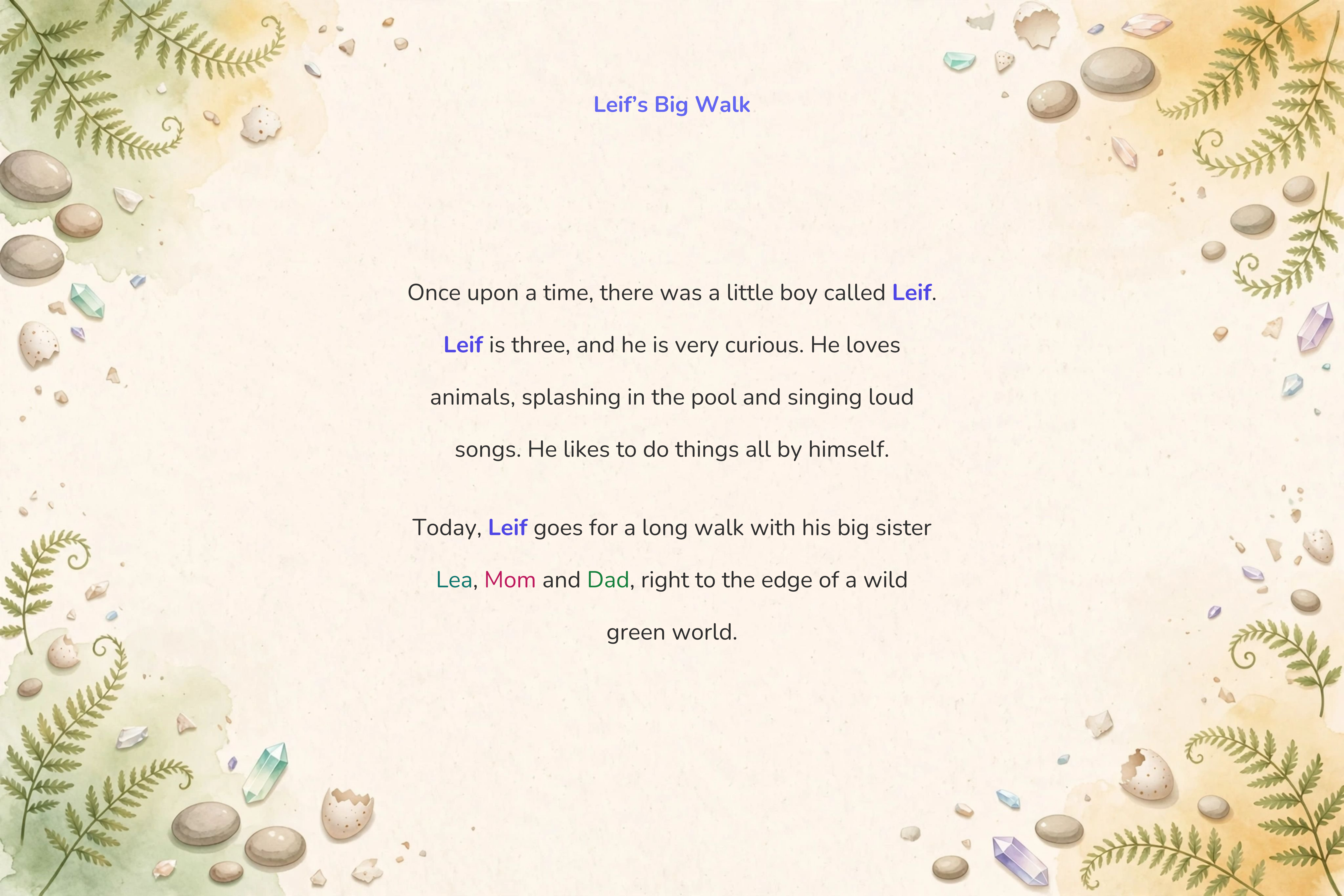


Leif and the Baby Dinosaur



Leif and the Baby Dinosaur



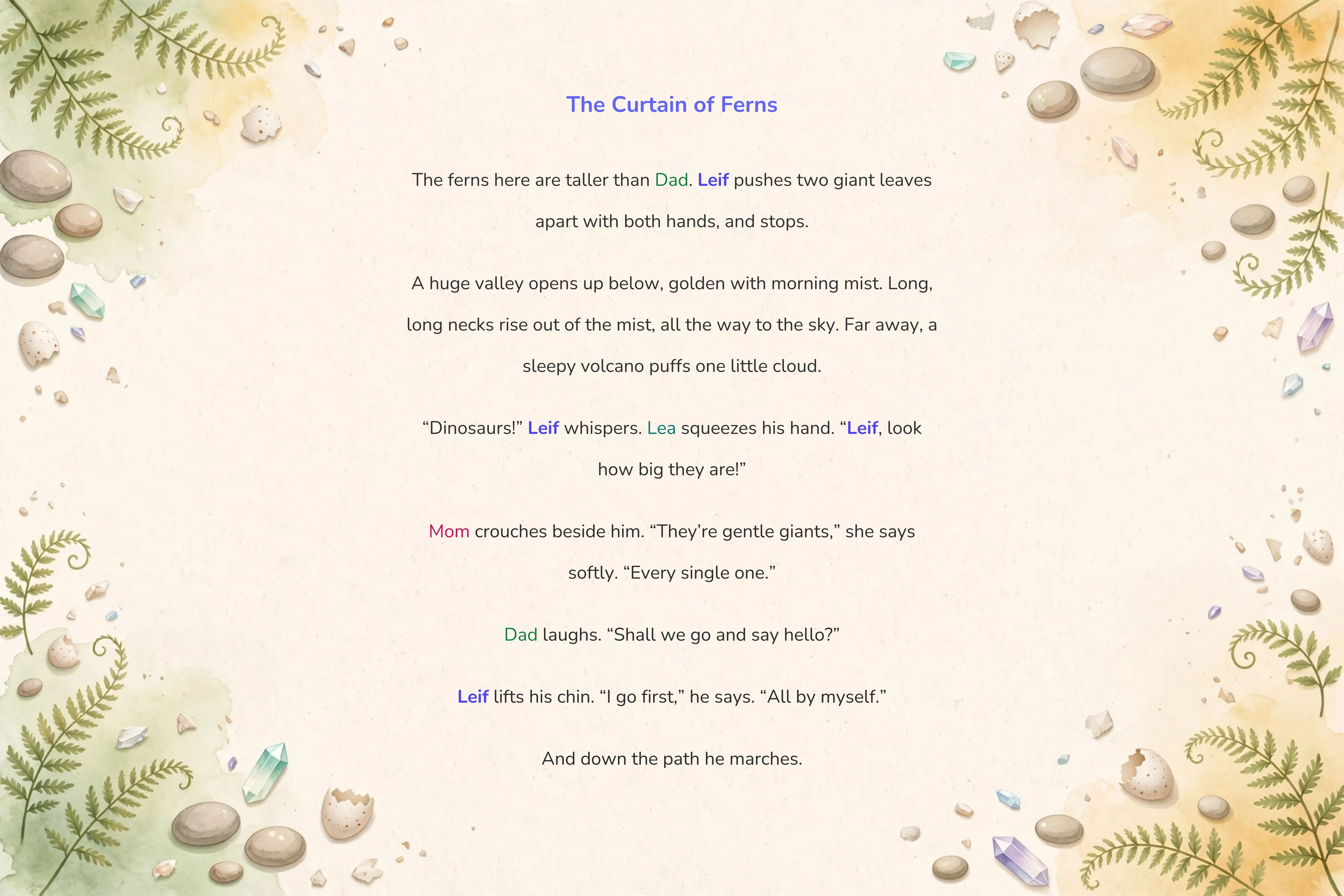
The page is framed by a decorative border of green ferns, smooth brown stones, and various colorful crystals (teal, purple, blue) scattered across a light beige background.

Leif's Big Walk

Once upon a time, there was a little boy called **Leif**.

Leif is three, and he is very curious. He loves animals, splashing in the pool and singing loud songs. He likes to do things all by himself.

Today, **Leif** goes for a long walk with his big sister **Lea**, **Mom** and **Dad**, right to the edge of a wild green world.

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The Curtain of Ferns

The ferns here are taller than Dad. Leif pushes two giant leaves apart with both hands, and stops.

A huge valley opens up below, golden with morning mist. Long, long necks rise out of the mist, all the way to the sky. Far away, a sleepy volcano puffs one little cloud.

“Dinosaurs!” Leif whispers. Lea squeezes his hand. “Leif, look how big they are!”

Mom crouches beside him. “They’re gentle giants,” she says softly. “Every single one.”

Dad laughs. “Shall we go and say hello?”

Leif lifts his chin. “I go first,” he says. “All by myself.”

And down the path he marches.



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The Empty Nest

At the bottom of the path, **Leif** finds a big round nest made of twigs. Inside lie cracked, speckled eggshells... but nobody is there.

Then a tiny voice calls: “Peep! Peep-peep!”

Behind the nest sits a baby dinosaur, sea-foam green, with a buttercup-yellow tummy. He is as tall as **Leif**, and he looks very lost.

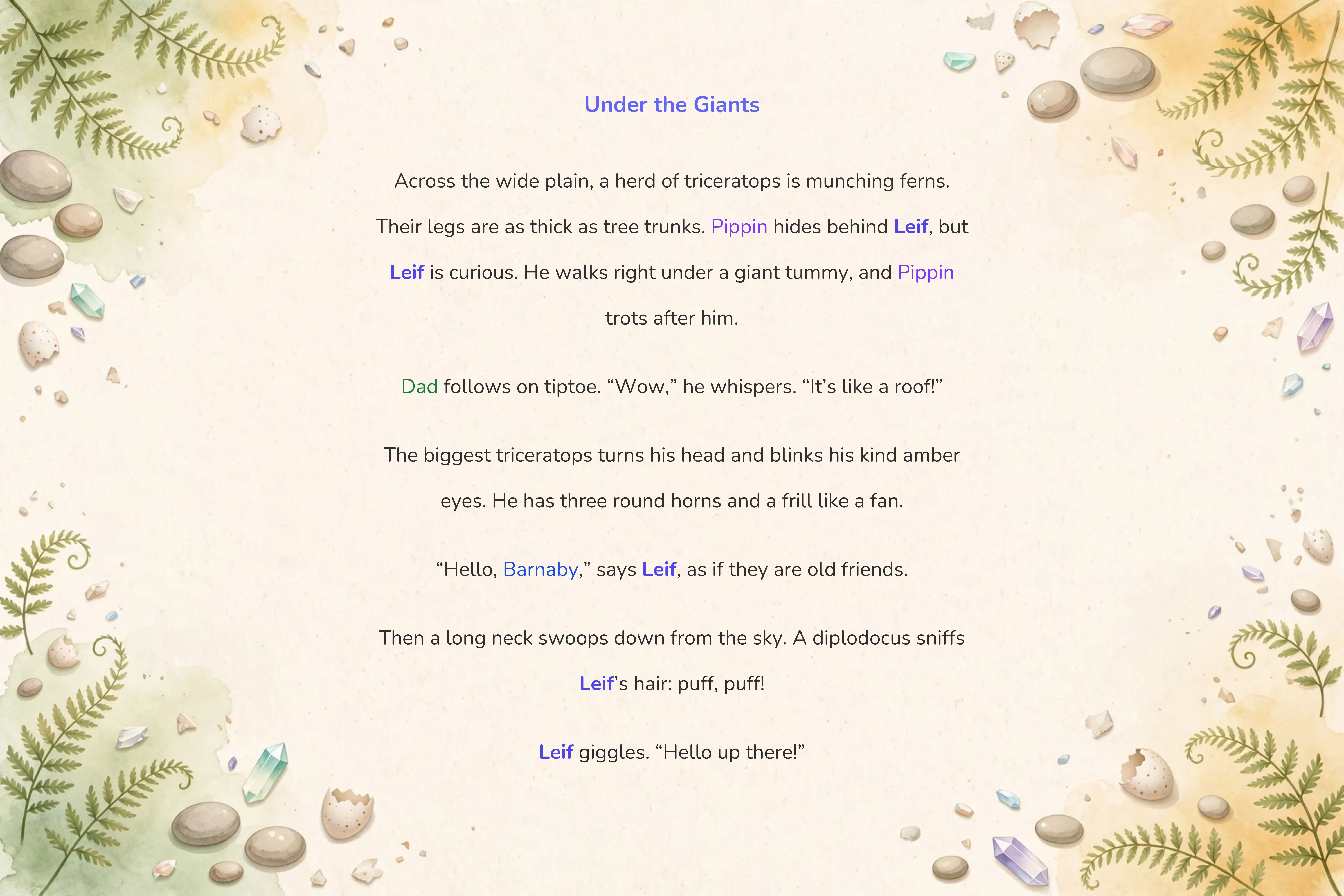
“His family has gone,” says **Lea**, pointing at huge footprints leading across the valley.

Mom kneels down. “They must be in the great clearing.”

Leif holds out his hand. The baby dinosaur sniffs it, then puts his little paw on top.

“I’ll bring you home,” says **Leif**. “I’ll call you **Pippin**.” “Peep!” says **Pippin**.



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Under the Giants

Across the wide plain, a herd of triceratops is munching ferns. Their legs are as thick as tree trunks. Pippin hides behind Leif, but Leif is curious. He walks right under a giant tummy, and Pippin trots after him.

Dad follows on tiptoe. “Wow,” he whispers. “It’s like a roof!”

The biggest triceratops turns his head and blinks his kind amber eyes. He has three round horns and a frill like a fan.

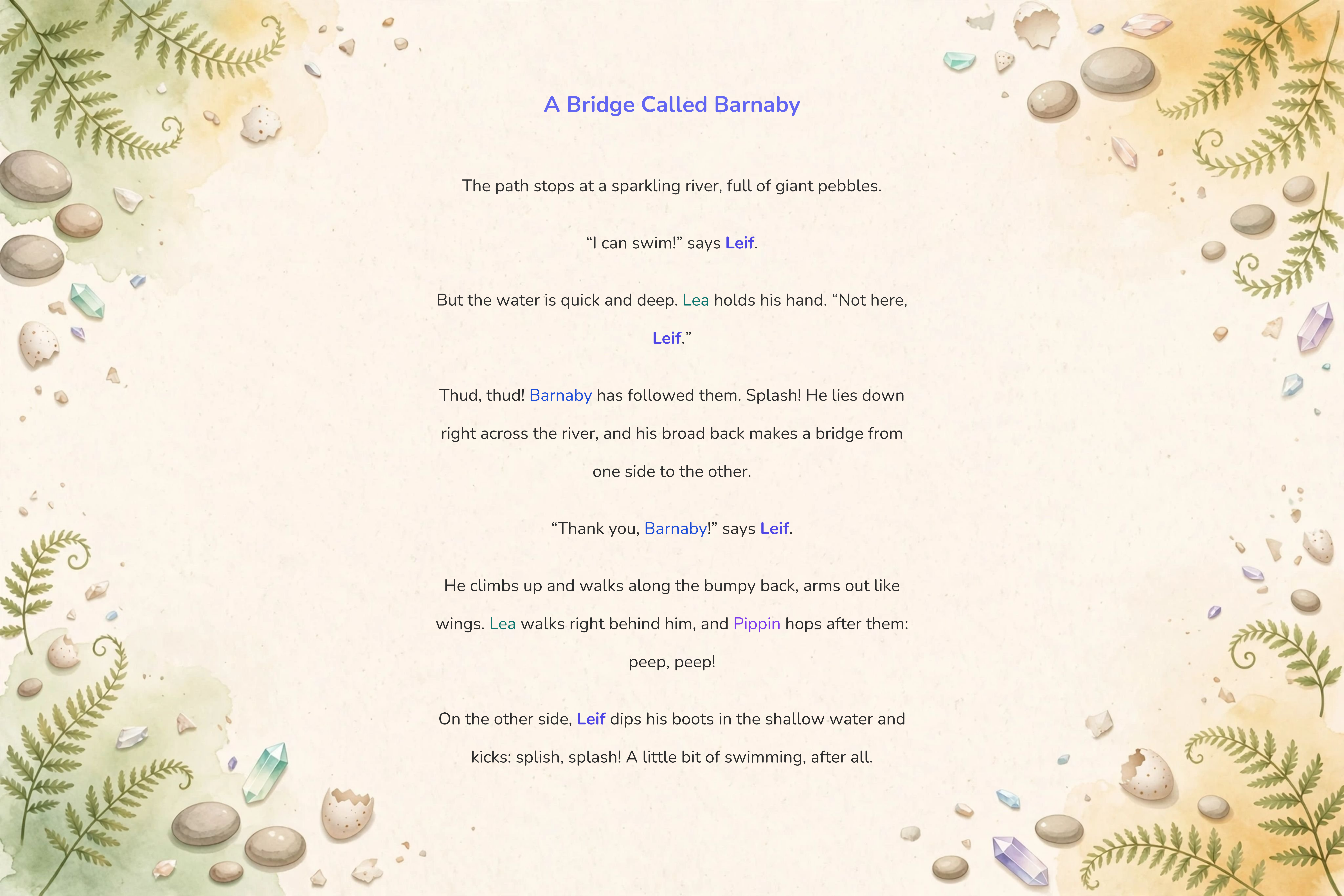
“Hello, Barnaby,” says Leif, as if they are old friends.

Then a long neck swoops down from the sky. A diplodocus sniffs

Leif’s hair: puff, puff!

Leif giggles. “Hello up there!”



A decorative border surrounds the text, featuring green fern fronds, smooth brown pebbles, and various colorful gemstones (teal, purple, blue) scattered across a light beige background.

A Bridge Called Barnaby

The path stops at a sparkling river, full of giant pebbles.

“I can swim!” says **Leif**.

But the water is quick and deep. **Lea** holds his hand. “Not here,
Leif.”

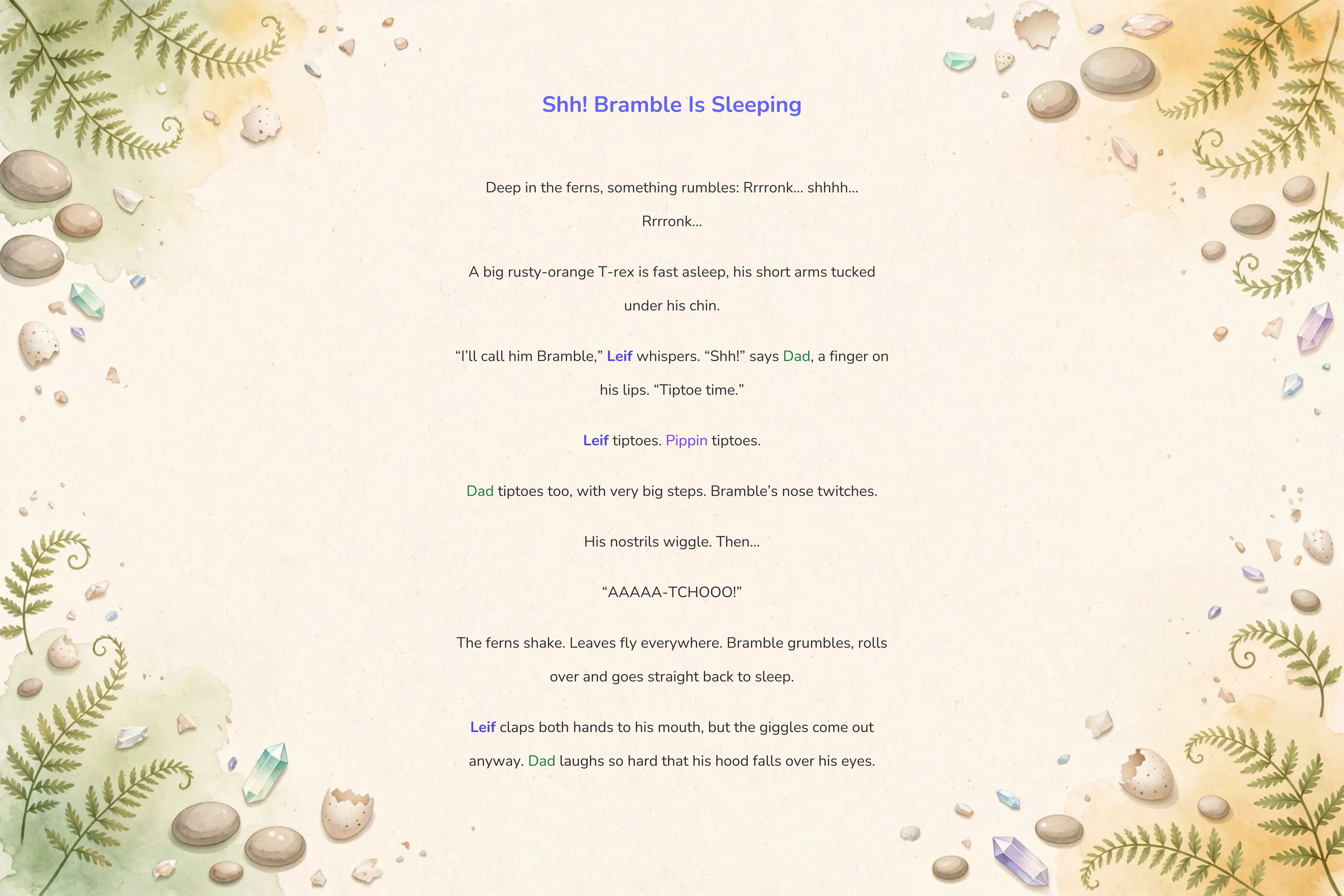
Thud, thud! **Barnaby** has followed them. Splash! He lies down
right across the river, and his broad back makes a bridge from
one side to the other.

“Thank you, **Barnaby**!” says **Leif**.

He climbs up and walks along the bumpy back, arms out like
wings. **Lea** walks right behind him, and **Pippin** hops after them:
peep, peep!

On the other side, **Leif** dips his boots in the shallow water and
kicks: splish, splash! A little bit of swimming, after all.



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Shh! Bramble Is Sleeping

Deep in the ferns, something rumbles: Rrrronk... shhhh...

Rrrronk...

A big rusty-orange T-rex is fast asleep, his short arms tucked
under his chin.

“I’ll call him Bramble,” **Leif** whispers. “Shh!” says **Dad**, a finger on
his lips. “Tiptoe time.”

Leif tiptoes. **Pippin** tiptoes.

Dad tiptoes too, with very big steps. Bramble’s nose twitches.

His nostrils wiggle. Then...

“AAAAA-TCHOOO!”

The ferns shake. Leaves fly everywhere. Bramble grumbles, rolls
over and goes straight back to sleep.

Leif claps both hands to his mouth, but the giggles come out
anyway. **Dad** laughs so hard that his hood falls over his eyes.



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The Firefly Cave

Boom! Thunder rumbles over the valley, and big raindrops begin to fall.

“Quick, in here!” calls Mom.

Everyone hurries into a little cave. Inside, it is dark... then hundreds of fireflies light up, twinkling like stars on the ceiling.

Pippin shivers at every boom. Leif snuggles up close to him.

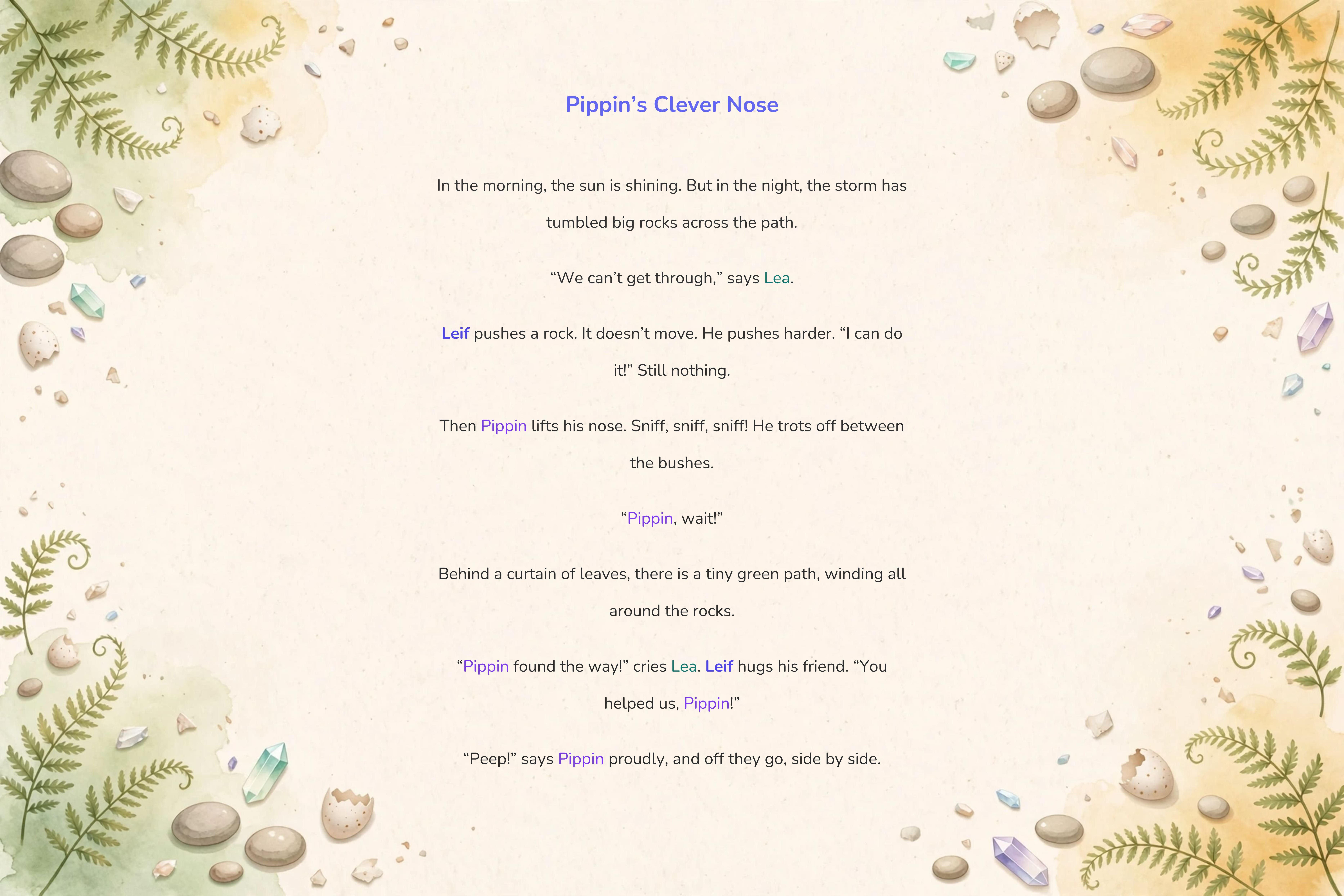
“Don’t worry, Pippin. I’ll sing you a song.”

“Stomp, stomp, little dino, stomp, stomp, all the way home...”

Mom hums along. Dad taps the beat on his knee. Slowly, Pippin’s eyes close.

Outside, the storm grumbles far away. Inside, everyone snuggles together and falls asleep in the soft, glowing light.



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Pippin's Clever Nose

In the morning, the sun is shining. But in the night, the storm has tumbled big rocks across the path.

“We can’t get through,” says Lea.

Leif pushes a rock. It doesn’t move. He pushes harder. “I can do it!” Still nothing.

Then Pippin lifts his nose. Sniff, sniff, sniff! He trots off between the bushes.

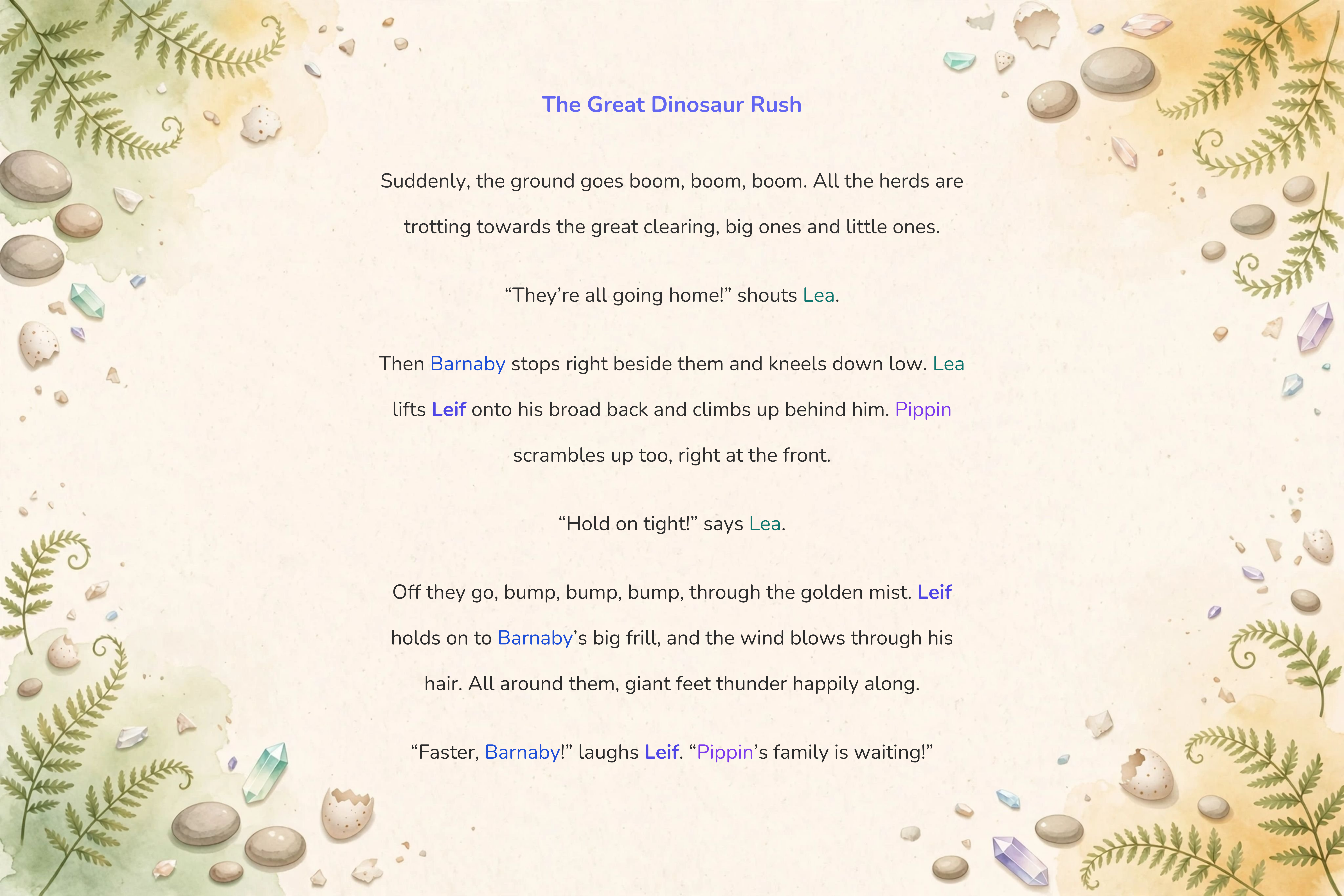
“Pippin, wait!”

Behind a curtain of leaves, there is a tiny green path, winding all around the rocks.

“Pippin found the way!” cries Lea. Leif hugs his friend. “You helped us, Pippin!”

“Peep!” says Pippin proudly, and off they go, side by side.



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The Great Dinosaur Rush

Suddenly, the ground goes boom, boom, boom. All the herds are trotting towards the great clearing, big ones and little ones.

“They’re all going home!” shouts Lea.

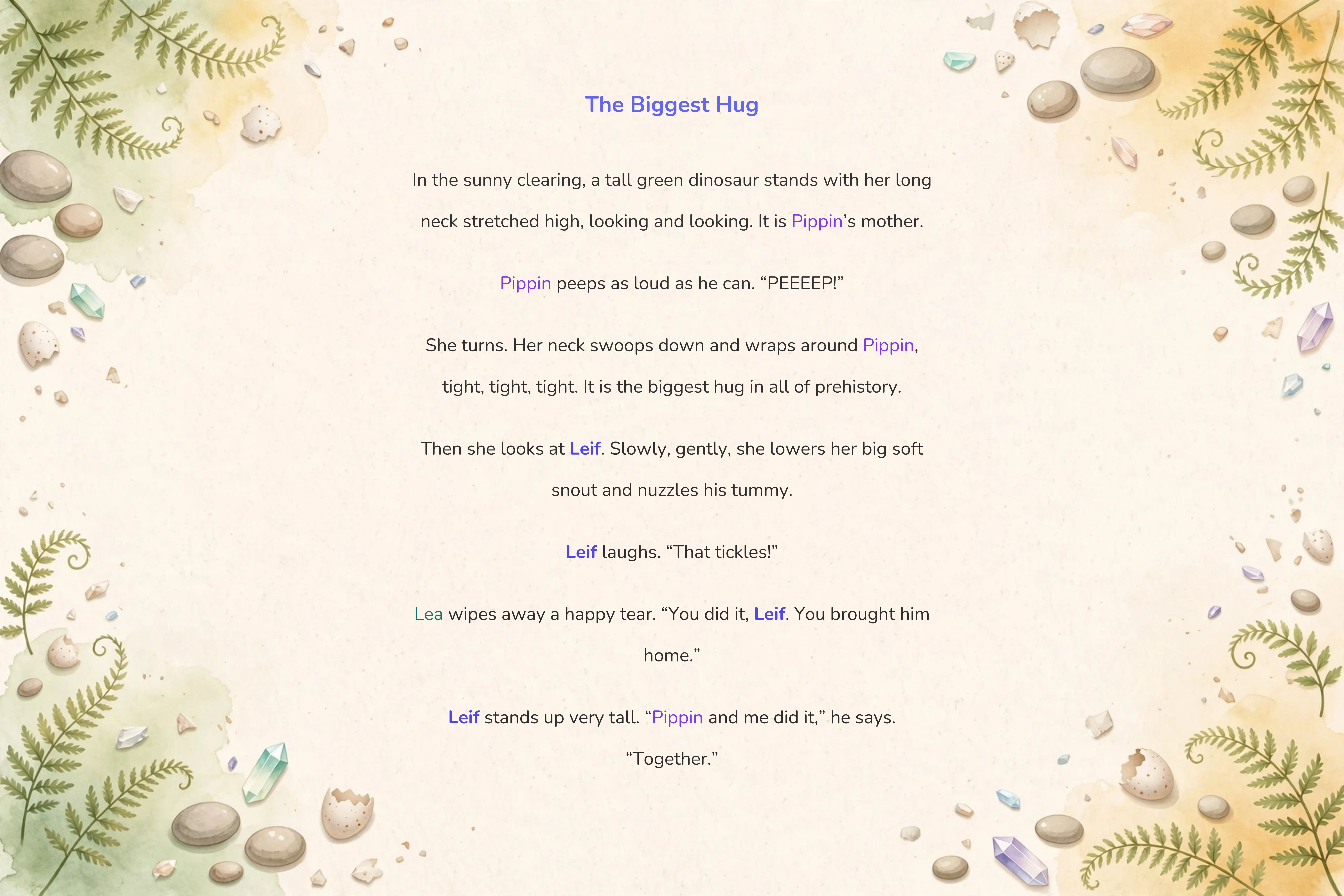
Then Barnaby stops right beside them and kneels down low. Lea lifts Leif onto his broad back and climbs up behind him. Pippin scrambles up too, right at the front.

“Hold on tight!” says Lea.

Off they go, bump, bump, bump, through the golden mist. Leif holds on to Barnaby’s big frill, and the wind blows through his hair. All around them, giant feet thunder happily along.

“Faster, Barnaby!” laughs Leif. “Pippin’s family is waiting!”



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The Biggest Hug

In the sunny clearing, a tall green dinosaur stands with her long neck stretched high, looking and looking. It is Pippin's mother.

Pippin peeps as loud as he can. "PEEEEP!"

She turns. Her neck swoops down and wraps around Pippin, tight, tight, tight. It is the biggest hug in all of prehistory.

Then she looks at Leif. Slowly, gently, she lowers her big soft snout and nuzzles his tummy.

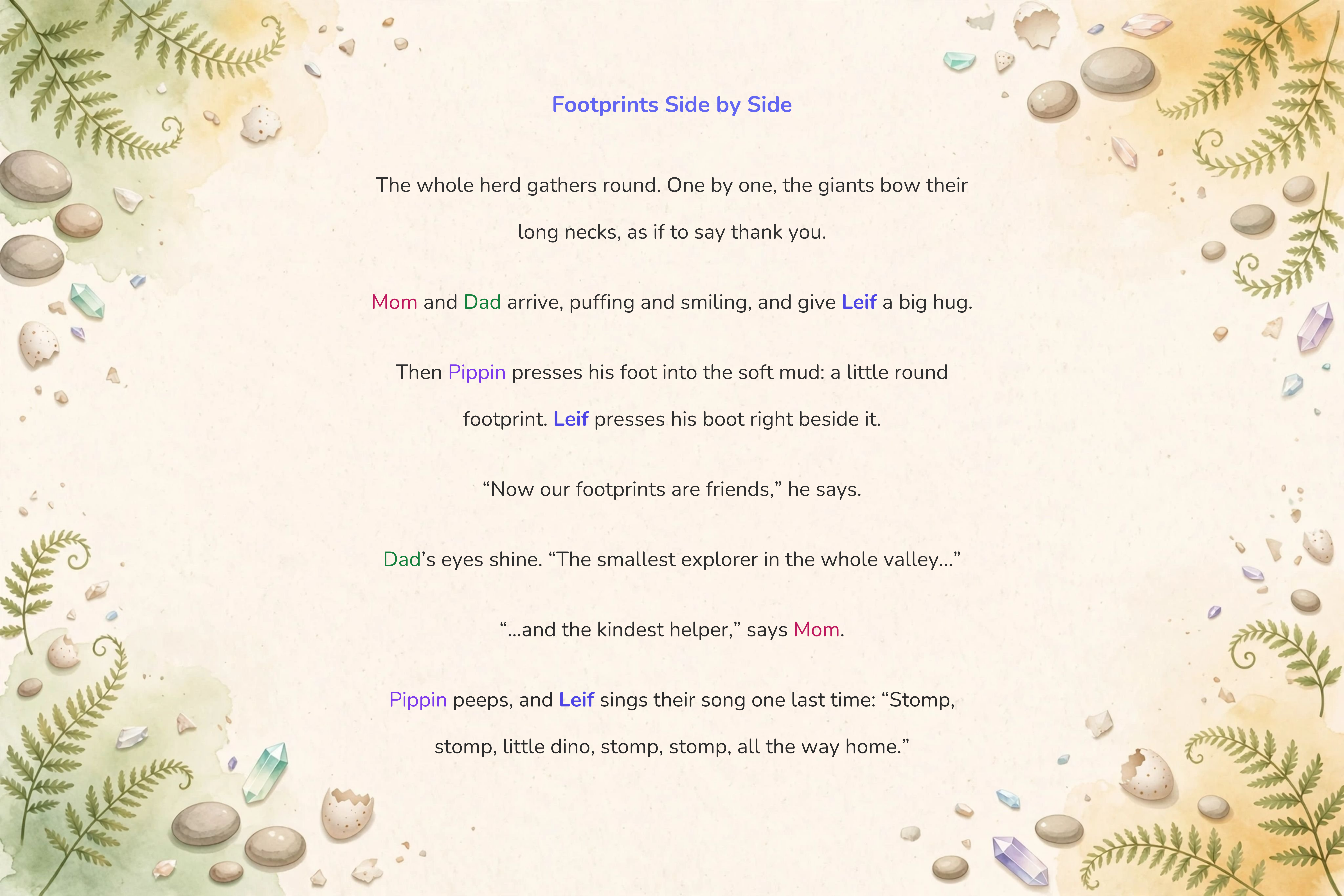
Leif laughs. "That tickles!"

Lea wipes away a happy tear. "You did it, Leif. You brought him home."

Leif stands up very tall. "Pippin and me did it," he says.

"Together."



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Footprints Side by Side

The whole herd gathers round. One by one, the giants bow their long necks, as if to say thank you.

Mom and Dad arrive, puffing and smiling, and give Leif a big hug.

Then Pippin presses his foot into the soft mud: a little round footprint. Leif presses his boot right beside it.

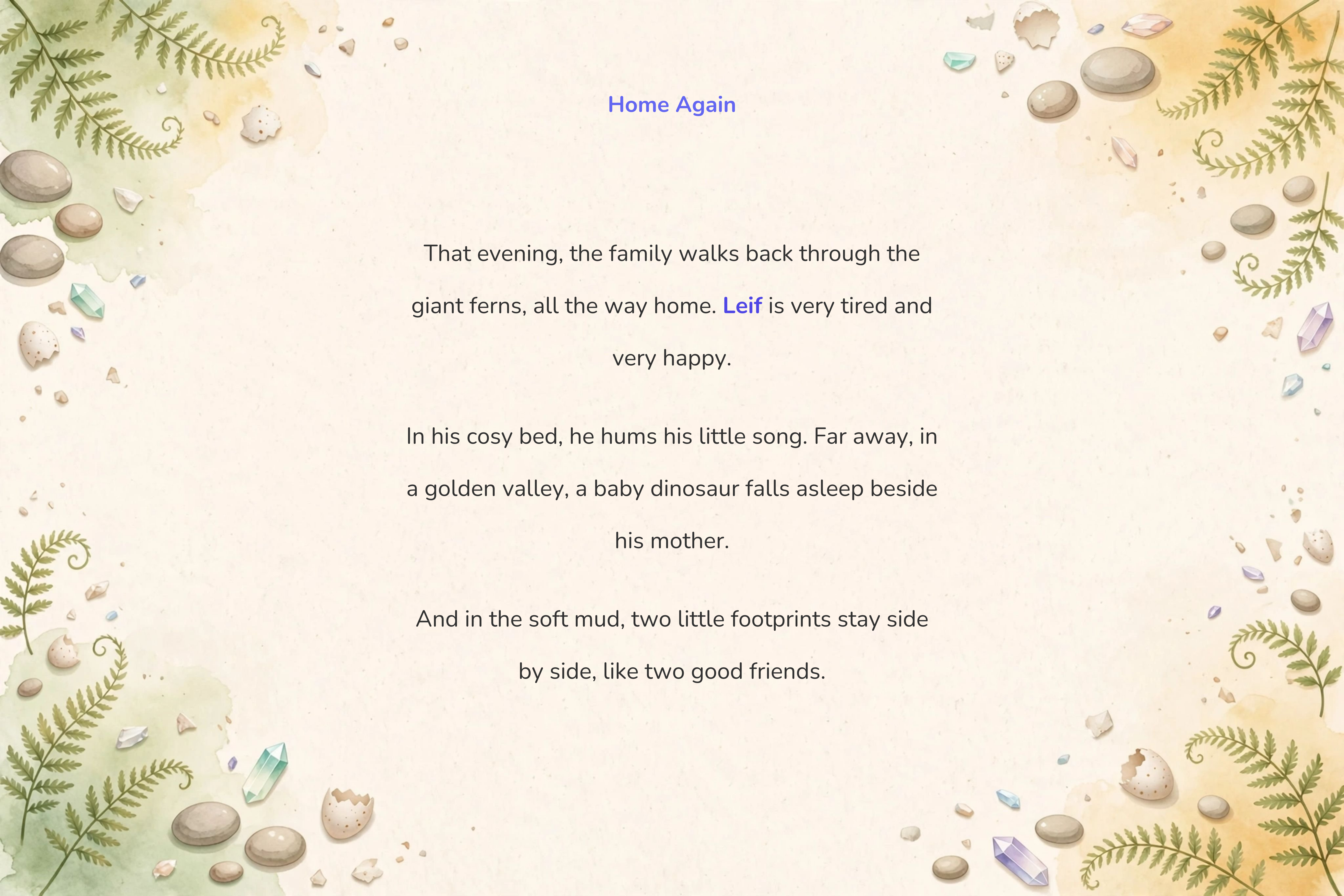
“Now our footprints are friends,” he says.

Dad’s eyes shine. “The smallest explorer in the whole valley...”

“...and the kindest helper,” says Mom.

Pippin peeps, and Leif sings their song one last time: “Stomp, stomp, little dino, stomp, stomp, all the way home.”



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Home Again

That evening, the family walks back through the giant ferns, all the way home. **Leif** is very tired and very happy.

In his cosy bed, he hums his little song. Far away, in a golden valley, a baby dinosaur falls asleep beside his mother.

And in the soft mud, two little footprints stay side by side, like two good friends.

