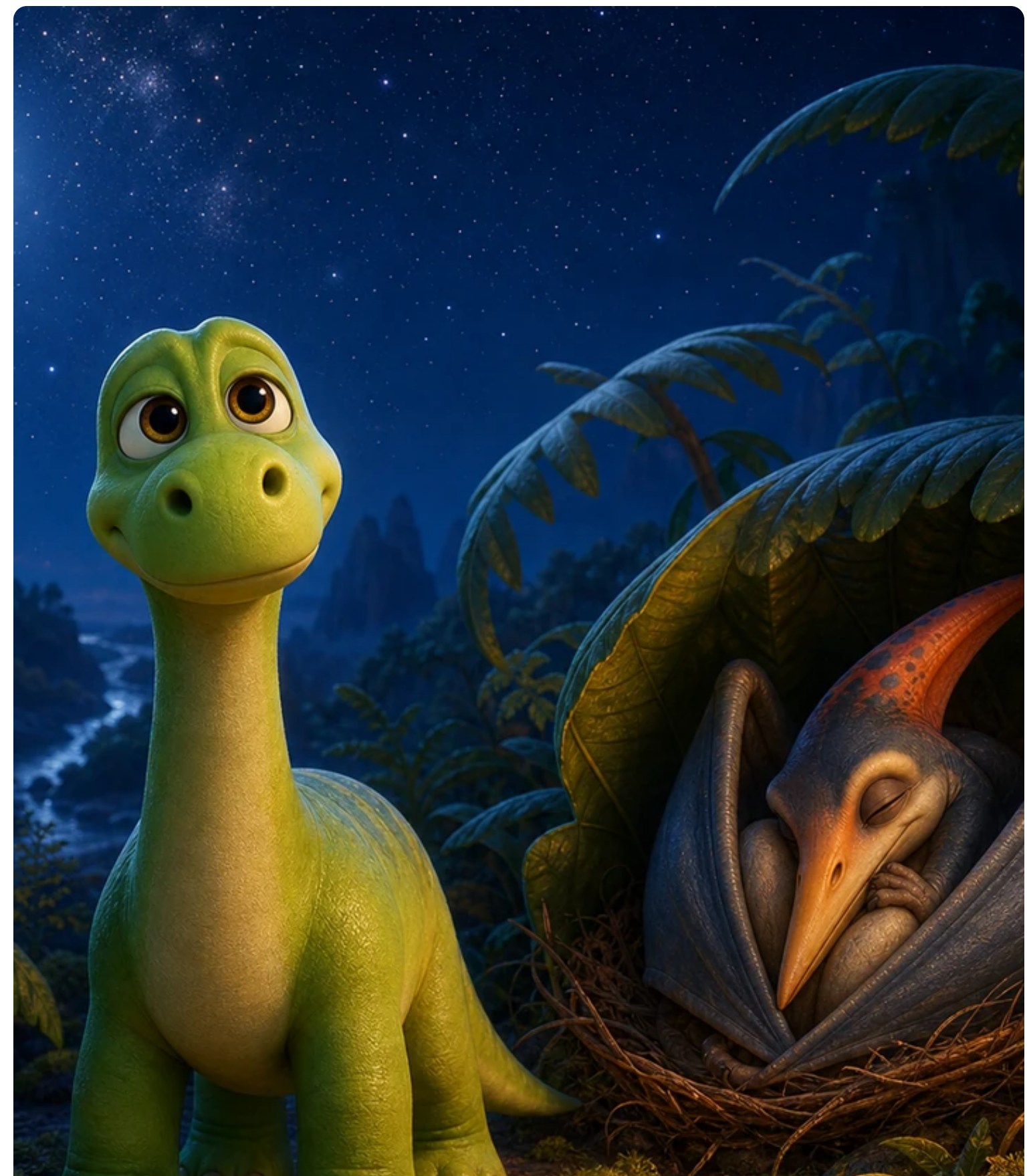




Oliver the Little Dino's Starry Slumber

Midnights '89



Deep in the heart of the Whispering Valley, the golden sun began to dip below the horizon, painting the sky in shades of soft purple and dusty pink. Oliver, a little green dinosaur with big, sleepy eyes, let out a tiny yawn and realized it was finally time for bed.



Oliver wandered through the tall, fern-covered forest, looking for the perfect spot to rest his head. The ancient trees gently swayed in the evening breeze, making a soft rustling sound that felt like a warm hug.



He first visited his friend Pip the Pterodactyl, who was curling up high in a nest woven from soft moss and twilight vines. Pip invited him to stay, but Oliver realized the windy clifftop was just a bit too high and breezy for a little land dinosaur.



Next, Oliver padded down to the edge of the shimmering, calm blue lake where the water lilies were tucking in their petals for the night. He dipped his toes in, but the cool water was much too chilly for a cozy night's sleep.



As he walked further, the first evening stars began to twinkle like tiny diamond nightlights across the darkening sky. Oliver looked up and smiled, feeling the peaceful quiet of the world washing over him.



He found a gentle slope covered in thick, velvet-soft clover that smelled sweet like summer rain. Oliver circled around three times, testing the ground, and found it was wonderfully cushioned and perfectly warm.



A family of glowing fireflies gathered around Oliver, casting a soft, warm amber light that chased away any shadows. They blinked in a slow, rhythmic pattern, acting as a silent, soothing lullaby.



Oliver nestled deep into the soft clover, pulling a large, velvety prehistoric leaf over his shoulders like a cozy green blanket. He rested his long neck gently on a smooth, moss-covered stone that made the perfect pillow.



He closed his eyes and took a deep, slow breath, listening to the gentle cricket chirps and the distant, rhythmic hum of the valley. The entire world seemed to be whispering a quiet goodnight just for him.



With a final, contented sigh, Oliver drifted off into a deep and beautiful sleep beneath the watchful gaze of the silver moon. He dreamed of flying among the stars, safe and warm in his perfect valley home.