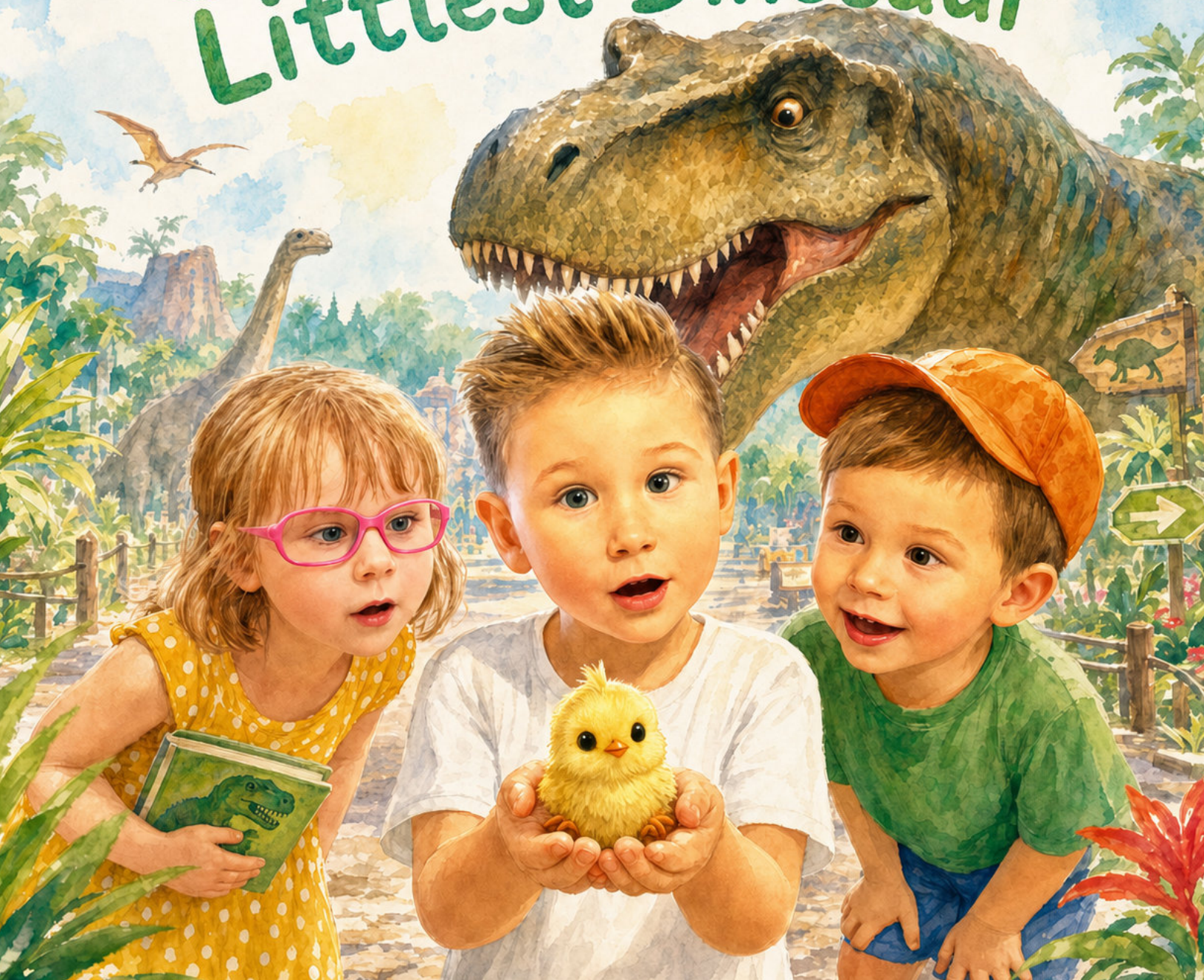


Oliver and the Littlest Dinosaur



THIS BOOK WAS MADE ESPECIALLY FOR



Oliver



Dear Oliver,
No matter how far apart we are,
you are always close in our hearts.
May this story remind you how deeply
you are loved — today, tomorrow,
and on every adventure.



With all our love,
Grandma & Grandpa



2026





Early one summer morning, Oliver stood in front of the enormous gates of the Dino Park. In his hands he held his ticket — a real one, with a golden dinosaur on it — and he held it tight-tight. The gates were so tall that you had to tip your head all the way back, right up to the sky. Beside him, his best friends Eva and Misha were hopping up and down with excitement.

“They say the dinosaurs in there are as tall as a house!” whispered Misha.

“And I know everything about them,” said Eva, patting her little green book.

The gates creaked slowly, slowly open. And somewhere deep inside the park, something went stomping by, loud and heavy: STOMP. STOMP. STOMP.

Oliver’s tummy went all fizzy inside — maybe from fright, maybe from joy.



DIPLODOCUS

Its neck is longer
than three buses!



DINOSAUR PARK



Beyond the gates began a green avenue. And suddenly, above the trees, a neck came swaying into view. A long, LONG neck, like a crane at a building site! And at the very top of it — a tiny, tiny head. Oliver's mouth fell open.

“That's a Diplodocus!” announced Eva, holding up a page of her green book. “He's longer than three buses, and all he eats is leaves.”

Slowly, slowly, the Diplodocus lowered his head — lower, lower, lower still — and looked at the children with kind eyes.

“So enormous — and he doesn't scare anybody at all,” marvelled Misha.

And just then, in the bushes beside the path, something rustled, ever so quietly: rustle-rustle... peep!

Oliver spun round. He looked right. He looked left. But in the bushes, only one little twig was swaying.



Farther on, in a clearing, stood a Triceratops — with three horns, and a great bony frill like the collar of a fairy-tale knight. He was as big and heavy as a hill.

“Three horns!” counted Misha on his fingers. “That’s so nobody ever teases him.”

“And the frill is so everyone can see how important he is,” laughed Eva.

And then — much closer this time — it came again: rustle-rustle... peep!

“Did you hear that?” whispered Oliver, pressing a finger to his lips.

But Eva was busy looking at the horns, and Misha was busy looking at the frill. Nobody had heard anything. Only Oliver.

And now he simply had to find out: who was hiding in there? Somebody little. And, it seemed, somebody all alone.



Oliver glanced back at the bushes — all quiet. So the friends walked on.

And there stood a Stegosaurus! All along his back, from head to tail-tip, ran great plates — like a row of giant leaves standing on their edges.

“One, two, three, four...” the children counted together, heads tipped back. So many plates! They lost count and had to start again.

“And he has spikes on his tail,” said Eva, peeking into her book. “But his brain was tiny. The size of a walnut!”

“A walnut?” giggled Misha. “So gigantic — with such a teeny-weeny thinker!”

Oliver quietly stroked the Stegosaurus’s warm side — rough, like tree bark. And behind him, again: rustle-rustle... peep! He whirled round — but the path was empty.

“Somebody little is following us,” thought Oliver.



And suddenly, the whole path began to tremble: STOMP.
STOMP. STOMP.

Out from behind the trees stepped a Tyrannosaurus!
Enormous — taller than the tallest tree, grand as a king — and
with teeny-tiny little front paws.

Eva squeaked and hid behind Misha.

“Don’t be scared,” said Oliver, taking her hand. “Look what
kind eyes he has.”

“And if anything happens,” said Misha, stepping forward and
squaring his shoulders, “I’ll have a word with him!”

Eva peeked out from behind Misha’s back and laughed. And
the Tyrannosaurus bent his huge head down low — as if he
wanted to say hello, too.



And then — right at Oliver's feet — it came again: rustle-rustle... peep!

Oliver froze. Then slowly, slowly, so as not to frighten anyone, he crouched down. The bush was thick and dark, its leaves smelled of summer, and deep, deep inside it, something was stirring. Something little. Something alive.

“Shhh,” whispered Oliver. “I won't hurt you.”

Eva and Misha stood stock-still behind him and hardly dared to breathe. It grew so quiet that they could hear, far, far away, the Diplodocus munching his leaves.

Gently, with just one hand, Oliver parted the branches and peeped under the bush.

And from inside, two shiny black eyes, like little beads, looked back at him.



And out of the bush rolled... a chick!

A tiny, yellow, fluffy chick — no bigger than the palm of your hand. On top of his head stuck up a funny little tuft, and his legs were orange, like little carrots. He stood in the middle of the great wide sandy path — all alone in the world.

“Peep!” said the chick, and trembled.

“A CHICK?!” gasped Misha, his eyes going round as saucers.
“In a DINOSAUR park?!”

“There’s nothing about chicks in my book,” said Eva, quite lost. She flipped through the pages, just in case. Forwards, and then backwards. There were truly no chicks in it anywhere.

“He’s so little,” said Oliver quietly. “And I think he’s lost.”



“Let’s take him to the park keeper,” Oliver decided, and he lifted the chick with the greatest of care. “The keeper knows everyone in the park.”

And they set off back down the avenue. Oliver carried the chick in his cupped hands, gently-gently, like the most precious treasure in the world, trying not to breathe too loudly.

As they were passing the Tyrannosaurus, the chick suddenly puffed himself up, stuck his little tuft straight up in the air, and gave a fierce, mighty squeak:

“PEEP!”

As if to tell the giant: “You don’t scare ME!”

“Look!” laughed Misha. “He’s roaring at the Tyrannosaurus!”

“Brave,” smiled Eva. “Even if he’s no bigger than a dandelion.”

And even the Tyrannosaurus, far away, didn’t seem to know what to say back.



DINO PARK

WHO ARE THE DESCENDANTS OF DINOSAURS?



SPARROW



PIGEON



CHICKEN



DUCK



GOOSE



TURKEY



OSTRICH



CHICK



KOMODO
DRAGON



CROCODILE

By the gates, the children found the park keeper.

“Cheep!” he cried, throwing up his hands. “You little runaway! He slipped out of the henhouse this morning — and I’ve searched every last path in the park!”

“It was Oliver who heard him,” said Eva.

“Then you have the sharpest ears in this park,” said the keeper, and took Cheep from Oliver’s hands, careful as with a tiny egg.

Cheep peeped contentedly.

Then the keeper leaned down and whispered, like the biggest secret of all:

“Do you know who you rescued today? Birds are the dinosaurs’ great-great-grandchildren. Every sparrow, every hen — and our Cheep — is family to the Tyrannosaurus himself.”

The children froze, mouths open.

“CHEEP?!” whispered Misha.

“Family to the TYRANNOSAURUS?!” whispered Eva.



Oliver looked at the tiny yellow puffball on the keeper's palm. The funny tuft. The carrot-orange legs. The shiny bead-black eyes. How could HE be a dinosaur?

“So you see,” said the keeper slowly, “today, you held in your hands the littlest dinosaur in the world.”

The children looked at Cheep with completely new eyes. Imagine that! Not just a chick — but the great-great-grandson of the mighty dinosaurs! Fluffy, yellow — and still, just a tiny bit, a Tyrannosaurus.

Cheep seemed to understand every word. He puffed out his fluffy chest with pride and squeaked:
“PEEP!”

It was the littlest roar in the world.
Before going home, one by one, with just one finger, the children each gave Cheep a gentle goodbye stroke.

“Goodbye, dinosaur,” whispered Oliver.



In the evening, when the sun turned golden, the children walked home past the gates of the Dino Park.

A row of sparrows sat on the fence. Perfectly ordinary sparrows — or so anybody else would have thought.

But Oliver knew better now: they were dinosaurs, too. Tiny dinosaurs, living all around us — on fences, on rooftops, and on the most ordinary paths.

He had simply never known how to spot them before.

Oliver looked up at the sparrows and smiled.

Somewhere deep inside the park, something went stomping by, loud and heavy: STOMP. STOMP. STOMP.

And from the fence came a tiny, tiny answer:
“Peep.”



THE STORY CONTINUES • FIRST 4 PAGES FREE

Where will Oliver *go next?*

Create another one-of-a-kind book starring your child and the people they love.
Choose an adventure—or invent your own.



Choose an adventure—or tell us your own idea.



SCAN TO BEGIN

READY FOR THE NEXT CHAPTER?

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