

The dinosaur had a secret.

Every morning, when the jungle was still quiet, Tiko the tiny T-rex tiptoed to the riverbank and practiced dancing. Not roaring. Not chasing. Dancing.

His arms were too small, his tail knocked over ferns, and once he accidentally moonwalked into a rock. But Tiko didn't care. He'd seen birds move like music, and he wanted that feeling too.

One day, a massive Triceratops spotted him spinning by the water.

"Why aren't you terrorizing something?" the Triceratops asked.

Tiko froze... then sighed. "Because I like dancing."

The Triceratops stared. Then—slowly—started bobbing his head.

By sunset, half the dinosaurs were stomping, spinning, and shaking the ground in the first-ever prehistoric dance party.

And from that day on, whenever the earth rumbled a little too happily, it wasn't an earthquake.

It was just Tiko dancing.