

## Fan Friction

This is a dreadful [anti-fan] fiction of the dreadful Land before time sequels.

Once, in a parallel dimension to the original great valley (because the sequels were anything but canon), one-dimensional cardboard children's show characters were devoured from the great valley. After a great grinding from the molers, they were ready to inflict unrealistic morality and patronising dialogue on naïve children. These characters were then spat out into an atheistic domain.

It all ended when Ducky was sitting by herself in a pond. She was digging for treasure and trying to improve her grammar. It was when she removed her finger of golden snot that she decided emancipate herself from the same card-board beings she had seen every drowsy moment of the day. "I will leave them, and they won't come and look for me. Nope," she repeated "nope," a few more times, but I do not wish to quote it.

She began her quest by furthering the world's progress. Specifically, she tried to starve the herd. She began this by stealing as many plants as she could and then lighting them on fire. This worked quite efficiently, as it spread throughout and there was no food left whatever. Then she left in search of independence.

She never did find independence because an iguanadon picked her up and squeezed her, so her story was over. On to Cera, who, with her father and his ex-wife, went on a hunt for the perpetrator of the fire. Everyone was covered in black soot, so it was hard for them to distinguish between the dinosaurs they didn't know. The only exception was a particularly dense parasauralophus who kept asking about, "Ducky."

"Do you a Ducky, Cera?" bellowed the father triceratops.

"Yeah. She was the one with the annoying voice," sassed Cera. "Our neighbors are all together one big slap-happy mob. Why should one squirtlet make any difference?"

All of the neighbors who over-heard Cera felt insulted and confronted. They chase Cera out of this piece of fiction, and her story, therefore, was over.

Spike, with his pseudo sister gone and the rest of his family chasing Cera, was implored to go ravaging for a new sibling. He decided first to nag Petrie.

“Go away,” said Petrie. “we are in the time of no food, and I have nothing...”

He never finished the rest of his sentence, because he suddenly noticed that he had no water, either. He recently drank a gallon of it, but the thought of dehydration made him thirsty. He therefore dug a hole in the ground very low and buried himself. His story was almost over. Spike walked all over his grave, and *then* Petrie’s story was over.

Deaf, Dumb as he was, and mute, Spike kept in mind all the years that he was only found an egg with no parents. He was also found without evidence that his parents were actually dead. He was determined to find that evidence. He promised himself that he would go crazy if he ever did. It was never shown on film, but he often begged his parents to find his real parents. Needless to say, they were miserable of him. They wandered the desert aimlessly until they found some random stegosaur bones and brought them home. I mistyped stegosaurus. Anywho, they showed them to Spike and said, “These are your parents’ bones definitely.” Spike broke his own promise by not going crazy, but the fact that he broke a promise automatically made him crazy. He ran off into the sea and swam until he grew up and died of old age.

Spike’s story was over, and, simultaneously, other dinosaurs’ stories were over. They stopped reproducing because they wanted the Jurassic period to be over. So, the dinosaurs disappeared, one by one. The only exception was Little Foot, who changed his name to The One Who Never Aged. He gradually became the last dinosaur on earth. He wanted the Jurassic period to last forever. He simply wandered the earth, eating grass and whatever plant he could find. He lived forever, but he lived forever alone, and thus, his story was over.