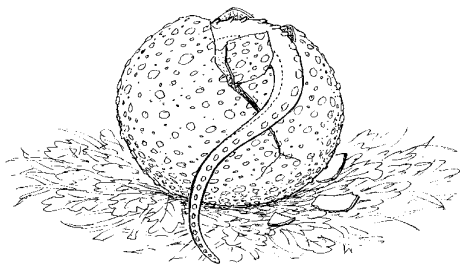


*Professor P*  
*and the*  
*Jurassic Island*  
*Deleted Scenes and Outtakes*



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## *Contents*

Introduction	1
Professor P arrives	2
Peter and Tara Interview	10
Snow Storm	13
Adventure Inventions	17
Christmas	25
Party Problems	34
More Mysteries	47
Dinosaur World	56
Short Outtakes	62

# *Introduction*

*Welcome to the deleted scenes and outtakes from Professor P and the Jurassic Island. I wrote the book over a period of about three years, constantly revising it and altering the story. In the process a lot of great scenes got lost – some I managed to recycle, but most ended in the bin! Here are some of my favourite scenes that didn't quite make it into the book.*

## *Professor P arrives*

*This was my original first chapter. I was aware that I had left the end of the first book hanging slightly and I wanted to make it clear that Professor P had decided to move to the Jurassic Coast and away from Cambridge. I wanted to introduce all the characters as quickly as possible so I could get on with the story. In the end, I decided to delete this chapter as it's too confusing for those who haven't read the first book.*

“Oh, where is he, Tara?” I asked, glancing at my watch.

Tara and I were sitting on the rocks overlooking the beach and watching my dog Sparky playing in the waves. It was a cold December morning; strong winds whipped up the spray and waves crashed onto the beach.

“He should have arrived hours ago!” Tara said worriedly.

Suddenly my phone rang. I took it out of my pocket.

“Professor P?” I asked excitedly.

“Hello, Peter,” came Professor P familiar, warm voice.

“Where are you?” I asked.

“I’m just turning into the village,” he replied, “Got held up on the motorway. I’ll be at the cottage in a few minutes.”

“Come on Sparky!” I cried “Professor P’s arrived!”

## PROFESSOR P ARRIVES

“Woof! Woof!” Sparky barked excitedly and ran towards the steps leading up the cliff. He bounded up the steps and we raced to keep up with him.

“Wait for us, Sparky!” Tara panted as we reached the top. We ran down the path, through the woods and into the road leading to Professor P house. We arrived just as a huge removal van pulled into the driveway.

Professor P climbed out of the van, followed by Sleepy, his very large hairy dog, barking madly. We rushed over and gave Professor P a hug.

“Peter! Tara!” he cried, “how wonderful to see you again. And Sparky – how you’ve grown!”

“It’s great to see you again, Professor P!” I said, “and you too Sleepy!”

Sleepy ran around in circles wagging her huge tail, overjoyed to see us.

“It’s great to be here at last!” Professor P said grinning broadly. “Let’s start unloading the van shall we?”

Professor P went round to the back of the van and opened the door. The van was full with huge boxes, stacked unevenly, heavy furniture thrown in – there was even a piano leaning awkwardly against the side. I looked questioningly at Tara, wondering how we were going to move all this stuff.

“We’ll have the van unloaded in a jiffy!” Professor P said confidently. “I’ll put Floppy in charge of operations.”

“Floppy!” I said in surprise.

“Yes,” Professor P said, taking a small silver sphere out of his pocket. He tapped the sphere and a fluffy rabbit popped out of the air and looked around excitedly.

“We’re here at last!” the rabbit cried, dancing with joy. “Peter! Tara! It’s wonderful to see you again – I’m so excited – isn’t it wonderful – we’ve moved to the sea at last – we’re going to have such fantastic adventures!”

“It great to see you again, Floppy,” I said smiling.

## JURASSIC ISLAND DELETED SCENES

“We’ve really missed you,” Tara added. “I wish I could give you a hug!”

Floppy shyly covered his eyes with his large floppy eyes and pretended to be embarrassed.

“I have an important job for you to do, Floppy,” Professor P said, “I’d like to put you in charge of removals – how would you like to be operations manager?”

“Operations manager!” Floppy said proudly, puffing himself up and appearing in overalls, holding a clipboard. “Of course, Professor P, I won’t let you down.”

“All the boxes are clearly labelled,” Professor P added. “Oh, and do be careful with the piano – it’s very heavy!”

I looked at Professor P in astonishment. Floppy was a supercomputer – he could appear as a hologram in any form – but he would not be able to lift anything, and certainly not a piano.

“But how can Floppy...” Tara began.

Professor P laughed at the look of surprises on our faces. “Jump up into the van,” he said. “There’s something I’d like to show you.”

We all climbed into the back of the van and Professor P went over to a long packing case. He bent down, undid the catches and pulled off the top of the case. Tara and I peered inside as Professor P removed the loose packaging material.

“It’s a suit of armour!” Tara exclaimed.

“Peter, Tara,” Professor P said, his eyes twinkling. “I’d like you to meet Brains!”

He reached into the case and pressed a switch on the back of the armour. There was a loud clanking sound and the suit of armour sat bolt upright. Tara and I jumped back in surprise.

“Brains is my latest invention,” Professor P explained. “He’s a robot, immensely strong...”

## PROFESSOR P ARRIVES

“Hello,” the suit of armour said. “My name is...What’s my name Professor P, I forgot?”

“Brains,” Professor P replied. “And I’d like you to meet my friends Peter and Tara.”

“Hello,” Brains said.

“He’s not too bright,” Professor P whispered to us, “I haven’t had time to finish his computer program.”

“Brains,” Professor P continued. “I’d like you to move all these boxes into the house. Floppy will be in charge and tell you where to put everything.”

“Yes, Professor P,” Brains said, standing up and effortlessly picking up a large crate marked Kitchen Things (BREAKABLE).

“Leave everything to me,” Floppy said confidently, as Professor P clipped Floppy’s sphere to Brains’ shoulder.

We climbed out of the van and went over to the front door of the house. Brains followed with Floppy perched on his head.

“Welcome to my new home,” Professor P said as he took out a key and opened the door.

We went inside and looked round.

“It feels so empty,” Tara said.

I nodded, remembering when the house was full of things – mess everywhere, Professor P’s talking inventions, always full of surprises.

“Soon get this place into shape!” Professor P said, smiling as we went into the kitchen. “Put the crate over there please, Brains – but do be careful – it’s breakable.”

Professor P looked highly relieved as Brains slowly and carefully put down the crate.

Tara and I started to unpack the boxes as Professor P cleaned the kitchen cupboards and started to put the things away. When we had almost finished, there was a loud crashing sound from the hallway. Floppy flew into the kitchen, as a brightly coloured parrot.

## JURASSIC ISLAND DELETED SCENES

“We had a slight accident with the piano, Professor P,” he squawked, “nothing to worry about. We couldn’t get the piano through the doorway into the living room, so I told Brains to take off both of the legs – that was OK, but then he dropped it and the whole thing sort of fell apart – I’m sure you can fix it, Professor P.”

Professor P said nothing. He rushed out of the kitchen, a very worried look on his face. There was another loud bang from the hallway followed by Brains crying out, “Sorry!”

Professor P poked his head round the kitchen door. “You two carry on unpacking, I’ll be a few minutes sorting this out,” he said, shutting the door firmly behind him.

“Leaving Floppy in charge!” Tara giggled. “I don’t think that’s a very good idea!”

“Nor do I,” I laughed.

I opened a large cardboard box and pulled out an orange toaster.

“Do you remember Professor P’s toaster?” I asked. “It used to tell jokes.”

“Let’s see if it still does,” Tara said, putting it on a shelf and plugging it in.

“Morning,” it said quietly as she switched it on. “Toast?”

“No, thanks,” she replied, “but do you tell jokes?”

“Jokes,” it said, puzzled. “I’m a toaster, I make toast. Why should I tell jokes?”

“Oh, sorry,” she said, “I just thought...”

“But the kettle does,” it added, “not very good ones though.”

I searched through the cardboard box, pulled out the kettle and switched it on. It burst into life with a song.

“Oh, what a beautiful morning!” it cried. “Why not start the day with a delicious cup of hot tea? And perhaps a joke to brighten your day?”

“Go on then,” I laughed. “Let’s have a joke.”



## PROFESSOR P ARRIVES

“You’ll love this one!” it cried. “How do you get four large dinosaurs into a car?”

“Er...” I began

Before I could reply it burst out, “Two in the front and two in the back. What about another joke. You’ll really like this one, I made it up myself. How do you get six large dinosaurs into a car?”

“Er...” I began.

“Two in the front, two in the back and two in the boot!” it burst out. “It’s brilliant isn’t it. I’ve made up lots more dinosaurs joke, do you want to hear them, how do you get eight large dinosaurs into a car?”

“How about three in the front, three in the back and two in the boot?” Tara suggested.

“Oh, you’ve heard it before,” the kettle said disappointedly and promptly switched itself off.

Tara burst out laughing, “I wish our kettle at home did that!”

We continued unpacking the kitchen things and putting everything neatly away in the cupboards. When we had finished I glanced at my watch.

“It’s really late!” I said in surprise, “I’d better be going home for tea.”

“Me too,” Tara nodded. “I wonder what’s happened to Professor P – it’s all been very quiet.”

We went into the hallway and called out for Professor P. The living room door opened.

“Come in Peter, Tara,” he said. “I’ve nearly finished in here.”

We walked into the living room and I looked around. The room was cosy and inviting. A warm fire was crackling in the fireplace and there was a lovely smell of burning wood. The furniture was neatly arranged, two armchairs either side of the fireplace, a TV by the wall opposite the fireplace, the piano (with one leg slightly

## JURASSIC ISLAND DELETED SCENES

shorter than the other) leaning against the wall opposite the bay window. And there were Christmas decorations everywhere! Streamers were draped across the ceiling and balloons hung from the corners. There were hundreds of Christmas cards – on the mantelpiece, on the piano and hanging from the walls.

Brains burst through the doorway, carrying a square box, wrapped in green paper with silver stars, which looked like a large Jack-in-the-Box.

“Where shall I put this, Professor P?” he asked.

“Over there in the corner in the corner please, Brains,” Professor P said pointing. “Oh, and put it on plenty of newspaper – we don’t want the carpet to get damaged!”

I glanced at Tara questioning. What could it be?

“You love this!” Professor P said, a twinkle in his eye. “Now, everyone stand well back!”

Professor P opened the door to let Sleepy and Sparky out. Then he went over to the box, pressed a button on the side and quickly retreated.

There was a crackling sound, like a firework and a small puff of smoke. Floppy hid behind the sofa, “Tell me when it’s over!” he called out.

Then there was sudden loud bang and the room was filled with thick white smoke. Floppy coughed loudly.

“Yes!” Professor P cried. “It worked!”

As the smoke began to clear I could see what had happened.

“It’s, it’s a Christmas tree!” I cried in astonishment.

“A self-inflating, ready-decorated Christmas tree,” Professor P said proudly, “complete with angel on the top!”

“It’s brilliant!” Tara exclaimed.

We all went over to the tree to admire it. Professor P plugged in the lights and they twinkled red and yellow.

“I’ll put some presents under the tree,” Professor P said, “then everything will be perfect.”

## PROFESSOR P ARRIVES

“I’m afraid we’ve got to go now,” Tara said, “but can you come to a party at my house after Christmas? Mum and Dad always have a few friends and neighbours over for drinks on Boxing Day.”

“Thanks,” he replied smiling, “I’d love to.”

“Great,” Tara said. “Come in the morning, about eleven o’clock. It should be fun!”

We all left the living room. As we made our way through the hallway Professor P picked up a small box, wrapped in Christmas paper and gave it to us.

“Thanks for helping me unpack,” he said. “Here’s a little Christmas present for you both. I hope you like it – it’s... well, you’ll find out!”

“Thanks,” we said.

“Bye, then,” he called as we set off, “see you on Boxing Day.”

We raced down the lanes, Sparky leading the way, his little tail wagging and his ears flapping in the wind. I felt so excited – Professor P was here at last! What adventures we would have! And what was that mysterious present he had given us?

## *Peter and Tara Interview*

*Originally, I had the BBC arrive as a result of Peter and Tara's dinosaur find on the beach. I changed it so that the book starts with the BBC interviewing Dr Simmons. I think this sets the scene better and leads into Peter and Tara's discovery.*

We walked across the car park and saw a woman holding a microphone and a man carrying a large camera. When they spotted us, they rushed over.

"I'm a reporter from the BBC," the woman said excitedly. "Are you Peter and Tara?"

"Yes," we replied, looking at each other puzzled. The BBC! What was going on?

"And you found the dinosaur fossil?" the reporter continued.

"Dinosaur!" I exclaimed, turning to Mary. She smiled knowingly at me.

The reporter glanced at her notebook and continued, "Dr Simmons, from the Heritage Centre has just informed me that the fossil is a rare dinosaur from the Jurassic Period, approximately 150 million years old."

That was why there were so many people here! We had found a dinosaur! A rare dinosaur fossil!

"Can you come and stand by the fossil, please," the reporter asked, "I'd like to interview you for a piece on the evening news tonight."

We walked through the crowd of people. I felt proud and excited that we were going to be on TV but nervous

## PETER AND TARA INTERVIEW

too. Everyone was looking at us expectantly as we walked over to the trailer with the reporter. I glanced at Tara. She looked excited and smiled back happily.

“Good luck,” Mary whispered as the reporter began her piece to the camera.

“I’m here on the beach at Seatown,” she began, “on the Jurassic Coast in Dorset. With me are two young fossils hunters who have just made an astonishing discovery.”

She turned to us, “Peter, Tara, can you tell me how you found the fossil.”

“We...” I began. My mind went blank! I could not think what to say! Tara came to the rescue.

“We went to look for fossils on the west beach and discovered there had been a large rock fall,” she said clearly into the camera.

She seemed so calm and composed! She carefully explained what had happened and how, with Sparky’s help, we had discovered the fossil.

“Can you tell me how long you’ve been collecting fossils?” the reporter asked Tara.

“I started looking for fossils a few years ago, with my dad,” Tara replied. “We used to come to the Jurassic Coast on holiday.”

“And what about you, Peter,” the reporter continued, turning to me.

“I started collecting fossils this summer,” I replied, feeling less nervous now, “when I moved here and met Tara.”

“Have you ever found anything like this before?” the reporter asked me.

I shook my head. “We mostly found ammonites – but once we found a shark tooth.”

“Thank you, Peter and Tara,” the reporter said, “and let me wish you every success in your fossil hunting careers!”

## JURASSIC ISLAND DELETED SCENES

As we moved away from the trailer, I whispered excitedly to Tara, “You were brilliant!”

“Thanks,” she said smiling.

## *Snow Storm*

*Originally, I set the story at Christmas. And of course it wouldn't be Christmas if it didn't snow! But this scene slows down the action and doesn't add anything to the plot, so it had to go. Wish I had a pair of jet skis though, don't you?*

I woke with a start. There was a cold wet tongue licking my face!

“Sparky!” I spluttered as I pushed him away.

“Woof, woof!” Sparky barked and burrowed his cold nose under my duvet.

“Oh, Sparky, you're all wet.” I said as I pulled him out of the covers.

He shook himself vigorously and specks of white flew onto the bed. Sparky was covered in snow!

“Snow!” I cried excitedly.

I jumped out of bed, quickly pulled back the curtains and looked out of the window. A thick layer of snow covered the ground and icicles hung from the tree outside my window. Everything was pure white and spotless like the icing on a Christmas cake.

A few flakes of snow were still falling from the heavy grey clouds. I watched the snowflakes in fascination as they slid down the windowpane and melted. Today was the first day of the school holidays. I could hardly wait for Christmas and it would be even better in the snow!

“Woof!” Sparky barked impatiently and ran to the door. He wanted to go out and play in the garden again.

## JURASSIC ISLAND DELETED SCENES

I quickly washed and went downstairs for breakfast. Sparky watched me eagerly as I finished my toast.

“All right, Sparky!” I laughed, getting up from the table. “I’m ready. Let’s go!”

I grabbed my coat and wellies from the hallway and opened the front door. Sparky bounded out into the garden and ran around, wagging his tail and sniffing the ground curiously.

We went next door to Tara’s house.

“Oh, hi, Peter,” she greeted me. “I was just about to call round. Have you ever seen so much snow?”

“I know!” I replied excitedly. “It’s brilliant!”

“Let’s go down to the village,” Tara suggested as she grabbed her coat. “We can make a great snowman on the green – and go round to Professor P’s afterwards.”

“Good idea!”

Sparky raced ahead along the estate road, running into all the gardens. Tara and I laughed at his look of astonishment when he fell into a snowdrift. He quickly jumped out and shook himself, sending snow flying everywhere.

When we arrived at the village green, a crowd of children were already playing in the snow. Some were sliding down the bank on sledges and others were making snowmen in the middle of the square.

I threw a snowball for Sparky. He bounded across the square, jumped into the air and caught it in his mouth.

We spotted a group of friends and went over to join them. We were soon having a great snowball fight!

“Let’s make a snowman, now,” Tara panted. “I’m exhausted!”

“OK,” I said, glad to take a rest.

We bent down and started to roll a giant snowball for the body of our snowman. Sparky came over to see what



## SNOW STORM

we were doing. He jumped onto the snowball, fell off and shook himself. I laughed at his surprised expression.

We had almost finished the snowman, when a familiar voice called out from behind us.

“Mind your backs, please!”

I turned round and saw Professor P racing across the square on a pair of skis! He was dressed in a blue and white skiing jacket and wore a pair of red goggles. Smoke was shooting out of the back of his skis as he sped towards us. Sleepy was running after him, desperately trying to keep up.

“Sorry, can’t slow down,” he cried as Tara and I jumped out of the way.

There was a puff of smoke from the right ski and it stopped working. The left ski continued at full speed, sending Professor P into a wide curve. He desperately tried to regain control.

We raced towards Professor P. His arms were flailing wildly and he looked like he was about to fall. He mounted the bank at the edge of the green and sped towards the road. He had almost regained control when a burst of flames shot out of the skis. Professor P was thrown violently forward, straight towards a hedge.

“Look out, Professor P!” we cried as we ran after him.

He flew into the hedge, scattering snow everywhere. Sleepy reached him first and nuzzled him gently. Tara, Sparky and I arrived moments later and helped him to his feet.

“Are you all right, Professor P?” I asked, concerned.

“I think so,” he panted, wiping the snow off his coat.

“Jet propelled skis. Not for the faint hearted!”

Floppy appeared, also dressed in a skiing jacket and goggles.

“Is it over?” he asked. “I couldn’t look!”

Tara and I laughed at his ridiculous expression.

## JURASSIC ISLAND DELETED SCENES

“I’ll soon get the bugs ironed out,” Professor P said as he took off the skis, “then maybe you’d like to have a go?”

“Thanks!” I said excitedly.

“Rather you than me!” Floppy quipped.

“I fitted the jet packs this morning,” Professor P explained as he examined the skis closely. “But I think they still need a few adjustments.”

“Ah, ha,” he exclaimed, “so that’s the problem!”

He took a screwdriver out of his pocket and quickly made a few changes.

“Should be fine, now,” he said. “Anyway, now that I’ve bumped into you...”

Floppy sniggered.

“Maybe you’d like to come back to Honeysuckle Cottage,” Professor P continued as he put his ski back on, “and I’ll give you your surprise.”

“Yes, please, Professor P,” we replied eagerly.

“OK, see you there!” he cried as the skis roared into life

## *Adventure Inventions*

*I liked this chapter a lot and was reluctant to ditch it. But it slows down the action and does little to develop the story. So, regretfully it had to go.*

Professor P shot up the hill on his jet skis. Sleepy followed in close pursuit and Floppy zigzagged between them – pretending to be a slalom skier! Tara, Sparky and I raced after them as fast as we could in the slippery snow.

When we arrived at Honeysuckle Cottage, Professor P took off his skis. He opened the front door and we all went into the living room.

“Oh, Professor P,” Tara cried, “it looks lovely!”

Professor P had put Christmas decorations everywhere! Garlands were draped across the ceiling. Balloons hung in the corners of the room. Christmas cards adorned the walls, the mantelpiece and the piano. A warm fire was crackling in the fireplace and a lovely smell of burning wood filled the air. The room was so cosy and inviting it felt as though Professor P had lived here for years.

Professor P’s cats, Cuddles and Claws were curled up together, asleep on the sofa. Brains was sitting in an armchair by the fire, reading a book. He looked up when we came into the room.

“Hello, I’m reading a book,” he said proudly. “Floppy told me to read it. It’s called Essential Quantum Physics.”

“Oh, well done, Brains,” Professor P said, impressed but also rather surprised.

“You could try holding it the right way up, though!” Floppy laughed.

## JURASSIC ISLAND DELETED SCENES

“So that’s why I couldn’t understand it!” Brains said, scratching his head and looking confused. We all laughed!

“Come on Brains,” Floppy urged excitedly. “Peter and Tara are here at last. Let’s get their surprise!”

Brains quickly put the book down and left the room with Floppy. When they returned a few moments later, Brains was carrying a large square box, wrapped in green paper covered with silver stars.

“Where shall I put it, Professor P?” Brains asked eagerly.

“In the corner, please, Brains,” Professor P replied. “Oh, and put it on plenty of newspaper – we don’t want the carpet to get damaged!”

I glanced at Tara. What could it be?

“I think you’ll like this!” Professor P said with a twinkle in his eye.

He opened the door and let Sleepy and Sparky into the hallway. Then he went over to the box, pressed a button on the side and quickly retreated. Brains moved closer to the box and peered at it curiously.

“Get back, Brains!” Floppy cried as he dived behind the sofa. “It’s going to blow!”

Brains, Tara and I quickly took a step back!

“Tell me when it’s over!” Floppy called out anxiously.

I stared excitedly at the box, wondering what would happen. It began with a faint hissing sound. Then a small trickle of smoke rose from the top of the box. Suddenly bright sparks erupted from the sides of the box and loud crackles filled the room. With a loud bang, thick purple smoke burst out of the box.

Floppy coughed loudly.

“Yes!” Professor P cried. “It worked!”

As the smoke began to clear, I could see what had happened.

“It’s a Christmas tree!” I cried in astonishment.

## ADVENTURE INVENTIONS

“A self-inflating, ready-decorated Christmas tree,” Professor P said admiringly, “complete with an angel on the top!”

“It was all my idea,” Floppy said proudly, reappearing from behind the sofa.

“Can you get Peter and Tara’s present, please, Brains?” Professor P asked.

As Brains went over to the tree I noticed in amazement that a large box had appeared underneath it. Brains picked up the box, wiped away the ash and gave it to Professor P.

“And, finally, here’s your present,” Professor P said smiling. “A surprise in a surprise!”

He gave us the heavy box. It was wrapped in slightly burnt holographic paper and tied with a bright silver bow.

“Thanks,” we said excitedly, looking at it curiously.

“It’s not a pair of skis,” Floppy joked, “in case you were wondering!”

“I do hope you like it,” Professor P added. “I made it myself.”

“Can we open it now?” I asked, wondering what it could be.

“Well, it’s supposed to be for Christmas...” Professor P hesitated.

“Go on,” Floppy pleaded, “please!”

“Oh, all right, then!” Professor P agreed with a smile. He did not take much persuading!

Floppy was so excited he changed into a bright rainbow coloured parrot and flew around the room madly.

“You’ll love it!” he squawked.

Tara and I carefully took off the wrapping paper. We opened the cardboard box and peered inside.

“It’s a rucksack,” I said intrigued.

“But not an ordinary one!” Professor P said proudly.

## JURASSIC ISLAND DELETED SCENES

We took the red rucksack out of the box. It was surprisingly heavy. The words *Adventure Inventions!* were printed on the front in gold letters

“*Adventure Inventions!*” Floppy giggled. “Try saying it quickly three times.”

“Adventure Inventions, Invention...” Brains said, scratching his head. “I can’t even say it once!”

“Look in the pockets!” Floppy cried excitedly.

I felt in the side pocket and pulled out a green plastic globe. It was about the size of a small apple and around the equator were the words *Clever Compass* in silver letters.

“You’ll never get lost with this,” Professor P explained. “The *Clever Compass* always knows exactly where you are. Try it – press the button on the top.”

I pressed the button.

“Hello,” it said. “I am your *Clever Compass*. You are now in Professor P’s house. The living room to be precise.”

Brains glanced around the room and nodded. “That’s right, we are!” he said, impressed. “It is a *clever* compass.”

“And I can tell you how to get from anywhere to anywhere else,” the compass said proudly. “Try me!”

“How do I get to my house from here?” Tara asked. “I live at 129 Seaview Close.”

“Turn right into Farmyard Lane, right again at the main road, then left into Seaview Close. Your house is two hundred and forty metres on the right. It will take twelve minutes to walk. Or three minutes by jet skis.”

“Brilliant!” Tara cried in amazement.

“I like to think I am,” the compass said smugly.

“Conceited more like!” Floppy muttered.

I put the compass back in the rucksack. Tara reached into the other side pocket and pulled out a large purple penknife. Written on the side were the words *Professor P’s Patented Penknife (Purple)*. Tara looked at me and smiled. It was very similar to one we had seen before!

## ADVENTURE INVENTIONS

“An electric penknife!” she exclaimed in delight.

Professor P nodded. “Let me show you,” he said eagerly.

Tara handed him the penknife.

“It has a titanium blade,” he explained, pulling out a small blade with a serrated edge. “Cuts through anything! Do be careful with it, won’t you?”

“We will, Professor P,” Tara promised.

“It also has a pair of electric scissors, an electric screwdriver and a firelighter,” he continued. “There’s a solar cell on the side to recharge the battery. Oh, and there’s even an electric can opener!”

Brains backed away. “I don’t like the look of that!” he said, looking rather worried.

“It’s all right, Brains!” Floppy laughed, “nobody’s going to use it on you!”

Professor P gave the penknife back to us.

“Thanks, Professor P, it’s great!” we said together.

“I hope it will come in useful,” he added, smiling.

“No adventure would be complete without one!” Floppy said, winking knowingly at Professor P.

Tara put the penknife back in the rucksack. We searched excitedly through the other compartments and found a can in the front pocket. It was painted red and had the words *Super Soup* written on the side. It reminded me of the can of self-heating beans that Professor P had invented last summer. I could clearly remember when it exploded and sent beans flying all over the kitchen!

When Brains saw the can he looked very worried and quickly hid behind Professor P.

“It’s not going to explode, is it?” he asked nervously.

“Of course not,” Professor P replied.

“It got into my circuits, last time it blew up,” Brains complained, “And the time before that...”

## JURASSIC ISLAND DELETED SCENES

“Don’t worry, Brains,” Professor P reassured him. “I’ve fixed the overheating problem. It’s quite safe, now.”

“What’s *Super Soup*?” I asked, inspecting the can closely.

“No camping trip would be complete without it,” Professor P explained proudly. “It’s my own special recipe – homemade tomato soup. For convenience, I put it in a self-heating can.”

“Self-exploding, more like!” Floppy quipped.

“Just press the button,” Professor P continued, ignoring Floppy. “Wait a few moments and you’ll have a can of piping hot soup.”

“That’s a great idea, Professor P,” Tara said, putting the can back into the front pocket.

We reached into the main compartment of the rucksack. We pulled out a heavy black box with the words *Total Tent* written on it. The box also had a red button on the top. I reached out to press it.

“Don’t press it, Peter!” Floppy warned. “Or we’ll never get it back in the box!”

“It’s a self-inflating tent,” Professor P explained. “Press the button and a full size two-person tent pops out.”

We looked at the box, very impressed.

“I invented it after my last camping trip in Scotland,” Professor P added.

“That was a disaster!” Floppy laughed. “The tent blew away while we were still searching for the poles!”

“Well, you certainly won’t have any problems like that with my *Total Tent*,” Professor P said happily.

“It goes up in a flash!” Floppy added.

“I do hope you like my *Adventure Inventions*,” Professor P said proudly as we packed up the rucksack.

“They’re fantastic!” we said, delighted with our gift.

“Now, you’re ready for an adventure!” Floppy cried. “You could go anywhere, or should I say...”



## ADVENTURE INVENTIONS

“Oh, is that the time?” Professor P said, looking at his watch. “I must get ready...”

I glanced at Tara in surprise. Why had Professor P interrupted Floppy so abruptly?

“Brains, will you start packing my suitcase, please?” Professor P asked as he led us all into the hallway.

We said goodbye to Brains and went over to the front door.

“Will you be away for Christmas, Professor P?” Tara asked.

“Yes, I’ll be in Cambridge for the next few days,” he replied. “I’ll be back on Boxing Day.”

“Oh, good,” Tara said, “that means you can come to a party at my house the day after Boxing Day. Mum and Dad always ask a few neighbours over for drinks. Would you like to come, too, Professor P?”

“I’d love to.” he replied, looking very pleased.

“Brilliant,” Tara said happily. “It’ll be great having you there!”

“Thank you, Tara,” he said smiling. “I’ll look forward to it.”

“Can I come too, please?” Floppy asked. “I’ll be on my best behaviour!”

Floppy changed back into his usual rabbit form and tried his best to look sensible! Professor P looked at him sternly.

“I will!” Floppy promised, a golden halo appearing above his head.

“I’m sure you will,” Tara laughed. “Of course you can come, Floppy!”

I called to Sparky and we thanked Professor P again for our wonderful present.

“I’m so pleased you like it,” Professor P said as we stepped out of the house. “See you after Christmas!”

## JURASSIC ISLAND DELETED SCENES

We waved goodbye and walked along the snow covered path. As I closed the gate behind us, Tara turned to me excitedly.

“Did you notice when Professor P interrupted Floppy?” she asked.

I nodded. “Yes, it was odd, wasn’t it?”

“I think Floppy was about to give away a secret,” she continued. “It happened before when we were on the cliffs and Floppy tried to say something about the island.”

“Yes, I remember,” I said. “Floppy said the island could be useful – and then Professor P stopped him from saying anything else.”

“I think Professor P’s planning something...” Tara said in a hushed voice. “That’s why he’s given us his *Adventure Inventions*.”

I felt a shiver of excitement run up my spine. Something was to happen – I could feel it. Professor P was planning an adventure!

And we were going to be part of it!

# Christmas

*Originally, Tara got a new computer for Christmas and it connected to the Intergalactic Web via her satellite dish. But that does seem rather unrealistic, doesn't it?*

It was the best Christmas ever! My first Christmas by the sea and the first one with Sparky too! We had a fantastic morning opening presents with mum and dad around our tree. Sparky joined in with the excitement and had a fun time playing with the wrapping paper.

After a great Christmas lunch, I went up to my room to play my new computer game, *Jurassic Adventure*. I put the CD into the computer and was just about to start when the phone rang.

“Happy Christmas, Peter!” Tara greeted me cheerfully.

“Hi, Tara, Happy Christmas!” I replied.

“Can you come round?” she asked excitedly.

“Now?” I asked, surprised.

“Yes, please” she urged. “I really need your help. Can you come?”

“Eh, OK, then,” I replied, intrigued. Why did Tara need me in such a hurry on Christmas day?

I called to Sparky and we dashed round to Tara’s house. I rang the bell and waited, shivering in the freezing cold.

“Hi, Peter,” Tara said with a big smile as she opened the front door. “Thanks for coming.”

“That’s OK,” I said as I kicked off my shoes. “What do you need me...?”

“Come upstairs,” she interrupted, “There’s something I want to show you!”

## JURASSIC ISLAND DELETED SCENES

We rushed up to her bedroom. Tara flung open the door.

“Look!” she exclaimed, unable to contain her excitement, “I got a notebook computer for Christmas!”

She went over to the desk and picked up a large computer box. She was beaming from ear to ear as she handed me the box. I felt so pleased for her.

“It’s a good one, Tara,” I said, reading the specs on the side of the box. “High speed graphics card, lots of memory, wireless internet access and free games too.”

“I’ve never had my own computer before,” Tara said happily, “and I really, really wanted one. I can’t wait to try it! Can you help me set it up?”

Tara put the box down on the floor and opened it. We pulled out the packaging and carefully lifted out a black and silver notebook computer. Tara placed it on the desk beside her bed.

“It looks really cool!” she said, standing back to admire it.

While Tara was arranging the computer on her desk, I took the manuals, disks and leads out of the box. Sparky came over and sniffed at everything curiously.

“Not now, Sparky,” I said, gently pulling him away.

“Woof!” he barked and wagged his tail playfully.

“Sparky just loves Christmas!” I said. “I gave him a rubber bone this morning – but I think he had more fun playing with the wrapping paper!”

Tara chuckled. She stroked Sparky’s head and he nuzzled against her affectionately. Then he pounced on a piece of polystyrene packaging and chased it around the room.

I plugged the power lead into the back of the computer and switched it on. We waited excitedly for it to start up.

A message appeared on the screen. “*Your free internet games are ready to be installed. Do you wish to connect to the internet now?*”

## CHRISTMAS

“Oh, yes,” Tara said eagerly and clicked the *Yes* button.

Moments later another message appeared, “*No wireless networks found. It is not possible to connect to the internet.*”

“Oh!” she said disappointedly. “Do you think there’s something wrong with the computer, Peter?”

“I’m not sure,” I replied, puzzled.

I clicked on the “*Help with connection problems*” button and read, “*Check that your wireless router is switched on.*”

“Wireless router?” Tara said puzzled. “What’s that?”

I scrolled down the page and found a picture of a rectangular box with a small aerial on top.



We read the caption, “*A wireless router connects to the internet via broadband and transmits a microwave signal to allow other computers to access the internet.*”

“Of course,” I said. “It’s that little box that plugs into the phone line – my dad’s got one in his office.”

“I’ve never seen one of those before,” Tara said. “I’ll ask my dad where ours is.”

She ran downstairs and then returned a few minutes later, looking very upset.

“We don’t have one!” she said disappointedly. “My dad says he hasn’t ordered broadband yet!”

“We can still use the computer without the internet,” I said, trying to be positive.

“I suppose so,” she sighed, “but I really wanted to try out those online games...”

Tara looked so downhearted. I tried to think of something helpful to say.

## JURASSIC ISLAND DELETED SCENES

“I know!” I said, suddenly having an idea. “I’ll go home and switch on our wireless box. It’s only next door – your computer might be able to pick up a signal from it.”

“OK, let’s try it,” she said, looking happier.

I ran home with Sparky in close pursuit and switched on the box.

“All done!” I said, panting as we returned to Tara’s room. “Try it, now.”

She clicked the “*Connect to the internet*” button again and we waited expectantly.

A message appeared, “*Davidson Network detected: signal strength weak. Unable to connect to internet.*”

Tara looked at me, very upset.

“It must be too far away,” I explained.

“Oh, I wish Professor P was here,” she sighed. “He’d know what to do.”

I agreed. He could always think of something, however crazy! I looked around the room, desperately trying to think of something and wondering what Professor P would do. Then I spotted Tara’s TV on the shelf above her bed.

“That’s it!” I exclaimed, rushing over to the TV. “The TV aerial!”

Tara looked at me blankly.

“When we first moved here we couldn’t get a proper TV picture,” I explained. “The repair man said the transmitter was too far away. So we had to buy a bigger aerial to get a better signal.”

Tara nodded. “We couldn’t get a good picture either. We had to get a satellite dish. But what’s that got to do with...?”

“We can plug the aerial from your TV into the computer,” I explained, “to give a stronger signal.”

“Do you think that will work?” Tara asked doubtfully.

I shrugged. “It can’t harm to try,” I said hopefully.

## CHRISTMAS

I unplugged the aerial lead from the satellite box. As I walked across the room with the lead, Sparky pounced on it! He grabbed it in his mouth and pulled it out of my hand. He ran over to the door and wagged his tail expectantly.

“Sparky!” I said sternly. “Give it back!”

As I approached him, he darted under the bed.

“Sparky, look what I’ve got,” I said, casually taking his rubber bone out of my pocket.

He poked his head out from under the bed and stared eagerly at the bone. I dropped the bone. Sparky watched it bounce and then dived out from under the bed and caught it in his mouth.

“Dog psychology!” I laughed.

I retrieved the aerial lead from under the bed and pushed it into a socket on the side of the notebook computer.

Moments later a message appeared on the screen:

*“IGW Network detected: signal strength excellent.  
Connecting to internet. Please wait...”*

“You did it,” Tara cried, giving me a hug. “You’re a genius, Peter!”

“Thanks,” I said, blushing with embarrassment.

While we were waiting for the computer to connect to the network Tara’s mother came into the room.

“Happy Christmas, Peter,” she said with a smile. “I thought you both might like a drink and a piece of Christmas cake?”

“Oh, yes, please,” we replied.

“How’s the computer going?” Tara’s mother asked as she put the tray down on the desk.

“Thanks to Peter, it’s going brilliantly,” Tara said smiling.

Tara’s mother put a bowl of water on the floor for Sparky and he lapped at it eagerly. As she left the room, a new message appeared on the computer screen.

*“\*?\*? Translation engine updated*

## JURASSIC ISLAND DELETED SCENES

*Satellite link configured  
Downloading game data...*

"It's working, Tara," I said as I reached for a piece of the cake. "It's getting the games."

*"Linking to the Central Galactic Network..."*

"Galactic!" I exclaimed. "I wonder if you've got *Galaxy Conquest IV* on your computer. That's a really great game."

Suddenly a loud trumpeting sound boomed out from the computer. The screen cleared and a new message appeared. It read, "*Congratulation!! The Intergalactic Web has been successfully set up on your computer. Press enter to begin.*"

"Oh, it's not *Galaxy Conquest*," I said curiously. "I wonder what this game does."

"Let's see, shall we?" Tara said as she pressed the enter key.

*"You are almost ready to log onto the Intergalactic Web,"* the screen read, *"Please enter your details to link your computer with billions of others in the known galaxy."*

"Billion of others!" Tara chuckled as she typed her name and address into the boxes on the screen.

*Name: Tara A Royce  
Address: 129 Seaview Close  
Town: Seatown  
County: Dorset  
Country: England  
Planet: Earth*

*"Planet unknown,"* the screen responded. *"Your planet is not currently part of the Intergalactic Web."*

"That's strange," Tara said, puzzled.

"I expect all the other people playing the game pretend they're from another planet," I said. "We should have invented one too."

"Like Zargon!" Tara giggled.



## CHRISTMAS

Another message appeared, “*Does your planet wish to join the Intergalactic Web?*”

Tara clicked, *Yes*.

“*You must be the President of planet Earth to authorise membership. Are you President of planet Earth?*”

Tara looked at me questioningly.

“It must be a role playing game,” I explained. “One where you choose a character, like wizard or warrior before you start playing.”

“Well, I’m certainly happy to be President of Earth,” she said eagerly.

Tara clicked the *Yes* button and another message appeared, “*Only peaceful planets can join the Intergalactic Web. Has your planet renounced all forms of violence and warfare?*”

“Definitely,” Tara nodded and clicked *Yes*.

“*Your free trial now begins. Welcome to the Intergalactic Web, Tara Royce, President of Planet Earth.*”

The screen flickered and was replaced by a bright and colourful page filled with moving banners and flashing signs.

“*G–Search – Find anything in over 100 million planets!*”

“*G–Date – Find a partner – we have thousands of different species to chose from!*”

“*G–Buy – Buy and sell anything in the know Galaxy! Doodleclams – buy one, get one hundred free! With our latest Doodleclam you’ll never need to worry about burbletops again!*”

“Burbletops!” Tara giggled. “I wonder what they are!”

“Beats me!” I laughed.

“What do you think we do now?” Tara asked.

“I’m not sure,” I replied. “We need to find the rules. There must be a help button somewhere.”

## JURASSIC ISLAND DELETED SCENES

Tara scrolled down the page. At the bottom of the screen was a box, which read,

*“For help and advice please contact the G.O.D.S. for assistance. We are available 25 hours per day.”*

“25 hours per day!” Tara chuckled. “They must work hard!”

A help box popped up. *“G.O.D.S. = Galactic Office Design Subcommittee. This office regulates the laws of physics and the creation of galaxies. If you wish to create your own galaxy you must apply for permission to the G.O.D.S. using form G101.”*

“It all looks very complicated,” Tara said, uncertain of what to do next.

“Ask for more help,” I suggested.

She typed into the box, *“How do we play the game?”*

*“What game?”* came the reply.

*“This one,”* she typed.

*“A good question,”* the computer replied. It paused briefly and then continued, *“Knowing that life is a game is the first step on the road to wisdom.”*

“Very deep!” I chuckled.

“Floppy would love this!” Tara said. “We’ll have to show it to him tomorrow at the party.”

Sparky nuzzled against me and I stroked him gently. He ran to the door and barked.

“Not now, Sparky” I said, turning back to the game.

“Woof!” he barked again and looked up at me hopefully.

I picked up his rubber bone and threw it to him. He caught it in his mouth and ran back towards us, his tail wagging expectantly. He jumped up playfully and dropped the bone on the desk in front of me.

“Careful, Sparky!” I cried, quickly picking up my glass of juice from the desk.

I threw the bone for him and turned back to the screen.

## CHRISTMAS

“Woof!” Sparky barked and jumped up at me again. He pushed sharply against my arm and knocked the glass out of my hand.

“Sparky!” I cried as the glass flew through the air.

It crashed onto the computer. I watched in horror as juice sprayed all over the keyboard. The screen flickered and died.

Tara froze, staring at the computer in shock. She opened her mouth but nothing came out. Then she turned to me with tears rolling down her cheeks.

“I’m so sorry, Tara,” I cried.

“My computer, my new computer...” she choked, unable to continued.

“Sparky jumped up,” I tried to explain. “He knocked the glass...”

“Wh... what are we going to do?” Tara stammered. “When my parents find out they’ll...”

“We don’t have to tell them,” I said, thinking quickly. “Professor P can fix it. He’s coming to your party tomorrow. He’ll know what to do.”

“I hope so,” Tara said, wiping away her tears.

I felt terrible. I could not bear to see Tara so upset. And it was all my fault. I had broken her new computer. This was the worst Christmas ever!

## *Party Problems*

*I thought this scene was really funny but it does slow down the start of the main story. You may notice it is quite similar to the **My Birthday** deleted scene from *Professor P and the Jurassic Coast*. So perhaps I should explain why I came to write these scenes. You see, when I was in my second year at University my best friend, Mike had an expensive hi-fi system. It was his pride and joy – he had spent all his money on it. Anyway, one day I called by his room and he was terribly upset – his hi-fi had broken and he didn't have enough money to get it fixed. So what did I do? I offered to fix it. Big mistake...*

I woke with a start. A wet tongue was licking my face!

“Sparky!” I cried, sitting up abruptly and pushing him away.

“Woof,” he barked and looked up at me with his soft innocent eyes.

“Sorry, Sparky,” I apologised.

He could not understand why I was so grumpy – but I had been up most of last night worrying. I felt terrible about breaking Tara's computer. I should have been more careful. Exhausted, I had finally fallen asleep in the early hours of the morning.

## PARTY PROBLEMS

Now, sun was streaming through the gap in the curtains. I glanced at my bedside clock. It was late! Almost ten thirty! Tara's party started soon! I crawled out of bed, dressed, washed and went downstairs. I forced down a few spoons of cereal and then Sparky and I went round to Tara's house.

I walked slowly up to the front door, dreading what I might find. If Tara's parents had found out about the computer...

I pressed the bell and waited anxiously.

"Oh, hi, Peter, hi, Sparky," Tara's mother greeted us cheerfully at the door.

I felt a surge of relief. She had not found out, yet. Sparky and I went into the house and up to Tara's bedroom. Tara was sitting on the bed looking tired and worried.

"Hi, Tara," I said, trying to raise a smile.

"Hi," she said. "I called Professor P this morning, but he wasn't there."

"Oh," I said disappointedly.

"I left a message on his answer machine," she added, "asking him to come early."

"I hope he can," I said anxiously.

I sat down on the bed beside Tara. I felt so guilty about breaking her new computer – her special Christmas gift. Neither of us spoke. I stared at the floor unable to meet her eyes.

Sparky sat on the floor and looked up at us. He tilted his head and looked puzzled. He knew something was wrong. He reached up to me with his paw and then jumped up onto the bed. He lay down and nestled between Tara and me. I stroked him gently.

"I'm really sorry about your computer, Tara," I said quietly.

## JURASSIC ISLAND DELETED SCENES

“It’s not your fault, Peter,” she replied. “It was just an accident.”

She smiled. At least we were still friends.

I glanced anxiously at the bedside clock. It was nearly eleven thirty – time for the party to start. What had happened to Professor P?

We waited anxiously for Professor P to arrive. Finally, the doorbell rang. Tara jumped up and we ran downstairs.

Professor P stood at the door. He was dressed immaculately in a white suit with a red and white spotted bow tie. Sleepy was at his side, well groomed and wearing a new shiny collar. I had never been so pleased to see them!

“Thank goodness you’re here, Professor P,” Tara said, grabbing his arm and pulling him into the hallway.

“Is everything all right?” he asked, concerned. “I got your message. I came as quickly as I could...”

“Ah, Professor P,” Tara’s father said, as he came into the hall. “Welcome, it’s a pleasure to meet you. Tara has told me so much about you! Can I get you a glass of sherry?”

“Thank you,” Professor P replied.

As Tara’s father went over to the drink’s table, Sleepy bounded into the house, wagging her tail in a friendly greeting.

“Is that your dog?” Tara’s father asked abruptly.

“Yes,” Professor P replied. “She’s called Sleepy. She’s very well behaved.”

Sleepy sat down obediently beside Professor P. She shook the hair out of her eyes, panted and looked up at Tara’s father. He looked at her disapprovingly.

“She’ll be fine in the garden, if you’d rather not have her in the house,” Professor P said.

“Well, yes, that would be better,” Tara’s father replied. “She is very big, and with so many guests around...”

## PARTY PROBLEMS

“She can play outside with Sparky,” I suggested. I did not like the idea of both dogs running around in Tara’s bedroom while Professor P was trying to fix the computer.

I called to Sparky and he ran downstairs. Tara and I led the dogs through the kitchen to the back door. I threw Sparky’s rubber bone into the garden and the dogs dashed out to play. When we returned to the hall, Tara’s father was showing Professor P one of his paintings, which was hanging by the stairway.

As we went over to them, I heard a whisper, “Hello, Peter, hello Tara, it’s me, Floppy.”

“Where are you?” I asked, looking around in surprise.

“I’m sitting on Professor P shoulder,” Floppy replied. “I’m invisible. I’m an invisible rabbit.”

The bell rang again and Tara’s father went to answer the door.

“Professor P, we need your help,” Tara whispered urgently.

“Of course, what can I...?” he began.

“Come upstairs,” Tara said, “quickly!”

As Tara’s father was letting in the guests, Tara, Professor P and I dashed upstairs to Tara’s bedroom. Tara closed the door firmly behind us. Floppy appeared above the bed as a pink rabbit dressed exactly like Professor P, in a white suit with a spotted bow tie!

“How may we be of service?” Floppy asked politely.

“My new computer,” Tara said, pointing to it. “It’s broken! If my parents find out, they’ll...”

She looked down. I could see tears welling up in her eyes.

“Now, don’t you worry, Tara” Professor P said, kindly. “Tell me exactly what happened.”

“It was all my fault!” I blurted out. “I split juice on it. Sparky knocked the glass out of my hand and it went all over the keyboard.”

## JURASSIC ISLAND DELETED SCENES

“Do you... do you think you can fix it, Professor P,” Tara stammered.

“I’m sure I can,” he replied confidently. “I remember, when I was about your age, I knocked over our radio and it blew up with quite a bang! So I tried to fix it and I’ve been fixing things ever since.”

“If anyone can do it, Professor P can,” Floppy said proudly.

I breathed a sigh a relief. All that worry for nothing!

“First, I’ll have to clean the juice out from the inside of the computer,” Professor P explained. “Tara, could you get me plenty of tissues and a small bowl of water please?”

“Be right back,” she said, hurriedly leaving the room.

Professor P went over to the computer. He took off his jacket and rolled up his sleeves.

“First, we must disconnect the computer from the mains,” Professor P said, as he pulled out the plug. “We don’t want to get electrocuted!”

He took a small tool set out of his pocket and laid it down beside the computer. Floppy rushed over to help. I laughed – he was dressed in a white overall like a doctor about to perform an operation. He was even wearing a mask!

“All scrubbed up and ready to go!” he cried.

“Thank you, Floppy,” Professor P chuckled. “I’ll let you know when I need you.”

Professor P took a screwdriver out of the tool set and started to remove the screws from the back of the computer. He laid the screws neatly on the desk.

“It’s very important to be tidy and methodical,” Professor P explained, “when taking things apart. Then you can put everything back together in the right order.”

Tara returned. She giggled when she saw Floppy waving a scalpel in the air, playing at ‘operations’.



## PARTY PROBLEMS

“Thank you,” Professor P said as Tara gave him the tissues and water.

We watched in fascination as Professor P carefully took out the circuit boards. He moistened a tissue and wiped the boards clean. Then he dabbed them dry with more tissues.

“That’s got rid of all the orange juice,” he said, satisfied.

“Will it work, now?” I asked hopefully.

“I’m afraid it’s not that simple, Peter,” Professor P explained. “The orange juice caused a power surge, damaging some of the components. I’ll have to replace them.”

“Do you have spares?” Tara said, looking worried.

“Let me see,” Professor P said, reaching into his pockets.

“He never goes anywhere without a pocket full of electronics,” Floppy whispered to us.

“Well, you never know when you’ll need a spare capacitor,” Professor P said.

He pulled out a handful of electronic components – small black rectangles with dozens of tiny silver leads, like fat centipedes, tiny black tubes circled with coloured bands, and little silver rectangles with long trailing wires.

“I think these should do the job,” Professor P nodded, picking up a sample of the components.

He took a miniature soldering iron out of his tool kit. He was just about to start soldering when I heard a loud scream from downstairs. Then another scream and the front door slammed shut loudly.

“Help! Somebody help!” Tara’s mother called out.

Tara and I raced downstairs, leaving Professor P and Floppy to work on the computer. A group of guests were standing in the hallway, looking shocked. Tara’s mother was by the front door, holding her hands over her mouth in horror.

## JURASSIC ISLAND DELETED SCENES

“Mum, what’s the matter?” Tara asked, looking very concerned. “Are you all right?”

“There’s a...a thing...a monster...” she stammered. “Outside...”

Thump! Thump! The door shook violently. Tara’s mother backed away, a look of terror on her face.

“Ron, call the police!” she cried, turning to her husband. “It’s trying to break in!”

“What’s trying to break in?” Tara asked, looking scared.

“A giant,” she replied, “with glowing red eyes – that were evil, pure evil. And it was wearing a suit, a suit of armour...”

“A suit of armour!” Tara and I exclaimed, suddenly realising who was at the door.

We went to the front door.

“Don’t let it in!” Tara’s mother shouted.

“It’s OK, mum,” Tara said, trying not to giggle, “it’s only Brains!”

“Brains!” Tara’s mother cried. “Who... what...” she stammered.

Tara opened the door. Brains was standing in the porch, his huge shining suit of armour towering above us.

“Hello, Tara,” he said quietly. “Can I come to your party, please?”

Before she could answer, her father rushed over, brandishing an umbrella in his right hand.

“Get back!” he cried. “Go away, monster!”

“Monster!” Brains cried, looking very worried. “Where? I’m really scared of monsters.”

Tara’s father raised the umbrella menacingly. “I’m warning you!”

Brains glanced behind nervously. “Can I come in and hide from the monster, please, Tara?” he asked timidly, taking a step closer.

## PARTY PROBLEMS

“It’s OK, dad,” Tara said, pulling her father back. “This is Professor P’s robot. He’s quite safe.”

“And very friendly,” I added. “He wouldn’t hurt a fly.”

“Well...” Tara’s father hesitated. “All right then. It can come in.”

“Thank you,” Brains said, bending as he came through the doorway. “I’ll be safe from that monster, now.”

Tara looked at me and we burst out laughing. If only he knew, he was the monster!

“Where’s Professor P?” Brains asked, looking around.

“Yes, where is Professor P?” Tara’s father asked, turning to Tara.

“He’s...” Tara looked flustered. “He went upstairs to...”

Tara’s voice trailed off.

“To help with Tara’s new computer,” I said, coming to her aid. “He offered to help set it up properly.”

“Oh, good,” Tara’s father said. “I’ll come up and see how he’s getting on.”

Tara looked at me, horrified. Professor P would not have fixed it yet! The computer would still be in pieces!

“Dad, there’s no need to...” Tara began.

But before she had the chance to finish, the bell rang again and her father went to answer it.

“We’d better find out how Professor P’s getting on,” Tara whispered.

I nodded. “Come on, Brains,” I said as we rushed upstairs to Tara’s bedroom. When she opened the door, we gasped in horror!

I could not believe my eyes! The mess! Bits of Tara’s computer were scattered all over the floor – circuit boards, plastic keys and small springs littered the carpet. Professor P was at the desk holding the soldering iron and bending over a circuit board. Floppy hovered over the board, looking frantic. He was no longer smart and professional –

## JURASSIC ISLAND DELETED SCENES

it looked like he had been dragged through a hedge backwards! His coat was crumpled and his mask hung over one ear. He wiped a bead of sweat from his forehead.

Tara and I stood at the door, speechless.

“Ah, there you are,” Professor P said, glancing round. “And Brains, too – I thought it was probably you,” he chuckled.

“Professor P,” Tara stammered, “What...”

She stopped, lost for words and just stared at the mess in horror.

“What are you doing, Professor P?” I asked anxiously. “What have you done to the computer?”

“Just making a few improvements,” he said, casually.

We went into the room. I closed the door firmly behind us.

“Wait there by the door, Brains,” Floppy called out, “and whatever you do, don’t tread on anything – this is a delicate operation!”

“Oh,” Brains said disappointedly, “can’t I help with the computer too?”

“No,” Floppy replied, looking very flustered, “it’s best left to the experts.”

Tara and I went over to the desk, carefully avoiding the bits of electronics scattered all over the carpet.

“What...what happened?” Tara stammered. “The floor is covered in... I mean...”

“Don’t ask!” Floppy said covering his eyes with his long pink ears. “It was a disaster! First the keyboard flew apart...”

“Why do they make them with so many springs?” Professor P exclaimed. “It’s so unnecessary!”

“And then Professor P decided to fiddle with the circuit...”

“Improve the circuit,” Professor P corrected, looking sternly at Floppy. “It will work twice as fast, now.”

## PARTY PROBLEMS

“If you ever get it to work!” Floppy said, shaking his head pessimistically.

Tara flopped down on the bed and looked very pale.

“But Professor P,” I said, “Tara’s dad will be coming up to look at the computer soon. We told him you were helping to set it up. If he finds out...”

I could not finish. I felt sick at the thought of Tara’s father seeing her brand new computer in bits all over the floor. This was so much worse than before! It was bad enough that I had spilt juice on the computer but now... How could we ever explain this to Tara’s father?

“Will it take long, Professor P,” Tara asked anxiously.

“Five more minutes,” Professor P replied, quickly picking up the soldering iron.

“Five hours more like,” Floppy said mournfully. “Oh, we’re all doomed! Doomed!” he wailed.

“Don’t be so melodramatic, Floppy!” Professor P protested.

He returned to mending the computer. I watched as he quickly and expertly soldered wires and tiny chips into the circuit. Tara sat on the bed, nervously biting her nails. Floppy hovered in the air beside her, unusually silent. He did not want to disturb Professor P’s concentration.

I glanced at my watch. Ten minutes had passed. Surely, Tara’s father would arrive soon.

“Nearly there,” Professor P said confidently. “The circuit is finished. I just need to fit everything back into the case.”

I breathed a sigh of relief. Tara stopped biting her nails and looked up at me hopefully. Floppy wiped the beads of sweat from his forehead with his ear.

“Well done, Professor P,” he said, straightening his coat. “We did it!”

“We?” Professor P said raising his eyebrows questioningly.

## JURASSIC ISLAND DELETED SCENES

“Professor P! I never doubted you,” Floppy said, “honestly.”

I felt so relieved. Everything would be all right now.

But then I heard the sound of footsteps on the stairs.

“My father!” Tara cried. “He’s coming!”

Oh no! It was too late!

“Brains, don’t let him in!” Floppy cried. “Head him off!”

“Chop his head off?” Brains said, looking very worried. “I don’t...”

“No, Brains!” Floppy cried. “Just make sure he doesn’t come into the bedroom!”

“OK,” Brains said confidently, “I can do that.”

Brains opened the door and went outside.

“You’re in my way!” I heard Tara’s father say. “I can’t get past...”

Then he shouted, “Help! Somebody help! It’s got me!”

Tara jumped off the bed and rushed outside, slamming the door behind her.

“No, Brains, no!” she cried out. “Put him down!”

“Unhand me, do you hear!” Tara’s father cried. “Put me down immediately!”

But Brains was obviously not listening. I felt the floorboards shake as he strode along the landing towards the stairs. Their voices trailed off as Brains carried Tara’s father downstairs.

“Brains to the rescue!” Floppy chuckled.

“I hope Tara’s father is all right,” Professor P said, looking concerned. “Brains means well but doesn’t know his own strength. I’ll go and check as soon as I’ve finished here. Peter, could you help with the keyboard, please?”

“Sure,” I said, glad to help.

I got down on my hands and knees and picked up all the keys that were scattered over the carpet. Professor P showed me how to slot them back into the keyboard.

## PARTY PROBLEMS

“What order do the letters go in?” I asked, after I had finished the numbers.

“I know!” Floppy said eagerly. “I can help you, Peter!”

With Floppy’s telling me where they went, I slotted all the keys into the keyboard in the correct order. A few minutes later, Professor P fitted the keyboard into the computer case and screwed on the back.

“All done,” Professor P said, looking very satisfied and wiping the desk clean. “Now, let’s just check that it works.”

He plugged the computer into the mains and switched it on. I stared at the screen anxiously. Moments later the welcome logo flashed onto the screen.

“Yahoo!” Floppy cried, turning cartwheels in the air. “It works! It works!”

“You did it, Professor P!” I cried in relief. All that worry for nothing! I should never have doubted Professor P.

Professor P smiled. “Everything seems to be working correctly,” he said, satisfied. “Peter, perhaps you could just check the internet connection while I go downstairs. I need to rescue Brains, or should I say, Tara’s father.”

Professor P left the room and I plugged the satellite lead into the computer.

“Brilliant!” I said as the Intergalactic Web screen appeared. “It’s working, just like before, only faster.”

A few moments later, Professor P, Tara and her father came into the bedroom. Tara’s father was looking quite shaken.

“I am so sorry,” Professor P said apologetically. “Brains doesn’t normally behave like that. There must be something wrong with his program...”

“That thing picked me up by my shirt collar!” Tara’s father protested. “I could have been strangled!”

## JURASSIC ISLAND DELETED SCENES

“I’m really terribly sorry,” Professor P continued. “I’ll check his circuits when I get home...”

“I think it should be dismantled! A thing like that is a danger!” Tara’s father continued crossly.

“Look, dad,” Tara said, taking his arm and steering him towards the computer. “Have a look at my new computer. Professor P has kindly set it up for me.”

As Tara’s father went over to the computer, he noticed Floppy hovering above the keyboard. Floppy looked very odd indeed, now. He was half owl, half rabbit, wearing bits of spacesuit and half a pair of spectacles. Tara’s father rubbed his eyes, not quite able to believe what he was seeing.

“Wh...what is...what’s that?” he stammered, pointing to Floppy.

“Oh, that’s Floppy,” Professor replied. “Let me introduce you. Floppy! Floppy, I’d like you to meet Mr Royce.”

Floppy’s head swivelled around disconcertingly, without his body moving. He looked at Professor P and then at Tara’s father who was staring at him in total disbelief. Floppy quickly shook himself and appeared more solid, as an owl dressed in a dark suit. He blinked his large eyes and said politely, “How do you do, Mr Royce?”

Tara’s father opened his mouth and then closed it.

“Floppy is a quantum holographic computer,” Professor P explained.

“It’s...it’s a computer,” Tara’s father repeated looking completely confused.

“I’m a super-computer actually,” Floppy corrected.

Tara’s father looked pale. He reached out and took hold of the bedpost to steady himself.

“If you’ll excuse me,” he said quietly. “I think I should attend to my other guest, now.”

He turned and quickly left the room.



## More Mysteries

*Again, I thought this was quite a funny scene but too slow. This chapter occurs before the egg has hatched and there are plenty of clues as to what will happen next.*

“Would you like scrambled eggs for breakfast, Peter?” my mother asked as she opened the fridge door.

“Thanks, mum,” I replied.

As she took an egg out of the box, Floppy suddenly appeared in the kitchen. He looked very flustered.

“Don’t break that egg!” he cried madly.

My mum jumped back in surprise and dropped the egg.

“No!” Floppy cried in horror as the egg smashed onto the floor.

I watched in amazement as a tiny chicken crawled out of the egg. It flapped its wings and tweeted softly.

*Pop.* The chicken suddenly doubled in size. *Pop.* It doubled again. *Pop. Pop.* Now it was enormous! The huge chicken leapt into the air and ran around the room squawking at the top of its voice.

“Quick! Put it back in the box!” Floppy shrieked.

He pointed to a large computer box on the table with the words *Universal Chicken Products* written on the side.

But it was too late! The chicken was too big to fit into the box! It leapt at me and I fell backwards. I bumped my head against something hard and everything went black.

Slowly I opened my eyes and looked around. The giant chicken had vanished. I was in my bedroom, lying in bed with a splitting headache.

## JURASSIC ISLAND DELETED SCENES

“Ouch!” I winced as I touched the painful bump on the back of my head.

I sat up slowly, feeling confused and wondering what was going on. How did I get here? What had happened downstairs in the kitchen?

Then I realised, it was all a dream! I must have woken up when I banged my head against the headboard.

It was such a strange dream! I suppose it must have been caused by what happened last night. It had taken me ages to get to sleep after Tara rang. I kept thinking about the egg and wondering where it had come from.

As I sat in bed, the words *Universal Chicken Products* kept running through my head. The name seemed vaguely familiar but I could not remember exactly where I had heard it.

I got out of bed and went downstairs for breakfast. I had just finished when Tara arrived.

“Hi, Peter,” she greeted me as I opened the front door.

“Hi, Tara, you all right?” I said, noticing how tired she looked.

“I couldn’t sleep last night,” she replied. “I kept thinking about the egg...”

“Yes, I had a weird dream about it,” I said with a chuckle. “It hatched and turned into a giant chicken!”

“A giant chicken!” Tara giggled.

“Yes, and Floppy was flying around, all in a fluster,” I added. “It was really strange.”

“It’s odd about the egg, isn’t it,” she said. “My mum and dad didn’t know anything about it and they’re sure none of my relatives gave it me. I can only think of one other person who might have given it to me.”

“Who?”

“Professor P,” she replied. “You know how absent minded he is. He might have forgotten to put a tag on the present.”

## MORE MYSTERIES

“True,” I said, thoughtfully. “And he rushed off from the party so quickly he might have forgotten to mention it...”

“Let’s go round and see him now,” Tara suggested.

“Good idea,” I agreed. “And we might find out why he left in such a hurry, too.”

Tara grabbed her coat from the hallway and we left the house. We ran all the way to the main road, and up the hill that led to the woods. Sparky dashed after us, his tail wagging madly. He was enjoying all the excitement!

When we reached the footpath, we slowed down. The path was very muddy now that all the snow had melted. Sparky bounded ahead regardless, splashing mud everywhere!

We reached Honeysuckle Cottage and Tara opened the gate. As we walked to the front door, I noticed Brains half way up a ladder resting against the side of the house. He was holding an electric drill in one hand and a huge satellite dish in the other.

“Hi, Brains,” we called out.

“Hello, Peter, hello, Tara!” he called back.

“Working hard, I see?” Tara said.

“Yes, very hard,” Brains replied proudly. “I’m putting up a satellite dish.”

He lifted up the dish to show us and wobbled unsteadily as the weight of the dish pulled him off balance.

“Careful, Brains,” Tara cried as he almost fell off the ladder.

“I’m all right,” he said, recovering. “I’ve only fallen off twice so far this morning. No harm done!”

“Well, we’ll leave you to it then,” I said with a chuckle.

We went up to the front door and I rang the doorbell. We waited a few moments and then I rang again. There was no reply.

## JURASSIC ISLAND DELETED SCENES

“Brains,” Tara called out. “Do you know where Professor P is?”

“Yes,” he replied and turned back to his work.

There was a long pause.

“Where is he, Brains?” I asked finally.

“He’s in the garage,” Brains replied.

“Brains is so funny!” Tara said as we went round the side of the house.

“I know!” I chuckled.

We stopped outside the garage. It had definitely seen better days! The walls were thickly encrusted with ivy and the green paintwork on the door was flaking away. As I raised my hand to knock on the door, I heard the sound of banging from inside. Professor P was singing loudly above the noise in a deep melodic voice.

“We all live in a yellow,” *Bang! Bang!* “A yellow,” *Bang! Bang!* “A yellow...”

“Careful, Professor P,” I heard Floppy call out. “Look out for the...”

*Crash! Bang! Crash!*

“Oh, black holes!” Professor P cried above the noise.

The clattering noise stopped. We listened at the door but could hear nothing from inside the garage. I looked questioningly at Tara. She nodded. I knocked hard on the door.

“Who is it?” Professor P called out.

“Peter and Tara,” we called back.

“One moment, please,” Professor P answered.

I heard him moving some heavy objects around. Then, after the clatter of chains and bolts drawn back, the door finally opened.

Professor P stood at the entrance in blue overalls covered with yellow stains. Floppy was by his side, dressed in overalls too and looking exhausted. He wiped his brow with a yellow spotted handkerchief.

## MORE MYSTERIES

At the back of the garage, I could see some tall boxes and equipment draped with a black tarpaulin. I could just make out a long yellow tube sticking out from under the tarpaulin.

“Oh, Peter, Tara, hello,” Professor P said, looking slightly flustered.

“Sorry, have we come at a bad time?” Tara began.

“No, no, it’s fine,” Professor P replied, smiling. “We were just about to take a break anyway.”

Sparky ran into the garage and started pawing at the dust cloth covering a large object in the middle of the garage.

“No, Sparky!” I called.

“It’s all right,” Professor P said smiling. “I expect he’s just curious about what’s underneath. Let me show you.”

Professor P took hold of the dust cloth and pulled it off in one dramatic sweep. As he did so, Floppy put a trumpet to his mouth and blew a loud fanfare!

“My new car!” Professor P said, beaming proudly.

“It’s...” I began, not sure how to continue. “It’s not exactly new?”

Tara giggled.

The car was in a terrible state! The red paintwork was flaking away. The tyres were flat and the leather seats looked like they had been chewed by mice!

“True,” Professor P said, touching the bonnet proudly. “But it’s a classic – a 3 litre open tourer Bentley made in 1924. They don’t make them like this any more!”

“Thank goodness!” Floppy said, shaking his head disapprovingly.

“I just had to buy it,” Professor P continued, ignoring Floppy. “It was a complete bargain. It might look a bit rough now, but by the time I’ve finished with it, it will be a work of art! I’ll take you for a spin in it when it’s ready, if you like.”

## JURASSIC ISLAND DELETED SCENES

“Oh, yes, please,” Tara said enthusiastically, “that would be great!”

“Well, let’s go into the house for a cup of tea, shall we?” Professor P said, wiping his hands on his overalls.

“Thanks,” we replied.

As Professor P opened the side door to the house, Sleepy bounded out and almost knocked Professor P over.

“Woof!” she barked as she ran excitedly into the garage.

Sparky went to join her and they chased each other around the car. Then they ran to the back of the garage and started sniffing at some boxes covered over with the tarpaulin.

“Sleepy!” Professor P called sternly.

She completely ignored him. Professor P strode to the back of the garage and gently pulled her away. Floppy joined in too. He appeared as a policeman, swinging a truncheon menacingly.

“Move along now,” Floppy said in an official sounding voice. “Nothing to see here.”

Tara and I laughed at Floppy’s expression – it was so comical!

Professor P finally managed to herd Sleepy and Sparky out of the garage and into the back garden. He shut the garage door firmly behind us and we followed him into the house.

I gasped in surprise as we walked into the kitchen. It was a total mess! Every surface was covered with bits of electronics and tools. On the table was a plastic sieve covered in aluminium foil and wires. Professor P picked it up and put it down carefully on the sideboard.

“What’s that?” I asked, pointing to the sieve.

“Oh, er, nothing really,” he replied hesitantly. “Just an idea...”

Professor P quickly cleared the table and wiped it clean.

“What can I get you?” he asked politely. “Tea? Toast?”

## MORE MYSTERIES

“Thanks,” I said, suddenly feeling very hungry. “That would be great – I didn’t have breakfast.”

“What about an egg?” he asked.

My jaw dropped. I looked at Tara in surprise. We had not mentioned the egg to Professor P and yet he already seemed to know...

“Scrambled or fried?” he added.

“Oh, I see what you mean!” I said, feeling rather stupid. “Er, no thanks, Professor P.”

“We came to see you about an egg,” Tara said. “A dinosaur egg, in fact.”

“A dinosaur egg?” Professor P said curiously, as he switched on the kettle.

“Good morning!” the kettle cried as it burst into life. “What a lovely day for a pot of tea! And a joke perhaps?”

Before we could answer the kettle launched into its joke, “How do you get eight dinosaurs into a car?”

“Two in the front, two in the back, two in the boot and two on the roof-rack,” Floppy replied immediately.

“Oh, you’ve heard it,” the kettle said, disappointedly.

“Many times,” Floppy said dryly.

“Well, what about another joke then?” the kettle chirped.

“No more jokes please, kettle,” Professor P said. “We have visitors.”

“Oh, if that’s the way you feel...” the kettle replied in a huff and promptly switched itself off.

“Now, what was it you wanted to ask me about a dinosaur egg?” Professor P asked as he brought over a tray of lukewarm tea and toast.

“After you left the party yesterday, Sparky found a parcel for me with a large dinosaur egg inside,” Tara explained. “We can’t work out who gave it to me.”

“Well, it wasn’t from me,” Professor P said, shaking his head.

## JURASSIC ISLAND DELETED SCENES

“We’ve asked everyone,” Tara continued, “and nobody knows anything about it.”

“Strange,” Professor P mused as he buttered his toast.

“We were also wondering why you left the party in such a hurry, Professor P,” Tara added.

“I found out something...” Professor P hesitated. “I don’t mean to be secretive. But it’s just so difficult to believe...”

“What is?” I asked, intrigued.

Floppy began jumping up and down excitedly. “Tell them, Professor P,” he cried. “Tell them everything!”

“All right, Floppy, calm down,” Professor P said. “But first...”

Professor P got up and went over to the cupboard. We watched him with bated breath as he opened the door, wondering what he was going to reveal.

“Ah, the marmalade,” he said, taking out a large jar and returning to the table.

I let out my breath with a sigh. Professor P certainly knew how to keep the suspense!

“I found something on your computer yesterday, Tara,” he said as he calmly spread the marmalade on his toast. “Something incredible. I still can’t quite believe it.”

“What was it?” we asked excitedly.

Professor P hesitated.

“I can’t tell you yet,” he replied. “I need to find out if it’s true. The whole thing may just be a clever hoax.”

“But it can’t be, Professor P!” Floppy exclaimed. “Not with everything we discovered!”

“Well, we’ll find out for certain in a couple of days,” Professor P continued, “when our experiments are completed.”

He looked up at us with his twinkling blue eyes and smiled. “And I promise, you both,” he added, “when I’ve found out what’s going on, you’ll be the first to know!”



## MORE MYSTERIES

I looked at Tara totally confused. I thought that Professor P would help. Now everything was even more mysterious!

# *Dinosaur World*

*In my original first draft, the book was divided into three roughly equal parts – before the Jurassic journey, the trip back in time and the return to the alternative, dinosaur world. I decided to cut most of the last section so it leads better into the next book. These three little scenes got lost in the process.*

*In this scene Peter and Tara have returned to the island without Professor P or the car. They've just attracted the attention of a fishing boat.*

The boat neared the island. It stopped about ten metres from the rocks.

“I can’t get any closer!” the fisherman shouted. “Too many rocks.”

“Come round that way,” Tara called, pointing to the right. “There’s a sandy cove over there. It’s safe to land.”

The man nodded and steered the boat around the island. Tara and I ran back to the cove and waited for the boat to arrive. A few minutes later, the boat appeared and we watched as it carefully navigated the rocks and pulled onto the beach. The man stopped the motor and jumped out.

“What do you think you’re doing here!” the man said sternly. “If I hadn’t seen you...”

“We...” I began, not knowing how to continue.

## DINOSAUR WORLD

“Your boat set adrift when the tide came in, I expect,” he said, shaking his head knowingly.

I nodded.

“Well, I’ll keep a look out for it but it might have drifted out a long way by now,” he said. “Anyway let’s get you back home before you freeze to death.”

“Thanks,” I said gratefully.

“My name’s Joe,” he added as he helped us climb aboard.

“I’m Peter,” I said, “and this is Tara.”

Sparky wagged his tail and shook himself vigorously.

“Oh, and my dog’s called Sparky,” I added.

“Plucky little thing, I reckon,” Joe said, smiling. “If he hadn’t swum out to sea, I would never have found you.”

I stroked Sparky. He had saved us all right.

Joe pushed the boat out to sea, started the outboard motor and we headed towards the mainland. The sea was very rough and the boat was buffeted by the strong waves. Joe draped a tarpaulin over us to keep away the sea spray but we were still soaked. I shivered as the cold wind rushed past.

The boat rose and fell sharply, sending a sheet of water over us. I heard a cry and saw Dotty’s head suddenly appear from Tara’s rucksack. The little dinosaur was wet through and looked terrified. She scabbled to get out of the rucksack and before I could stop her, she had jumped out onto the deck.

“Dotty! Come here!” Tara cried, reaching out to grab her.

Dotty looked around bewildered and then jumped onto Tara’s lap. Tara held onto her tightly as the boat rocked up and down. Joe looked at Dotty curiously.

“What’s that?” Joe said, pointing to Dotty.

“That’s Dotty,” Tara explained. “She’s my... she’s my pet.”

## JURASSIC ISLAND DELETED SCENES

“What sort is she?” he asked.

“She’s...she’s a diplodocus,” Tara said hesitantly.

I looked at Joe, wondering how he would react. Would he realise what Dotty was – a dinosaur that had been extinct for millions of years, I wondered?

“A diplodocus?” Joes said. “That’s a type of dinosaur isn’t it?”

“Yes,” Tara nodded.

“I’ve never seen one before,” Joe commented. “Do they make good pets?”

“Er, yes,” Tara replied and looked at me questioningly.

This was weird! Joe didn’t seem in the least surprised that there was an extinct dinosaur on board his boat.

“My little daughter’s got a dinosaur,” Joe added. “It’s a compsognathus. She’s mad about dinosaurs! I’ll have to tell her about yours.”

Tara looked at me in surprise. Joe must have thought that Dotty was a toy! He obviously did not realise she was real dinosaur.

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*In this scene, Peter and Tara have returned ‘home’ and aren’t quite sure what’s going on.*

Tara and I sat down at the table with Rosie. Tara’s mother brought over the plates and sat down with us. I put some salt on the chips and tucked in hungrily. The fish had an unusual taste – it was slightly rubbery – not unpleasant, but certainly different.

“Is this fish OK, mum?” Tara asked. “It tastes a bit strange.”

## DINOSAUR WORLD

“Tastes fine to me,” Tara’s mother replied. “I’ll get the packet and check the sell by date to make sure.”

She returned to the table with the box. I saw the picture on the front cover and read the words in astonishment.

*Ammonite Bites! Juicy ammonite tentacles in batter.*

“Ammonites!” I cried.

“Don’t you like ammonites, Peter?” Tara’s mother said. “They’re Tara’s favourites.”

“Ammonites!” Tara repeated in amazement.

“What’s the matter, Tara?”

“But... but ammonites are extinct,” Tara said. “They died out millions of years ago.”

Tara’s mother looked puzzled. “Is this some kind of joke, Tara?”

There was a sudden noise behind me and I turned round. An animal had just come through the cat flap in the back door. It ran over to Rosie and jumped onto her lap.

“Hi, Corrie,” Rosie said, stroking the animal on the head.

I looked at it, dumbfounded. It was certainly not a cat. Or a dog. It looked exactly like a small dinosaur! The creature jumped up onto the table and quickly snatched a piece of fish off Rosie’s plate.

“No, Corrie,” Tara’s mother said sternly. “Rosie, you know you mustn’t let Corrie onto the table!”

Tara’s mother gently picked the creature up and took it over to the corner by the fridge. She opened the fridge door, took out a can of food and put some in a bowl. The little creature tucked in hungrily.

I looked at Tara in astonishment. What was going on? First ammonites and now there was a pet animal that looked exactly like a dinosaur!

“What...” I began hesitantly, “what sort of animal is that?”

## JURASSIC ISLAND DELETED SCENES

“Corrie?” Tara’s mother said in surprise. “Why, she’s a corythosaurus.”

“That’s a type of dinosaur, isn’t it?” Tara asked.

Tara’s mother looked at us puzzled. “Yes, of course she’s a dinosaur! What a strange question! What has got into you two? You look like you’ve never seen a dinosaur before.”

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*In this scene, even Sleepy has changed!*

A large very hairy dinosaur bounded out of the house and ran towards us. Sparky yelped in surprise and ran between my legs. The dinosaur jumped up at Tara and started licking Dotty!

“Sleeposaurus! Down girl,” Professor P called. “Sorry, Tara, she seems very excitable today.”

“That’s all right, Professor P,” Tara replied, gently pushing the hairy dinosaur away. “I think she wants to make friends with Dotty.”

Professor P came over and looked at Dotty curiously.

“Is that a diplodocus?” he asked in surprise.

“Yes,” Tara nodded. “She’s only a few days old.”

“I used to have one when I lived in Cambridge,” Professor P said. “Very friendly aren’t they? Do grow rather big though.”

There was a sudden popping sound and Floppy appeared as a rather fat purple stegosaurus.

“Big!” Floppy said. “Big! If you remember, Professor P, she broke through the ceiling in your college room and almost squashed three students!”

## DINOSAUR WORLD

“Yes, that was a most unfortunate event,” Professor P said frowning. “I had to give her away to the local wildlife park after that.”

## *Short Outtakes*

*Here are just a few short outtakes that got lost in the editing process.*

Tara stopped in mid-sentence. A whirring, grating sound filled the room. I could feel the floor shaking. I looked around but could not see what was causing the noise.

“Woof, woof!” Sparky barked and ran over to the door worriedly.

“Look out!” Floppy cried.

Crack. The stone tiles under the table splintered. Tara and I jumped back in surprise. Sparky shot out of the door in terror. It felt like an earthquake had hit!

A small tunnelling machine broke through the floor. It was about a metre long and pencil shaped, with a rotating drill face.

“It’s just one of the moles gone astray again,” Professor P said as he picked it up.

“Is this the kitchen, Professor P?” the mole asked.

“Yes,” he replied with a sigh.

“Oh, then I think I’m lost,” it said sadly.

Professor P made a few adjustments to the mole and put it back on the floor.

“Thanks, bye,” it said, disappearing quickly down the hole.

“I need a bigger basement for all my experiments,” Professor P explained. “So I invented the moles to dig it out.”

“I programmed them,” Floppy added proudly.

\*\*\*

Brains opened the box and peered inside.



## SHORT OUTTAKES

“Now, Brains,” Floppy continued, “I want you to solder one of the chips into the computer.”

Brains switched on the soldering iron and picked it up.

“Ow!” he cried. “It’s hot!”

“You picked it up by the wrong end!” Floppy chided him.

“Brains,” Floppy ordered, “get the digital oscilloscope and the signal analyser down from the shelf and then take the back off the computer.”

Brains looked around confused. “What was that bit in the middle?” he asked.

Tara and I watched as Brains fumbled with the screwdriver, trying unsuccessfully to fit it into the head of the screw.

“Do you want me to do it,” I offered.

“Yes, please!” Brains replied. “My fingers don’t seem to work properly. I’m better with pickaxes!”

Floppy appeared as a rabbit wearing a white doctor’s coat and holding a stethoscope.

“Yes, I do, Brains,” Floppy replied. He winked at us and added, “it has computer-itis!”

“Computer-itis,” Brains repeated, stepping away from the computer. “It’s not catching is it?”

“No,” Floppy replied seriously. “I think you’ll be quite safe.”

Tara looked at me and giggled. Floppy had such a great sense of humour sometimes!

\*\*\*

### ***Computer personality***

*Please select a Computer Character -*

- 1. Brian Brainbox*
- 2. Jimmy Joker*
- 3. Helen Helpful*

## JURASSIC ISLAND DELETED SCENES

“All of Professor P’s new computer chips have character,” Floppy explained. “I don’t know why.”

“Let’s try the first one,” Tara said eagerly.

She selected *Brian Brainbox* and clicked on the *Try Me* button.

“I am your new super supercomputer!” the computer announced proudly. “I can perform a million zillion calculations per second. I’m faster and better and quicker and... and did I say faster...”

“I can’t stand it!” Floppy burst out. “It’s even more conceited than me!”

“Than I am,” the computer corrected.

“Switch it off, Tara,” Floppy cried. “Quick!”

“OK,” Tara replied. “I’ll try the next one.”

She quickly selected *Jimmy Joker* from the menu and clicked on the *Try Me* button.

“Would you like a joke?” the computer burst out.

“OK,” Tara replied, nodding.

“You’ll love this one!” the computer cried. “How do you get four dinosaurs into a car?”

“I don’t know,” Tara giggled, “how do you get four dinosaurs into a car?”

Tara looked at me expectantly. We knew this one!

“Two in the front and two in the back!” it cried. “What about another one? You’ll really like this joke, I made it up myself. How do you get six dinosaurs into a car?”

“I don’t know,” Tara began, playing along, “how do you...”

The computer interrupted before she had time to finish. “Two in the front, two in the back and two in the boot!” it said, bursting into fits of laughter. “What a brilliant joke, I’ve made up lots more dinosaurs jokes, do you want to hear them, how do you get eight dinosaurs...?”

“I think I’ve had enough of that one too!” Tara said with a sigh.

## SHORT OUTTAKES

She selected *Helen Helpful* and pressed the *Try Me* button.

“Hello, children,” the computer said in a kindly voice. “My name is Helen. What are your names?”

“I’m Tara and this is Peter,” Tara replied.

“A pleasure to meet you both,” the computer said. “I just want you to know that I’m here to help. No problem is too small.”

“I like this one,” Tara said as she pressed the *Set Personality* button.

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“Hi, Professor P, hi, Sleepy,” Tara said as she let them in. “I’m so glad you got here early – we really wanted to ask you something!”

“Early?” he said puzzled, “I thought I was on time.”

Floppy suddenly appeared as a white rabbit sitting on Professor P’s shoulder. “I said you were early,” he quipped smugly.

“It’s my fault Professor P,” his purple watch piped, “I told you the time was an hour later than it really was, because you’re usually about an hour late, but you were only half an hour late, so you’re now you’re half an hour early.”

“Watch,” he said patiently. “I would be grateful if you would not do that again.”

“Sorry, Professor P,” it said quietly.

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“What are you doing here, Brains?” Professor P asked. “I thought I asked you to stay at home and work in the basement.”

## JURASSIC ISLAND DELETED SCENES

“Sorry, Professor P,” Brains said quietly. “But I wanted to talk to Floppy. You see, I want to be like him. I want to be a phil, a philos, what’s the word, Floppy, I can’t remember?”

“A philosopher!” Floppy said, pleased.

“Yes, that’s right,” Brains nodded. “A philosopher. I want to discover the meaning of life.”

“I think you’d better go home, Brains,” Professor P said. “You’ll scare all the guests at the party if you stay. We can talk about philosophy later.”

“All right then, Professor P,” Brains nodded. He turned round, took a few steps and then stopped. “How do I get home?” he asked puzzled.

“Go to the end of the estate, turn right up the hill...”

“Right,” Brains interrupted. “That’s the opposite of left isn’t it?”

“I’ll take you home, Brains,” Professor P sighed. “Be back in half an hour, Tara, can I leave Sleepy with you?” he added.

“Sure,” Tara replied, “she’ll be fine.”

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We were in the middle of the herd of diplodocus, surrounded by the huge creatures towering above us. Brains had been thrown out of the car and was lying a few metres away. He sat up slowly and looked around.

There was a sudden sharp cracking sound and the car lurched forwards and to the right.

“Oh, no!” Professor P cried. “The wheel.”

The front wheel of the car had come off! We watched helpless as it rolled away, between the feet of the enormous diplodocus.

“I’ll get, Professor P,” Brains cried as he sprang up and ran after it.

## SHORT OUTTAKES

“Careful!” Professor P called out.

Brains ran between the legs of the diplodocus, chasing the wheel as it rolled away. The wheel hit one of the diplodocus’s feet and glanced off at a tangent. Brains ran after it, ducking quickly to avoid one of the lethal swinging tails. He skilfully dodged between the feet and finally caught hold of the wheel.

“I’ve got it, Professor P!” he cried.

“Well done, Brains!” Professor P replied.

Brains held the wheel proudly above his head and walked towards us. After a few steps, he stumbled over the rough ground and dropped the wheel.

“Oops, sorry, dropped it,” he said.

The wheel rolled away, hit a bump, wobbled and then fell flat. Brains ran straight towards it.

“Look out, Brains!” Professor P cried.

Brains stopped just in time. One of the diplodocus’s feet hammered down in front of him, narrowly missing him. The huge foot landed directly on the wheel. A moment later when the foot lifted I could see the wheel was squashed flat. Brains picked it up and looked at it.

“It got squashed, Professor P,” he called out.

“I can see that, Brains.”

Brains came over to the car and gave the wheel to Professor P.

“Sorry, it’s a bit flat,” he apologised.

“That’s all right, Brains,” Professor P replied. “You did your best. Thanks for trying.”