

Epilogue

In an earlier version of the story Peter and Tara did not try to persuade Professor P to move to the sea. So this epilogue was a way of tying up all the loose ends, and making absolutely sure he did return, ready for the next book in the series!

It was the evening of the last day of the school holidays. I was lying in the bath, relaxing and thinking about starting my new school tomorrow. I was not looking forward to it but neither was I dreading it; at least Tara would be there.

I sighed as I sank further down into the warm water. What a fantastic summer it had been! The exhibition had been a great success and people had come from long distances to see it. I remembered one comment in the visitors book, *Wonderful exhibition. I felt as if I was really there in the past.* We all had a chuckle at that! Everyone was very generous too and left a lot of money in the donations box.

Tara and I had continued to collect fossils throughout the holidays and sell them to Mary. With the money from the fossils and from the fossil guide it wasn't long before we had enough to buy our mountain bikes. We had a great time racing down the hills with Sparky running along besides us trying to keep up!

We even built a tree house in the woods at the back of the estate. I remembered sitting by the campfire, toasting our slices of bread, and reminiscing about our time on the prehistoric island.

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We often e-mailed Professor P to tell him our news and he sent us many long e-mails in reply. The last one he sent said, *I often think of you and my 'home' by the sea. I'm sure Sleepy does too, she's lying at my feet right now looking up at me with sad eyes, wondering when we'll all be together again.*

Floppy e-mailed us too and said he was missing us. I missed him too. Professor P also said he would come and visit us in the Christmas holidays, so that was something to look forward to.

The bath water was growing cold now. Time to get out, I decided.

As I put on my pyjamas the doorbell rang and I heard footsteps coming up the stairs. There was a loud knocking on the door.

"Peter!"

It was Tara's voice, shaking with emotion.

"What is it, Tara?" I asked.

"Something's happened, Peter," she said urgently. "Come quickly! Hurry!"

I put on my dressing gown and opened the door.

"Come downstairs!" Tara said looking pale and distraught.

"What's going on?" I asked anxiously.

She did not answer. She raced downstairs and I followed her into the living room. She rushed over to the television set and switched it on.

"The historic north wing lies in ruins. At four thirty this afternoon a powerful explosion tore the building apart."

"It's Professor P's college!" I cried. "You don't think...Is he all right?"

"I don't know," she said, clutching my hand so tightly it hurt.

"We go over live to the college where a spokesman is expected to make a statement."

PROFESSOR P DELETED SCENES



Professor P appeared in the archway at the entrance to the college. The steps below him swarmed with reporters shouting questions.

“He’s alive!” Tara yelled giving me a wild hug.

“Thank goodness!” I cried in relief.

Professor P took a sheet of paper out of his pocket. The reporters were silent. He read out loud from the paper.

“I deeply regret the irreparable damage I have caused to my college and admit full responsibility for it. After recent discussions with the Master of the college Sir David Wotherington-Fotheby I will be leaving my position with the college immediately.”

The crowd of reporters exploded, shouting questions and flashing cameras. Professor P looked pale and shocked. He tried to make his way down the steps.

“Has there been a cover up?” a reporter shouted.

“Have you discovered a new form of energy Professor P?”

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“Is cold fusion a reality?”

“Professor P. Is it true your work was sabotaged?”

He put his hand up to his face to shield himself from the camera flashes.

“I have no further comment to make.”

“Professor P!” called out one insistent reporter. “What are you planning to do now?”

“I...” he looked down, obviously too distressed to speak.

Then, suddenly, he looked up at the camera and with that familiar twinkle in his eyes he smiled and said,

“I’m going home.”