

Short Outtakes

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

Professor P laid the table and put two slices of bread in the toaster. It burst into life.

“Would you like a joke?” it piped.

“No, thank you,” he replied.

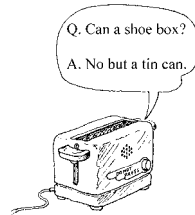
“Just the toast.”

“How do you get two large dinosaurs into a small phone box?” the toaster continued anyway.

“I don’t know,” he sighed.

“Now toaster, will you please make the toast!”

“With difficulty!” it said, roaring with laughter.



Professor P made us some peanut butter and tomato sandwiches. The tomatoes tasted good but I noticed that they were a strange pink colour.

“Hope you like the tomatoes,” said Professor P. “I grow them myself in the greenhouse. Don’t you think that it’s so boring the way that tomatoes are always red? I much prefer them different colours.”

“Brilliant!” I said. “I’ve never had pink ones before.”

SHORT OUTTAKES

“Business has been going rather slowly recently,” Professor P explained to us. “Teething problems, nothing serious.”

“Are you selling your inventions?” I asked.

“Not yet,” he replied. “That’s the problem. None of my products are ready yet. It takes a long time to get the bugs ironed out.”

Floppy turned into a pink hyena and laughed loudly.

“And even the bugs have bugs!” he quipped.

I ran after Professor P and caught up with him outside his house. He was pushing at the front door and his face was red with frustration.

“Open up, Door, will you?” he cried. “I’m in a hurry.”

“I’m sorry, Professor P,” the door piped in an apologetic voice. “I can’t let you in without the password.”

“But I don’t need a password. It’s me, Professor P.”

“Floppy reprogrammed me,” it said. “Everybody has to use a password now.”

“Floppy did what?” he cried. “Just wait till I find that little rabbit!”

“Can you tell us what the password is?” I asked the door.

“I shouldn’t really,” the door replied doubtfully. “Not without a very good reason.”

“If you don’t tell me,” Professor P said angrily, “you’re firewood! Is that a good enough reason?”

“Yes, I believe that is a very good reason,” the door said quietly, in a rather dignified manner. “The password is *Floppy Forever*.”

“*Floppy Forever*,” Professor P cried and the door burst open.

PROFESSOR P DELETED SCENES

“Oh, bugs don’t matter,” Floppy sniffed. “I’ve lived with bugs all my life and it hasn’t done me any harm.”

“Parents?” Floppy said in surprise. “Let me see,” he paused, “checking extended database for all references to ‘parents’.”

He went quiet for a few moments and then said, “No, there’s no need to worry about parents.”

“But...” Tara started.

“I have performed a thorough check, Tara,” he said in a slightly irritated tone. “Trust me. Parents are not relevant in this situation. Now you will need to take...”

“They’re amazing,” I said. “How do they know the animals really looked like that?”

“Well, palaeontologists don’t know for certain,” Mary replied. “They spend their lives studying fossils and trying to piece together the facts. It isn’t easy and sometimes they make mistakes. Big mistakes in fact! They once decided that a fossil fish called a coelacanth was a missing link in evolution – a fish that walked out of the water and became the first to dwell on land 350 million years ago. But they were soon in for a big surprise!”

“Why, what happened?” I asked.

“Well,” she laughed, “a fisherman caught one in his net. The coelacanth wasn’t extinct after all!”

SHORT OUTTAKES

“I’m going to take a look at the cave,” Professor P said.

He crouched down and disappeared into the tunnel. I waited impatiently for him to return. He finally reappeared and stood up slowly.

“Disaster,” he cried.

“What is it Professor P? What’s the matter?” I asked.

“Bumped my head on the roof of the tunnel. Very painful,” he said, rubbing his head.

“It took me years of searching before I finally stumbled on the secret of time travel. You see, time travel happens all the time.”

“It does?”

“Yes, it does,” he nodded. “Step into a phone box. Wait five minutes and step out. The phone box has transported you five minutes into the future.”

“But...” I began.

“When you understand what makes time move forwards,” he continued. “You can make it go backwards.”

“Oh, I forgot,” Tara said, going over to her rucksack. “The serviettes.”

She handed me a pink one. “Thanks,” I said, surprised.

As Tara served out the spaghetti I pulled her rucksack over towards me and looked carefully inside it.

“What are you looking for, Peter?” she asked puzzled.

“Oh, I was just wondering where you put the kitchen sink,” I replied casually.

PROFESSOR P DELETED SCENES

We went outside and Mary locked the shop door.

“I wonder how Professor P has been getting on,” I said.

“Do you want to come back to my house and find out?” she asked. “You can stay for supper if you like.”

“Thanks,” we replied.

Mary lived in a pretty little cottage with a very colourful and tidy garden. We went inside and she pushed at the living room door.

“Professor P?” she called, “are you in there? I can’t get the door open.”

“One moment,” he replied.

I heard something heavy being moved. The door opened and we went inside. Mary gasped in horror. Tara looked at me and giggled. The room was a disaster. Electronic equipment was piled high on every surface and the floor was covered in tubes, wires and electronic components. Mary’s television was lying upside down in the centre of the room with the back removed.

“My television!” Mary cried.

“Yes, I hope you didn’t mind, I needed to use it to...”

“Is it all right?” she interrupted.

“Well, it is rather old,” he replied. “But it does the job.”

“I mean, what have you done to it?”

“Just borrowed the high voltage circuitry.”

“But...” she stammered.

“Don’t worry, it will be fine,” he said. “I’ll be finished in a few minutes and I’ll put it back together then. It should work a bit better, in fact. You’ll be able to get a few extra channels.”