

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.

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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

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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.

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“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