

Doc Gruebenhiem

(or, How the Dinosaurs went Extinct)

Doc Gruebenhiem was very smart,
In both Physics and Palaeontology,
Which he often liked to brag about,
Without shyness or apology.

Now the extinction of the dinosaurs
Puzzled Gruebenhiem,
So he invented a contraption
To travel back through time.

He built it from a box of scraps
In his living room,
And strapping up himself inside,
He set off with a zoom!

He mangled up the physics
That control the universe,
And whistled through the ages,
Putting history in reverse.

He wished he'd made his time machine
More comfortable and spacious;
It took him nearly seven hours
To reach the Late Cretaceous.

Doc Gruebenhiem got out to stretch
But he didn't get too far
Before his time machine was smashed
By a giant speeding car!

He ogled when the driver,
A worried Parasaurolophus,

Said, "If you haven't insurance
This is gonna be awkward for all of us..."
The dinosaurs, apparently,
Had complex civilisations,
In spite of fossil evidence
Preserved in rock formations.

Wheezing on his knees, the Doc
(An infamous asthmatic),
Drew a crowd of passers-by
And held up all the traffic.

The dinosaurs inspected
This mammal, small and hairless,
Who was driven to the hospital
By an obliging Stegoceras.

He awoke a short while later
In a dinosaur-sized bed.
"Thank goodness," said a Pteranodon,
"We all thought you were dead."

Doc Gruebenhiem implored the beasts,
"What are you going to do?
Use me for experiments?
Or lock me in a zoo?"

"Don't worry," said a Troodon,
"You're in shock from the collision,
The only place we're putting you
Is on prime time television!"

The Doctor's odd arrival
Made worldwide headline news.
He was swarmed with wealth and fame and friends
And chat show interviews.

His books were a sensation

As was his TV series,
But still he wasn't forming
Any new extinction theories.

Gruebenhiem felt right at home
Among his reptile friends,
But couldn't help remembering
Their looming mortal ends.

Soon the Doctor realised
It wasn't wise to stay;
Whatever wipes out dinosaurs
Could sure blow him away!

He built another time machine
To escape the coming doom,
But this one had a games console
And ten times more leg room.

He told a Carnotaurus
Just what he planned to do
Who told a Euplocephalus
And a Triceratops or two.

They said to a Lambeosaurus
Who swore she wouldn't say a word
But blogged it on the internet
'Til everyone had heard.

As Gruebenhiem prepared to leave
He tried to keep it quiet,
But as he stepped outside his house
He stepped into a riot!

Pressured by the earnestness
Of all their threats and pleas
Said, "You can join me if you want to
But it's going to be a squeeze!"

He dodged the rush of dinosaurs
Which stampeded through the door
Noticing that now he had
Less leg room than before.

The Deluxe Edition Time Machine,
Was as stuffed as Noah's Ark,
It now looked less like luxury,
More like Jurassic Park.

Original Ending:

For a moment he considered
He had too much on his plate;
His time machine was not designed
To carry so much weight.

He started up the engine
When the dinosaurs had loaded
But as he stuck it into gear...
The time machine exploded!

The shockwave from the mighty blast
Of the atomic generator
Blew tectonic plates apart
And left a whopping crater!

Doc Gruebenhiem, it's sad to say,
Was verified as dead.
He never had a burial;
They dug him up instead.

If you want to pay respects
You can always go and see 'im
In the fossil exhibition
Of a Mexican museum.

So now we know the dinosaurs
Were wiped out in their prime
By a bit of faulty wiring
By Doctor Gruebenhiem.

The End

Alternate Ending:

“When to, my dear reptiles?”
He shouted to the hordes,
“Oh,” the dinosaurs replied,
“To a time with hover-boards!”

And so they left prehistory,
And thus escaped extinction,
In a giant jam-packed Time Machine,
Which time-travelled with distinction.

They haven't reached the future yet,
But you can be certain when they do,
It's going to be quite interesting
In 2022.

(Not) The End