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# *Tyrannosaurs are peeping-Toms... and pranksters too*

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by Mike Rozak  
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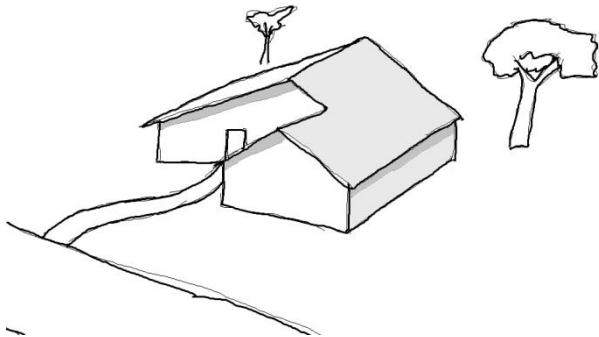


Tyrannosaur-evolved (Saurian)  
*"They're monsters when they're little [children]."*

## My house, and my cousin-sister-friend

I am the equivalent of six-years old, but I am really ten Earth-Sol years old. I stand 1.5 metres tall.

I live in a one-story house that my Mother had a home-builder build for her and her sister. It sits on a rural five-hectare lot.



The house has white-tile floors, whiter concrete-like walls, and a white ceiling.

It is divided into a kitchen, living-room, a toilet-room, and a halfway-upstairs room for my Mother. It also has a few-other rooms that I'm not supposed to enter; their doors are locked. The staircase to my Mother's bedroom is always locked. I was scolded when I got-in there once.

My best-friend Sandy lives in the left side of the same house. She is also my cousin, and my sister.

To get to her side, I open-up a large doorway off my living room.

Her side is smaller, but practically the same. She has a kitchen, living-room, toilet-room, and several rooms she's not allowed to ever enter.

Sandy also had her own bedroom; I sleep on some cushions laid-out on my living-room floor.

Sandy's house is more-ornate. The rooms are painted colours other than white, and populated with more-ornate furniture.

Everything on my side of the house is designed to be indestructible. It has to be, I am told, because I am a whirling miniscule agent of destruction.

The kitchen is 100% child-safe. There are no lower-kitchen cupboards for me to get into, just a slippery-white wall up to the countertop. I tried to climb onto the countertop but couldn't. Tyrannosaurs are very-poor climbers. My foot-claws left large noticeable scratches in the slippery-white surface underneath the countertop I was trying to climb onto.

My cousin and I tried to build a furniture ladder up to the countertop. We looked-around the kitchen for chairs to move against the countertop, but we couldn't find any. There are no mobile chairs in the house.

We tried to move the living-room armchair into the kitchen... It's mobile enough with two of us pushing. It wouldn't fit through the narrow kitchen doorway though.

Nor would the table in Sandy's house fit through the large doorway dividing our two houses. We couldn't use that as a furniture ladder either.

Sandy didn't have any mobile chairs in her house either.

We don't sit on chairs to eat meals. We either stand at Sandy's table – my mother doesn't have a table – or sit on the ground.

## Prank

Sandy once removed all of the doorhandles in her side of the house with a L-shaped hex-screwdriver (Alan wrench). My Aunt couldn't open any of her doors, nor could my Mother.

Then Sandy stuck the Alan-wrench up my nose, and I couldn't get it out.

My Aunt got a special door-opening tool from the door repairman just in-case Sandy did this again. My Aunt hid the special-tool in a place where Sandy would never-ever find it. 😊

## My little brother

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I share the right side of my house with my little brother. He might be a little sister, but at his age, we can't tell.

I was NOT introduced to my little brother until he was large-enough that he could run-away from me... and Sandy... and both

of us together. Before that, he was protected in my Mother's bedroom, which is ALWAYS kept locked.

I have never spent any time with any other children besides Sandy and my little brother. I won't be introduced to them, until I am large enough that I can run away from them, and their friends.

Sandy had no little brother, so she is allowed to abuse mine.

## Prank

When we go grocery-shopping with my Aunt, Sandy and I rearrange cans of food on the store shelves into checkerboard patterns, and smiley-faces.

## Prank: Moustache

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My Mother's fur-feathers are pink-purple. My Aunt's fur-feathers are lavender-blue.

They once both shaved their feathers-off at the same time. Neither Sandy nor I could tell them apart. My Mother's skin, without her feathers, is a dark charcoal-grey. My Aunt's skin is more of a dark forest-green.

Sometime about then, Sandy and I decided to paint a moustache on my Aunt.

Tyrannosaurs don't have moustaches, but Hominid-men do. Sandy and I watched a black-and-white Hominid movie on my Mother's television. We liked the moustache idea as a way to tell my Mother and my Aunt apart.

Sandy can get into my locked Aunt's bedroom, if she really-really wants to. I don't know how she does it.

Both of us approached my sleeping Aunt. Each of us had a small nail-polish brush. Sandy's was loaded with cream-colour, mine with glittering-white.

We approached from opposite sides of Sandy's back-less couch.

Two seconds later, my Aunt had a nail-polish "pencil" moustache underneath her nostrils.

([http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Pencil\\_moustache](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Pencil_moustache))

If my Aunt had slept for fifteen seconds more... unfortunately were giggling too much... she would have had eyebrows.

Another thirty seconds, and she would have had two nail-polish brushes up her nose.

As a counter-prank to our prank, my Aunt and Sandy caught me, and painted my toenails out-of-order ugly-rainbow colours. They threatened to let my little brother have a go with the nail-polish also.

## Prank

Sandy and I moved all of my Mother's living-room furniture into one corner of the living-room, so she couldn't sit on it.

### Prank: Shopping at the mall

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My Aunt took Sandy and me to the shopping-mall.

A bus picked us up in front of our house.

Sandy and I sat-together in a bench seat, most of the way to the back. We specifically selected the seat so that my Aunt couldn't sit on a nearby bench opposite us. Some other people were already sitting there.

When we were in a clothes-store, Sandy and I wandered-away from our Aunt, as was typical.

We tried playing hide-and-peek from my Aunt in the store, but she was too-interested in clothes.

So we played hide-and-peek from my Aunt outside of the clothes store.

We watched her leave the store with a worried-walk.

We hid behind a granite whale-statue so she wouldn't see us.

She walked to the right, heading towards the food court, where she thought we had gone.

The two of us followed behind my Aunt, approximately one-hundred meters back.

When she would turn-around to look behind her, we would duck behind a display clothes-rack, or a crowd of people, just so she wouldn't see us.

The food court was at the end of the shopping-mall corridor.

My Aunt spent ten minutes looking for us at all of the fast-food counters. Then she visually scanned-over the food-court seating. She was about to call mall security, but we didn't know that.

When we decided that our Aunt would never find us in a million years, we snuck-up behind her, next to the hot-dog place, and waited for her to turn around.

We had to do this twice, because the first time, she didn't turn around, and just walked forward to another vantage-point.

My Aunt, Sandy, and I celebrated with my favourite food, deep-fried crumbed lamb/dog slices, and a milkshake. My Aunt didn't really celebrate. She had been stressing-out, and was incredibly relieved that she had found us.

## Prank

Sandy once stuck a Rhinoceros beetle in her Mother's ear.  
([http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Rhinoceros\\_beetle](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Rhinoceros_beetle))

## Prank: Brother

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Sandy and I once dressed-up my little brother in my Mother's clothes, which my Mother had left lying around.

He didn't mind, so we didn't bother dressing him up again.

He did mind when we locked him in Sandy's bedroom-closet for half a day.

Sandy had a large cotton-stuffed fake-fur lion that she carried around when she was young. When she got older, she left it on her bed. I have a thick-and-wiggly-and-long fake-fur anaconda that I carried around, but I now leave it in the living-room.

My brother counter-pranked Sandy by tearing-apart her favourite stuffed-lion.

No-one saw him do it, so I was secretly blamed. No-one told me I was blamed, or seemed to treat me any differently though.

### Prank

Sandy and I tried to turn my Aunt's flat-screen television upside-down, but it was too heavy for us. It dropped onto the floor, but we put it back without anyone noticing.

## Home-schooling

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I don't go to school. I do all of my schoolwork at home, in front of a flat-panel computer-terminal.

My cousin-sister-friend, Sandy, has a slightly-larger one, right next to mine. She does her schoolwork there.

My Aunt, who stays home during the day, helps both of us learn from our computer-terminals.

She also helps us build school-projects, and then photographs them so we can E-mail the photographs to our art teacher. My Aunt helps us build models out of construction-paper, foam, and pipe-cleaners.

Learning from my computer-terminal doesn't feel like learning, nor does the homework feel like homework, nor do the tests feel like tests.

The computer-screen doesn't display much text, and if it does display text, the text is usually only numbers.

A talking-head woman on the lower-right side of the screen speaks everything, so I don't have to read instructions.

The computer skips-around between different subjects, never spending more than ten minutes on a subject at a time, otherwise I get bored. If I get stuck on a math problem, the computer switches to another class, and bothers me about the math problem later.

The computer teaches me geography and history. I know all of the continents on my planet.

I am lousy at math. I am only up to addition and multiplication. Sandy, who is three-years older, can do algebra.

I am very-good at drawing though, using an attached drawing tablet. My pictures are E-mailed to my art teacher, and my Mother.

We don't listen to music, so there isn't a music class.

I really enjoy the storytelling class. The teaching-game begins with a blank page, and helps me invent my own story. I can speak a first-sentence into the story, like "*Sandy is a jerk [today].*" The computer-woman asks me some questions about Sandy, why she is a jerk, and lots of other stuff. She tells me about the five parts of a story, and then makes sure my story has all five parts: Character introduction, problem, first failed attempt at solving the problem, second successful attempt at the problem, and conclusion. Creating a story on the computer is like having a conversation with another person, except that the story-game automatically types up the story, adds pictures, and prints it out.

We don't have spelling lessons. That's what computers are for.



The telepathy games are lots of fun. They're like Earth-Sol's avant-garde computer games that use galvanic skin-response sensors and mind-reading headsets. The goal of the game is to move a character around the screen using only your mind. Meanwhile, the game distracts you by playing loud-and-sudden sounds, or by inviting Sandy and my Aunt to scream into my ear, pull at my feathers, and poke me. The second is more fun.

([http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Skin\\_conductance](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Skin_conductance),  
<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Electroencephalography>)

Science class lets me stick molecules together by touching them on the computer-screen, and dragging them near one-another. If I make a mistake, my new molecule blows up.

I really-really like the "animal" class, where I learn all-about all sorts of animals. Tyrannosaurs find mammals to be very cute. I like anacondas.

## Prank

**Feather twister** – Where you older sister grabs a handful of your back-neck feathers, and twists them as hard as she can. I tried doing this to her, but my grip isn't strong-enough for her to squeal in pain. (Actually, she pretends not to feel it.) My little brother doesn't have any feathers yet, so I can't do this to him. My Mother picks me up by my feet, turns me upside-down, and makes me giggle when I feather-twist her.

## Television

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I watch a lot of children's-television shows.

A lot of the shows are "animal" shows, where people show-off different animals and talk about them.

([http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Bindi\\_the\\_Jungle\\_Girl](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Bindi_the_Jungle_Girl),  
[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Kratts'\\_Creatures](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Kratts'_Creatures))

Many television-shows are "adventure" shows, like "*Fraggle Rock*", where Muppet characters wander around a weird world and get into trouble. ([http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The\\_Muppets](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Muppets),  
[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Fraggle\\_Rock](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Fraggle_Rock))

Sandy and I also like the "action" shows. The television-characters play through the story, and then we get to shoot enemies on the television with fake guns. The story doesn't

resume until both Sandy and I have each killed three. More boring-story is shown. All of the episodes end with a major shootout against more enemies, which ends-up with Sandy and I running around the house play-shooting one-another for half an hour.

We also play video-games built into the television, mostly jet-fighter flight-simulators, racing video-games, and first-person shooters. ([http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Combat\\_flight\\_simulator](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Combat_flight_simulator), [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Racing\\_video\\_game](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Racing_video_game), [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/First-person\\_shooter](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/First-person_shooter))

## Mayhem

Armchairs pushed across smooth white-tile floors don't make for very-exciting car-races, unless they hit the television, and the television falls-down on you.

## Prank: Peeping-Tom

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I never knew that my mother had a virtual-reality room.

Sandy discovered the room when its door was left unlocked. Her mother DOESN'T have a virtual-reality room. My mother doesn't have a virtual-reality room either, anymore.

When Sandy first found the virtual-reality room, we figured-out how to use it.

When you close the door, the door and all of the walls, and the floor, turn into 3D-televisions.

In the centre of the room is an exoskeleton. Half of the exoskeleton is like a stair-climbing exercise-machine with leg braces. Sandy stepped onto the foot pedals, and strapped-on the braces.

([http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Exercise\\_machine#Climbing\\_machines](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Exercise_machine#Climbing_machines))

The top-half of the exoskeleton has arm-braces that you strap-on, and well as metal hand-controls with individual glide-motors/sensors for every finger. Sandy put the arm braces on next, as well as the audio and telepathy headset.

A computer information-window appeared on the wall, with all sorts of choices.

Because the 3D-video was messed-up by having two of us in the room, Sandy kicked me out of the virtual-reality room while she played.

When she was finished, she invited me in, and hooked me up.

Over the next few months, I learned how to use the virtual-reality room by myself. My mother only left it unlocked twice, but Sandy was able to unlock the door by herself. She used the same trick to open the virtual-reality-room door as she did to enter her Mother's room. Sandy isn't willing to teach me the trick, though.

When it was my turn to play in the virtual-reality room, I first selected to play a Rabbit-evolved woman.

She was walking down a crowded street.

It was really cool.

My legs and arms would move as her legs and arms would move.

My head would turn as her head turned.

Even my eyeballs moved automatically.

The 3D-televitions that entirely-covered the walls, ceiling, and floor showed me what the Rabbit-evolved woman saw.

I could hear what she heard.

And even read her mind.

Which was fun.

But then I got bored.

So tried walking her.

That almost worked. The force-feedback motors in the stair-climber resisted, so I knew she wasn't following my walk.

([http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Haptic\\_technology](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Haptic_technology))

The game then became one to see if I could get her to trip.

I did!

Game-play wasn't limited to a Rabbit-evolved woman though.

I could select different characters from the information display-window in front of me.

Remember the black-and-white Hominid television show Sandy and I watched?

One of the characters in the virtual-reality room was a Hominid Lieutenant. From the game-play information displayed, it appeared that he was quite popular to play.

I didn't understand most of what he was doing.

He was a boring character; he would just sit in his office and talk to people on the phone, or talk to his woman-secretary.

I did manage to take control of his hands though, and push all of his papers off his desk.

And I even made him speak swear-words to his woman-secretary.

Apparently, Sandy did worse to him.

## Prank

Sandy stuck a second Rhinoceros beetle in her Mother's ear.

## Prank: Tyrannosaurus Rex

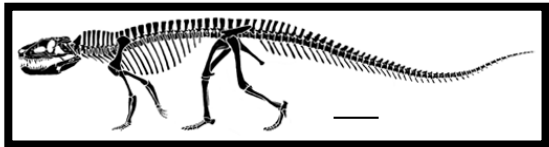
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We think that palaeontologists on Earth-Sol have played a prank on you. Only on Earth-Sol (and other non-disclosed Hominid planets) do Tyrannosaurs have short stumpy arms that are completely useless, and only on Earth-Sol are they obese.

(<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Tyrannosaurus>)

On all non-Hominid planets, wild-Tyrannosaurs look more-like four-legged Postosuchuses, but without a very-long tail.

(<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Postosuchus>)



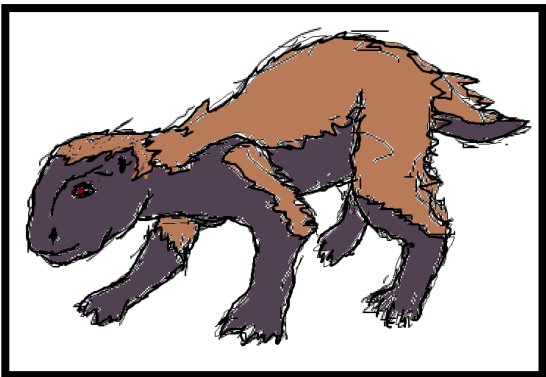
From

<http://rainbow.ideo.columbia.edu/courses/v1001/postosuchus.gif>

The tail should be wider, and half the length.



From <http://www.texas-geology.com/Postosuchus%20skeleton.jpg>



Small Tyrannosaur "dog"

## Prank

Four-legged Tyrannosaurs come in dog sizes. They have the same intelligence-level as Earth-Sol dogs. They are quite friendly.

And they are pranksters too.

When picnicking with their Tyrannosaur-person extended-family, Tyrannosaur-dogs enjoy stealing a long link-of-sausages. They drag the link around, and run-about with it, attracting the attention of all the other Tyrannosaur-dogs.

All of the Tyrannosaur-dogs give chase. They all have a fun time, especially the instigator Tyrannosaur-dog, who often ends-up with no sausage whatsoever.

Tyrannosaur-people also enjoy metaphorically ***“Running with the sausages.”***

## Prank: The Hominid military blew up my house

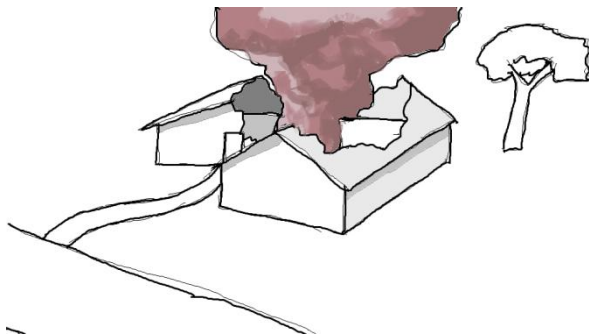
Apparently, what Sandy and I did to the Hominid Lieutenant wasn't appreciated by him.

The Hominid military traced our mind-and-body-control signal back to my Mother's virtual-reality room.

They launched a helicopter from a spaceplane, and had it blow-up my mother's house.

At first, I was blamed.

But Sandy did much-worse to the Lieutenant than I did.



## Epilogue

I wrote above, *“Sandy discovered the [virtual-reality] room when its door was left unlocked.”* – Sandy has threatened to beat me up unless I tell the truth.

**Sandy did NOT discover my Mother’s virtual-reality room. My Aunt is the one that showed Sandy how to use my Mother’s virtual-reality room.**

## Epilogue 2

I wrote above, *“My Aunt is the one that showed Sandy how to use my Mother’s virtual-reality room.”* – My Mother has threatened to turn-me upside-down and tickle-me unless I tell the truth.

My Aunt was using my Mother’s virtual-reality room to pick-up Tyrannosaurus boyfriends.

## Epilogue 3

I wrote above, *“My Aunt was using my Mother’s virtual-reality room to pick-up Tyrannosaur boyfriends.”* – My Aunt has promised to do worse than tickling-me because I have revealed this.

## For more stories

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You can download more of my short stories for free from:

<http://www.disclosuree.com/Stories.pdf>