



Jochen Till / Raimund Frey

T-Rex World

Please don't eat! · Vol. 1

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English-language translation © Ruth Martin

The sound

Even before you see your parents for the first time, you can hear them. And it was just the same a long, long time ago, before humans existed.

“There! It wobbled!” the little T-Rex heard his father’s voice say.

“Yes! It’ll happen any minute now,” said his mother.

They both sounded very excited.

The little T-Rex really wanted to go to them. But he couldn’t see anything. Where on earth was the exit?

“Shall we help him?” he heard his father ask.

“No,” his mother said. “He can do it on his own. He is a T-Rex, after all.”

“And what if it’s a girl?”

“Then she’ll manage perfectly well. Girls can do everything boys can do. Just look at me.”

“That’s true.”

The little T-Rex poked his snout forward. There was something there! A wall. He poked at it again. Suddenly, it got lighter.

“Yes!” he heard his father saying, “Stick at it!”

“Nice and hard!” his mother cried. “Keep butting your head against it!”

The little T-Rex thrust his nose forwards again. As hard as he could. And then he saw his parents for the first time.

“There you are!”

“Well done!”

The little T-Rex climbed out of the egg and ran towards his parents.

“Mummy! Daddy!” he cried excitedly. “I’m here!”

“Not so fast!” said his mother. “You’ll hurt yourself.” But by then it was too late.

BOING!!

The little T-Rex was dizzy. And it hurt a little bit, too.

But then he remembered the sound.

“Boing!” he cried. “It went boing!” He found it so funny he let out a loud laugh.

“Again!” shouted the little T-Rex. Then he ran head-first into his father’s leg again.

And again. And again.

“Boing! Boing! Boing!”, he cried, happily.

“Well, now we know what his name will be,” his mother said with a smile.

His father frowned. “But I wanted to call him Groooar,” he said.

“Would you rather be called Boing or Groooar?” his mother asked.

“Boing! Boing! Boing!” the little T-Rex replied.

And from then on, his name was Boing.

Tyrannosaurus Rex

Tyrannosaurs couldn't speak, of course. And nor was there ever one called Boing. But here are a few facts about the T-Rex that are really true:

Length: up to 13 metres

Weight: around 9 tonnes

Speed: around 30 km/h

Time: between 68 and 66 million years ago

The largest T-Rex tooth that scientists have found so far was 30cm long! That's about the same as the width of this page.

A Rumbling Tummy

“I'm hungry!” said Boing. “What is there to eat here?” In the egg, there was only goo. I want to eat some proper food!”

“But of course,” said his mummy. “Daddy will get you something in just a minute.”

Boing waited. His tummy was already rumbling impatiently.

Soon, his father came back. He was holding something very funny-smelling between his two fingers.

“What's *that*?” asked Boing.

“It's a zalamdalestes,” his father replied. “They're delicious.”

“I don't believe that.” Boing folded his little arms across his chest. “It smells like your feet.”

“We don't moan about things here,” his father said. “Here, we eat everything that can't run away fast enough.”

“Go on, darling, give it a try,” said Boing's mother.

Boing sighed. “Alright then.”

“Delicious, isn't it?” his father asked.

Boing chewed half-heartedly. “Well, I suppose it's okay.”

“Of course, they taste much better when they're fresh,” his mother explained.

“Aha. So why do I just get this rotten one?” Boing asked.

“If you want a fresh one, you'll have to hunt it yourself,” his father muttered.

“Alright then – that's what I'll do,” said Boing. “Where do you get fresh zambarambles?”

“Za-lamb-da-les-tes,” his mother corrected him. “In the woods.”

“Okay,” said Boing. “Is there anything in the woods I need to watch out for?”

“Kiddo, kiddo!” his father scoffed. “No, you just need to roar at and eat everyone who's smaller than you.”

“Aha. And why is that?” Boing asked.

“Because you can,” said his father.

“You're a T-Rex,” Boing's mother explained. “We're the most powerful animals in the world. Everyone is afraid of us.”

“Because we roar at and eat them all,” his father says. “That's the way it's always been.”

“Okay then, that’s what I’ll do, too,” said Boing. “See you later.”

What did a T-Rex eat

An adult T-Rex would never have bothered with anything as small as a *zalambdalestes*, but the meat-eating dinosaurs only had a huge growth spurt to reach their full size between the ages of 14 and 20. From then on, the larger plant-eaters like hadrosaurs were their preferred prey – though our Boing is obviously still too small for that.

Bon Appetit

Boing ran through the woods, roaring at everyone he met. But he couldn’t catch and eat any of them.

They were all too quick for him.

Suddenly, Boing saw a girl standing not far off. But he wasn’t sure whether he was bigger than her. I need to get closer, he thought. And if she’s smaller, then I’ll roar at her and eat her.

He walked up to her slowly and stopped right in front of her. When he saw that she actually was smaller than him, he started roaring.

“GROOOOAR!”, went Boing.

“Aha. Interesting,” said the girl. “Is that your name?”

“No,” Boing replied, taken aback. “I’m Boing.”

“My name’s Pling,” said the girl. “Why are you roaring the place down, Boing?”

“Because I’m about to eat you!” said Boing, firmly.

“Aha. And why is that?”

“Because you’re smaller than me,” said Boing. “My daddy said I should eat anyone smaller than me.”

“Oh, well in that case, bon appetit.”

But somehow, Boing couldn’t bite her.

“What are you waiting for?” asked Pling.

Boing shrugged. “I don’t think I want to eat you.”

“Why not?”

“We-ell...” Boing considered this. “We’ve only just met. And I think you’re kind of nice. Anyway, you’ve got a name, like me. I don’t think I want to eat anyone who has a name.”

“I see,” said Pling. “But that might make things difficult for you. Here in the woods, you know, everyone has a name.”

“Oh dear, that’s a pain,” said Boing. “I’m pretty hungry. So what do you eat when you’re hungry?”

“It’s easy for me,” Pling replied. “I’m a plant eater.” She tore a large leaf off a tree and held it out to Boing. “Here, try this,” she said.

Boing’s eyes widened. “You can eat that? Are you sure?”

“Absolutely,” Pling assured him. “The green ones are the best.”

Boing pushed the leaf into his mouth and started chewing.

“Is it good?” asked Pling.

“It’s a bit boring,” said Boing. “But better than zambaramble. Have you got another one?”

Pling tore off another leaf.

“Very handy,” said Boing. “They don’t run away when you want to eat them.”

“That’s true,” said Pling. “They don’t scream when you bite into them, either.”

“Cool,” said Boing, pulling another leaf off the tree himself.
“Do you always stand around here?” Boing asked.
“No,” said Pling. “I’m just waiting for some friends of mine.”
“Friends?” asked Boing. “What are those?”
“They’re other animals who you like,” Pling explained.
“I think I like you,” said Boing. “Are we friends, too?”
“Only if you don’t eat me,” said Pling.
Boing raised his arms. “I won’t, I promise,” he assured her. “I’ll just become a plant eater, too.”
“Good decision,” said Pling.
“So when are your friends coming?” Boing asked after a while.
“You never quite know,” said Pling. “They get here when they get here.”
Suddenly, a loud cry came from above. “Take cover!” someone shouted. “Out of the way! I’m coming!”
A moment later, something crashed to the ground between Boing and Pling.

Triceratops

A triceratops like Pling would certainly never have turned a T-Rex into a plant eater. But here are a few scientific facts about triceratops for you:

Length: 9 metres

Weight: between 6 and 12 tonnes

Time: 68 to 66 million years ago

With its horns of around a metre long, the triceratops could defend itself well against predators like the T-Rex.