The T-rex and the tar pit

About 65 million years ago a T-rex roamed the land in what would nowadays be California. He explored the vast forests and hunted for food, and used his loud roar to scare off other predators (ROAR). Because he was so big and fierce, and so good at hunting, the T-rex knew that he was very clever. In fact, he thought he was probably the cleverest creature on the planet. *I KNOW EVERYTHING*, he said, in his loudest voice.

One day a Carcharodontosaurus told him, “Hey, T-rex, look out for the tar pits.” T-rex stopped and looked at Carcharodontosaurus. He didn’t know what tar-pits were, but he didn’t want Carcharodontosaurus to think he was stupid so he just said *I KNOW THAT. I KNOW EVERYTHING.*

“Alright,” said Carcharodontosaurus, “I was just saying. No need to yell at me.” And she stomped off through the forest.

“Good,” thought T-rex. “No one to bother me.” And T-rex carried on through the forest.

A short while further on, T-rex met an Amargasaurus. “Good,” thought T-rex, “Lunch.” Amargasaurus swung his neck to show his heavy spikes, and T-rex decided not to try and eat him after all. Amargasaurus yawned in the midday heat.

“I say, T-rex, I was talking to Carcharodontosaurus and she said to look out for tar pits.”

T-rex didn’t want Amargasaurus to think he was stupid, so he roared crossly (ROAR). *I KNOW THAT. I KNOW EVERYTHING*, he said in such a loud voice that Amargasaurus went clomping back through the forest, knocking down trees as he went. “Good,” thought T-rex. “No one to bother me,” and he went on through the forest.

A little while further on he met Dromaeosaurus. He looked at Dromaeosaurus and decided it wasn’t worth his while trying to chase her, she was far too tiny to make a decent meal. Dromaeosaurus coughed nervously.

“Oh Mr T-rex, I was chatting to Amargasaurus before and he said to watch out for-”

*I KNOW THAT. I KNOW EVERYTHING*, roared T-rex, so loudly that his voice blasted Dromaeosaurus back into trees and right into the middle of a bush. “Good,” thought T-rex. “No one to bother me,” and off he went into the forest. A short while later he noticed something very strange. His feet were getting sticky. First his left foot felt sticky (*SCHLURP*) and then his right foot felt sticky (*SCHLURP*). Schlurp Schlurp. Schlurp Schlurp.
T-rex didn’t know what was making his feet sticky, which was strange because he knew everything. *OH WELL. CAN’T BE IMPORTANT,* he said and carried on. Schlurp Schlurp. Schlurp Schlurp. *PLOP.* T-rex landed in a big black puddle that came up to his knees. He tried to lift up his left foot (*SCHLURRRPPP*). Nope. He tried to lift up his right foot (*SCHLURRRPPP*). No good. He was stuck. He tried to lift up both feet at the same time and jump his way out (*SCHLURRRPPP*) but it was no use. He was definitely stuck. And T-rex had no idea how he was going to get out.

“Maybe I should shout for help,” he wondered, but he didn’t want to look stupid. And boy did he look stupid, stuck in this puddle. Just then Carcharodontosaurus came walking past.

“Oh dear, T-rex, looks like you’ve got stuck in a tar pit,” she said. “Do you want some help?”

*NO,* roared T-rex, *I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT I’M DOING. I DON’T NEED ANY HELP.*

“Alright then,” said Carcharodontosaurus and walked off through the forest. T-rex wriggled and squirmed and tried to lift his feet out of the sticky tar, but he only succeeded in sinking further down, up to his middle. (*SCHLURRRPPP*) Just then Amargasaurus came walking past.

“I say T-rex, looks like you’ve got yourself stuck in a tar-pit. Want a hand?” he asked.

*NO,* roared T-rex, *I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT I’M DOING. I DON’T NEED ANY HELP.*

“Righty-ho,” said Amargasaurus and stomped off through the forest. T-rex began to think that maybe, just maybe he might like a little bit of help, but if he asked now he was going to look really really stupid. So he wriggled and squirmed and tried to get himself out of the sticky tar, but he only managed to sink further down until the tar was up to his neck (*SCHLURRRPPP*). Just then Dromaeosaurus came running past.

“Oh dear, T-rex,” she said. “You’re stuck in a tar pit. Would you like some help?”

T-rex felt very stupid indeed. He was far too embarrassed to ask for help from Dromaeosaurus. *NO,* he roared, *I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT I’M DOING. I DON’T NEED ANY HELP.*

“Okay then,” said Dromaeosaurus and disappeared back into the forest.

Now T-rex was all alone. There was no one around to help him. And right now he had definitely decided that he needed some help. The sticky black tar was right up to his neck. He wriggled and squirmed, but it just made him sink down further until the tar was up to his head (*SCHLURRRPPP*). “Help,” whispered T-rex, but there was no one around to hear
him. “Help” called T-rex, but there was still no answer. He could feel himself sinking further and further into the sticky tar. *HELP,* shouted T-rex, but there was still no answer. He took a deep breath and roared as loudly as he could. *HEEEELLLLLPPPP.*

Carcharodontosaurus stuck her head out from between the trees. “Would you like some help?” she asked.

“Yes please,” said T-rex quietly.

“Just stop wriggling and I’ll help.” Carcharodontosaurus stretched out her arms but she couldn’t reach. “Hang on,” she said and disappeared. A few minutes later she came back with Amargasaurus. Carcharodontosaurus held onto Amargasaurus and leaned out towards T-rex. “Grab my hand,” yelled Carcharodontosaurus.

“I can’t,” yelled back T-rex, waving his short stumpy arms at Carcharodontosaurus.

“Hang on,” said Amargasaurus and stomped off back into the forest. T-rex could feel himself sinking lower and lower into the tar. In a moment it would be up to his mouth and then it would be all over. Amargasaurus came back with Dromaeosaurus. Carcharodontosaurus held onto Amargasaurus, Amargasaurus held onto Dromaeosaurus and Dromaeosaurus held on tightly to a big tree. Together they all leaned out towards T-rex. “Give me your tail,” yelled Carcharodontosaurus. T-rex stretched out his tail as far as he could and—yes!—Carcharodontosaurus grabbed him. Together the dinosaurs heaved and pulled and tugged and dragged until *SCHLURRRPPP POP!* T-rex was back on dry land, out of the tar pit.

“Thank you,” said T-rex happily. This was probably the happiest he’d ever been in his entire life. There was just one more problem. He looked at Carcharodontosaurus and Amargasaurus and Dromaeosaurus. “Can somebody help me wash all this tar off?” And together the four friends stomped off happily to the river.