Velociraptors and Philosophy

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Bob's Bad Day

Bob sprinted through the forest as fast as he could, though he knew it would not be fast enough.

Although the thick foliage hindered him, velociraptors were able to navigate such terrain unimpeded.

Even so, Bob ran, hoping that perhaps he could reach the river before it was too late.

But it was not meant to be; the velociraptors was upon him, sinking its talons into his back as it landed on him, forcing him to the ground. It was over quickly; velociraptors do not procrastinate when it comes to eating. The prehistoric beast bloodily ripped Bob into bite size pieces and swallowed them whole. By the end of the day Bob was naught but stomach juices, dissolved by the dinosaur's powerful digestive system. In another day or two Bob would be excreted back into the environment where his nutrients would help sustain another life form. In this way, Bob completed the circle of life.
“Hey dad”, I asked, “what was it like when you were a kid?”

My father scoffed, “What are you talking about? I was never a kid! I've always been your father and don't you forget it!”

“Okay fine, what was it like in the sixties?”

“Who told you about the sixties? Those were bad times, kids like yourself should not know about that.”

I groaned in reply, “Nobody told me about the sixties, that's why I asked. Why were they so bad?”

“Well alright”, my father began, “the sixties were bad times for everybody. That was before the Great Purges, before the military got things under control. The velociraptors were everywhere back then, you couldn't leave your home without being chased down and eaten by the monsters. The only things we had to defend ourselves were small arms, but velociraptors don't go down easy…”

“I'll just ask Mom.” I said, leaving the room.
By the fire, we stayed aware...

Velociraptors were everywhere
We shuttered, full of fright
By the fire, we stayed aware.

Leave the fire we did not dare
Velociraptors rule the darkness
Velociraptors were everywhere

A sound! Oh, just a bear
Not nearly as frightful
By the fire, we stayed aware

The other night we survived by a hair
We feared we would not be as lucky tonight
Velociraptors were everywhere

Earlier we had quite a scare
The had eaten Bob, but we were fine
By the fire, we stayed aware

What was that noise over there?
Oh, just a deer.
Velociraptors were everywhere
By the fire, we stayed aware
Ambushed

The brontosaurus
was starting to bore us,

But then we were eaten
we were beaten

The velociraptor
The greatest adapter

Had used its great mind
to sneak up behind

As soon as it had begun
We were dinosaur dung.
Sgt. Alexander Brickman slammed down the large steel beam that barred the main entrance to the bunker and breathed a sign of relieve. He walked over to a large wooden crate, removed a drum of ammunition, and reloaded his Thomson Sub-Machine gun. Its barrel was still glowing red hot from near continuous fire. Outside he heard the roar of a wounded velociraptor.

He wrinkled his nose, there was a wretched stench in the air, the smell of meat left to rot. Kicking open the second set of doors he discovered its source. Illuminated by the setting sun through a destroyed reinforced skylight he saw the almost fully decomposed body of a velociraptor lying in a pool of black blood. The only sign of the men charged with defending the bunker were the splashes and streaks of dried blood on the walls and floor. This explained the base's strange radio silence, the commander's suspicions had been correct. He flipped the light-switch to no effect, the diesel generator had run itself dry in its unattended state. Not that it mattered, he would have been unable to rest here anyway.

The night was the worst time to travel, but with luck he could make it too the next bunker before daybreak.
Misunderstood

They are the new minority. The majority hates them, calls for their eradication and spreads dreadful rumors about them. But I have realized, as I hope you will also, that the velociraptors are in actuality benevolent rulers. Despite what you hear in the media, they are not immoral baby eating machines. In reality, they do not eat babies at all, if they did then there would be no adults to eat! You see, as their primary food source, they have our best interests in mind. They will ensure the survival of the human species, shepherding us and protecting us from the greater evils. And if you, like I, ally with them, then you shall be spared. I for one welcome our new Jurassic overlords!
Theoretical Physicists

I think of time and space
We have concepts of distance and time
With these we can measure velocity.
But how do we measure the speed of time?
Perhaps with hyper-time?
Curiosity is mankind's greatest attribute
but it will also be our downfall
While we spend our time thinking...
Velociraptors eat us.
They are not interested in theoretical physics
But theoretical physicists are quite tasty.