

MOOGE

The Prehistoric Genius



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To those that once read to me and for Joseph

Acknowledgments

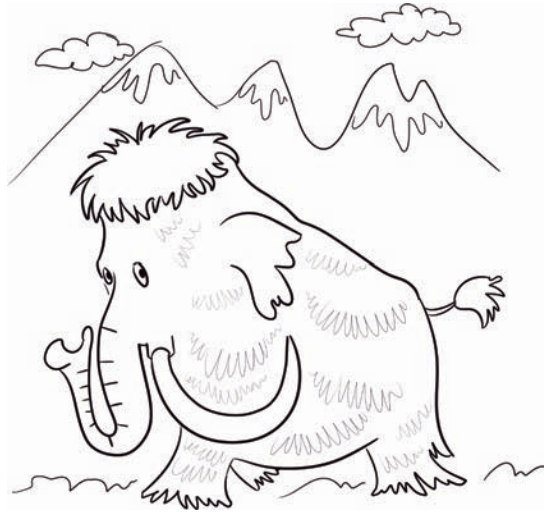
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Introduction

How clever we are to fly in the sky,
To build grand buildings that reach so high.
For these and all the things in our time,
We thank those smarty-pants who shine,
Through invention, discovery, heart and courage;
All those ideas that build our knowledge.
Now go back in time, to days of old,
When others lived whose brains, I'm told,
Unlocked secrets while risking it all.
Helping humans to stand so tall.



And back and back and back we go,
When mammoths roamed through lots of snow.
Where in a cave, or so it's said,
Lived the genius Mooge, long now dead.
The first to discover, the first to invent.
He started it all: the human ascent.



Mooge's not famous, as you probably know,
For he lived such a long time ago:
Not one century back, not even two,
But centuries of centuries. Honest! It's true!
Please don't yet clap or sing his praise.
I've tales to tell which may well raise
An eyebrow or two, or hearty laugh.
Prepare yourself for something daft!
For with all the improvements humans have made,
A mistake or luck has come to our aid.
So, read on to see in every rhyme,
That old Mooge was the luckiest of all time.



Nothing

Or

Nothing x Nothing = Nothing

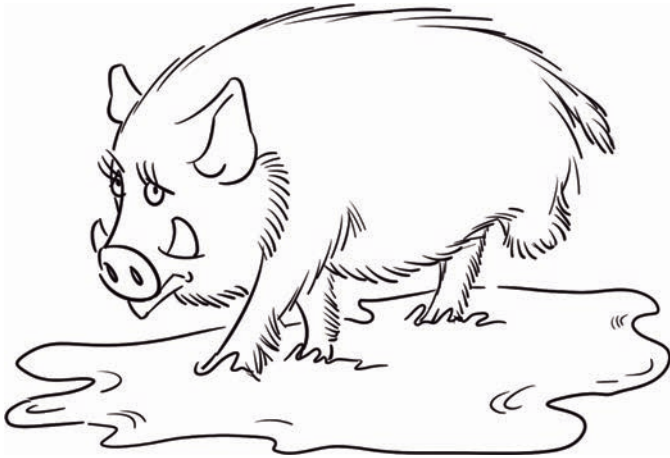
A long, long, VERY long time ago
It was rather cold with lots of snow.
Upon the land roamed beasts with hair,
Some quite big and designed to scare.



With claws so sharp and snarling nose,
And fangs and teeth to chew on those
Who wandered out without a jot,
As humans did not possess a lot.



They had no phones, bikes, or steel.
Clothes, tools or fire, not even the wheel!
All did struggle in this age of ice,
Where staying warm was rare but nice.
And finding food was the hardest thing,
You never knew what tomorrow would bring.
Now, Mooge lived at this horrid time:
A man quite small, though big on grime.
He wandered afar in search of food,
With family in tow, all completely nude.
“I’m hungry!” he moaned, as was his way,
As they trudged along through sticky clay.
When up before them a piglet stopped,
Missing one leg, most definitely crooked.

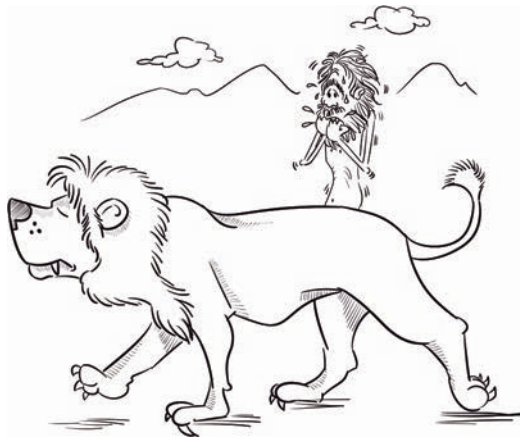


“Food!” gasped Mooge, his eyes aglow,
As he looked around for a thing to throw.
With nothing there but mud and ice,
He turned around to seek advice.

So, now's the time to welcome Flair,
The wife of Mooge, with jet black hair.
She urged him on with a prod and wave
"Leap on it, Mooge! Be big and brave."



Mooge licked his lips and tried to budge,
But with feet stuck firm he fell in the sludge.
The piglet oinked and limped away:
Gone was their food for another day.
Mooge sat up straight with a soggy squelch,
Letting out a hungry belch.
"This can't go on!" Flair sobbed with a curse,
When a lion approached to make things worse.
"Run!" screamed Flair, as all turned tail,
Except our Mooge, who just went pale.
The big beast paused to give some thought
To the skinny man it had caught.
But with a snooty look, walked on through:
This man with no meat wouldn't do!
So, Mooge was saved but not best pleased,
As he shivered with fear and then sneezed.



He located Flair hiding up a tree:
The safest place for humans to be.
“This can’t go on!” Flair cried once more.
“We can’t even catch a three-legged boar.
We’ll die without a better way
To live our lives day by day.
We shiver with cold and shake with fright.
When danger comes, we just take flight.”
Mooge nodded his head, as he did with Flair.
He never argued: he didn’t dare.
“I’ll work it out. Just give me time,”
Promised Flair as she began to climb
Down from the tree, on to the snow,
where an idea formed and started to grow.
“Do you see those holes in the cliff,
Beyond the swamp?” she said with a sniff.
“They’re out of the wind and free of ice.
Good for protection. They look quite nice.
Let’s stay there whenever we can:
A place of safety where we can plan!”



With all agreed, they set off at a jog,
Being careful to avoid the bog.
Except our Mooge, who couldn't wait,
Dashing ahead. Splash! Too late!



They weren't much, these humble caves,
For humans with nothing, and yet it paves
The way towards our next daft rhyme,
By showing the challenges of this time.
Will poor humanity rise or fall?
Read on, dear reader, to discover all.