



IVAN IDEA AND THE WHEEL

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Through the time socket, lightbulbs fell,

Into a prehistoric valley, strange to tell.

Ivan Idea glowed with a brilliant light,

Bad Idea grumbled at the dirt in sight.

Crazy Idea bounced with endless glee,

Good Idea smiled at what might be.

Stupid Idea stumbled on a rock,

While Strange Idea admired a dinosaur flock.

Grog the caveman watched with puzzled eyes.



Grog scratched his head in deep dismay,

A boulder blocked his cave today.

"Need move rock!" he grunted loud,

His caveman brow was deeply furrowed.

"Too heavy lift, too big to push,"

He kicked the stone with angry whoosh.

The ideas gathered, bright and dim,

Each one eager to help him.

Ivan stepped forward with a gleam.



"I have it, Grog!" Ivan Idea declared,

"A round shape is what you need, I swear!"

"Make wheel round, attach to cart,"

He drew a circle—a work of art.

Grog nodded, eyes wide with awe,

The simplest thing he ever saw.

"Round rock roll!" he grunted with glee,

"Ivan smart, Grog can see!"

So Grog began to chip and chisel.



Grog carved the stone with careful hands,

Following Ivan's clever plans.

The wheel took shape, round and true,

Good Idea cheered, "This will do!"

Grog pushed the wheel with mighty shove,

It rolled a bit, then stuck above.

Deep in mud, the wheel sank down,

Grog's hopeful smile turned to a frown.

"Not work good," he sadly said.



Bad Idea laughed with wicked glee,

"Square rocks are better, can't you see?"

"Corners strong, won't sink in mud!"

His logic sounded almost good.

Grog frowned but gave it a try,

Stacking square rocks piled high.

Stupid Idea added twigs too thin,

"For holding squares, they'll surely win!"

The structure wobbled, looking grim.



Strange Idea bounced with wild delight,

"Cover it with tar to make it right!"

Grog nodded, spreading sticky goo,

On square rocks—what else to do?

The "wheel" collapsed with mighty crash,

Grog's foot got stuck—oh what a mash!

He hopped around with tar-stuck toes,

Bad Idea laughed at all his woes.

Good Idea sighed, "Let's try again."



Strange Idea zoomed with a shout,

"Dinosaur eggs will work, no doubt!"

Crazy Idea spun in dizzy rings,

"Stack them high like wobbly things!"

Grog, now desperate, gathered eggs,

Balanced them with shaky legs.

The egg-tower rolled a tiny bit,

Then cracked and broke—a gooey hit!

Grog slipped in yolk with splashing sound.



Covered in mud and tar and goo,

Grog laughed despite his sticky shoe.

Crazy Idea danced with egg-soaked glee,

"Eggs! Eggs! Eggs!" he sang with spree.

Stupid Idea tripped on a shell,

Into the mess, he also fell.

Bad Idea sneered from safe, dry ground,

"Your ideas fail with every round!"

But something sparked in Grog's bright eyes.



By his cave, Grog sat to think,

His spirits low, about to sink.

Good Idea whispered, "Don't give up,"

While Bad Idea snorted, "What bad luck!"

Crazy Idea suggested, "Feather wheel!"

Strange Idea added, "Made of eel!"

But Grog was quiet, deep in thought,

Combining all the things he'd bought.

A new idea began to form.



"Round shape good," Grog slowly said,

"But stone too heavy," he shook his head.

"Wood is light," Good Idea chimed,

"And strong enough," just in time.

Grog nodded, finding fallen trees,

Carving circles with newfound ease.

He took the best from each idea,

Avoiding traps that weren't so clear.

A wooden wheel began to form.



Grog attached his wheel to cart,

A simple frame, a work of art.

He pushed the boulder with a grin,

The wheel rolled smooth—a certain win!

"It works! It works!" Good Idea cheered,

Even Bad Idea looked endeared.

Crazy Idea bounced with pure delight,

Strange Idea glowed with sparkling light.

Ivan Idea beamed with humble pride.


GROG'S GOODS
QUALITY AAND VALUE!

The time socket hummed with pulling force,

The lightbulbs knew their time course.

"Goodbye, Grog!" they called as one,

"Your wheel will help when all is done!"

Grog waved as they began to fade,

Proud of the progress he had made.

"Thank all ideas!" he called with glee,

"Bad, good, strange—helped Grog see!"

And that's how wheels began, you know.


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