

The Marrog

My desk's at the back of the class,
And nobody knows but nobody knows

I'm a Marrog from Mars
With a body of brass
And seventeen fingers and toes.

Wouldn't they shriek if they knew
I've three eyes in the back of my head
And my hair is bright purple.
My nose is deep blue
And my teeth are half-yellow and half-red.

My five arms are silver and spiked
With knives on them shaped like spears.
I could go right back now if I liked.....
And return in a million light years.

I could gobble them all
For I am seven foot tall
And I'm breathing green flames from my ears.

Wouldn't they yell if they knew,
If they guessed a Marrog was here?
Ha ha they haven't a clue -
Or they would tremble in fear!

"Look, look, a Marrog"
They'd all scream - and **smack**
The blackboard would fall and the ceiling would crack
A teacher would faint, I suppose.

But I would grin to myself, sitting right at the back
And nobody, nobody knows.

RC Scriven