

The Marrog

by R C Scriven

My desk's at the back of the class
And nobody, 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 at the back of my head
And my hair is bright purple
My nose is deep blue
And my teeth are half-yellow, half-red.

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

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

Wouldn't they yell if they knew,
If they guessed that a Marrog was here?
Ha-ha, they haven't a clue –
Or wouldn't they tremble with fear!
"Look, look, a Marrog"
They'd all scream – and SMACK
The blackboard would fall and the ceiling would crack
And teacher would faint, I suppose.
But I grin to myself, sitting right at the back
And nobody, nobody knows.

