

Oh Miss, but books are boring!

In the library yesterday
A tentacle slithered by
It coiled around my foot and leg
And tattered my school tie

A pirate knocked upon the door
His cutlass in the air
He sneered at me with silver teeth
It gave me quite the scare

"Mrs Parker, Mrs Parker!
I think I've lost my mind
I'm seeing things that are not there
A tail's on your behind!"

Mrs Parker raised her brows
"Do not push your luck!
There's nothing here but us, my child
And book upon book upon book

I turned another crisp, white page
And water trickled out
It soon became a surging stream
A whirlpool with a spout

The whirlpool sucked me underneath
I thrashed in raging sea
A serpent with red scales and fangs
Flicked his spikes at me

"Mrs Parker, Mrs Parker!
Please don't stay sat down
If you don't do something soon
I'm sure that I will drown"

Waves rushed over Mrs Parker
Who jumped to her feet with a hop
"Imagine firm, dry land, my boy
And someone fetch a mop!"

by Sally Doherty

