

The Marrog

My desk's at the back of the class,
and nobody, nobody knows,
I'm 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,
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 the teacher would faint,
I suppose.

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

by R. C. Scriven

*What does the Marrog look like? Can you
Picture It in your head?*

*Listen or read carefully, paying attention to
the details of the Marrog's description.*

*If you're reading, underline or highlight the
important bits of information.*

*Now draw a detailed picture of what the
Marrog looks like...*