

Into the Lair of Frankenstein

No light never falls on the nettles and thorns,
The flowers are mostly dead,
But I went there once for a dare,
I went into the lair of Frankenstein.

Past nettles that stung my legs,
Past skulls that were picked bare,
Past savage hounds that made me pass out,
Past coils of the three headed wolfs,
Past monstrous eyes and fearsome dry blooded teeth,
Past 3 headed dragons blowing fire,
Past the door that Skeletons were guarding.

And the door swung open to reveal,
The pierced skin of Frankenstein,
His breath made me shrivel,
Then I remembered why I came
“Can I have my dog back please?”

By Tristan P, Year Four