

Tommy's Little Battle

Part I

Drip, drip, drip,
Dripped the tap downstairs.
Beating like a tin drum,
Waking up nightmares.

Tommy's eyes yawned open,
And he peered into the dark.
'What's going on?' he thought at once.
A monster, ghost or Nark?

Now a Nark's a type of gremlin,
With a cutlass and a hat.
He lives there in the kitchen,
Riding Samson, Tommy's cat.

He laps the milk and murders mice,
He's fierce and hard to catch.
And in the deepness of that night,
Tommy heard his sharp claws scratch.

His covers tight around him
Tommy's bed became his cave.
He might be scared, but knew full well,
That darkness, safety gave.

Drip, drip, drip,
The Nark he never died.
And Tommy knew right there, right then,
There was no place to hide.

He took a breath, leapt out of bed,
And grabbed his cricket bat.
The Nark just roared with laughter.
Tom now wore his baseball hat.

So Tom was dressed for battle,
And the fight could now commence.
Braver than a lion,
He could jump the highest fence.