

Tommy's Little Battle

Part II

Yet still his heart beat quickly,
As he tiptoed down the stairs.
The shadows there beneath him,
Made him think of grizzly bears.

The clock now sang her chorus,
Twelve times she cried with joy.
Her hands now clapped, her face now looked,
On Tom and not the boy.

And as he turned the handle,
Of that heavy kitchen door.
Out came a great kafuffle,
And a smashing on the floor.

Tom knew the Nark was angry,
Having served up such a din.
Bottles smashed, pots, pans did crash,
Yet still Tom entered in.

But as he did, the cat flap flapped.
The Nark had simply fled.
'What's that noise?' a voice cried out.
Tom stood and scratched his head.

'Nothing much, I dropped some milk.'
Tom thought of what he'd done.
He knew he'd won the battle,
But the war was far from won.

For as in life, from time to time,
The dripping tap returned.
But never would old Tom forget,
What that six year old had learned:

As nightmares come and go through life,
The Narks you must destroy.
Stand tall, my friend, and conquer all,
Then life you will enjoy.