

The Lonely Monster

A terrible day dawns
if you see its red horns
bloodshot eyes
descending from the skies

Scarred and scary
Spotted and hairy
A petrifying stare
in the putrid air

Sulphuric smell
from the depths of hell
Poisonous breath
a horrible death

Misshapen wings
a tail that stings
Wheels that squeal
a fear that's real

Blood curdling claws
shrieking shrill roars
slithering slimy scales
intense sonorous wails

Bobzillakila is much misunderstood
which is a real shame because he's actually quite good
strangely he wears a purple top hat
an unusual feature
of this terrifying creature

So what food enters
his narrow spotted lips
you won't believe this
discarded salty chips

So don't be scared of Bobzillakila
why don't you call him Bob?
You can really make friends with him
despite his manky gob

So make Bob a friend
before this poem ends
treat young Bob like he's a brother
and never judge a book by its cover!

By Evie and Keira from Year 5

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