

The Kids of Thirty 12

Kerrie Anne Spicer

Lines: 60

It happened during English class;
While learning how to spell.
Ben detected something odd,
A foul and putrid smell.

It travelled up his nostrills,
Past the bogies and the snot,
And in his tummy where his lunch
of chips began to rot.

The odour was of such a stench,
He passed out in his chair,
And then began the scariest,
And hairiest nightmare.

He dreamt the year was thirty 12,
And school kids ruled the land.
They crawled about on hands and knees,
Because they couldn't stand.

Their legs had lost the will to walk,
They were completely lame.
There was no need to move about,
To play an Xbox game.

Their hands were not a normal size,
Their thumbs bent out of shape,
The proof that years of texting can,
Make hands just like an ape.

Their staring eyes were open wide,
They couldn't shut them closed,
From watching far too much tv,
Yes, that's what he supposed.

Their tiny ears could hear no sound,
They'd blasted out the drums,
And couldn't turn their ipods down,
With bent and twisted thumbs.

And oh my gosh, they had no teeth!
Which made them almost mute,
They should have thrown away the sweets
And ate vegies and fruit.

And just as Ben could take no more,
He woke up from his dream,
Flailing both his arms about,
And letting out a scream.

'Whatever's wrong?' the teacher cried,
'Are you in any pain?'
But Ben just looked about, relieved,
To be back home again.

He put his hands up to his head
And checked his teeth and ears,
His hands looked fine, so too his eyes,
Which seemed to calm his fears.

'There's nothing wrong' he said aloud,
'In fact I'm feeling great',
And getting up he was relieved,
That he could stand up straight.

The school bell rung and Ben was pleased,
That noone ever knew,
The awful things that he had seen,
The things that he'd been through.

Today, he doesn't text too much,
Or play his games all day,
He eats up all his vegies and
Now goes outside to play.

THE END