The Troodalood

Within the deepest, darkest wood.

Creeps the awful Troodalood.

His scales are smooth and shiny.

His teeth are dangerous, but tiny.

When he dances his feet go CLACK

He has lots of slime upon his back.

His mouth it opens with a click.

Sometimes he might even take the mick.

Beneath his feet there grows a score.

Of bumpy lumps and sometimes more.

His hair is wet thick and slimey.

Everyone calls him the climbey bimbey

He has 2 arms and 2 legs.

His neck is short – and Oh he begs.

But if he eats the acorn tree.

He might end up with a purple knee.

Freya White – Year 4