Overheard in a Mine

Dwarf, dwarf, give me your axe.

No. I found it in the mines of Hell.

Give it me.

No.

Give it me.

No.

Then I will shriek all day

In the crystal caves,

I will moan on the Misty Mountains.

Orc, why do you love it so?

It is better than any pick-axe –

Bronze, silver or gold.

Better than silken, shiny flax,

This axe I desire to hold.

Hush I stole it from the devil’s mines.

Give me your axe. I need it.

No.

Then I will scream in a ditch for your axe,

I love it so.

Give it me. Give it.

No.

Eric, year 4, Coastlands School, Pembrokeshire