

The Acraneth

By Amelie Rush and Amelie Power

'Twas dloom and the gist,
Did sprash and glounce in the foldam,
All rilent were the turants,
And the sluffy fur slest.

“Beware the Acraneth my dear!
Come back glive and safe,
It's dreaful in the foldam!”
He collected his weapons and entered fate...

Rested by the swater did he,
Sheek, sheek came from the trush,
A malute creature pouted,
The son took a toke.

Sansute, sansute the Acreneth revealed,
The eluky creature had tricked him,
Shing-shang, shing-shang caflump.

The head rolled onto the foldams floor,
The son copicked the glory,
He scralloped back to safety,
“You made it back my son.”

Callooh! Callay! Hip, hip, hooray!
The boy looked down at his stinging hand,
He was slowly dissolving.

'Twas dloom and the gist,
Did sprash and glounce in the foldam,
All rilent were the turrants,
And the suffy fur slest.