

Kaila Robertson
Level II
5 February 2018

Mr. Ticking Tim Bomb

11:45 AM

Tick, tick, tick, tick, tick, tick, tick-
On and on the ticking went
as he ran through the square,
crying for anyone to “Heeellppp!”
On his face the second hand
swung rapidly, round and round.

He burst into the doctor’s room,
crying for anyone to “Heeellppp!”
Doctor looked over his shoulder,
white coat splattered in red.
Doctor pushed the sheet-covered lump
off his metal table with a casual whistle.

‘What’s wrong?’ Doctor asked,
running a pink tongue over his dry lips.
‘I’m gonna explode!’ cried Mr. Tim Bomb.
‘And I need to go to a birthday party,
but a witch cast a spell on me
to explode at twelve o’ clock!’

Doctor frowned and ran a gloved hand
over his favorite scalpel. ‘Well, I could always
cut the hands off your face,
so twelve o’clock would never arrive.’
Mr. Tim Bomb gulped and slowly backed away.
‘No thanks, Doc! I’ve got to go!’

11:55 AM

He burst into the Field of ‘Flies
and begged the butterflies to flutter
against his face so he could sneeze off
those pesky, whirring hands.
The butterflies laughed down at the man
and fluttered their wings in the air.

Defeated, the clock creature trudged home,
bearing no gifts for the birthday bear
who stood in front of an icing-slicked cake.
‘Tim!’ the bear cried with a grin,
but couldn’t say anything else before-BOOOOMMM!



Miss Pussycat, *Clothes Made by Small Furry Animals*, 2016, Live puppet show