



IGOR

Susi Briggs

There's an awfy big speeder livin in ma shed
Wi nine muckle een and echt hairy legs,
Twa snashy fangs fer chowin up fleas
And echt hairy pooks on his echt hairy knees.

Bein kinda feart, I tried no tae show it
But the grass wis gettin lang and I needed tae mow it.
So I chappit oan the shed door and cried oot "Hallooo-aa –
I'm comin in Igor cos I'm needin the mower!"

Igor shooted back, "Aye nae bother hen, dinna fear me –
I'm jist hingin oan ma web wrappin up ma tea."
Sae noo I dinna fash masel aboot Igor in my shed
Wi his twa snashy fangs and echt hairy legs.

I'm no feart o beasties syn I gie them a name,
I gie them a voice tae talk wi, it's a fabby wee game.
Aw beasties like tae hae a richt guid blether –
They sit and gab aboot gairdenin and the weather.

Igor and me are freens and eyways will be,
He jist minds his ain business catchin fleas fer his tea.
I've beastie freens aw ower in the gairden an the shed
Whaur bides Igor the speeder, Mary the slater and an eariwig I caw Fred.