Patreece Dass

30 January 2012

Elit 46B

Extra Credit

“A Mother’s Nightmare”

They approached the scene with a goal in mind,

To enlighten she who had been so blind.

They call themselves The Instructors of Fate,

Armed with knowledge and ready to mandate.

Inside they went in their black flowing gowns,

Not one person noticed–they were spellbound.

The sound of children’s screams painted their way,

She was found with ease, with nothing to say.

Astonished? Yes. She was filled with despair,

She called out for God–too late for prayers.

Her spoiled children–they continued to whine,

Discipline they lacked, it was now their time.

The leader told her–the children must learn,

Punishment is a must for this concern.

Silence crawled on the floor, spreading like fire,

Time was frozen–the circumstance was dire.

The minds of the children were cleansed–with hope,

Mother’s pleas choked the silence with its rope.

Suddenly! Strange! They began to resist,

The demons emerged, their souls were dismissed.

At last! The truth showed its revolting head,

The children were doomed–might as well be dead.

Time ticked away, no longer bound but free,

The demons freed too, now filled with such glee.

Instructors retreat–mother close behind,

Chaos approached–a plan they must find.

Quick! Like Theseus! The thoughts flowed to them,

Vanquish the demons–forever condemned.

The Fates prepared for battle–they must win,

Save the mother–God will forgive this sin.

Their magical swords, ready for this fight,

Soon darkness engulfed every ounce of light.

Demon’s advantage–they knew what to do,

Strike at that moment, no time to think through.

Alas! You see, the Fates were no such fools,

Able to foresee, they ended the duel.

Using their magic–combined together,

Children’s souls restored–birds of a feather.

The children were now properly behaved,

Mother was grateful–her lesson engraved.