

Poetry

—James Zhao

Looking up from your flier, the tails of white lab coats can suddenly be seen flapping everywhere, and bit by bit, a swarm of scientists coalesces around you. Before you realise it, you are trapped by the sheer number of bodies, and are swept helplessly along as the throng moves forwards, leaving in its wake a very clean sidewalk. Eventually, the group slows down and comes to a stop pressed up against a large window.

Peering into it, you see none other than Eddie McGuire and Germaine Greer, once more in heated debate. With your rather unimpressive lip-reading skills, you see the word cricket uttered many times, and although you have no idea what else they're saying, their scornful expressions reveal their sheer contempt for the game. That explains the destroyed cricket balls in Eddie's bag, then.

You duck as quickly as one can while trapped within a flurry of lab coats, as Eddie and Germaine turn in your direction, a look of horror and confusion appearing on their faces at what must be a terrifying wall of bulging foreheads and bald scalps pressed up against the window. They immediately pay the bill and leave the restaurant. The crowd of scientists quickly dissipates, presumably to follow them elsewhere.

Deciding to take a more creative approach, you enter the restaurant and seat yourself at their table. It has not yet been cleaned up, and you notice a napkin beside Eddie's plate on which is scrawled what appears to be a feeble attempt at poetry. There seems to be a message hidden between the lines, and as you move from one word to another, you recognise the tale of a great beast.

MEWS MEAT BALE SLAPS TEAR

JAMB THEN KITS CREWS WHET

WHAT AM I?