

**A Monster's Tantrum**  
**By Eoin Ruxton**

A storm is like a raging monster,  
Roaming the streets, to kill, to slaughter.  
It's enormous shadow hangs over the city,  
It demolishes everything, it gives no pity.

The trees try to escape by flailing around helplessly,  
Trying to flee from this monster, desperately.  
But as the trees are flailing around,  
He pulls the trees right out of the ground.

But the fierce monster isn't feeling his best,  
And he thinks it's time he got some rest.  
Very slowly he lays down his head,  
The ferocious monster has gone to bed.

The people of the city can now go outdoors,  
Until the monster attacks once more.