

UNCOVERED

SASCHA MARTIN'S ZOMBIE DUST



JOHN ARTHUR NICHOL
UNILLUSTRATED



Sascha Martin's Zombie Dust

Sascha Martin Series

Book Four

John Arthur Nichol

Sascha Martin's Zombie Dust

PART ONE

Sascha Martin's Zombie Dust
was science on the fly,
In the hungry darkness, after
bedtime, half way to the sky,

A correction, having side effects
observed along the way -
And it wasn't just the girls
behaving badly (as they say).

Sascha's Super Balls, you may
recall, which managed, inter alia,
To bury all of Landfill
and obliterate Australia,

Now threatened to explode
around the whole Pacific Rim ...
Would they name the next
Extinction Level moment after him?

Though the rampage had been halted,
it was only a respite:

With the dawn it would resume,
so let us not forget the sight

Of Landfill Public School (although
we couldn't see it for the Balls,
Like a mountain on the playground
and the classrooms and the halls),

Nor yet the children and their teachers,
too exhausted to remark,
As they shivered on the summit,
waiting rescue, in the dark ...

There was not a hint of brightness
from the moon (behind a cloud),
And the groans of hungry stomachs
in the night was very loud,

And the hours left of darkness
(not so many, after all)
Were the only hours Sascha had
to banish every Ball.

Now he squinted, in the glow of
Aggie's book light (commandeered),
At the things he had available
(some his, some volunteered).

His solution was evolving
from a biro (made in France),
Plus the odds and ends that Luca
kept in pockets of his pants,

And the hairpin of a senior girl
named Ursula von Drept,
Which connected the machinery to
a battery Aggie kept

To feed her booklight. Not a lot,
when there's a world to save, or lose;
But inventors sometimes have to work
with things they wouldn't choose.

After toiling several hours,
he announced: "Initial test!"
And his shadowy companions
wished his venture all the best -

All but Mary-Alice Cooper, who
had put them where they were:
It could all have been avoided
if it hadn't been for her,

But sadly, this had not translated
to complaining any less -
She'd expressed the loudest
accusations, anger and distress.

"Oh my god!" (she now responded)
"Is that it? Is that your best?
I've been waiting all these hours,
and you're only up to Test?"

Someone hit her with a Super Ball
(a potshot in the dark),
Then another, and another,
and another found its mark.

Mary-Alice was beside herself
(they hit her there as well);
Then, exhausted from her screeching,
she was silent for a spell.

Sascha took the moment offered
for another brief remark:
“As a caution, something very bright
may penetrate the dark.

“But whatever happens next - that’s
if it happens, like, I mean ...
You’re observers, not experiment:
you mustn’t intervene.”

“Oh, we won’t,” said all the children,
and “Of course,” the teachers said.
“Oh my god!” said Mary-Alice, who’d
recovered. “Go ahead!”

Still he hesitated, wondering
if this were for the best ...
Then he pressed the altered biro
through a Super Ball at rest.

Thank you for reading

This has only been a sample;
did you think it fun, or vile?
My intention, when I'm writing,
is to leave you with a smile.

Should you wish to say hello
or ask a question, or whate'er
On my website is a contact page
and [this](#) will take you there :)

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