

UNCOVERED

**SASCHA MARTIN'S
GOBBLY GOO**

**JOHN ARTHUR NICHOL
UNILLUSTRATED**



Sascha Martin's Gobbly Goo

John Arthur Nichol

First published 2025
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A catalogue record for this
work is available from the
National Library of Australia

ISBN:
978-1-7638034-1-1 (epub)
978-1-7638034-2-8 (PDF)

Also by John Arthur Nichol

Sascha Martin's Rocket-Ship
Sascha Martin's Time Machine
Sascha Martin's Super Ball
Sascha Martin's Zombie Dust
Sascha Martin's Christmas Eve
Sascha Martin's Pitchy Witch
The Fifth Line: Limericks After Lear Book One
The Next Hundred Lears: Limericks After Lear Book Two
A Wee Bit of Integrity: Limericks After Derry Girls Seasons 1 & 2
Through the Wormhole

johnarthurnichol.com

For Dave, Jeff and Pete. Always.

Sascha Martin's Gobbly Goo

Sascha Martin's Gobbly Goo
was snotty yellow green;
The most revolting Show and Tell
his class had ever seen.

'You got it from your nose!'
said Mary-Alice with a snigger.
'I didn't! And it grows,'
said Sascha. 'Watch it getting bigger!'

He touched it with a Lego man
he'd chosen to employ,
And the goo shot out and gobbled up
the little plastic toy.

Sascha's classmates roared enormously,
in horrified delight,
And the goo was getting bigger -
he was absolutely right.

Mary-Alice (always naughty)
poked the goo with someone's pen,
Which it gobbled up and: 'Oh my god!'
she said. 'It's grown again!'

Sascha's best friend, Luca Blanco,
threw his treasures at the goo -
Bits of gravel he'd been saving,
and a rusty washer, too,

And a piece of string he'd had for years,
but now he chose to part with.
Mary-Alice threw a pencil case
that wasn't hers to start with.

Other children, feeling wickedly
inspired by the two,
Grabbed the nearest things that came
to hand, and tossed them at the goo.

Sascha ducked, and Mrs Mayhem
shouted 'No!' and 'No!' and 'No!'
But they didn't want to listen,
cause they wanted it to grow.

So they pelted it with pencils,
and they peppered it with pots,
And they pummelled it with
paper mâché puppets (there were lots).

They torpedoed it with tissue boxes,
glitter, paint and glue,
And the fairy tales they'd written
from a different point of view,

And they showered it with shifty-looking
portraits, and a chair,
And with everything belonging to
Sheree, who wasn't there.

Mrs Mayhem shrilled a shriek
of shocking, shattering dimension,
But the children found it difficult
to give her their attention:

They were jumping up and down and
running round and being shrill,
Doing just the things they shouldn't
(as excited children will),

Throwing everything they found
at Sascha's ugly, heaving ball,
Which was gratifying everyone
by swallowing it all.

They bombarded it with buttons,
and they battered it with beads,
And they fed it all the classroom rules
that no one ever reads,

Plus an old computer keyboard
and a new computer mouse,
And a model, made by Marcus,
of a mediaeval house,

Amaterasu's Godzilla,
and Rowena's Roman villa,
Luca's boat he called *Marie Celeste*,
with no-one at the tiller,

Aggie's book that she was reading,
and a plastic doggy poo,
And the mascot from the reading corner
(Kate the Kangaroo).

And when everything of theirs was gone,
they stormed the teacher's desk,
But the goo had grown gargantuan,
and gulping, and grotesque!

It was teetering and tottering,
it tumbled and it rolled!
Sascha struggled, but the goo
was just impossible to hold,

And it toppled from his fingers,
and it landed with a splat!
Right on top of Mary-Alice
(who was not expecting that!)

End of sample

Sascha Martin Books

available at JohnArthurNichol.com

Sascha Martin's Rocket-Ship

Flying pies meet screaming teachers high above Landfill Public School, as Sascha Martin's Rocket-Ship roars into the skies. And into the Office. And into the tuck-shop. And into the volleyball net ...

Readers of all ages, from beginners to preteens to adults, have loved this wild, funny, deliciously silly adventure wrapped in verse that rhymes and Manuela Pentangelo's beautiful full colour artwork.

It's the debut disaster of Sascha Martin, the eight-year old whose genius knows no responsibility ... and Show-and-Tell will never be the same again.

Sascha Martin's Time Machine

Just when you thought it was safe to go back in the past!

Sascha's class has been studying Pleistocene megafauna, the stomping, chomping, leaping, creeping, climbing, gnashing, slashing, truly gigantic animals that called Australia home 12,000 years ago.

But why read about them in books, when you can meet them in real life?

Join 2M and plunge into the Pleistocene, for an adventure that will have you in stitches.

It's funny too.

Sascha Martin's Super Ball

It's Book Parade at Landfill Public School, and kids are are bouncing off the walls in excitement. They're not the only ones.

Mr Jack and Mrs Barnum are upbeat, too, confident, ready to catch anything the day can throw at them.

But first, there's Sascha Martin's News. His latest invention looks harmless, but ... you mustn't drop it, he warns.

Why?

He won't say.

But Mary-Alice Cooper will do anything to find out.

Anything!

Sascha Martin's Zombie Dust

The fate of the planet hangs in the balance. Will Sascha get this right, or will dawn's bright light reignite the flight of his Super Balls?

Will the next overnight sensation be an extinction event?

It's science on the fly as Sascha crafts a critically cataclysmic collision of cosmic consequence, and suddenly it's the girls they're all afraid of.

Where can you run, on a mountain made of balls? How do you hide from a drooling girl?

It's all slippery slopes and midnight cravings as Sascha battles a pair of apocalypses only he could have created.

Sascha Martin's Christmas Eve

It's a magical journey ... or else!

Sascha has just hours to deliver the impossible, or face the wrath of his not-friend, Mary-Alice, who's been dreaming the impossible all year.

Can he bring her down to earth? Should he leave her up there?

It's all designer scarves, flying reindeer and shiny objects as Mary-Alice cracks the whip high above Landfill. But when science goes overboard, will Sascha and Luca dare stand up to her? And is that even safe, in a sleigh?

Sascha Martin's Pitchy Witch

Mary-Alice Cooper has always been a legend in her own mind, but this time the hat's on backwards. Or sideways, at the very least.

It's school holidays in Landfill, and Mary-Alice is being ignored: Sascha and Luca are hard at work on projects that have - oh my god! - nothing to do with her.

Well ... Hell hath no fury like a not-friend scorned.

Vengefully riding high on a stolen invention, Mary-Alice makes just the kind of exit she could only dream of (in a really bad sleep), and an entrance she'll be working on for a long, long time.

Will she ever get back to her adoring followers?

Join Mary-Alice Cooper, Landfill's queen of drama, on a deeply offensive dive into the culture and traditions of a place she just can't get away from.

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