

## The Armpit of Doom by –Kenn Nesbitt

Today I walked into my big brother's room,  
and that's when I saw it: The Armpit of Doom.  
I wasn't expecting The Armpit at all.  
I shrieked and fell backward and grabbed for the wall.  
The Armpit was smelly. The Armpit was hairy.  
The Armpit was truly disgusting and scary.  
I wanted to vomit. I wanted to cry.  
I wanted to flee from its all-seeing eye.  
My skin started crawling with goosebumps and chills.  
My brain began screaming to head for the hills.  
I tried to escape but I knew I could not.  
In horror, I found I was glued to the spot.  
"Will somebody help me!?" I started to shout,  
till fumes overcame me and made me pass out.  
And that's why I'm here in this hospital room;  
it's all on account of The Armpit of Doom.  
I'm still feeling shaken. I'm queasy and pale,  
but lucky I lived and can tell you my tale.  
So take my advice... If you ever go near  
your big brothers room, bring a whole lot of gear:  
A gas mask and goggles, a helmet and shield,  
or maybe a space suit that's perfectly sealed.  
And then, only then, when you're fully prepared,  
step in very slowly and hope you'll be spared.  
But, if you're afraid of the Armpit of Doom,  
stay far, far away from your big brother's room.

–Kenn Nesbitt

