



Poems

of

Mystical

Magical

Mysterious

By Seegz, Simon, and  
kitta bitta Rain

***POEMS OF MYSTICAL MAGICAL MYSTERIOUS...  
STUFF***

*By Seegz and Simon (& a little bitta Raia)*

*Once upon a time, in many different ridonkulous realms...*

Quiet forests up above,  
Evil caverns down below,  
Surface peaceful as a dove,  
But miles down it isn't so.

Predator or prey; it's nature's choice,  
From the sky, great rocks are hurled,  
All beasts are silent, action is voice,  
All is such in this barren world.

Half the year, it's freezing cold,  
with trees and leaves made of frost,  
The other half, hot summers unfold,  
Through the mountainous lands and the meadows across.

In winter, the blasting wind is stern,  
In summer, water washes the land,  
In spring, it gives way to mountains firm,  
In fall, the ground is whipped by sand.

Water covers one side of the flat land,  
Underwater cities filled with light,  
On the other side, winds are strongly fanned,  
But monsters stalk, anxious to fight.

The sun is purple, the trees are blue,  
The rocks-magnificent red  
The oceans have a bright green hue,  
At night, golden rays, the moon does shed.

The roaring ocean is made of crystal,  
The trees are made of cold hard stone,  
The grass is sharp, like a thistle,  
Here, our normal life is unknown.

In the night, up are three moons,  
In the day, it is dark  
Glowing mornings, pitch-black noons,  
But the ground is plain, bare, and stark.

Giant islands float above,  
This place isn't solid, it has no core,  
The islands move like they were shoved,  
Try not to fall, there is no floor.

***Once upon a time, in these lands, monsters roamed the kind of  
ridiculous earth...***

Beast

The hungry beast, it's giant breast,  
Smashing everything in it's way,  
In size and strength, it is the best,  
Sleeping night and trampling day.

Wolf

The wolf stalks it's helpless prey,  
Eyes glowing bright red,  
Its claws tear what's in its way,  
Until it is well fed.

Sand Worm

Tunneling through the sandy earth  
Bursting from the land below,  
Destroying homes, destroying hearth,  
The ground is high, the beast is low.

Serpent

Serpent rising from the depths,  
Posing still, ready to strike,  
Its hunting skills are not inept,  
Waiting till the time is right.

Dragon

Bright scales, proudly gleaming,  
Wings flapping with might,  
Fire, from its mouth is streaming,  
The dragon flies through the night.

Vampire

Stalking deep within the night,  
Sucking soul and sucking blood,  
Quickly gone, without a fight,  
Devouring like an endless flood.

Demon

Fiery being down below,  
The demon burns all in its way  
Demons are evil, more than you know  
Everything is its unfortunate prey.

God

The god awakens, bright and magnificent,  
Looking down on mortals weak,  
To it, all is insignificant  
Worlds to rule, the god will seek.

Kraken

Tentacles rising, up from the sea,  
Pulling down ships of enormous weight  
The sailors are unable to flee,  
From the kraken and their fate.

***Within the grasps of these beasts or not, mystical weapons dot  
the land.***

Your path will no longer be unknown,  
All you have to do is say,  
Your path will be revealed and shown,  
The compass that leads the way.

The sword that gives strength to whoever clutches it,  
In it, holy power is infused  
Slaying evil as soon as it touches it,  
Piercing darkness, it cannot be misused.

A curved stick, bound with some strings,  
The bow and arrow that always hits its mark,  
Perfectly nailing the tiniest things,  
Though it's only made of simple tree bark.

Made from hardy earthen roots,  
The staff that can block any blow,  
Made from oak trees, ash and soot,  
Drawing power from spirits below.

Boosting intelligence, enhancing mind,  
Making your brain wise yet sly,  
Not just a helmet of any kind,  
With the Helm of Wisdom, questions go dry.

Magnificent power, packed into words,  
Calling creatures ready to aid  
The Scroll of Summoning calls them in herds,  
In columns and rows they are laid.

Destroying plants and burning trees,  
The blazing stick, Scepter of Fire  
Melting ice and killing weeds,  
Blazes reaching the tallest spire.

Bringing towns to darkest hour,  
When it is used, no light will be shed,  
a Crest of Evil necrotic power,  
Which gains recognition from the dead.

Freezing foe with one good hit,  
The wounds are clean, without any gore,  
But nothing will thaw, not even a bit  
The Spear of Ice will stab once more.

Lashing back at every hit,  
Many foes recoiled and reeled,  
As they foolishly attacked it,  
The Powerful Weapon, The Vengeful Shield.

# **The End**



**Or is it?!**

**Turn the page if you  
dare...**

**To start laughing.**

# POEMS

of

Mystical  
Magical  
Mysterious



# MOCKERIES

of most of the

STUFF

By  
RAIA

(and a little bittle Seegz 3 Simon)

***POEMS OF MYSTICAL MAGICAL MYSTERIOUS  
MOCKERIES OF MOST OF THE  
STUFF***

*By Raia (and a little bitta Seegz and Simon)*

***Once upon a time, in these lands, monsters roamed the kind of  
ridiculous earth and many mockeries were made...***

Huggable Beast

The huggable beast lives in its nest,  
Cuddling with everything in its way,  
In love and hugs it is the best,  
Snuggling by night and kissing by day.

Cuddly Wolf

The wolf stalks its very sad prey,  
Eyes glowing dull red,  
Its claws comfort what's in its way,  
Until its prey's sadness is shed.

Domain (rather) Wormy

Worming through spaces wormed with stones,  
Worms keeps them warm, the worms below,  
Turning homes into worms (and worms into homes),  
The worms are worming way down low.

Gymnastic Serpent

Serpent rising from the depths,  
Posing still, in a perfect pike,  
Its acrobatic skills are not inept,  
Trying to do a split that's right.

Fourth of July Dragon

Bright scales, proudly gleaming,  
Wings flapping with might,  
Streamers, from its mouth are streaming,  
The dragon farts fireworks into the night

Vegetarian Vampire  
Slurping without a single flaw,  
Sucking juice, not sucking blood,  
Quickly gone, with the help of a straw,  
He would easily drink up a flood.

Demon  
Cuddly being down below,  
The demon is hugging all in its way,  
Demons aren't evil, as you should know,  
And nothing is its unfortunate prey.

Luminous God  
The god awakens, bright and shiny,  
Looking down on mortals who are blinded by the light,  
But it can't see the pain that makes them whiny,  
Causing them to fight, fight, fight!

Kind of Hungry Kraken  
Tentacles rising, grabbing a fish,  
An octopus of little weight,  
Eating plankton, when it's peckish,  
Not many creatures take that fate.

***Within the grasps of these beasts or not, mystical mockeries of  
weapons dot the land...***

Your path will no longer be unknown,  
The compass won't lead you to your doom,  
You won't need your path to be shown,  
Because it leads to the nearest bathroom.

The sword that gives weakness to whoever clutches it,  
In it, no power is infused  
Slaying you as soon as you touch it,  
And guess what-it's always misused.

A curved stick, bound with some strings,  
The bow and arrow that never hits its mark,  
Perfectly hitting the ground, of all things,  
Possibly 'cause it's made of simple tree bark.

Made from tasty earthen roots,  
The staff that can't block any blow,  
Made from carrots and string bean shoots,  
It's the envy of vegetarians; it's in the circus show.

Boosting dumbness, definitely not enhancing mind,  
Making you brain clumsy, questions run dry,  
Not just a helmet of any kind,  
With the Helm of stupidity, you think you can fly.

Magnificent odor, packed into words,  
Calling creatures from a different world,  
Summoning animals that create lots of turds,  
The sight was disgusting so I hurled.

The dampened stick, breaks as you clutch it,  
Dripping the waters of the earth,  
Supposed to be burning weeds as you touch it,  
It has been like that from birth.

Bringing towns to brightest hour,  
When it is used, light will be shed,  
a stick of voltage and battery power,  
The flashlight gives vision through dark paths ahead.

Causing foes to give a sneeze,  
The wounds are clean, without any gore,  
All you feel is a bit of breeze,  
The Spear of Wind will gust once more.

You try to block a sword. Oh no!  
As soon as you block, it turns into air,  
The blade slams into you, just like so,  
The shield that really isn't there.

# **The End**

**Seriously.  
It is...**

**THE END**