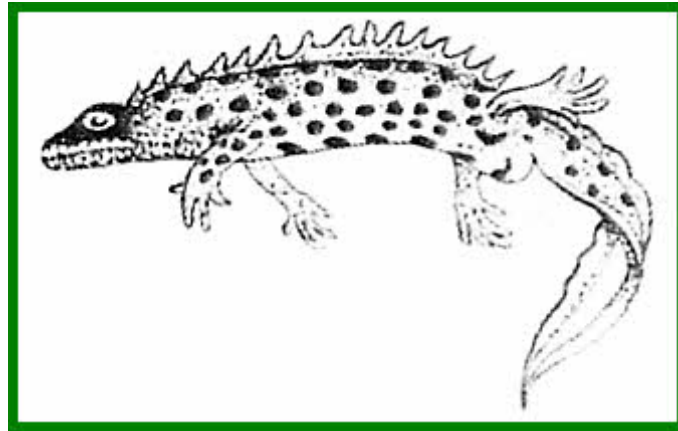


Steve Cartwright

Norman the Newt



I am a newt
Norman by the way
And the reason I am here today
Is just to straighten something out
Something what got up my stubby little snout.
You flippin' hoomans piss me off
You fink you know the bloomin lot.
As I was lying in my bed Beneath a lovely cypress lily pad Asurfin' on the internet
On wycknowpaedia no less....I'll have you know
What do I `appen there to spot
The common newt it said
The common newt....you what
You fink we're common
Well I can tell you mate... we're flippin not.
I've got a cousin in the states
He's got a flippin twenty five foot name
He's of the order of caudata
Desmognathus acrophaeus somefin' else amphibiata
Slightly more top drawer I'd say
Than homo sapiens any day
And he can drop his knobblers off
Yes and his arms oh and his legs
Oh and his tail, or did I mention that
Oh yes ...and he can grow 'em back again.
You think you're bloomin clever eh?
Well can you do that
I do not fink so my old mate
And I can tell you something else
He's a right old hit wiv all the gels
With their trichomatic colour vision operating in the ultra violet field they say
They can spot our man from hundred yards away
He makes a rather dashing sight In his stripy yellow Nikey tights,, his purple blouse by Adidas
And his rather nice puma orange stripy shorts stretched tight across his lovely arse.
These lovely salamander belles
Can't wait to grab his heaving balls
And shove his great big sac of sperm
Right up their lovely endotherms.
So don't tell me we're common mate
Salamander's wot we are
Lizards bom out of the fire
In the realm of lore and myth
Not common newts....you stupid git