

Nigel the Narwhal

Nigel had a great long tusk, ideal for spiking things,
He loved to swim around and round, in playful, dizzy rings.

The Narwhal liked to find some ice, polished like a mirror,
He revelled in his blue-grey hue, but wanted to get nearer.

Others laughed and called him names and thought him rather vain,
These mean and nasty messages, they seeped into his brain.

Poor old Nige soon lost his pride and sense of self-esteem,
He swam from home and left his kin, uncertain what to dream.

He journeyed south upon the swell, away from ice and cold,
He didn't mind the solitude or silence, truth be told.

As he reached the Arctic's edge, a penguin he did meet,
The orca that did circled her, was just about to eat.

Nigel stopped and panicked some, not knowing what to do,
His stomach churned, then cramped up hard, then squeezed out a small poo.

The murky water made by Nige, did hide the bird's escape,
She flipped and flopped and swirled about as Nige watch, mouth agape.

The flightless bird and narwhal beast, friends they soon became,
Even though Pen-ny did think, Nige looked a little lame.

They journeyed on for many weeks, till ice began to end,
They chased some fish and hid from sharks, each glad to have a friend.

Soon Nige and little penguin both pined for cooler seas,
They turned their backs and headed north, excited for the freeze.

Eventually, the oddball pair arrived at Nigel's home,
He showed his friend where he once played, and found a polished dome.

He gazed at his reflection, taking every whisker in,
Then Penny swam right over, and slapped him with her fin.

'You're right!' he said, and turned to her, a smile on his face,
Then smashed the mirror, with his tusk; he didn't leave a trace.

Today Nige is a different beast, his vanity has left him,
Instead he likes to help out pups, he teaches them to swim.

And Penny, she stayed by him, together they had fun,
She even rode upon his back, their souls, entwined as one.