Martin Robertson

Vignette

Carly Gancher at four knew all the answers and a good many more, master of wickedness.

After working some really evil twist against the older boys would rush through the camp-site, flat out, crying out "Louise, Louise, save me". Twelve-year-old Louise adored wicked little Carly Gancher,

and did just that.

This poem is reprinted from Now and Then, the website devoted to the poetry of Martin Robertson, at http://rtnl.org.uk/now_and_then/