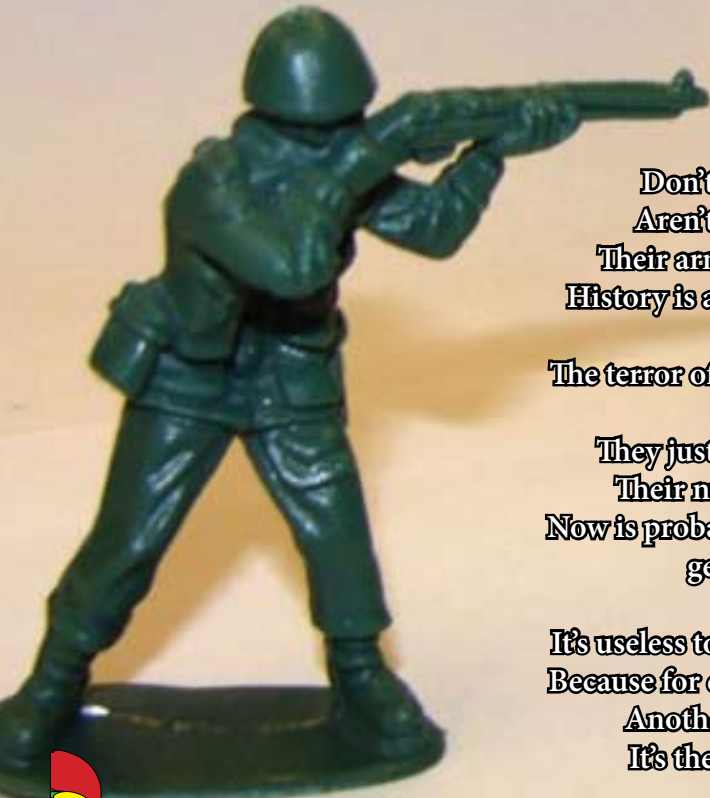


Domination

They're coming now,
That I know.
Can't you hear?
They're all marching in a row.
The Apples draw near;

The angry **Reds**,
The jealous **Greens**,
And the terrible **Yellow**
undeads.
The Apples are coming



Don't you know?
Aren't you afraid?
Their army approaches.
History is about to be made.

The terror of it all is they never
stop;
They just keep growing;
Their numbers swell.
Now is probably a good time to
get going!

It's useless to resist their might
Because for every one they kill,
Another six sprout.
It's the Apples' will

of

The Apples!

Run!
Don't fight!
We've got to survive this
assault,
And flee in the night.

The time of people eating
apples has long since passed,
and the hungry fruit will
take their fill of human meat.
As the human reign comes to
an end at last,
Our armies falling all quickly
to defeat.

No time for tears,
No time for strife;
Just dash with your fears,
If you value your life.

The Apples are coming.
Can't you hear the **Macintosh**
roaring?
And the **Granny Smiths'** war
drumming?
Though it's sad to say, I fear
it's true, as there will be no
more coring...

Ellen Eames

