

# SteelJaw and LittleGuy

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Doug and Foster was out renovatin an old house.  
They was strippin paint  
while the owner went out to the grocery store,  
and left his 2 pet lizards behind.

The one lizard — his name was SteelJaw.  
He was a big lizard with buggy eyes —  
3 feet long and kinda fat.  
His buddy was called LittleGuy —  
a slim lizard  
with a long narrow snout  
kinda like a pair of tweezers.

Now Doug'd rolled up the carpet  
and Foster'd been layin down newspaper  
when them 2 lizards  
wandered into the room.  
Doug and Foster stopped what they was doin  
and took a lizard-playin break.

SteelJaw — he was wrapped up  
in a tight-fittin light-brown leather bodysuit  
which kept his claws covered,  
and it was sewn closed over his mouth,  
keepin shut his saw-like metal canines,  
because the owner didn't want him hurtin nobody.  
Only his eyes showed thru,  
but they was still all full of playfulness.  
And LittleGuy — like a dumb little dog —  
he just frantically ran around, yip-yippin.

Now Doug was pettin SteelJaw,  
and he says,  
“this don't make no sense.  
Looks like SteelJaw here can barely breathe.”

So Foster goes and gets a pencil from the toolbox,  
figurin he'll make some airholes for SteelJaw.  
Then Foster bends down  
and grabs SteelJaw's snout,  
and SteelJaw is just starin up at him  
— maybe kinda friendly  
— maybe just kinda scared.

Foster, he just points that pencil at a nostril,  
and holdin SteelJaw tight,  
he pushes it right thru  
and makes a breathin hole.

Then he wiggles that pencil loose  
and pokes it thru the other nostril.

Then Foster gets up  
with a proud satisfaction,  
while Doug just stands  
and slowly nods approval.

Well then  
all of a sudden  
SteelJaw's wrigglin his nose  
and sniffin and snortin,  
and them nose holes keep gettin bigger and bigger  
till the stitchin comes loose,  
and the mouth rips open  
on SteelJaw's leather bodysuit.

This gets SteelJaw all excited,  
and he's just bitin at the air  
— showin off his shiny stainless metal teeth.  
LittleGuy squirms all around SteelJaw's legs  
because they're friends and  
it's lookin time to play.

Now SteelJaw, he decides  
he really likes these 2 guys, Doug and Foster,  
so he jumps up on them,  
still bitin the air with his sharp metal teeth,  
all in unthinkin, frenzied fun,  
like a dog waggin it's tail.

And Foster, with a big lizard all on top of him,  
he decides he don't want his hand chewed off,  
so he goes and sticks the pencil in  
to prop open SteelJaw's mouth,  
but SteelJaw chomps down on it,  
and the pencil, it just shatters into splinters,  
then SteelJaw's bitin down on Foster's hands,  
all gentle and friendly-like,  
but that don't mean it don't scratch,  
and that don't mean it don't hurt just a little bit.

So Doug jumps over  
and tries to hold shut SteelJaw's mouth,  
and it ain't easy because SteelJaw thinks  
he's playin some kind of game.

And Foster goes and grabs some twine.  
And they wrap shut SteelJaw's mouth,  
and they fall back, sittin on the floor  
and take a breather.

While they're breathin,  
SteelJaw's starin at his snout  
and tryin to brush off the twine

with his 2 front paws,  
but them paws are covered in leather,  
and they don't quite work.  
So SteelJaw, he's lookin kinda sad.  
And LittleGuy, he's just kinda quizzical,  
lookin back and forth at everybody.

So then finally  
SteelJaw wanders sadly out the room,  
and LittleGuy trails behind him.  
They both look back,  
hopin somebody still wants to play,  
but Doug and Foster, they get back up  
and start strippin more paint from the walls.

When the owner gets back,  
he's pleased with their progress,  
and he brings some donuts back for them,  
because he's a good man  
and friendly-like,  
and he don't ask no questions about the twine.