

Poem: The Crazy Egyptian

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Yah ummm... this here's my first poem in Fanart central... and also it's my first poem with anything to do with YGO, so please don't hate...

...and if you like Yami no Yuugi and/or Rishid, please don't read this...cuz they kinda get hurt...

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1 - Poem: The Crazy Egyptian

The Crazy Egyptian

Men have come and gone by the Egyptian sun,
In search of hidden gold.
The desert sands have their secret lands
Known to only those of old.
The Egyptian nights always had some blights,
But the weirdest one, to me
Was the night by the Nile when Marik defiled
The tomb of Yami no Yuugi.

When Marik was ten, he got tattooed back then
By his overprotective dad.
And it hurt him much, and he'd curse as such,
And his fate made him so mad.
When Rishid almost died, Marik's Yami side
Thought that Daddy had to go
So he whipped his rod, and he laughed so odd,
And he sliced his dad real slow.

And then the next day, Marik went away
With faithful servant Rishid.
Nee-san Isis was sad, and she felt real bad.
Plus she felt left out, indeed.
So Marik-kun grew, but he never knew
That his Yami killed his dad.
When he turned sixteen, he was still quite keen
In revenge that's to be had.

Marik got some guys, and he fed them lies,
And he made those guys his "Ghouls."
Rare cards they stole, for Marik-sama's goal,
Marik thought that they were fools.
And then one day, good fate met my way,
And I got to visit Cairo.
The museum was cool, and I got to duel
Some Egyptian guys for dough.

I just couldn't be beat, they were all dead meat,
Twelve thousand dollars I had won.
Then this blond guy, with the lilac eyes
Said, "Hey, let's have some fun.

Your duel skills are good, and I wish you would
Join my group of thieves.
But if you say no, then I'd let you go
But your hands – those I will cleave.”

Well I had to say yes, it was for the best,
And he said Marik was his name.
A purple cloak he gave, the color was my fave,
And then we started the game.
For two months I dueled as one of Marik's Ghoul,
And then life was such a blast.
Stealing a rare card wasn't all that hard
And I rose through the Ghoul ranks fast.

With me by his side Marik couldn't be denied
Any rare card he wish.
With his pretty face and his bossy ways,
Man that guy is such a bish.
And then one night, his goal almost in sight,
He was there with his Sen nen Rod.
It was him and me, and the Ghoul party,
Off to get Obelisk, the god.

Oh, crap, it's too late, Isis was at the gate
And she hid the card, she said.
So we had to leave, Marik was real peeved,
And he wished his sister dead.
So later that night, when no one's in sight,
I left from Marik's lair.
I went to Isis's place, punched her in the face,
And asked if the card was there.

But Isis said no, and that I should go,
And she yelled that I was reckless.
But I paid no heed, and I jumped with greed
And I snatched her Sen nen necklace.
Then I knocked her aside, and with great pride
I put the necklace on me.
And then I leered and a vision appeared:
I saw gold and god card three.

Then when I got back, Ghouls were gonna attack
And I felt some sort of grief.
But then Marik got up, and he said, “Hey, t'sup?
We just thought you were a thief.”
“No, no, it's just me,” I said gleefully,
“I got a gift for you, it's this:

I got Isis's tauk, we'll no longer be broke,
For I know where Obelisk is."

So I lead the way. And Rishid's being gay
And he said that I was lying.
Marik said quite cool, "Hey shut up, you fool."
And that sent Rishid back crying.
Then at last we got to the hidden spot
Where Isis hid god card three
But then Marik said with a shake of his head,
"This is the home of my family."

So we looked around Marik's family ground.
We split up to find the card.
It took us some time, we couldn't find a dime.
Rishid called me: "Lump of Lard!!"
"What the heck?" I spat. "Why, you dirty rat!
What the heck is wrong with you?"
"Ghuhh you stupid girl," Rishid said with a twirl,
"Marik-sama's mine, you foo'!"

"You idiot guy," I said with a sigh,
"Are you simply jealous, huh?"
He repeated his line: "Marik-sama's MINE!
I'm his favorite servant, duh!"
There was no one there, with us in the square
No one there to see us fight.
But fight we did, and then Rishid slid
Down a well, down out of sight.

There was a big splash, and a lightning flashed:
Poor Rishid was slumped on the ground.
Then Marik came in, and he said with a grin,
"Look here! Look what I found!"
He held up card three, and he said to me,
"You're my favorite Ghoul, indeed!
For it's thanks to you, that I had a clue.
Now, where the heck's Rishid?"

"I don't know," I lied, and I tried to hide
The hole on the ground – the well.
Marik called for Rishid, but he found no lead,
For Rishid had gone to hell.
Then quite suddenly, Marik turned to me
And he clutched his head in pain.
He screamed and yelled, and then he fell
On the ground, looking quite insane.

“RRRAAAHHHHH!!”

Just as quick he stood, and he looked real good,
And his hair was big and cool.
“Are you ... okay, boss?” I said with a pause.
And he said, “Of course, my Ghoul.
Now I am freed, thanks to death of Rishid,
I am free to do my bidding.
I’ll find the Pharaoh, give him so much sorrow,
Then I’ll proceed to killing!”

Then he took me, and the god cards three
And we stood outside this room.
Then he opened the door, lots of gold on the floor!
In the center was a tomb.
There was gold everywhere, over here, over there!
Gold and brilliant jewels, too!
Marik smiled at me, “Thanks to you, I’m free.
Half this gold now belongs to you.”

“Hey, thanks,” I said. Marik cocked his head
To the thing in the midst of the room,
Where the Pharaoh lay, all night all day.
The Pharaoh will meet his doom.
“The Pharaoh’s MINE! And now’s the time,”
Marik ran toward the dead guy.
Sen nen Rod was out, and he pranced about,
Sneering, “Die now, Pharaoh, DIE!”

“He’s already dead,” I said in my head.
I think the boss just lost it.
Sen nen Rod went BOOM, and burst open the tomb.
Marik had a happy fit.
It was kinda funny when he took the mummy
And he made it dance about.
With a crazy laugh, he chopped it in half,
He’s insane, without a doubt.

Marik chopped the halves into lesser halves
While I sat on the golden floor.
I watched him bash, and I watched him mash
Poor Pharaoh’s pieces more.
This was the Yami, it has got to be,
Normal Marik’s not this way.
Then he burst out laughing, and then madly yelling:
“The world is MINE today!”

I rolled my eyes. What is with this guy?
Does he have no decent shame?
“Now off we go! To kill that mofo!
Mutuo Yuugi is his name!
Now come with me on my killing spree
Killing people – that’s my wish!”
And what could I do? I don’t wanna die too!
So I followed that crazy bish.

Out the room we saw, other Ghouls in awe,
Looking in at the treasure chamber.
Marik simply smiled, and he looked real wild,
The Ghouls didn’t know the danger.
Then Yami no Marik, with his Sen nen Stick,
Said, “I have no use for you guys.”
He beamed at the Ghouls, man they were fools,
And shrieked, “Now all of you DIE!!”

He killed three or four, and was gonna kill more,
But a figure blocked his path.
What in the heck! Around the figure’s neck
The Sen nen Puzzle was at!
It was Pharaoh’s ghost, and he said with a boast,
“Marik! Now, you’ve had your fun.
Enough is enough! You aren’t that tough.
I’ll take you one-on-one!”

So of course they fight, all throughout the night.
Sen nen Rod against the Puzzle.
It was getting boring, the other Ghouls were snoring,
Yet the two resumed their hassle.
Then finally, Yami no Yuugi –
Marik tripped him and he fell.
By the tablet stone, Pharaoh stood alone,
Marik sent his soul to hell.

Now the Pharaoh’s gone, and so is Odion,
So yeah, now Marik’s all mine.
But over Marik’s head, I stared with dread:
Big Rishid was back in line!
Oh, crap, it’s that guy! How did he not die?
Rishid stared daggers into me.
Marik spun around. Across the room Rishid bound,
Saying, “Master, look and see!

“I am here for you, Master Mariku.

Now kick out your darker half.
You don't have to fear! Your RISHID is here!"
Yami Marik simply laughed:
"You're a fool, Rishid. You – I don't need!
Now the weaker me is dead.
So get away, you big ugly gay,
Or I'll have to chop your head."

But Rishid stood ground, made a face and frowned.
And then Yami Marik shouted,
For his hikari, was still in his body.
Across the room, Marik bounded.
Marik grabbed his own head, I don't know what he said,
The Sacred Wall he punched and kicked.
There was a crash, the Sacred Wall was bashed,
And then there were two Mariks.

"Oh, no!" Rishid said. "Is something wrong with my head?
For I see two Mariks here!"
I said to Odion, "No kidding, you moron."
Then I read the hieroglyphs near:
"The Sacred Wall can create the 'Mystic Sacred Gate'
Where one can split in two.
To have a body twice, requires a sacrifice."
Now I wonder who'll kill who?

Yami Marik looks strong, but I could be wrong,
Maybe normal Marik'll win.
But then maybe not. Oh well, they're both hot.
Suddenly, Rishid butts in:
"Please stop the fight now, for I know how
To make sure you're both not dead.
For a body twice needs a sacrifice.
And I say we chop HER head!"

What the heck did he say? Why's he running my way?!
Oh, no, you don't, you goon!
Rishid's guffawing at me, pulling out his Caliber Three!
Get away, you crazed buffoon!
The two Mariks see Rishid's trying to kill me,
They fought over who'll do the dose.
Then they aimed the rod's beam onto Rishid's bald gleam
Then poor Rishid was a ghost...

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Now Rishid's dead gone, neither Marik has won.

But I'm glad they both have a bod.
In the middle I'm caught, whenever they fought
Over who gets the Sen nen Rod.
But it's best this way – both of them get to stay!
Maybe one day they'll be friends...
Nah I don't think so. Well, I gotta go,
Cuz now this poem ends.

Men have come and gone by the Egyptian sun,
In search of hidden gold.
The desert sands have their secret lands
Known to only those of old.
The Egyptian nights always had some blights,
But the weirdest one, to me
Was that night by the Nile when Marik defiled
The tomb of Yami no Yuugi.