

like I'm the Green Lantern ...



As I told you, our school boasts the best collection of Murphys to be found anywhere in the whole country, and the most exotic of them all must be the three John Murphys. First of all, there's John Murphy, who, to reduce confusion, is simply called John Murphy. Then there's the second John Murphy who's known as Murphy, and the third John Murphy who's called Murphy-Murphy. Now, as it happens, Murphy-Murphy is a first cousin to John Murphy, the first Murphy, but Murphy, that's the second Murphy, isn't a relation of either of the two Murphys (although he is a second cousin to Monkey Murphy, not to be confused with Manky Murphy).

Anyway, of all the three John Murphys, the most interesting is Murphy-Murphy on account of the fact that he's always dreaming. The reason he's always dreaming has probably a lot to do with the fact that he's always sleeping.

'You, John Murphy, wake up, boy!' screams Mr McCluskey. And none of the other John Murphys looks

up, because they *know* he can mean only *one* John Murphy.

‘Do you know something, Johnny Coffin,’ said Murphy-Murphy the other day, ‘I sometimes wonder if I’m ever awake at all. Maybe *everything* is a dream.’

‘Well, Murphy-Murphy,’ I said, ‘maybe you could wake up from this dream of yours, so that I could go home.’

‘Nah, Johnny, I’m being *serious*. I even think that I’m on the Earth to serve a *special purpose*.’

‘Yeah, yeah, like to spend your whole life being asleep. Get real, will ya!’

‘Nah, I’m telling you, Johnny, while I’m asleep it’s like I’m *protecting the whole world*. It’s like I’m the Green Lantern or the Incredible Sleeping Man. Every night for the past week I’ve been dreaming of this guy with dark glasses entering my room, and when he takes off the glasses beams of purple light come out of his eyes and go into my *brain*. And then I wake up. He’s obviously an alien or something, and he’s trying to steal *all my dreams*.’

*Yeah*, I’m thinking, *Murphy-Murphy is completely off his head*. Then I see Mr McCluskey is looking over at us, so I pretend to work on my essay. But it’s too late.

‘Murphy and Coughlan, you boys, wake up, you’re dreaming!’ shouts Mr McCluskey.

The terrible thing is, we’re *not* dreaming, we’re wide awake.

