

Minesweeper: The Musical

Random Encounter

He strode across the desert,
Broom in hand!
With a scowl on his face,
And piercing eyes!
He would sweep his dusty weapon
Through the sand!
And he'd use numbered clues,
To deduce which squares
Were mines!

There's a one to the left,
A three to the right,
This square might be a mine!
There's a two up above,
And a six straight across,
Put a flag down here,
We'll clear out several
Blocks to the north
With a four down below,
You can mark this space a mine!
'Cause there's seven in the middle
And a five on the top,
Make it three
And sweep it down!
'Cause the Minesweeper's in town!

He was raised atop the mountains
By some monks!
He spent 27 years in ninja school!
He was trained in the dark arts,
He can tear out people's hearts!
But he'd rather do math
'Cause it's cool!

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