# New Monsters To Scare Children

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A short book of poems to be read aloud Currated by Jimmy Vallandingham New Monsters to Scare Children Jimmy Vallandingham

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To my wife, daughter, and son. You are the creatures under my bed.

## The Wandering Eyes

The Wandering Eyes fly through the air. Going from place to place.

Looking, seeking, searching, For a home to call a face.

They never stop for long, For every face they've spied,

Is already filled, Unfortunately occupied.

So on they float, two eyes on the breeze. Going from town to town.

Talking to each other with blinks and winks, Never making a sound.

Climb up a hill and close your eyes On some windy night.

And the Wandering Eyes might land on you, And give you quite a fright.

## The Something

Something moving. There, in the dark.

The Something.
Out here,
With us.
In the dark.

What Something?

#### THE SOMETHING

Now, stay still. The Something Is moving.

Perhaps, Its already Had its fill.

The Something Is moving on. I think, I think, We are safe.

OH NO, WATCH OUT! RUN! NO! IT'S TOO LATE!

### **A Toilet Monster**

I've heard tale of a toilet monster, Shaped something like a snake.

It likes to slither in the water. It coils up and it waits.

It waits till you are right over, Covering the hole.

Its plan is to grab you, and drag you down below.

But don't worry, you are safe. Its plan never gets a start.

For its made of toilet paper, and soon it falls apart!

### **Stick Creatures**

Dry and brittle.
Through mud they scuttle.

Always watchful. For kids to tackle.

These stick creatures. Are blood thirsty.

Propped together. Easily scattered.

Kick them swiftly. They are no trouble.

Just a pester. Such clumsy monsters.

## **Ghosts in my House**

There is a ghost in my closet. Behind a box of toys. When playing, I close the door. As he doesn't like the noise.

There is a ghost in my chimney. She wails on windy nights. So I keep the fire burning. To show her everything's alright.

There is a ghost in my basement. Who hides in corners and nooks. She gets bored down there sometimes. So I leave her lots of books.

There is a ghost in the hallway. Who never comes out in day. At night, she taps my doorway. To ask if I can come out and play.

#### UNFINISHED

# **Tricky Witches**

Tricky Witches dressed as cats. Lay in the sun on my door mat.

They stretch and purr, hiss and scratch. All the while, evil plans they hatch.

They want to steal me. Put me in a stew To make a special witches brew.

They are making magic to take away their old. Make them young, or so I'm told.

My parents don't have a clue of the terrible things they're up to.

My mother likes their soft fur. She pets them to here them purr.

My father likes when they catch mice. He thinks they're helpful, thinks they're nice.

They don't fool me, I have a bag. I'll capture up those two old hags.

Take them to the river and then, Well, you can guess how they will end.

# **Benjamin Bies**

Benjamin Bies, covered in flies He'll give you a lick Try to make you sick He's someone to truly despise.

Benjamin Bies, oh how he lies He'll give you first pick Of whats in his pocket The bite's a terrible surprise.

Benjamin Bies, he never dies He'll give you a prick With his scorpion stick With a laugh he's gone at sunrise.

Benjamin Bies, sits in disguise He'll look sweet and slick But don't fall for that trick He would love to be your demise.

# The Monster Who Eats Socks

#### By Dick Vallandingham

In the back of your closet
Where you may not look
Behind your play clothes
That fell from the hook
In the darkest of corners
In a forgotten shoe box
Lives a tiny little creature—
The monster who eats socks

It may eat just one
Or it may eat a pair
Sometimes just a toe
Is all it will dare
To ingest and digest
For supper or lunch
Or maybe a special
Saturday brunch

So clever and sly

So timid and shy As quick as a fox The monster who eats socks.

#### **The Mud Monster**

#### By Dick Vallandingham

The darkening skies warn of impeding danger With lightening and thunder announcing the stranger Darting about behind clouds holding back rain Waiting for just the right moment to appear once again

Then, as the raindrops fall to the ground
As if by magic the monster seems all around
First a puddle or two where the ground is so bare
Then like a lake or an ocean almost everywhere
Ready to glob onto goulashes and boots
To catch a ride as into homes we scoot
Appearing from nowhere upon the kitchen floor
Upon the throw rug leading by the front door
Up the stairs it follows me now
Into my room

... Mud Monster how?
How do you come so oozy and wet
Find a good place to become hardened and set
Show the whole world just where I've gone
Through puddles and fields on my way home

Oh, Mud Monster you're such a pain I'm glad you only come when it rains.

# The Dragon of Mount Rainier

The last great dragon Of the world Lives on Mount Rainier

And though it's slept A long long time It will soon wake, I fear

The dragon is long
Tall, and wide
With tough scales, bright green

And every story
I've heard of him
Say he is cruel and quite mean

The dragon, its said Killed a thousand men And dragged them to his cave

Ate a hundred Right then and there

#### Piled the rest of to save

#### **UNFINISHED**

#### **The Eaters**

I was upstairs playing in my room. It was a normal gloomy afternoon.

From down the stairs, came a strange sound. That started quiet, but soon grew loud.

A rasping, a scraping, a chewing. I thought, what down there is my family doing?

I was concerned, so downstairs I went. The noise was coming from the basement.

Down there I found the source of the sound. It wasn't my family, they weren't even around.

Instead a huge head, like nothing I've seen. Was chomping away at our washing machine!

The head was made of steel and dust. It was ten feet tall and covered in rust.

With metal teeth and a powerful jaw. Just floating as it munched - no body at all.

#### UNFINISHED

## **Baby Creep**

There's this thing that will creep while your babies asleep

And it will slink right into their bed.

And quick as a wink. What are you baby still sleeps. This creep gobbles it up toes to head.

This will come with a surprise, but your babies quite fine.

And will continue on sleeping soundly

While the creep stays in the crib under blankets and bib

and starts to transform quite profoundly.

It's tail shrinks to a stub, its beak A nose nub. Soft goes it's scaly lizard hide.

I know it sounds wild, but it sure will look like your child.

With the real baby still stuck inside.

With its new style the creep waits awhile. Making sure everything's perfect and neat. And then it will cry out for you with a grin because to him a mother's a tasty treat.

### UNFINISHED

## **The Doppel**

Out on adventures, through the hills and trees you roam. As dusk approaches, you make your way toward home.

Ahead on the road, a figure now stands, It has your hair, your shoulders, even your hands.

This stranger is like you in every way but one, Where you have your face, this thing has none.

You move forward, determined to not show your fear, And this is when things get even stranger my dear.

Each step you take forward, your twin takes one back. Like a shadow, as you press on, it just retracts.

Trying to be brave, you walk steadily on, but you start to know that something is wrong.

You look again at the twin, and now you see, a twisted smile, where no smile used to be.

You stop for a moment to raise up a shout, but find

that nothing comes out of your mouth.

For now, with no one else to witness, You are the twin who has become the lipless.

You start to jog, and the thing jogs too. Still moving backwards, and facing toward you.

You are doing your best to stay composed, but now you see it has gotten your nose!

You move faster, your home now in your gaze. But suddenly, your eyesight starts to haze.

*fix* 

Looking at that awful thing up ahead, You can see your eyes start to appear on its head.

Panicked and distraught, you break into full run. Your vision darkens like the setting sun.

The figure too picks up its pace, Eyes forming faster on its terrible face.

Now you understand fully your plight, And it fills you with unmeasured fright.

If you are not the first to touch the handle of your door, The Doppel will have your face now and forevermore.

And it will be free to wander with your smile and

sight, While you stay lost in a never ending night.

With all your energy you give one last burst, Is it you or the Doppel who reaches the door first?