

# **New Monsters To Scare Children**



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A short book of poems to be read aloud

Curated by Jimmy Vallandingham

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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.

There is a ghost in my backyard.  
He climbs the tall pine tree.  
When I sit underneath it.  
He likes to sing with me.

There is a ghost in the attic.  
She doesn't make a peep.  
I tell her ghostly stories.  
Until she falls asleep.





# 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 impending 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 Eater

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.

It finished the washer with one last chew.  
And bit into the dryer, with hunger anew.

I must say, it was quite an eater.  
After the dryer, it ate the water heater.

As it ate appliances, it gained in size.  
Till it was over twenty feet high.

I grabbed at its back to make the eating stop.  
But was dragged along as it floated up.

Breaking through the old basement door.  
It came to the kitchen and still wanted more.

## **ToDo**

It went through the house eating metal and trash.  
Then went through the rooftop with a terrible smash.

I rode the massive thing out like a fool. It was now the size  
of a large swimming pool.

It floated to our neighbor's home, Catlin Grunch.  
And bit right in with a terrible crunch.

In three quick bites, it was on to the next.  
The house of my friend, Petey Pemtreck.

In half an hour, I was shocked as I stood.  
The eater had eaten half the neighborhood.

This is when **TODO**

I woke up in the arms of my mother.  
She was alive! I got up and hugged her.

But the eater had been busy as I was asleep.  
There wasn't a house that it did not keep.

I looked all around, it ate even the cars.  
Well, good thing I like sleeping under the stars.

# 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.



# 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.

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?



# **A Spell to Disappear Forever**

## *Ingredients:*

The wart of a toad  
The hair of a dog  
The bumps of a road  
The wet of a fog

A thimble of dew  
A cup-full of dust  
A half pint of \*\*\*,  
A bushel of rust

## *Instructions:*

On a dark that is not night,  
Before the first hour is past,  
Mix this potion up right,  
Then say this spell to cast:

Wind in the trees,  
And wind in my lungs.

Join with the breeze,  
Become all in one.



# **A Spell to Walk on Water**

## *Ingredients:*

Fleece, grease,  
A flock of geese.

Fleas, bees,  
An old man's sneeze.

## *Instructions:*

Come not hungry, but not fed.  
Asleep, but without bed.  
Come not naked, but with no clothes.  
With a lantern that has no holes.

Come to the edge of a water with no name,  
Give it one, and you will make it tame.



# Reverse Werewolf

The wolfman of Calcutti,  
Is something rather nutty.  
As you know, most werewolves rise with the moon.

But this Calcutti fellow,  
Howls and snarls and bellows,  
Right in the middle of the afternoon!

Yes, he's a bit confused,  
He should be out when we snooze.  
Instead his schedule is quite reversed.

And though he's brutish and hairy,  
It's hard to be all that scary,  
In full daylight - even if he's cursed.

Though he sneaks and hides in brambles,  
And is careful as he ambles,  
You can see him coming a mile away.

And so it's no surprise,  
When you see his yellow eyes.  
And give a shout: "The Wolfman's here today".

As Calcuttians, it's our job,  
To scream and run, cower and sob.  
Pretending to be afraid of this fearsome foe.

But we stay one step ahead,  
So that no one ends up dead.  
We stay safe and sound, but don't let him know.

He leaves as night falls,  
Nothing ever caught in his jaws.  
But we think for him it's still a lot of fun.

And so we always hope,  
That our dear own lycanthrope,  
Will be back the very next full-sun.

# The Girl Who Drew Cats

*Inspired by a Japanese fairytale.*

There once was a girl who loved to draw cats.  
From morning to midnight.  
Otherwise normal and alright.  
But always drawing those cats.

She drew cats at home and at school.  
On everything she laid eyes on.  
In oil and ink and crayon.  
So much so her classmates called her a fool.

One day she was caught by the teacher.  
Drawing cats on the wall.  
He told her, appalled,  
Detention that night should teach her.

That night she came back in time.  
Left in an empty room,  
To mop and dust and broom.  
To make up for her drawing crime.

Now this school was said to be cursed.  
At night something waiting,  
To catch anyone staying.  
To drink their blood and quench a terrible thirst.

Cleaning began with her full concentration.  
Till she noticed some chalk,  
And blackboard and thought,

The room needed a new feline illustration.

Soon the board was filled with drawings.  
Of cats long and tall,  
Of cats short and small.  
Leaving the rest of the room quite appalling.

Suddenly, a blood curdling scream gave her fright.  
From somewhere down the hall,  
She heard feet or paws.  
Shuffling closer in the dark night.

She had to hide not wanting to be found.  
Whatever the creature,  
It wasn't her teacher.  
No human made such a terrible sounds

Terrified by what might be in store,  
As her cats looked on,  
On her knees and palms,  
She crawled to the closet, closing the door.

Now the growling was right in the classroom.  
She heard it coming near,  
Her body froze with fear.  
Certainly this would be her final doom.

Another screech sounded, but this time of pain.  
The noise of an attack,  
Like the tear of a huge sack.  
Then silence filled the room once again.

It took a long time for her to peak out.  
The room was now bright,  
But destroyed by a fight.  
She opened the closet and stifled a shout.



There lumped on the floor was a huge rat beast.

As big as a man.

Cruel claws on each hand.

But carved up like the turkey at a feast.

Looking up at the board now the cats all wore grins.

The furry and fluffy,

The sleek and scruffy.

Were drawn with red blood down there chins.

Now the girl who loved to draw cats

Can draw all she wants,

With never a taunt.

And the school is completely free of rats.