

# **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.





# 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.