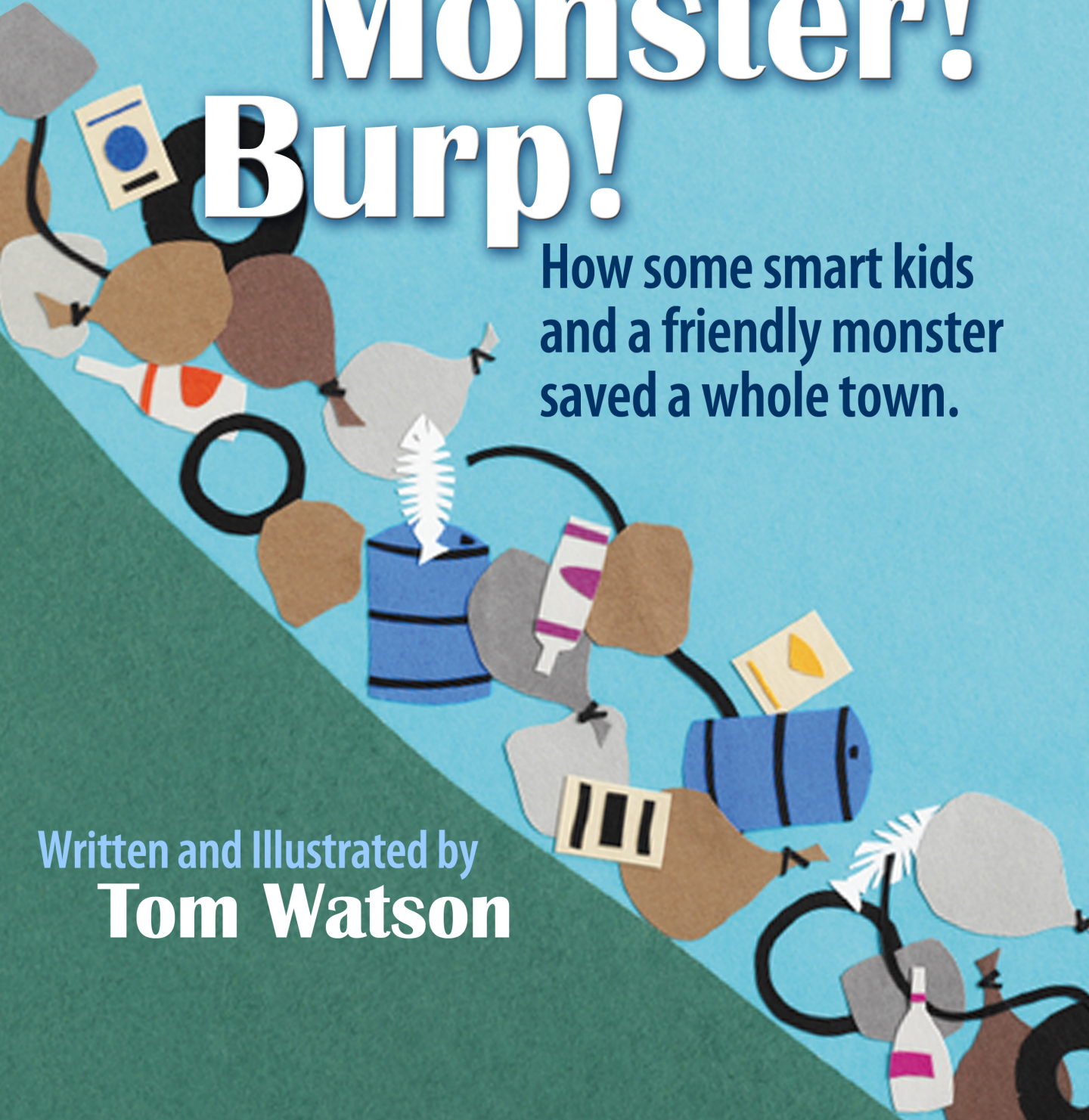


Garbage! Monster! Burp!

How some smart kids
and a friendly monster
saved a whole town.

Written and Illustrated by
Tom Watson



This book is dedicated to Mary
(SDLMM)

Story and illustrations by Tom Watson

Layout and design assistance by Diane Pletka
(www.pletkadesign.com)

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Garbage! Monster! Burp!

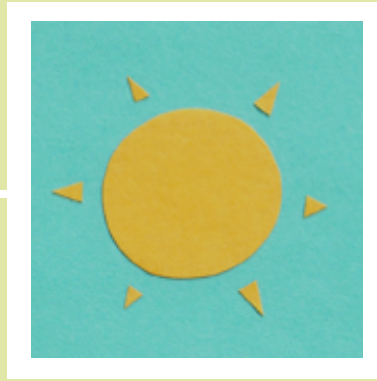


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The town on the hill
Was like many others
It had fathers and mothers
Sisters and brothers

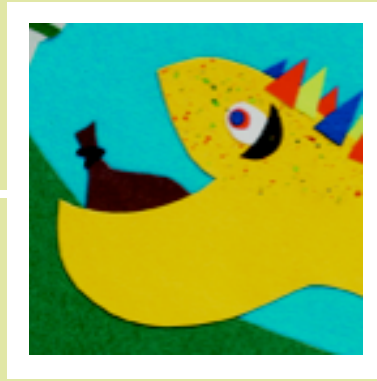


It also had something
That others did not
It had its own monster
And they liked him a lot

He lived in the valley
Below the small town
He'd eat all the food
That the people threw down



What did they feed him?
Not candy, not roast
Not pizza, not french fries
Not hot-buttered toast



They tossed down their garbage
To the fine, yellow beast
To us, it sounds yucky
To him, it's a feast

The trash was delicious
And, to the monster, nutritious
For the town, this arrangement
Was quite expeditious



You see, the town was kept tidy
Neat and un-smelly
And the monster stayed happy
With food in his belly

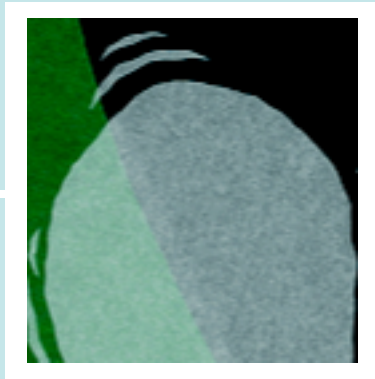


It stayed that way
For years upon years
Until one night a sound came
That startled their ears

A loud and fierce rumble
Came up from beneath
The people, they jumped
It rattled their teeth



The sound shook the town
In the dark, peaceful night
The sound scared the people
They turned on the lights



In the morning, they sought
The source of that sound
They looked down the mountain
The answer was found



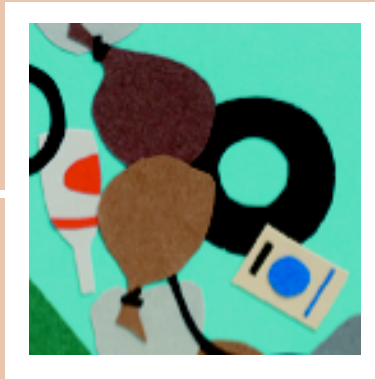
The monster, it seemed,
Had spent the night burping
His tummy too full
From gulping and slurping



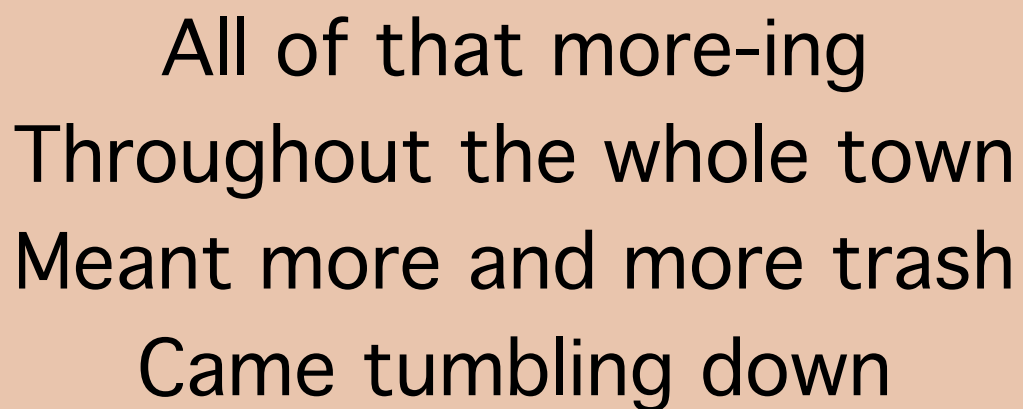
You see, the town had grown bigger
More houses and pools



More people, more parks,
More restaurants and schools



More paper, more metal
More cars and more wires
More boxes, more bottles
More bicycle tires



All of that more-ing
Throughout the whole town
Meant more and more trash
Came tumbling down

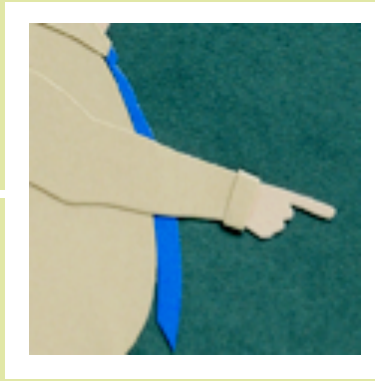


The town's Mayor understood
The bad situation
He flew home at once
Cutting short his vacation

"We'll form a committee.
That's just what we'll do.
If that doesn't work,
We'll find someone to sue."



The committee decided
A clear plan of action
The mayor went down
To demand satisfaction



“For years, we have fed you,”
The mayor implored.
“Now you must do this:
You have to eat more!”



The monster agreed
He was kind, after all
He met the town's need
He answered the call



He ate and he ate
That's all that he did
He ate boxes and bags
And garbage can lids



All that eating made him get
Bigger and sadder
And his tummy got bigger
And his burping got badder

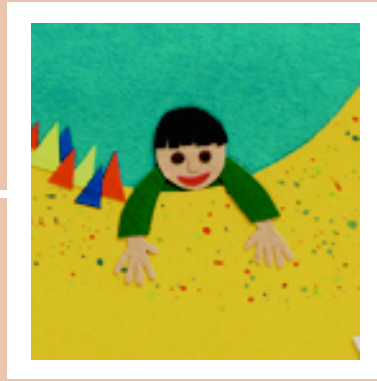


Soon, another byproduct
Startled the crowds
As the monster ate more
His burps made some clouds

The clouds of burp-gas
Hung over the hill
It was dark, it was gloomy
And, boy, did it smell!



The mayor took charge
He was a take-charger
He formed another committee
This time, even larger



While the committee debated
And devised more demands
The children took matters
Into their own hands

They loved the monster
And the monster loved them
They searched for a way
To help their dear friend



They played with the monster
And tickled his chin
They asked very nicely
What was bothering him



Yes, the kids and the monster
Had their very own meeting
He looked sad when he said,
“It’s just too much eating.”



While the mayor's committee
Argued and ranted
The kids understood
They'd taken the monster for granted

So the kids found an answer
That really was best
He shouldn't get more food
What he needed was less



They found a solution
They knew that they could
And if they didn't do it
Then nobody would



They opened a business
And recycled the trash
It meant less food for the monster
And, for them - cold, hard cash.



They collected bottles and glass
Newspapers and plastic
“Tha-a-at will work,” said the mayor,
dripping sarcastic.

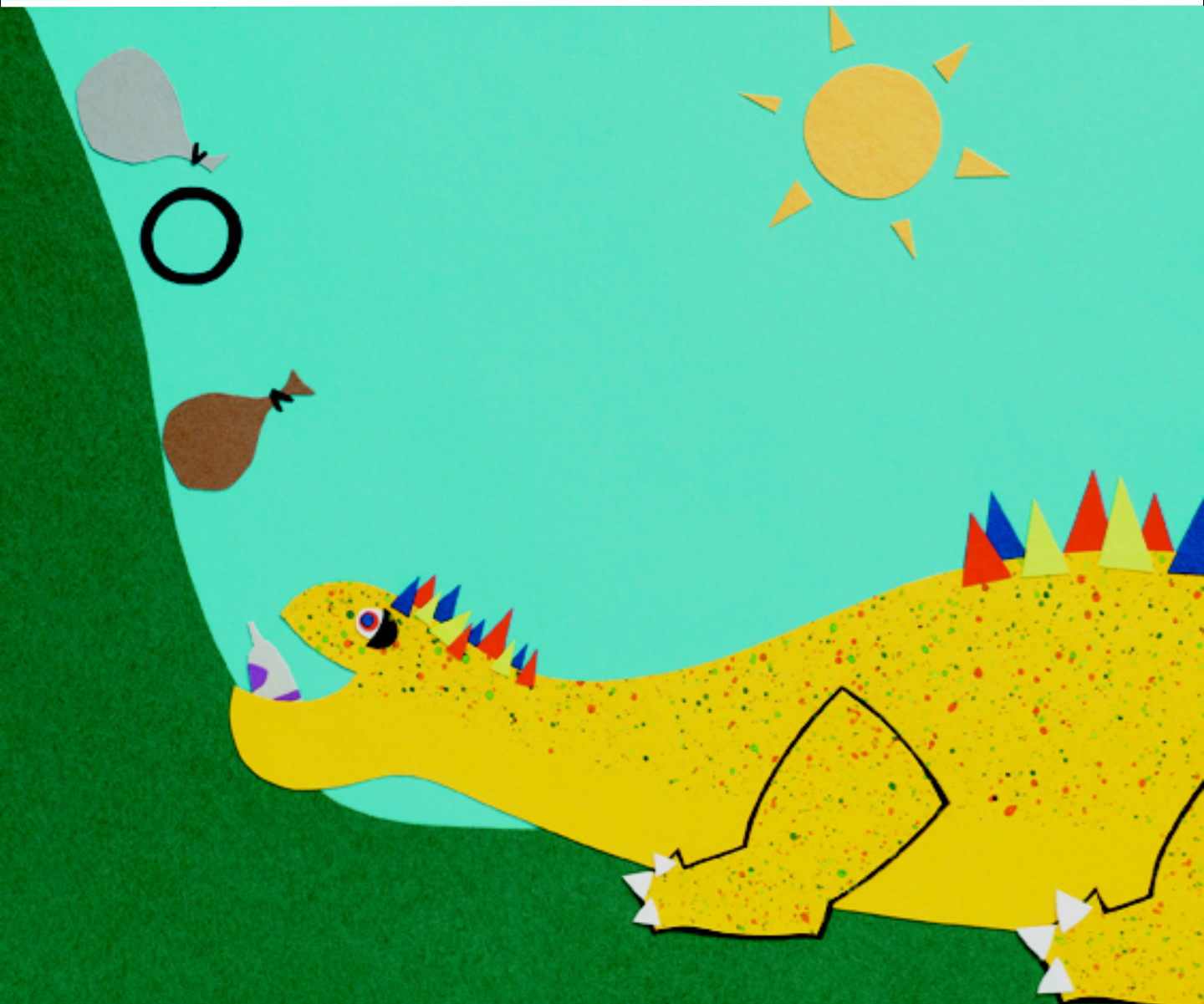


He said, "Growing is best.
It makes us bigger and stronger."
The kids plugged their ears
They could listen no longer

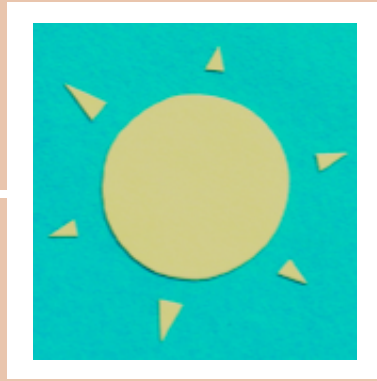


The kids kept on working
Despite the town's scoffs
Soon, their great plan
Began to pay off

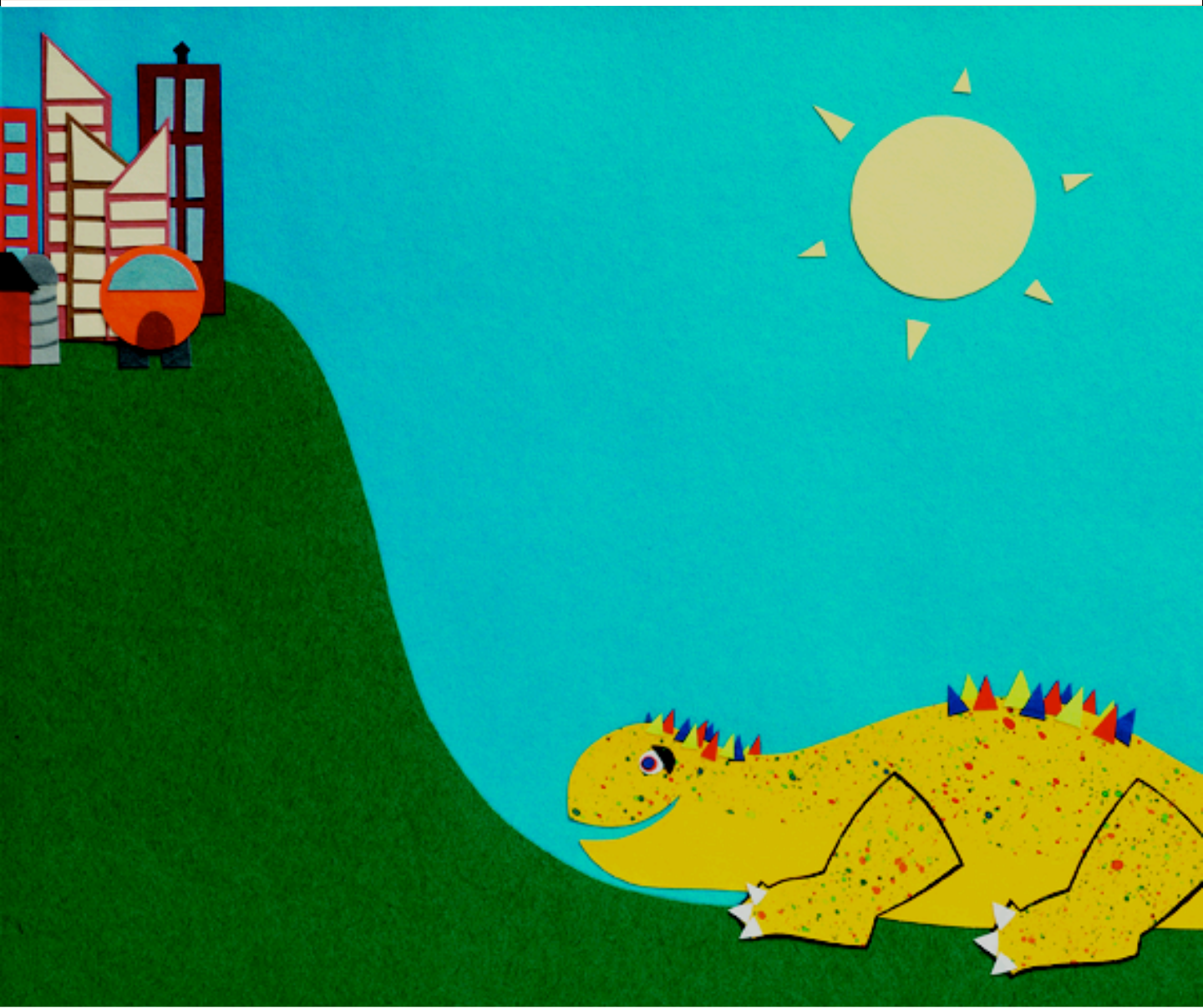
There was less and less trash
For the monster to munch
His meals were much lighter
He could even skip brunch



In time, something happened
Neither phony, nor fake
The monster felt better
There was no tummy-ache



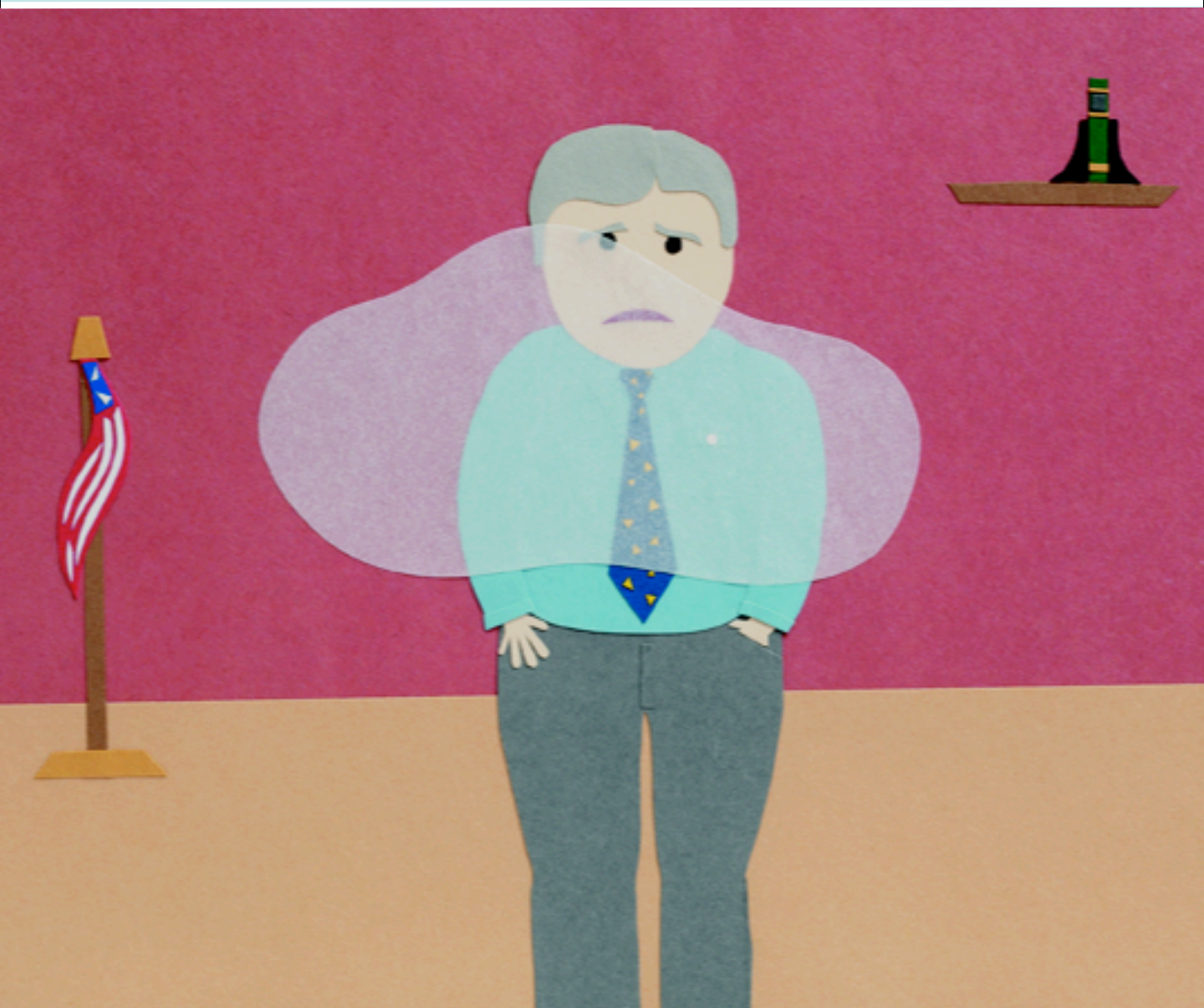
The clouds dissipated
The sun shone again
And the burping subsided
It was peaceful and zen



Today, the town's happy
North, east, west and south
The monster is better
And so is his mouth



Yes, the town's people are happy
In all of its sections



When the monster chooses to burp
It's in the mayor's direction



The End.