

Versemaker Stories

by Ann Averitt Collins

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An Amiable Neighborhood by Ann Averitt Collins



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A is for **AMIALE** (or **VERY FRIENDLY** indeed)
And we all need friends. Yes! Those we all need...
And once upon this earth was...

AN AMIALE NEIGHBORHOOD

Grandma Applepie **BAKED** (or she **MADE CAKES AND PIES**)

To give to her Neighbors as a happy surprise.

Next door to her in a big old brick house

Lived the lean Mr. Rodent

Who had a pet mouse.

On the other side of Grandma lived the lovely Miss Darling.

Who was **CHARMING** (or **VERY NICE**)

And also so pretty you'd look at her twice!

Miss Darling's boyfriend, who lived down the street,

Was the best looking man one ever could meet.

He was **DARING** (or **COURAGEOUS** and such).

His name was Mr. Marvel Gutsmuch.

Mrs. Nosey lived on the corner - where the streets come together

And she watched from her window in all kinds of weather!

One day when it rained, she saw Mr. Wet

Taking a stroll in the rain with his white poodle pet -

And what did she see??

Why, he undid that leash and set that dog free!

The dog dug a hole in her nice corner lawn.

She hurried right out but the poodle had gone.

Mrs. Nosey put on her raincoat and got into her car

And went out see if that dog had gone far

When up a few blocks - as smug as you please -

Was Mr. Wet's poodle pet back on his leash!

She got out of the car and approached Mr. Wet.

She screamed at both him and his pet.

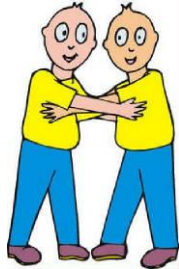
For digging that awful hole in her yard....

And then who appeared?? Why, that nice Mr. Guard.

Mr. Guard **EMERGED** (or he **CAME OUT**)
 Of his old house nearby to wander about.
 He invited Mr. Wet in out of the rain
 While Mrs. Nosey fumed like a smokey freight train.
 She went back to her house right there and then
 To glare out of her corner window again.
 Everyone in the Neighborhood loved the nice Mrs. Good.
 Mrs. Good **FLOURISHED** (or she **MADE OUT**)
 With love and not money without any doubt.
 Always **GRACEFUL** (or **LADYLIKE** in her talk),
 People were glad when she went out for a walk
 For she would always stop for a nice little chat.
 People poked fun when she met up with Miss Fat...
 For Mrs. Good, you see, was terribly thin
 And together they looked like a big tree and pin.
 Now Miss Fat did not like looking like a big tree
 So she **HOLLERED** alot (or **SCREAMED LOUD**), you see
 When the people were poking fun -
 And it was Mrs. Good - when all's said and done -
 Who made her feel better and changed her whole life!
 She introduced her to Mr. Big who made her his wife.
 Now no one makes fun of the former Miss Fat
 For Mr. Big would get mad (and they wouldn't want that!)
 Another nice Neighbor was middle aged Mr. Middle.
 At Neighborhood dances, he'd play the fiddle.
 One day Mr. Middle was not **INVITED** (or not **ASKED TO COME**)
 And he felt very badly - when all's said and done.
 At that dance, Mr. Fuss was the Host.
 He liked to brag and to fuss and to boast
 About how well he himself played the fiddle
 So that day he decided not to ask Mr. Middle.
 Mr. Fuss, however, could not play as well
 (Or so I've heard his Neighbors tell!)
 It **JOLTED** Mr. Middle (or it **JARRED** him up)
 To see a Crowd coming towards him led by Mr. Wet's pup.
 He soon had **KNOWLEDGE** (or he **WAS TOLD**)
 That all Fuss's glitter had not turned to gold.
 Because everyone was fussing and all -
 Mr. Middle, midst his Neighbors, stood very tall
 Saying: "Let's all go back and hear Mr. Fuss play
 And maybe he won't be fussing all day!"
 So they all went back and Mr. Fuss played the fiddle -
 Then he played a duet with that nice Mr. Middle
 And from all of the gossip that I have since heard,
 They are the greatest friends. (And I believe every word!)
 The Thrifty Brothers lived in the Neighborhood too.
 They owned a Grocery. (In fact, they owned two).
 Their stores were **LUCRATIVE** (or they **MADE MONEY**)
 And when folks didn't pay, they found it unfunny.
 In fact, the Thriftys **RAGED** (or **GOT REALLY MAD**)
 And those who did not pay soon wished that they had!
 Then one day, the very nice Mrs. Real
 Went to one of their stores for a nice cut of veal
 She thought she had her purse. (But she did not!)
 So she said she'd pay later - that she had forgot.
 They said unkindly: "Leave the veal here -
 If you can't pay, you can't have it, we fear!"
 Mrs. Real - never **NASTY** (or **NOT VERY NICE**)
 Listened and decided to take their advice.
 She left their store with a sad little frown
 And now does all of her shopping in another small town.

Master Mischief was **ONEROUS** (or a **TROUBLESOME** boy).
He seldom brought the Neighborhood joy....
Because he got into things that he should not you see.
And he did these things with the greatest of glee.
One day he **PRACTICED** (or **TRIED TO LEARN**)
To play the game, baseball, and when it wasn't his turn.
He picked up the bat and threw it so far
That it put a dent in his father's new car!
Well, his father **QUIETLY** (or **SILENTLY**)
Took Master Mischief aside right then and there
And told him to get lost somewhere!
His father **REASONED** (or **FIGURED OUT**)
That when no one else was around or about,
Master Mischief might repent. (It was worth finding out!)
Well, the boy **SPRINTED** (or **LEAPED AWAY FAST**)
And decided to run away at last.
He went to his **TREEHOUSE** (or **HOUSE IN A TREE**)
For no one knew it was there, you see.
He watched and he waited but no one came.
He listened for hours and no one called his name.
He began to recall how **UNUSUALLY** bad
(Or **MORE bad THAN NORMAL**) he'd been. (An it made him quite sad!)
He recalled the time he had torn his new shirt.
He remembered the little kids he had hurt.
He though of the time he hid Mom's jewels in a sack -
And he began to wonder if they'd want him back!
The sky grew dim and he was afraid
When from behind the Treehouse, out of the shade,
Came a **VICIOUS** lion (or a **MEAN**) cat
Who tried to climb up to where he was at!
Master Mischief Wallowed in pity (or **WAS SOAKED**) with grief
For no would come, (That was his belief!)
The cat's **X-RAY eyes** (or eyes **PENETRATING THROUGH**)
Saw him in the darkness! Oh what could he do??
Then all of a sudden, his father was calling.
He heard his father although he was bawling...
And he **YELLED** back (or he **DID SCREAM**).
He yelled for ages. (Or so it did seem)...
Till his father got there to rescue his boy
Who had never brought the Neighborhood joy.
Master Mischief decided to be good from then on
Now that he was safe and the lion was gone!
Now the end this story is said to be true -
That the Lion had escaped from the **PUBLIC ANIMAL SHELTER**. (Better known as
the local **ZOO**!)
The **AMIALE** Neighborhood is still amiable today
(Or **VERY PLEASANT**)... or so people say

Double Trouble by Ann Averitt Collins



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T is for **TROUBLE** (or a **BAD SITUATION**)

And when the Twins were bad, it filled them with elation....

Yes, once upon this Earth (in fact this very nation) lived...

DOUBLE TROUBLE

The Twins had nice names – Peter and Paul -

But they themselves were not nice at all!

Peter loved to **AGGRAVATE** (or **IRRITATE**) people

So he would climb up quite often to the Church Steeple

And ring and ring and ring the Church bell.

That made everyone mad! (Or so I've heard tell).

For the **BELL** (or **THE VESSEL WITH THE LOUD RINGING SOUND**)

Could be heard for miles and miles around.

He would **CLANG** that bell (or **MAKE IT RING**) day and night

And the people got mad! (They sure had a right!)

Now Paul was a **DAREDEVIL** too.

(or a **RECKLESSLY BOLD FELLOW**). (I've heard that is true)

One day Paul **ENTERED** a Grocery Store –

(or **WENT INSIDE**), stole something – and then he stole more!

Another day, he **FORGED** his Mother's name

(or **COPIED** it) like hers on a check. (It did look the same!!!)

Well, Paul cashed that check for one hundred dollars

And his Mom found out! (She really hollers!)

She explained the **GRAVITY** of this bad situation -

(How **VERY SERIOUS**) it was. (He was not filled with elation!)

She told him he must get a job and pay her back soon
Or she would call the Police. (He had one by noon!)

The Twins – Paul and Peter – were even worse together!
They got into mischief in all kinds of weather.
One day they decided to play a **HOAX** on someone
(Or a **PRACTICAL JOKE**) which they thought was fun.
It was raining that day and the Twins were alone.
They decided to play their prank on the phone.
After all, no one would know! (Their parents weren't home!)

Peter called the Barber Shop
And **IMITATED** a Policeman (or **TRIED TO SOUND LIKE**) a Cop!
He told the Barber: "You are in great **JEOPARDY** -
(or **VERY GRAVE DANGER**) for there is a bomb planted, you see,
Inside your shop so you'd better flee!!"
That Barber had been cutting a little boy's hair -
He grabbed the child's hand and told the other Customers there:
"Someone just called me – said there's a bomb here somewhere!"
They all ran outside **KINDLED** with fear
(Or they were **EXCITED**) at what they did hear
And they didn't want to be anywhere near!

Then Paul called someone and did the very same thing
And all over Town people heard their phones ring.
As **LIGHTNING** flashed through the storm ridden sky,
(Or **FLASHES OF LIGHT**) were witnessed on high,
People were leaving their houses and stores -
Getting drenched in the rain and forgetting their chores.
(They thought a bomb was inside, so they all went outdoors!)

Now this was not just a **MISDEMEANOR** -
(**A SMALL LAW they had BROKEN**). (No! This was much meaner).
The Twins had caused a "Bomb Scare" this time
And that is a very serious crime!
"What if someone finds out??" They yelled at each other.
"It was your idea, Peter," Paul said to his brother.
"That 's **NONSENSE**, Paul, " (Which means **ABSURD AND UNTRUE**)
Peter screamed at this brother: "You wanted to!!!!
When the people found out there were no bombs anywhere,
They asked: "What was the **ORIGIN** (or **SOURCE**) of the 'scare'?"
Who, they wondered, had **PERPETRATED** this hoax -
(Or who **HAD COMMITTED**) this prank and scared all of those folks??

Peter and Paul became **QUERULOUS** (or they were **COMPLAINING**) a lot
About whose fault the prank was! (And whose it was not!)

They would be good from then on, they decided right then!
(And they never caused any more trouble again!)

The Great King Xylophone by Ann Averitt Collins



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X is for **XYLOPHONE (A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT WITH MANY KEYS)**
And once upon this Earth (or so the gossip flees) – lived....

The Great King Xylophone
(whose music sailed the breeze)

Everybody loved the music of their King
Every day – at work and play – they would dance and sing!
And then one day, his music did not fill the air.
The King was gone (the tale goes on) and nobody knew where!
Miss Fancy Flute knew nothing – nor did Sir Steeple Bell...
Nor, it seemed, did anyone else (or so the people tell)
Then they asked the King's Magician. He said he did not know himself
But if anyone did, said the Magic Man, it would be the Singing Elf.
The people gathered 'round and called upward towards the sky
Where the Singing Elf liked to fly and sit on the stars and watch the clouds cry...
And even sometimes watch a comet streak by!
When the Singing Elf heard them, he rode a rainbow down
And slid into the Kingdom wearing an elfish frown.

"Where's the King? Do you know Singing Elf"
"Has he met harm? Have you seen him yourself??"

"The King **YEARNs** (or he **LONGs FOR**)

A Queen, " said the Elf, "that he can adore.

The King journeys with **ZEST** (or **GREAT ENERGY**)

To find a golden haired Queen for this Kingdom, you see."

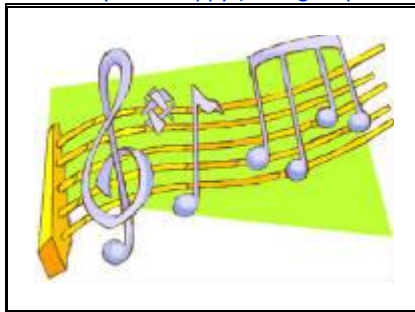
Right then! In that moment! In the Kingdom there,
Among those gathered – in the middle somewhere -
The Elf caught a glimpse of a girl with gold hair.
The King had searched everywhere – both far and near -
And the Elf found his Queen in his Kingdom right here!

Then in a flash with a leap and a dash
He circled her waist with his swaying elf sash
And they arrived on a cloud near a mountain high,
Saw the King there, and the Elf gave a cry!

Then in a flash with a leap and a dash,
He circled the King with his swaying elf sash.
The elf , the King, and the Golden Haired Girl
Arrived on the rainbow in one elf-sash-twirl...

And they whirled and swirled above
While the King and the Golden Hair Girl fell in love.
Then they whirled and swirled and twirled some more
Till the rainbow unfurled at the great palace door...

Now the King's music soars again, through the breeze
And everyone's happy (or so gossip flees!)



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The Black Magic Seal by Ann Averitt Collins



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Seals swim the seas (or so it was planned)
But the Black Magic Seal Lived only on land...

One Day the Seal **HEAVED** (or **GAVE A BIG SIGH**)
And snatched two children in the wink of an eye!
They saw in that **INSTANT** (or that **MOMENT**) then
A House that look haunted (as it may well have been).
"I must eat you!" The seal said, "I'm getting too thin."

The Seal wasn't **JESTING** (or **TELLING A JOKE**).
The children hid quickly behind a big oak.
A mounted Knight appeared (or a **KING'S MAN ON HIS HORSE**)
And said: "I'm a bold Knight." (And he has one, of course).
But when that Knight **LEARNED** (or he **WAS TOLD**)
That the Seal was nearby, he wasn't so bold...
For he cracked his whip and gave a bigh shout
And left on his horse without turning about!

The children **MURMURED** (or **SPOKE VERY LOW**)
About running away and which way to go
While getting more **NERVOUS** (or **JITTERY**)
And clinging together behind that oak tree.

Nightfall proved **OMINOUS** (or **VERY SCARY**)
And they weren't brave children (at least they weren't very!)
The silence was broken by the Good Forest Fairy....

She wasn't **PRETENTIOUS** (had no **SNOBBISH AIR**)
As she asked: "Dear children, just why are you there?"
The children **QUIVERED** (or they **WERE SHAKING**).
They asked: "W-w-who are you??" with voices so quaking.
The Fairy **RESPONDED** (or she **REPLIED**):
"I'm the Good Forest Fairy - why must you hide?"

Right then something **SCREECHED** (or **GAVE A SHRILL SCREAM**).
The children were trapped! (Or so it did seem)...
For the Magic Seal's **TIGER** (or his **BIG CAT**)
Pounced on those children. (Now just think of that!)
The cat took the children to the Black Magic Seal
Who was inside the house just beginning his meal.
Then **UNCTUOUSLY** (or **TOO SWEETLY SWEET SWEET**),
The Black Magic Seal said: "It's time now to eat."

They were his **VICTIMS** (or **ONES to be HURT**) -
And the children soon guessed they were to be his dessert!
The Good Fairy had followed the children inside.
She had to do something. She had to decide!
She decided to **WREST** (or **TO PULL AWAY**)
The Seal's black magic with her own spell that day.

When the Seal lost his magic, the children were free
For he disappeared then and returned to the sea!

AI Adversary by Ann Averitt Collins



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A is for **ADVERSARIES**. (now no one wants those!)
No one wants **ENEMIES**. (Nor do they want **FOES**)...
And once upon this Earth (or so the story goes) lived...
AL ADVERSARY
Al Adversary **BURGLED** (or **BROKE INTO STEAL**), and got what was coming...
(or so people feel)
When he was **CAPTURED** (or when he **WAS CAUGHT**), he was locked up for good!
(or so people thought)
But Al was **DETERMINED** (or Al's **MIND WAS SET**) to get out of prison.
(and out he did get)
Yes, Al **ESCAPED** (or he **GOT AWAY**), and the Police were upset...
(or so people say)
For since Al had **FLED** (or since he **HAD RUN**), the Police must catch him.
(their work was not done)
They searched Al's **GARAGE** (or **PLACE FOR his CAR**), but his car was still there.
(he couldn't go far)
They searched his **HOVEL** (or Al's **OLD SHACK**) but he was not there.
(he hadn't come back)
The Police were **INTERESTED** (or **WANTED TO KNOW**) just where AL could be.
(just where could Al go?)
They searched the **JUNKYARD** (or **PLACE FOR TRASH**). They looked their quickly.
(as quick as a flash)
The Police then **KNOCKED** (or **RAPPED**) on each door all over Town....
(how could they do more?)
But Al was not **LURKING** (or **HIDING ABOUT**) in anyone's house.
(or so they found out)
Then they searched the **MEADOWS** (or **FIELDS**) near the Town, and there was AL!
(near a tree lying down)
Of course they **NABBED** him (or Al was **CAUGHT**) and got what was coming.
(Or so people thought)
This story **OPENED** (or it **DID BEGIN**) with Al in prison...
...AND HE'S IN THERE AGAIN!!!!



Pete the Pony by Ann Averitt Collins



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P is for PONY -
(You know what that is.)
It's a **SMALL HORSE**, of course!
(Gitty-up and geewhiz!)
And once upon this earth lived....
PETE THE PONY
Pete was as Quick
As a Pony can be
(...Or Pete ran **FASTER** than most, you see!)
One day Pete **RAGED**
About losing a race
(...Or he **BECAME ANGRY** for he had lost face!)
Then out of the blue
Fell a **BIG STAR** so Bright
(...Or a **FIVE POINTED THING THAT SHINES IN THE NIGHT!**)
It **TERRIFIED** Pete
To see a star Fall
(...Or he was **TERRIBLY SCARED** and all!)
Yes Pete was **UPTIGHT**

As some people say
(...Or he was **UNUSUALLY TENSE** that day!)
The loss of the **VICTORY**
Meant nothing now
(...Or Winning a race didn't matter somehow!)
Then the star **WARBLED**
And started to fly
(...Or **SANG LIKE A BIRD** and got lost in the sky!)

