

kangaroooster



written and illustrated by
Tom Watson

This book is dedicated to Lizzy
(of course)

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Lizzy lived on a farm
With a house and a barn
In a town called Kalamazoo

It had honeybees
And apple trees
And something else that nobody knew

Lizzy's dad loved creatures
And all of their features
But they didn't run around loose



Each one had a purpose
Each one did a service
Each animal was put to good use

Milk came from the cow
Eggs came from the fowl
The farmer and Lizzy assisted

Apples came from the trees
Honey came from the bees
The food could not be resisted

Farming' s not for the weak
Nor the lazy, nor meek
The farmer would gladly attest



A farm was for working
It wasn't for shirking
That was something that Lizzy knew best

Lizzy kept them all fed
She put them to bed
The animals were one of her duties



She picked apples and plums
In incredible sums
To make every meal extra fruity

When the chores were all done
And down went the sun
The farmer would put up his feet



He'd sigh and he'd say,
"Tomorrow's a new day.
There's always more work to complete"

It happened that way
Day after day
On the farm in Kalamazoo

Until one bright morning
Without any warning
Came an animal – brand, spanking new

Lizzy woke up
Fed the cat and the pup
And looked out in the bright, morning light



The animals were there
Breathing fresh morning air
But something wasn't quite right

She looked out at the farm
She examined the barn
Counting animals in every direction

She saw a surprise
She rubbed at her eyes
She couldn't believe her detection

What did she see?
Beneath an Oak tree?
On the farm in Kalamazoo?



It was something quite freaky
Something unique-y
What she saw was a kangaroo

A brown kangaroo
In Kalamazoo?
Lizzy wondered if she'd gone mad

How had it come?
Where had it come from?
She ran to get her dear dad

He stood there a-wondering
He stood there a-pondering
“Can she stay with us?” Lizzy did ask



He looked at the beast
Didn't flinch in the least
"Only if you can find her a task"

She didn't bale hay
She didn't eggs lay
Lizzy searched about for a clue

The 'roo hopped and she hopped
She hopped without stop
This Kalamazoo Kangaroo

Then, Lizzy figured it out
All this hopping about
Could be put to really good use



She could pick fruit from the trees
And reach the hayloft with ease
Her hopping was really good news

For a very long time
The farm was sublime
With each animal playing a role



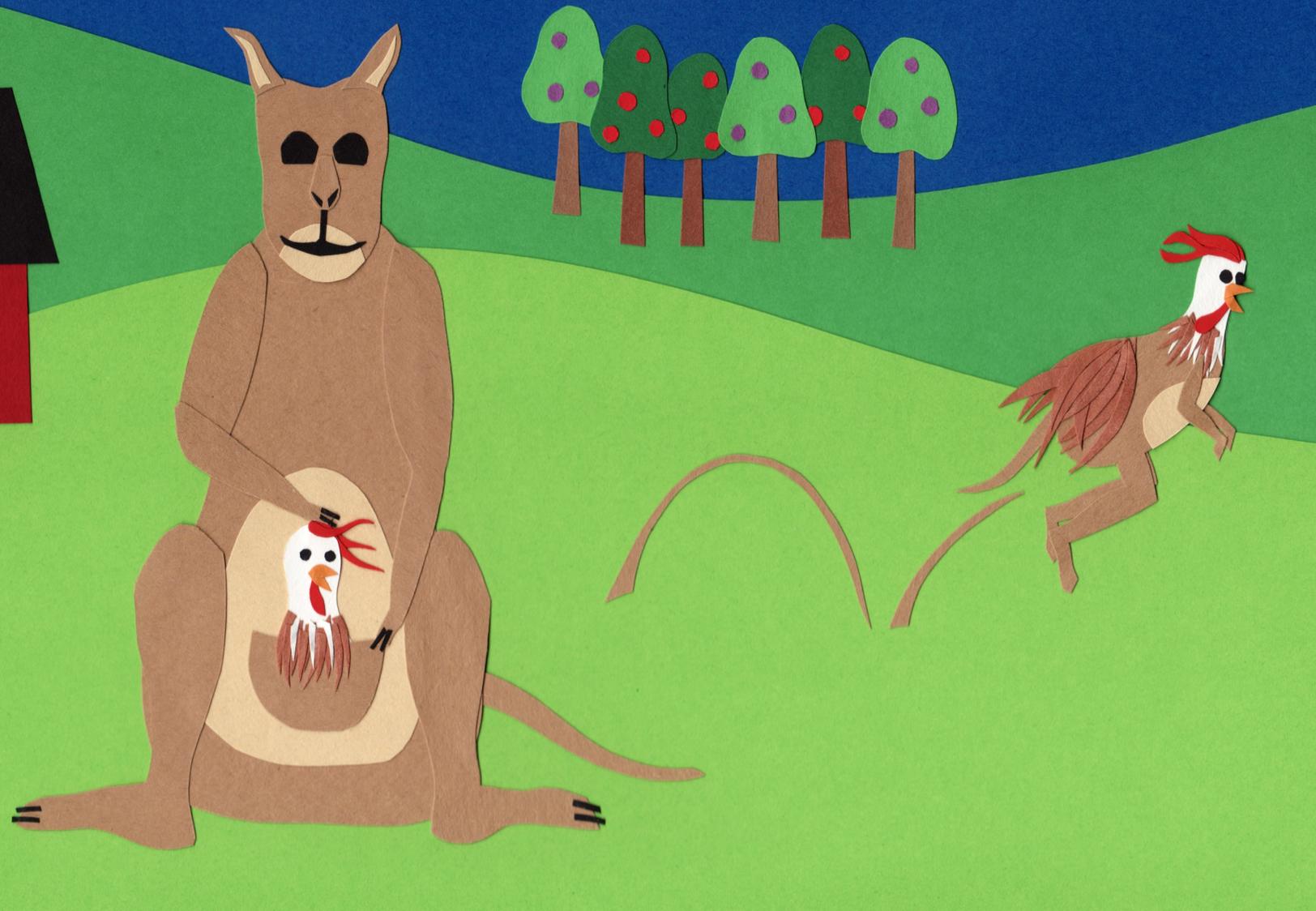
The 'roo did her hopping
The pigs did their slopping
The animals worked well, on the whole

You might think that this story
In all of its glory
Would close on this happy farm



But another new litter
With some odd-looking critters
Made Lizzy scream with alarm

They had feathers and fur
Were they his? Were they hers?
Each walked with a strut, not a slouch



They had beaks and clawed toes
They spoke using crows
On each tummy, Lizzy spied a small pouch

Lizzy hurried to bother
Her smart, farmer father
She asked, “What are they? Who are they, sir?”

He gave them a stare
He thought them quite rare
“I believe that they’ re Kangaroosters.”

She had just one question
A simple suggestion
“Can we keep them in Kalamazoo?”

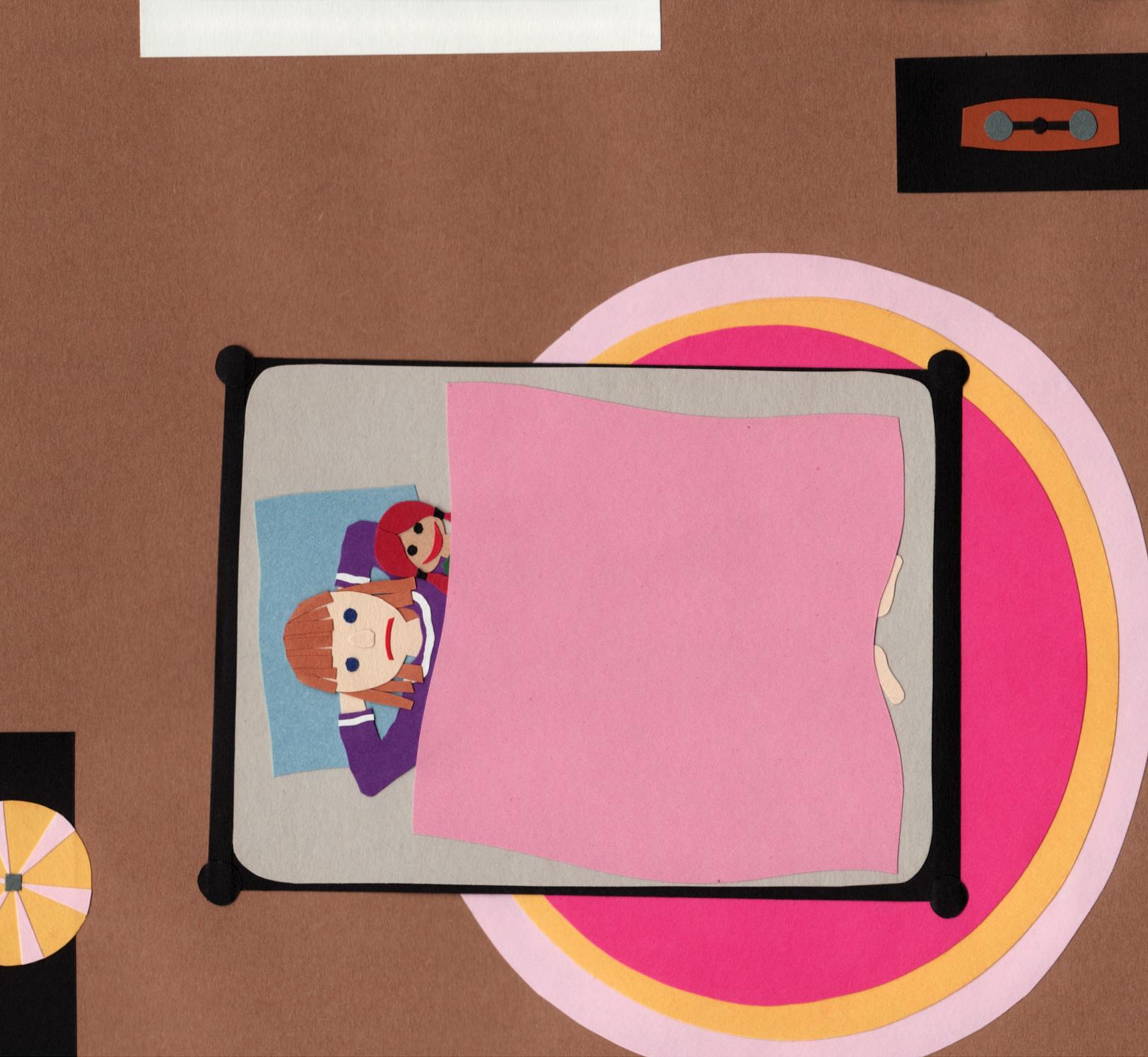


Her dad rubbed at his chin
Then he gave a slight grin
“If you can find them a job to do.”

Lizzy thought and she thought
She thought a whole lot
She over-worked her smart thinker-upper

She thought day and night
With all of her might
She thought at breakfast, at lunch and at supper

That night, she lay down
Her face had a frown
No job had yet been discovered



Perhaps the new day
Will bring a new way
Lizzy yawned and pulled up her covers

She was fast asleep
So nice and so deep
‘Til she woke upon hearing some knocking

It was not from the door
Nor the closet, nor floor
It came from the window – how shocking!

In the day’s morning light
Jumping to a great height
Were the Kalamazoo Kangaroosters

Lizzy held up her dolly
A redhead named Molly
And, happily, introduced her

There was no stopping
They kept right on hopping
What were the Kangaroosters about?



They opened their beaks
And started to speak
“Kang-A-Roost-A-Roo!” they started to shout

Lizzy had resolution
A perfect solution
The Kangaroosters were hers for the keeping

For, it could not be disputed
That they were well-suited
To wake the farmer and Lizzy from sleeping

Now, there's nothing amiss
And everything's bliss
Each animal has a job on the farm



Lizzy is glad
And so is her dad
The Kangaroosters are their morning alarm

The End.