

VAMPIRE BASS

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY

Tom Watson

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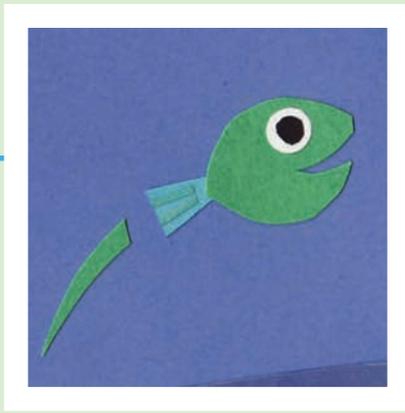
Cover and book design by Pletka Design.



The town of Zanesville
Was on the side of a hill
A nice place to grow up, no mistake

It had shops, it had schools
It had parks, it had pools
It had a lovely and temperate lake



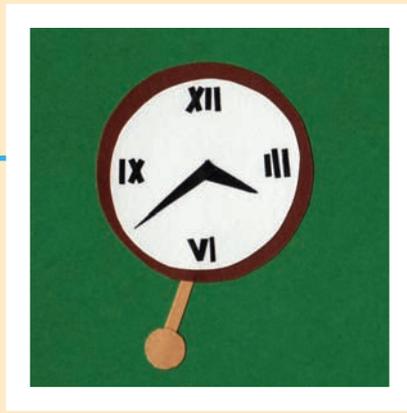


The lake water was clean
It was downright pristine
A great place to live for the fish

The children would swim there
They'd laugh and they'd splash there
The lake was all they could wish



The fish were called Bass
And when they'd swim pass
They'd tickle the kids on the feet
The kids jumped and they squiggled
They smiled, they giggled
The kids thought the bass were real neat



It went on that way
For days upon days
Until the Mayor made a decision

“I have good news for you all.
A power plant, big and tall,
Is bringing us nuclear fission.”



“Is it clean?” asked a man
Upon raising his hand
The Mayor was happy to answer,

“Your lights will be bright!
Everything is all right.
Believe me. Trust me. You can, sir.”



When the plant had been built
The flowers — they went wilt
Upon seeing them, the people complained
“To get much more power,
You must lose a few flowers,”
His honor, the Mayor, explained



The air it got foggy
In fact, it was smoggy
Again, the people were mad

“It’s a small price to pay.
Everything is okay.”

The Mayor said to each mother and dad



**Now, a plant of this type
Uses big, giant pipes
To dispose of all of its waste**

**And where did it go?
Where did the waste flow?
To the lake, at a furious pace**





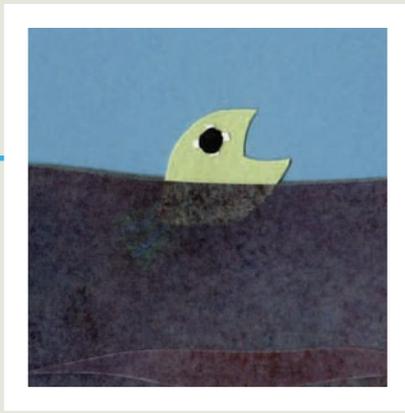
**Now, the fathers and mothers
The sisters and brothers
Were saddened by what came to pass**

**But their grief was small-time
When you consider the crime
That happened to the lake's native bass**



As the water got yucky
All cloudy and mucky
It affected the fish very quickly

The bass all got ill
As they swam in the swill
Their fins and their gills became stick-ly



The lake was not pretty
It got filthy and gritty
The children could no longer swim in it

It was bad in November
It was bad in September
It got worse with each passing minute.



When the kids came to the shore
There were good times no more
They knew all the fish felt so bad

It was too dirty to play
So the kids went away
Both the fish and the children were mad



As days and nights passed
Something happened at last
That soon addressed this terrible trouble

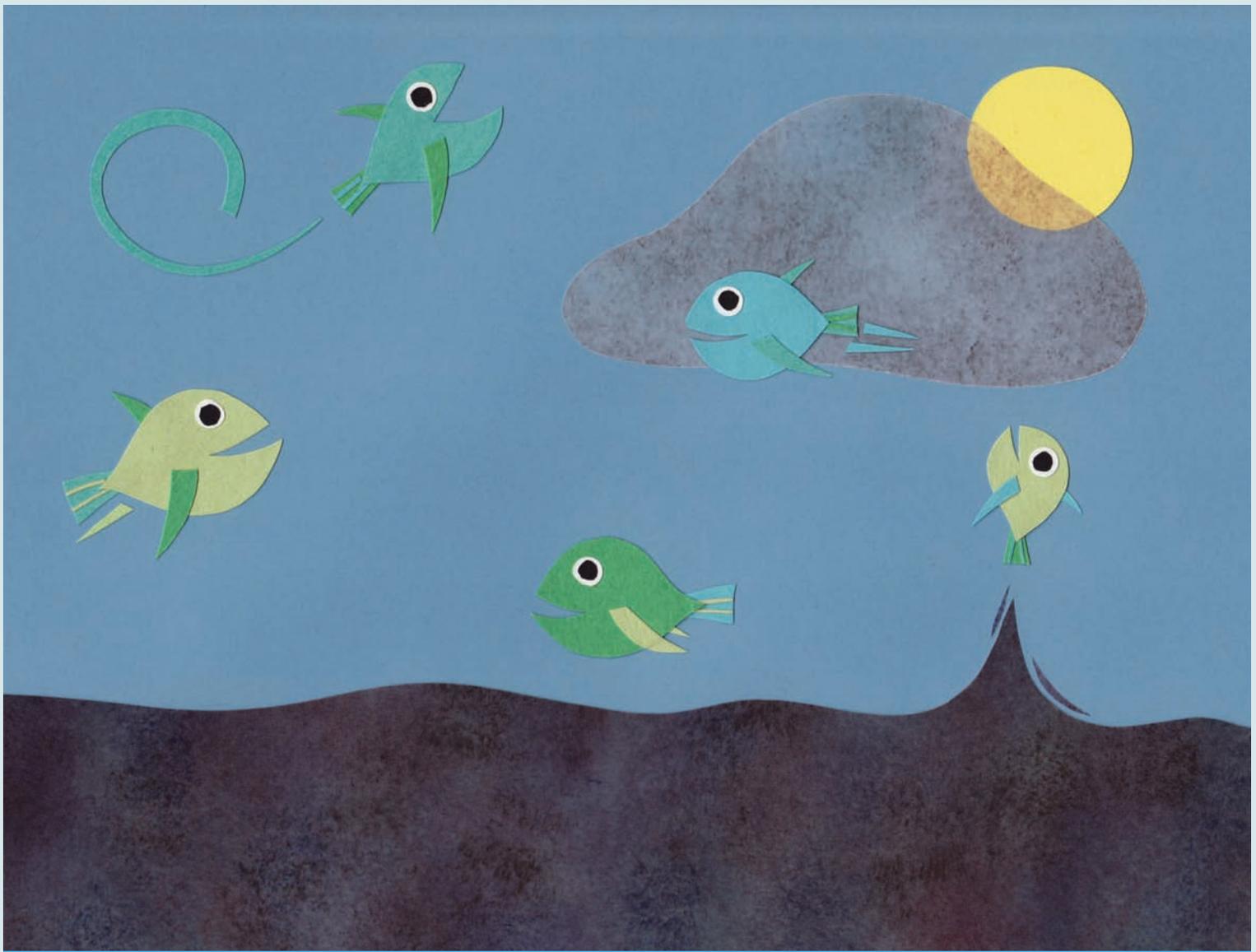
The fish started to change
In ways very strange
One night, the water started to bubble



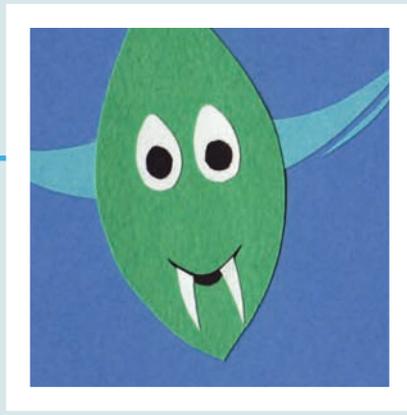


The fish bodies mutated
New parts were created
Their fins were the first strange new things

They weren't fins anymore
Now the bass could all soar
Their fins had turned into wings

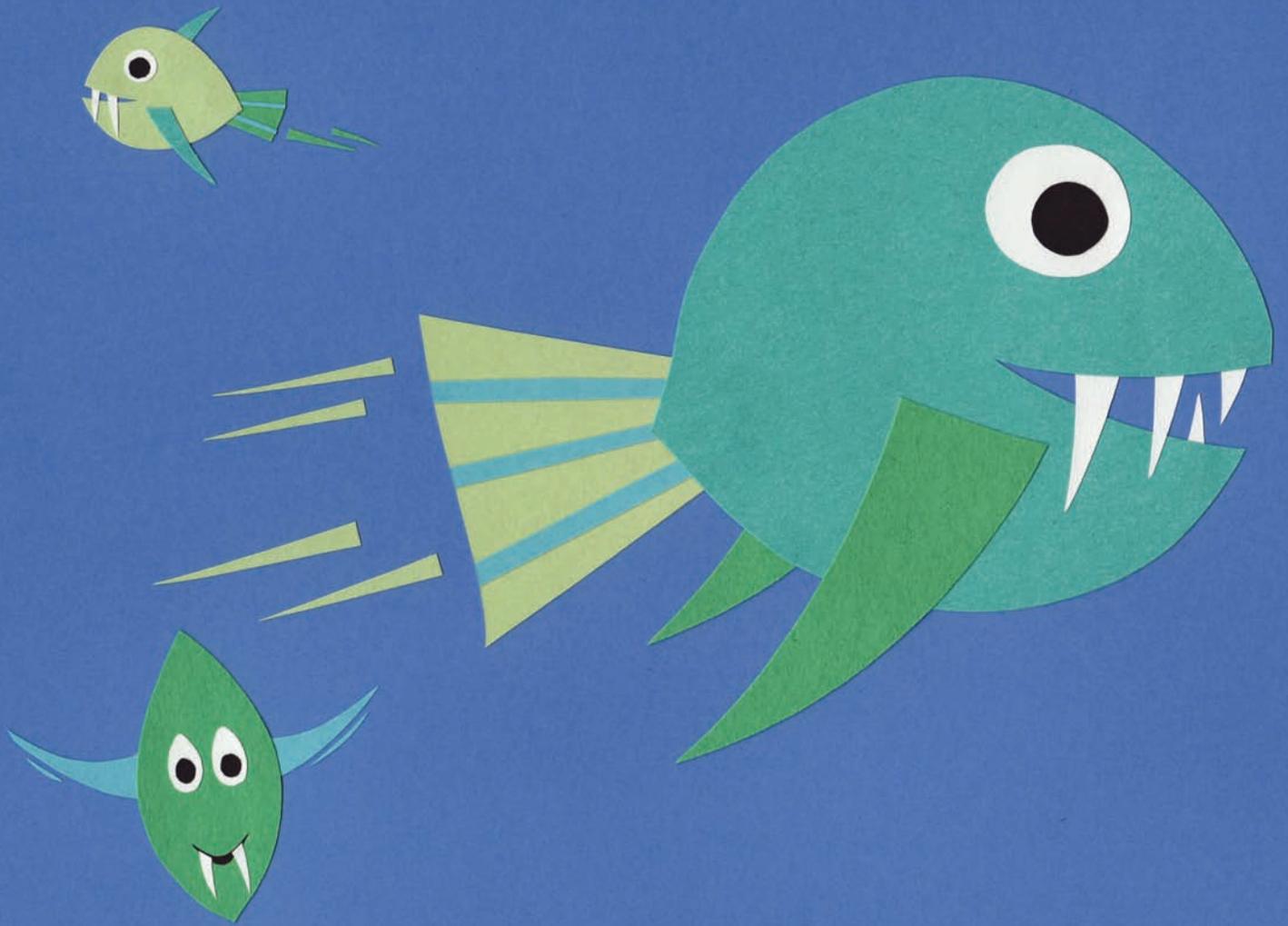


The next adaptation
Within this fish nation
Was something crazy, loony and rare
It seems that their gills
Had acquired brand new skills
The fish could now breathe in the air



To finish this story
In all of its glory
One last thing must now be set right

The fish teeth grew much longer
They grew sharper and stronger
They had fangs and, boy, could they bite



All of these changes
And all of this strangeness
Meant the fish were a new higher class

The fish had a new name
They would soon gain great fame
They were now known as Vampire Bass



When the kids saw the new creatures
With their scary new features
They found them a little alarming

Yet, the Bass all wore grins
And the kids knew they were friends
The new creatures, in fact, were quite charming



They explained to the kids
“Our lives hit the skids
When they built the plant on the hill.

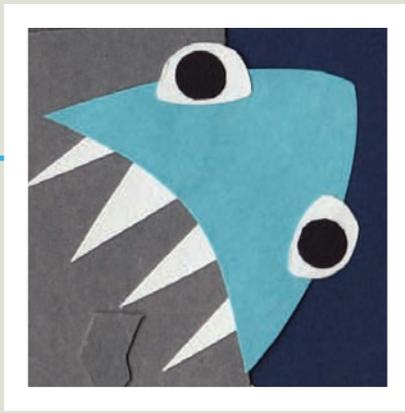
We’ve got work to be doing.
We’re gonna start chewing.
We are going to save sweet Zanesville.”



On Halloween night,
With the moon shining bright
They soared up high, without making a sound

They flew fast, they flew proud
They formed an ominous cloud
They waved at the kids on the ground





They flew on a straight course
To the new power source
And promptly began to undo it

They bit it and munched it
They gnawed it and crunched it
It was the right thing to do — and they knew it





In no time at all
The plant started to fall
It crumbled, it crashed, it fell down

The creatures flew back home fast
The kids cheered as they passed
There was joy in the air, on the ground





The very next morning
Without any warning
The mayor announced a new plan
“We’ll rebuild it real quick!
This time, twice as thick!”
He said to each woman and man



“We don’t want this new power!”

“We want clean water and flowers!”

The people screamed in the Mayor’s direction

Their voices rose in their throats

This time they used all their votes

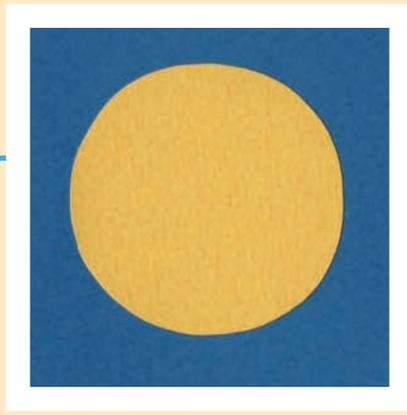
And the Mayor? He lost the election.



Soon, the lake wasn't gooey
It turned back to bright blue-y
The water got clearer and cleaner

The Vampire Bass changed their form
They returned to their norm
The fish looked nicer, rather than meaner





In Zanesville today
The people all say
“It’s great that the plant is now closed!”

The bass are delighted
The kids are excited
Because the fish are again tickling toes



The End.