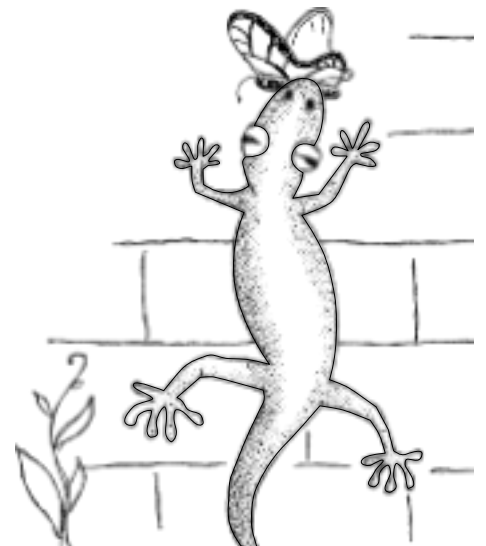


Garden Gruesome

Written and Illustrated by Nelson R. Elliott



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v1.0



DEDICATION

To Eli. Thank you for some perfectly
atrocious contributions!



Hello

I hope you're having a dreadful day
I'm "Gruesome" Gus as my friends say



I love the spooky, dark, and twisted
If it's awful, I'm interested



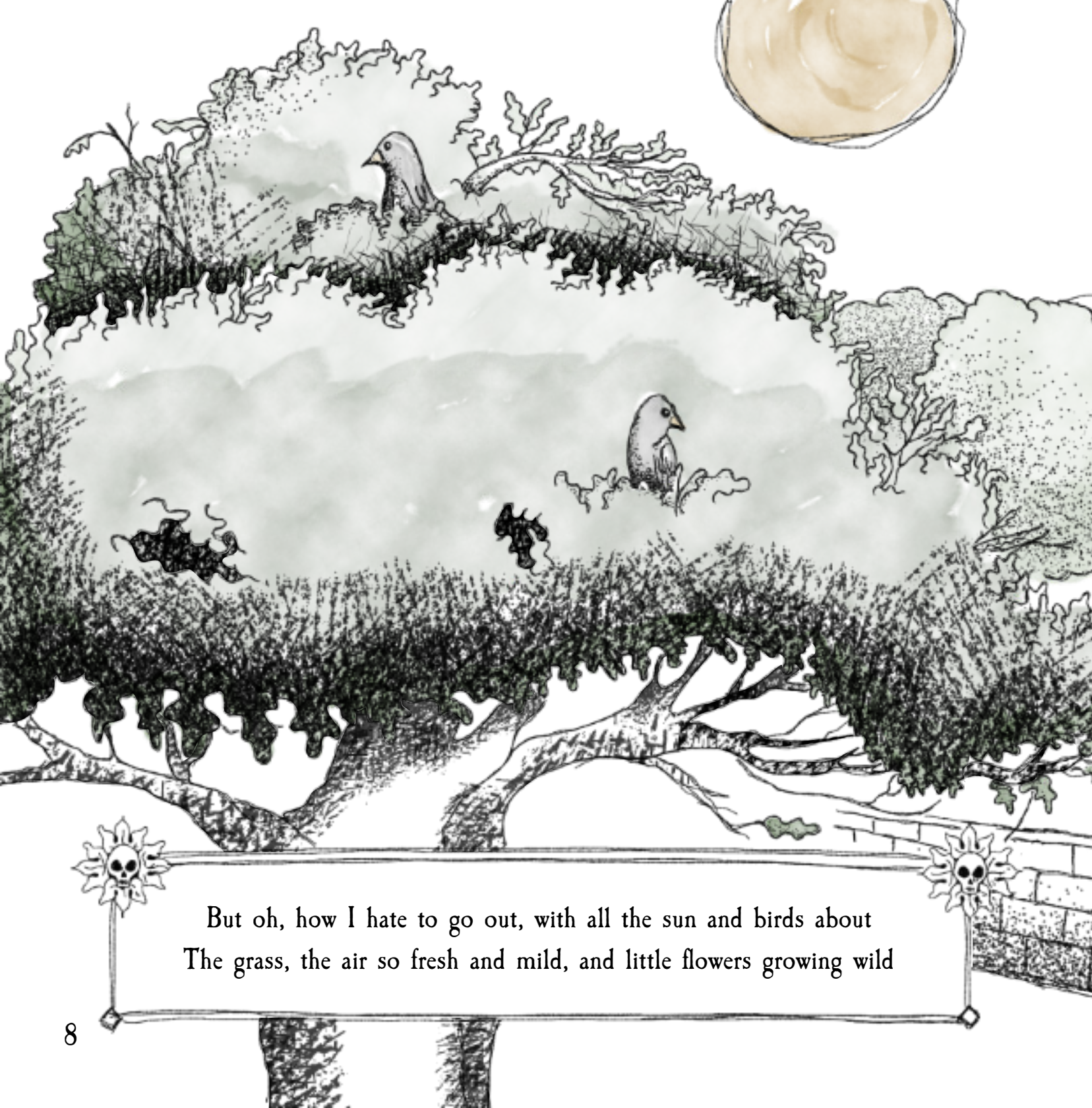
I love to sit in my shadowy nook
And read some kind of scary book



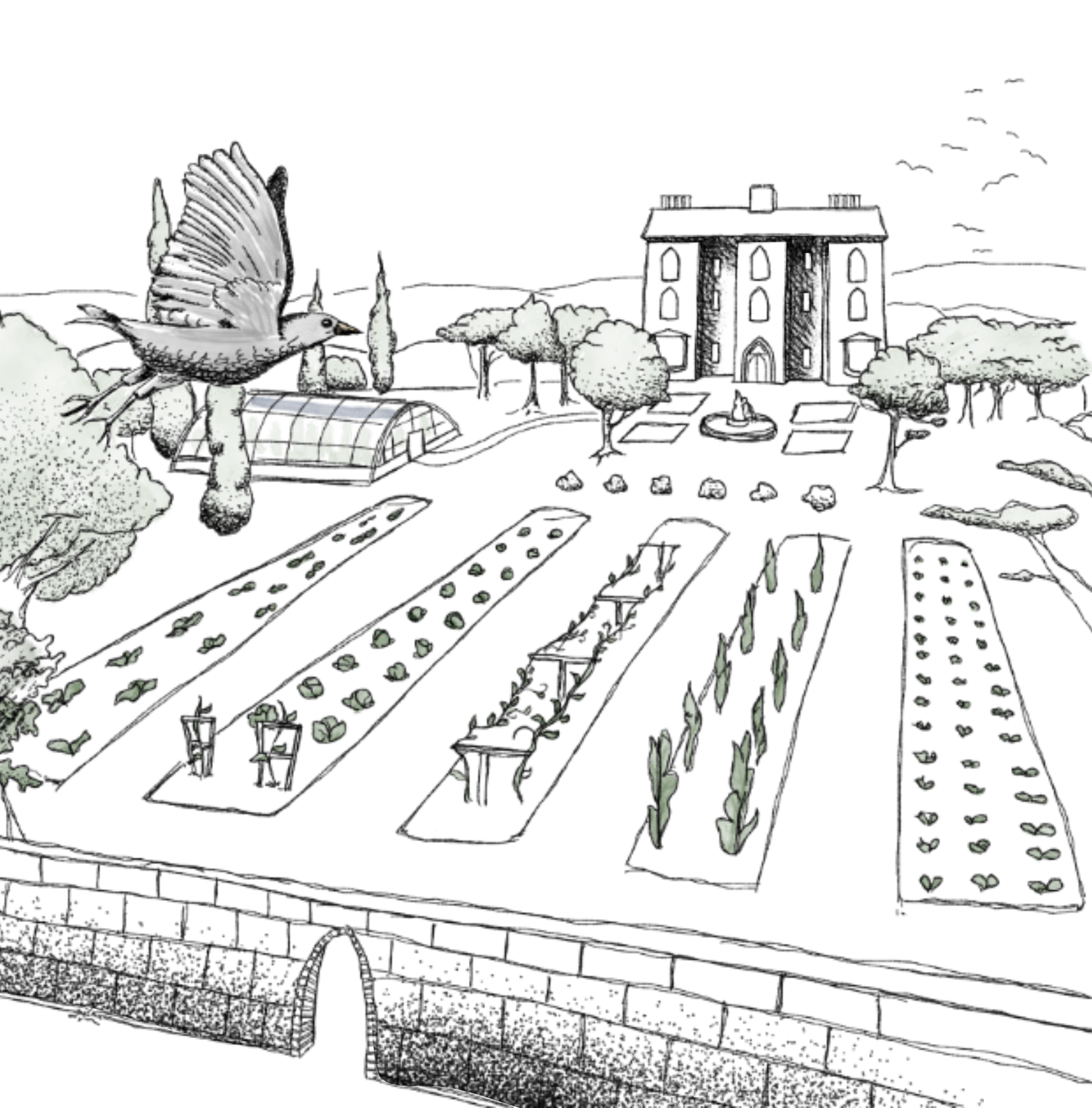
One drizzly, rainy day of gloom
I was sitting in my room



When my mother came to call
She poked her head in from the hall
She said, "Dear Gus, I beg your pardon,
Please help your cousins in the garden."



But oh, how I hate to go out, with all the sun and birds about
The grass, the air so fresh and mild, and little flowers growing wild





At first I pushed, declined, resisted
Mother, however, quite insisted



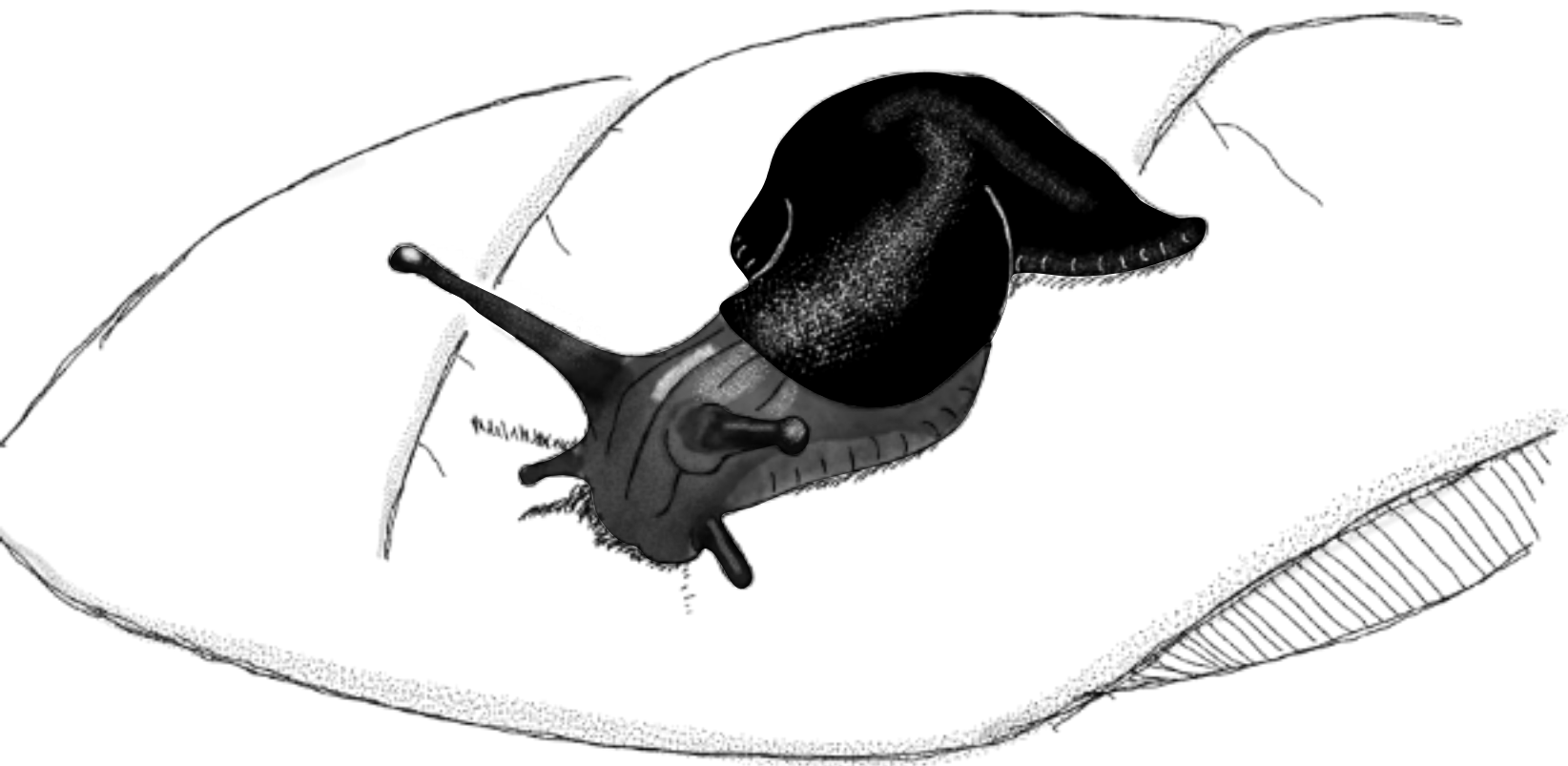
Until I was put out at last
At least the day was overcast



I donned my boots and grabbed a can
And headed out to tend the land



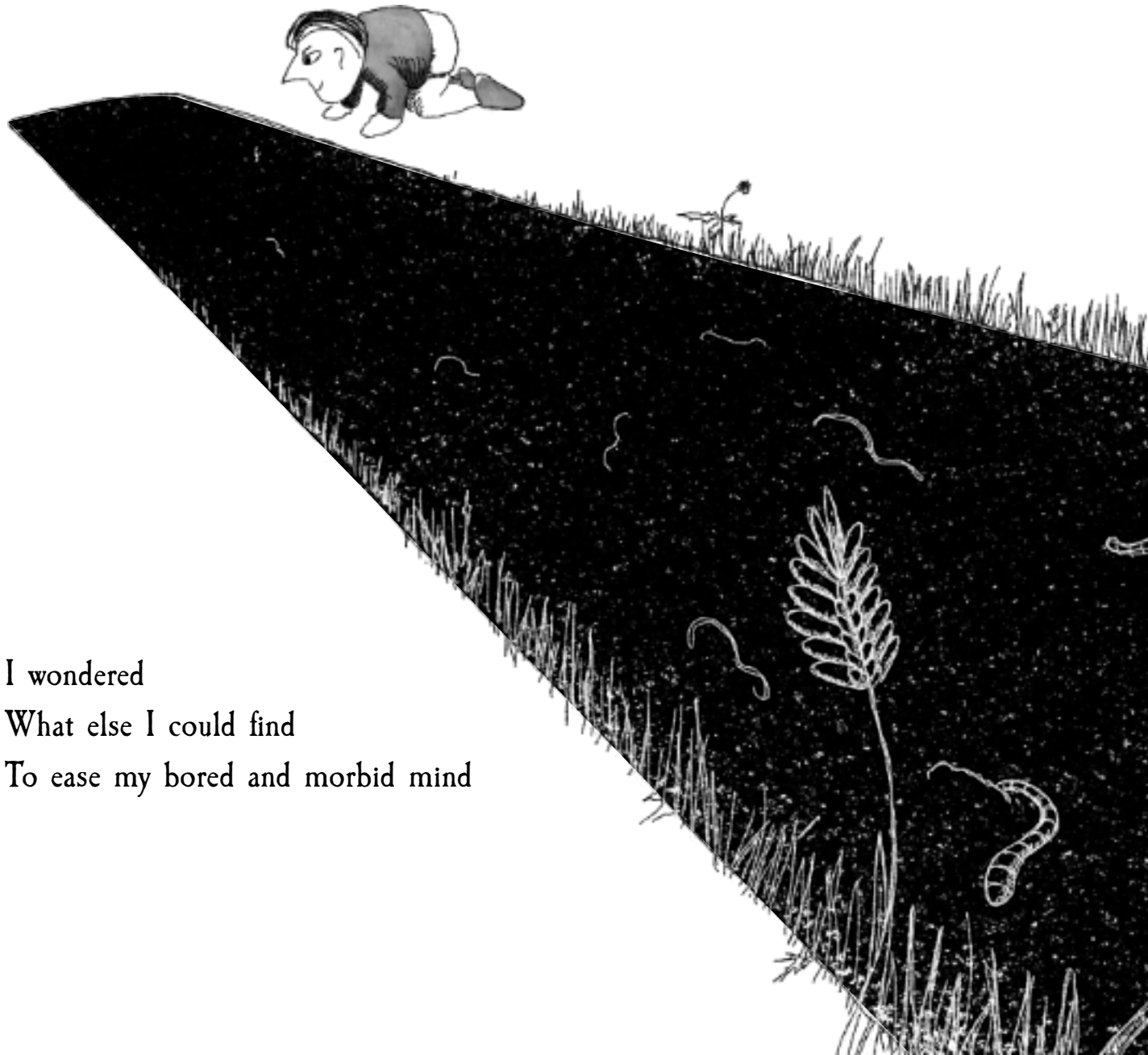
As I knelt to see if the dirt was dry
Something awful caught my eye



It was a slimy, ugly bug
A perfectly loathsome little slug



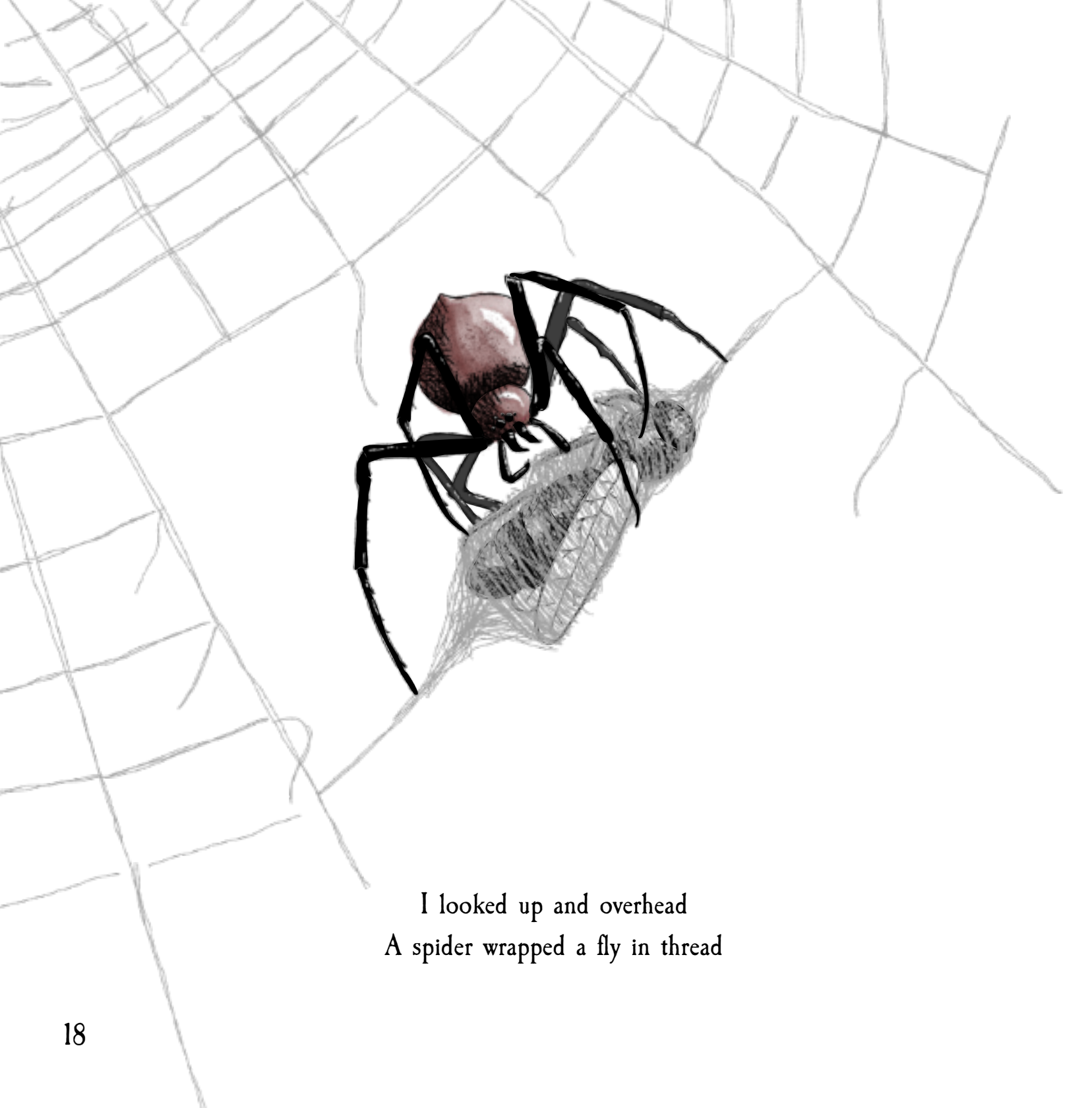
Something irksome, something gross!
I love those types of things the most!



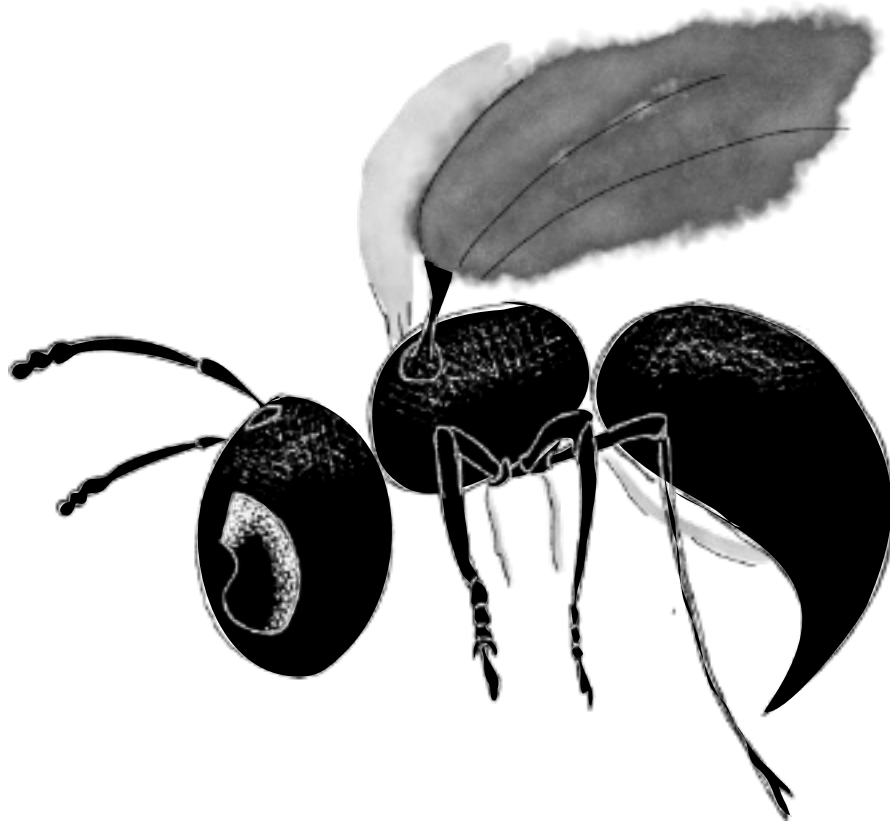
I wondered
What else I could find
To ease my bored and morbid mind

The dirt
Was moist
And full of worms
Along the fresh-tilled garden berms





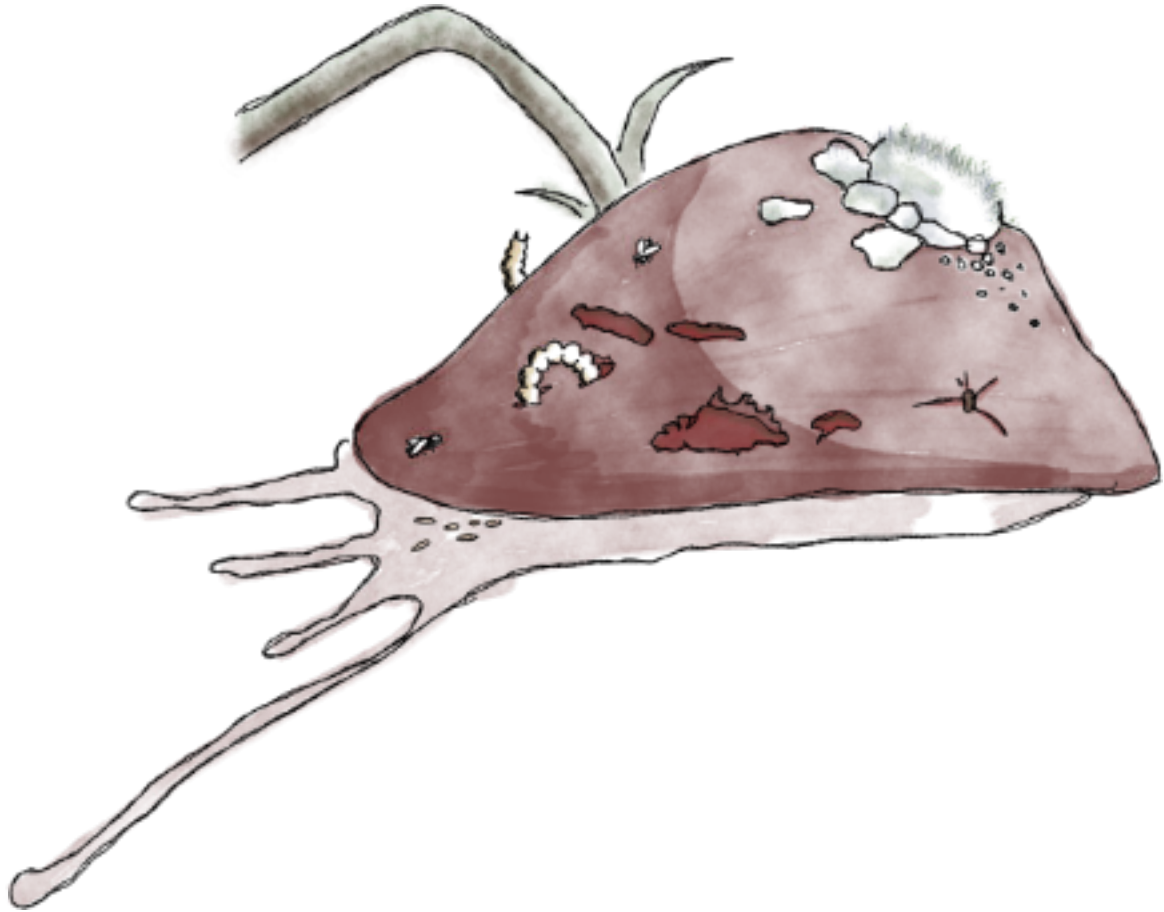
I looked up and overhead
A spider wrapped a fly in thread



A wasp hung low and looked for prey
Like a little ghost haunting the cloudy day



An abandoned bed, now gone to seed
Was choked and crushed by noxious weed



A fallen tomato had its insides eaten
By every type of insect cretin



A centipede with a hundred legs
Looked inside some broken eggs



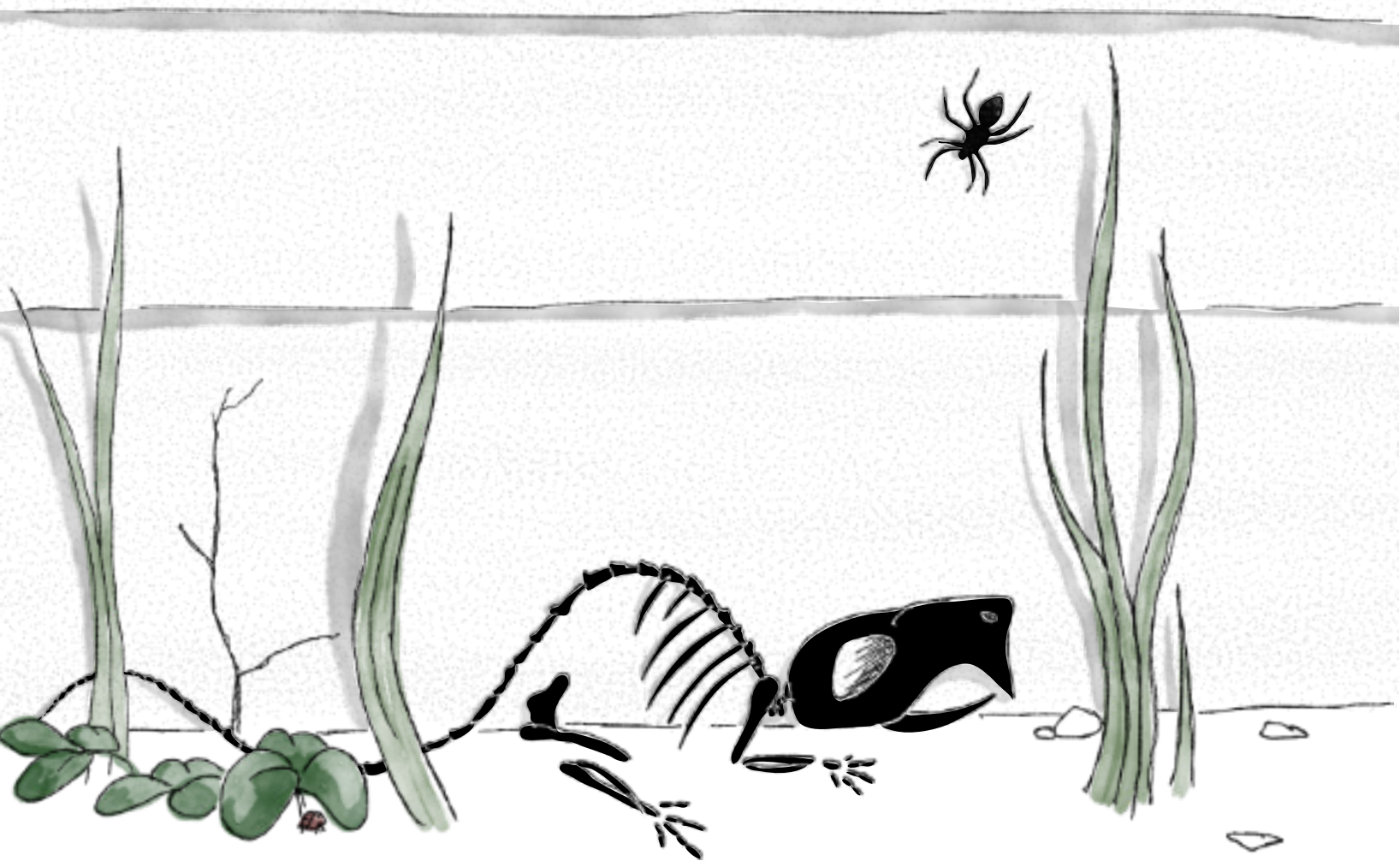
The more grotesque the garden grew
The faster it was that my tasks flew



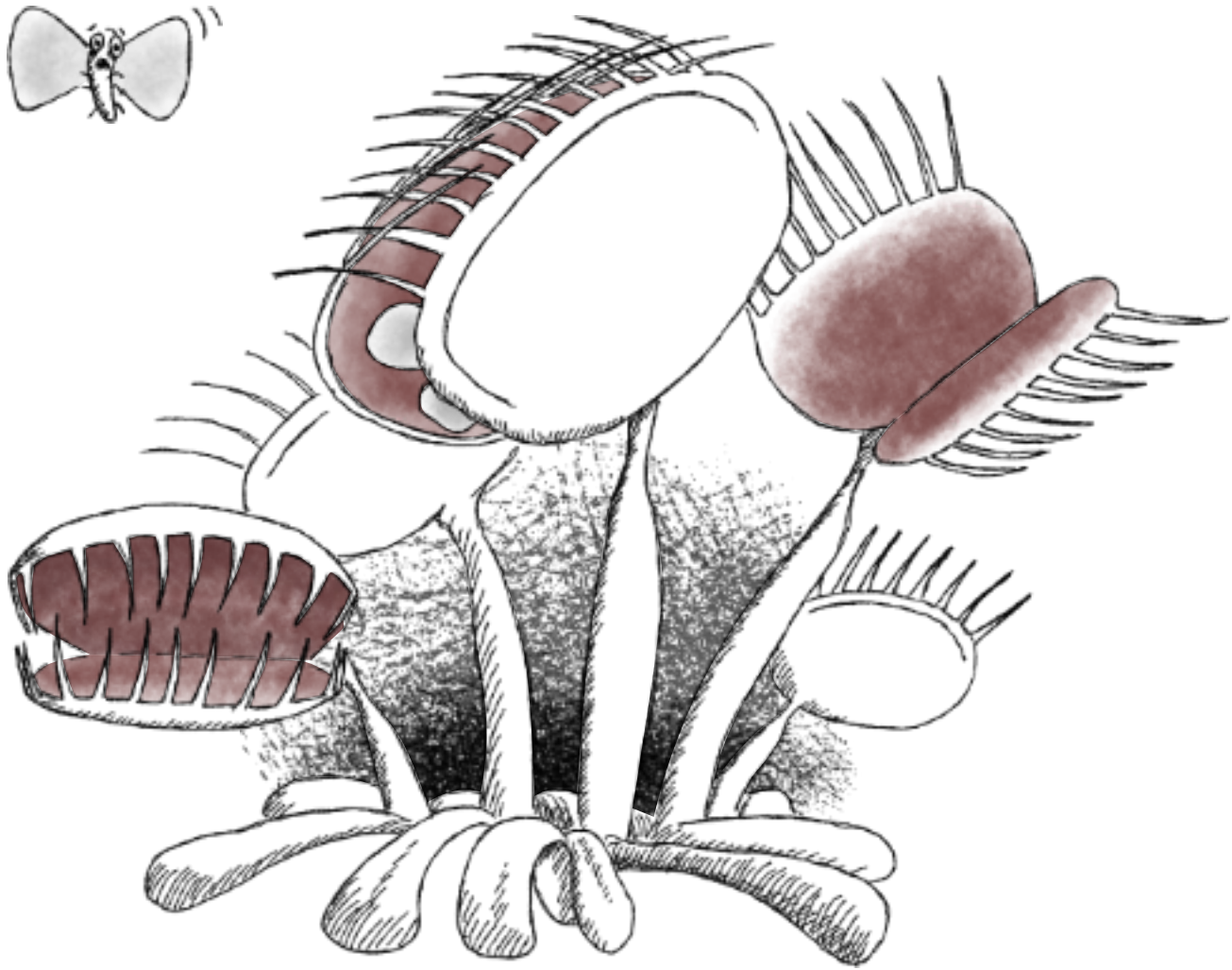
I was amazed, who would have thought
The compost bin was full of rot?



A praying mantis killed its brother
And was, in turn, killed by another



Along the back wall of the house
Lay the skeleton of a long-dead mouse



A Venus flytrap suddenly snapped
On a moth as I watched, totally rapt



Nearby lurked an ominous crow
That cawed "Nevermore" as the sun sank low



I'd barely noticed the darkening gloom
When Uncle called out from the dining room
"Salad's ready, come and get it!"
We'd done the gardening that I'd dreaded

Perhaps tomorrow I'll go see
What else the garden holds for me



And what other grim things I can meet
But now, I have dead plants to eat

THE END



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Nelson lives in Texas with his wife and children. When he isn't writing silly garden stories for his kids, he tries (generally unsuccessfully) to keep them from uprooting perfectly good herbs or spilling the watering cans on each other.

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