

# Monster Details

by Melissa Forney

There once was a writer who wrote quite a bit.  
She wrote every minute, I'll have to admit.  
She wrote in the morning, she wrote in the night.  
To write was her passion, her love, her delight.  
She wrote in her tree house, she wrote in the pool,  
She wrote on the porch, in the car, and at school.  
But this writer forgot something writers should know:  
To describe, when you write. It's the details that show!  
She wrote about monsters, but no one could tell,  
If the monsters were playful, or short, or not well.  
What did they look like? What did they wear?

Did they have seven eyes? Ugly bugs in their hair?

Was their fur polka dotted? Were their ears sort of dinky?

And since monsters don't bathe, did they smell kind of stinky?

We all tried to picture the monsters she knew,

But she gave us no details. She gave us no clue.

So what could have been the best story in town,  
Left us all disappointed, confused, and let down.

"What's wrong?" she inquired. "No clapping? No glory?"

Don't you like what I wrote in my cool monster story?"

We gently advised her, without being cruel,

That we needed to picture her monsters, so cool.

"Gadzooks!" she exploded. "I blundered! I blew it!"

If it's details you want, I'll provide them, I'll do it!

I promise that in my next writing conniption,

I'll add super details and splendid description."

And that's what she did; I remember it well.

She described monster ears, monster bugs, monster smell.

What an improvement! Amazing! Stupendous!

I now know her monsters were ogres, horrendous!

She continues to write, to astound, to impress.

She's headed for fame, for applause, for success.

So remember this rule, you kids who are smart:

The details are always the very best part.

