

Anne Gibbly's

# Terrific Tribulations for Growing Up Children



Written by Maeve Brennan and Alec Sciandra  
Illustrated by Alec Sciandra and Generative AI

# The NoSuch Beast

Under the valley, but over the mountain  
Sits a land where the sun sets in the east  
Where the desert is wet, not dry like a fountain  
Yes, this is the home of the NoSuch Beast

The NoSuch Beast dwells in an inside out cave  
But leaves it at night to bask in the sun  
The NoSuch Beast acts as all beasts behave  
With kindness and love towards everyone

With hair like a fish, claws like a snake,  
And a face that only a mom couldn't love  
The NoSuch Beast spends its days in the lake,  
Diving down so deep it soars up above

As you may know by now, the NoSuch Beast lives  
In a world made up of impossible things  
Here life is fair, and nature forgives  
The wasp blows a kiss, while the butterfly stings

So if there are days where you feel as though  
Nothing makes sense, or they tell you you're strange  
The NoSuch Beast has a place you can go  
With no need for rhyme, or reason, or change

# Slurpity Cynthia and her Magnificent Teapot

Slurpity Cynthia lived on a hill  
In a teetering teapot that  
threatened to spill  
It teetered and tottered and never  
stayed still  
Which made all her teacups quite  
tricky to fill

Cynthia never paid mind to the  
sway  
She loved her dear teapot, and  
wanted to stay  
The elegant colors, the pink green  
and grey  
The delicate pattern, a floral  
bouquet

You may ask how she came  
across such a pot  
You see, it's the one that  
Geranium got  
Geranium Giant had bought that  
teapot  
Along with a teacup and bowl and  
whatnot

Geranium Giant lived up in the sky  
On the fluffiest cloud you can find  
with your eye

One day a big gust of wind  
whooshed on by  
It took his teapot and he waved it  
goodbye

Slurpity Cynthia happened to  
stand  
Where Geranium's teapot had  
happened to land  
She couldn't leave such a nice  
teapot unmanned  
And so you see now, the whole  
thing was unplanned

The new home made Cynthia glad  
as can be  
And so her best friends came  
around for some tea  
They yelped as it swayed in both  
terror and glee  
While Slurpity Cynthia just slurped  
her tea

# Worry Wart Wally

There once was a worry wart,  
Wally  
Who lived with his mini mutt, Molly  
'Til he started to sneeze,  
Thought it was allergies,  
Brought her back to the shelter  
next fall-y

Wally's more worry than man  
And sadly resistant to Xans  
He spends his whole day  
Wishing it all away  
And stays home whenever he can

Wally marches to the beat of a  
band  
That the rest of us can't  
understand  
If you touch him he'll squirm  
'Cause you're covered in germs  
And that's why he won't shake  
your hand

You'll never see Wally in form  
Worse than during a bad  
thunderstorm  
He'll hide under the bed  
And just wish he were dead  
'Til his pants get all smelly and  
warm

His teeth are painful and round  
Since childhood they've always  
been ground  
And he picks at his face,  
Bleeds all over the place,  
I guess that's why dates don't  
come 'round

Poor Wally is prone to nightmares  
In the morning he sits up and  
stares  
'Cause his whole family's dead  
'Least they are in his head  
He'll realize it after his prayers

The lift in his building is shaky  
When he rides it his knees get all  
quaky  
He prefers taking stairs  
Five flights down, five flights there  
'Til he tripped and his neck got all  
breaky

To live doesn't mean you're alive  
So when he took his last worry  
wart dive  
He felt some relief,  
At his final belief,  
Which was that Wally wouldn't  
survive

# The Saddening Story of Small Sally Shut-In

Small Sally shut-in was horribly  
prone  
To cancelling plans, and to being  
alone  
We couldn't get her out of the  
house yesterday  
She cried, "this is my home, and  
here I shall stay!"

So we knocked and we knocked,  
'til she finally unlocked

But poor little Sally just needed  
some time  
So the stairs to her room, she  
proceeded to climb  
An eternity passed and we  
knocked (out of worry)  
But she growled in return "shoo  
out of here, hurry!"

So we knocked and we knocked,  
'til she finally unlocked

See, call us cruel, but we love our  
dear Sally  
It's only concern that's been  
making us dally  
When she's alone long, her mind  
tends to wander

To frights and to fears that no one  
should ponder

But hiding away's a tough habit to  
kick  
And Sally's sleeve still held a  
dangerous trick  
It involves a small box and  
padlocks and chains  
which she placed on the hill,  
forgetting the rains

Locked in her box, Sally'd got  
what she wanted  
But it was made out of metal, and  
lightning storms daunted  
Too heavy to move, we frantically  
knocked  
But Sally just yelled "I'm happy  
padlocked!"

So we grumbled back home to  
wait out the weather  
And flinched at the lightning,  
cracking like leather  
As soon as it stopped, we went  
back to the hill  
Sliding in mud from the rain that  
had spilled

To our awful surprise, Sally's box  
was just gone  
The flooding had taken the whole  
hill along  
We followed the river 'til we found  
her there drowned  
Still with her whistles and bells  
locked around

They say at the river, still to this  
day  
You may see dear Sally, all locked  
away  
And if you dare knock on her  
ghostly door  
You'll hear Sally wail, "what are  
YOU here for?!"

# Shelly the Selfish Shellfish

There once was a shellfish named  
Shelly  
And Shelly was awfully quite  
selfish  
And so it was known, watch out for  
the tone  
Of Shelly the selfish shellfish.

It'd be wrong to say she was mean  
Though rude you maybe could  
glean  
She never would share, despite  
having pairs  
Of everything that you could need

For your worries she'll lend you  
her ears  
But her listening's far from sincere  
'Cause you'll go out to munch,  
with plans to split lunch  
And she'll say, *"but I helped you  
last year!"*

Deceiving her friendship can be  
Together you'll laugh with such  
glee  
Then you watch some TV, and it's  
*"me me me me"*  
She won't share her password it  
seems

You ask if she'd rather go  
swimming instead  
To your grievance she says, *"it's  
MY pool, don't tread!"*  
When you say *"we could drive,  
just to kill us some time"*  
She says, *"you'll pay gas, you'll  
pay for each dime"*

Now you're in silence,  
vexed you both hide  
*"Why can't you share?"*  
*"Why can't you provide?"*

As time goes on by the two fishes  
reside  
One claiming selfishness one  
claiming pride  
The two can't move on, no  
common ground reached  
It's bad to be selfish, and equally  
to leech

# The Runaway Heart

Heartbroken Holly, a sensitive girl  
Just wasn't ready for such a big  
world  
"She has a great heart," as they all  
would say  
But her feelings were *too* big; she  
wished them away

She'd spent her whole life feeling  
rather emphatically  
So at times acted a bit too  
dramatically  
She was never just angry, but  
infuriated  
She never felt happy, it was more  
like elated

And then she found love, a true  
one at that  
But nothing good lasts, and so it  
fell flat  
Her darling had flown miles away  
without warning  
And all of that love became  
sadness and mourning

She lived with the ache for what  
felt like forever  
She told her poor heart they could  
not be together  
Most hearts don't listen, they've no  
working ears  
But Holly was done with her salty  
wet tears

So when she woke up, and felt  
that sad thumping  
She cried, "*Look, I'm grateful for  
all the blood pumping.  
But enough is enough, today is the  
end.  
I can't take any more— would you  
please be a friend?*"

But her heart wasn't done doing  
what sad hearts do  
And it couldn't be fixed with a  
stitch or some glue  
Since Holly had made her  
resentments well known  
Her broken heart knew it was all  
on its own

As Holly grumbled, mumbled, and  
muttered  
Her heart made a plan; it pounded  
and fluttered  
Holly felt strange, and as soon as  
she sat  
Her heart made its move— hit the  
floor with a splat

As you can imagine, she let out  
quite the screech  
When her heart rolled and  
squelched like an overripe peach  
It rolled to the door, then flopped  
to the stairs  
While Holly sat shocked and still  
perched on her chair  
When she heard the wet slap of  
her heart on the wood



She snapped out of it fast as she  
possibly could  
She'd taken too long for her heart  
to be caught  
And before she could act it slipped  
through the mail slot

When she opened her door, it was  
already gone  
She shut it— confused as to how  
to move on  
She felt for her pulse, but nothing  
was there  
She didn't know how she was still  
breathing air

But something had changed— had  
shifted down deep  
When she thought of her love she  
no longer wept  
When she thought of her love she  
no longer smiled  
And she knew that her heart would  
be gone for a while

She tried to be happy—she *had*  
asked for this  
But out with the sadness had gone  
all her bliss  
She thought of her heart, where it  
was every day  
Feeling the longing from miles  
away

It was hundreds of miles— 9 to be  
clear  
Its journey had taken just under a  
year

It's quite hard to hitchhike without  
any hands  
And it *was* pretty gross, so the  
heart understands

As the year slowly passed, Holly  
withered away  
The relief only lasted for less than  
a day,  
Since a life without feeling is no  
life at all  
Poor Holly just slept and wished  
she could bawl

And then the day came when she  
opened the door  
To a little brown box that she had  
to sign for  
She saw the address and knew  
who it was from  
She would've been happy if she  
weren't numb

So she pried the box open and  
she found the great scare  
Of a dirtied heart beating— a tad  
worse for wear  
The journey'd been treacherous;  
that much was clear  
The journey to their love had taken  
a year

Inside of the box a small note was  
attached  
*"This is no longer mine... thought  
you might want it back"*  
So she scooped up her heart and  
she held it quite near

And she whispered kind words  
that were more than sincere

As she and her heart joined  
together as one  
Dear Holly's year ended, her year  
without sun  
Her feelings came back; they were  
stronger than ever  
And she thanked her soft heart for  
being so clever

But her raw heart thumped back in  
a pitiful way  
Still hurting from how it had been  
sent away  
So when the tears came, Holly's  
cheeks bore them gladly  
And she felt very blessed by a  
heart that loves madly