



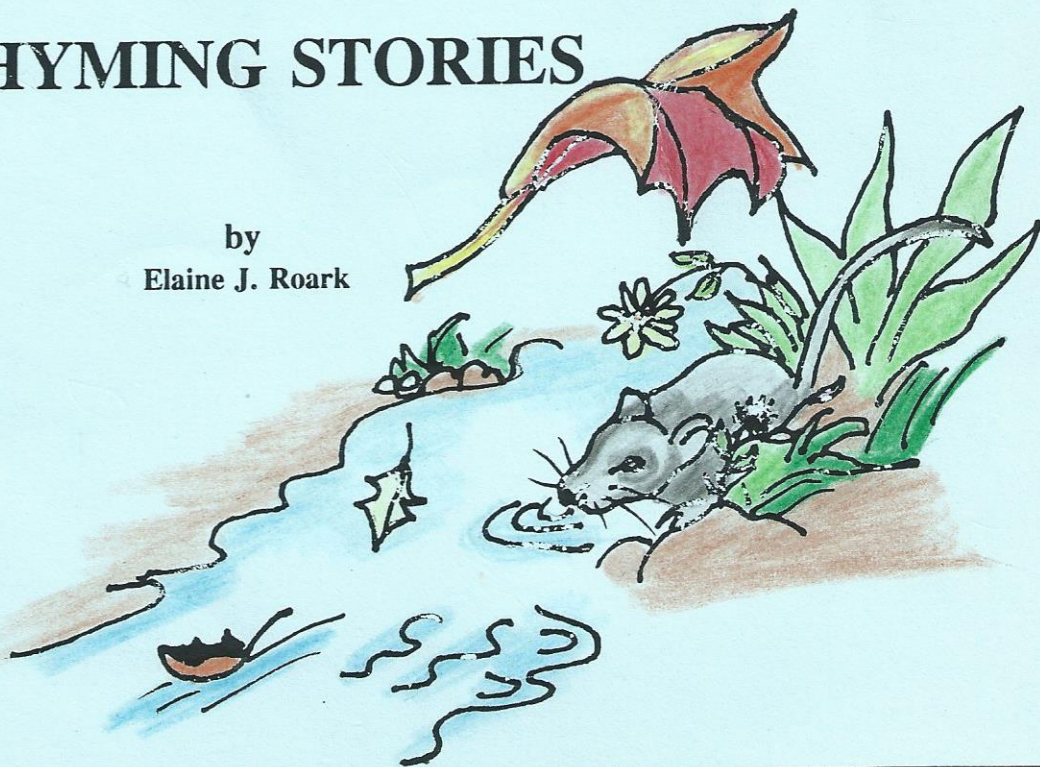
**COME
WALK WITH
ME**

POEMS

AND

RHYMING STORIES

by
Elaine J. Roark



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WALK WITH
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RHYMING STORIES

Written and Illustrated

by

Elaine J. Roark



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COME WALK WITH ME

Come walk with me
and we will find
what there is to see.

We can be happy and silly and gay.
As we walk along,
we'll make games to play.

Or we can be quiet
when the time is right,
and find wonderful things
to thrill our sight.

I know where there's a little brook
I discovered it on a walk I took.

In the fall
I like to watch the
golden leaves fall through the sky.

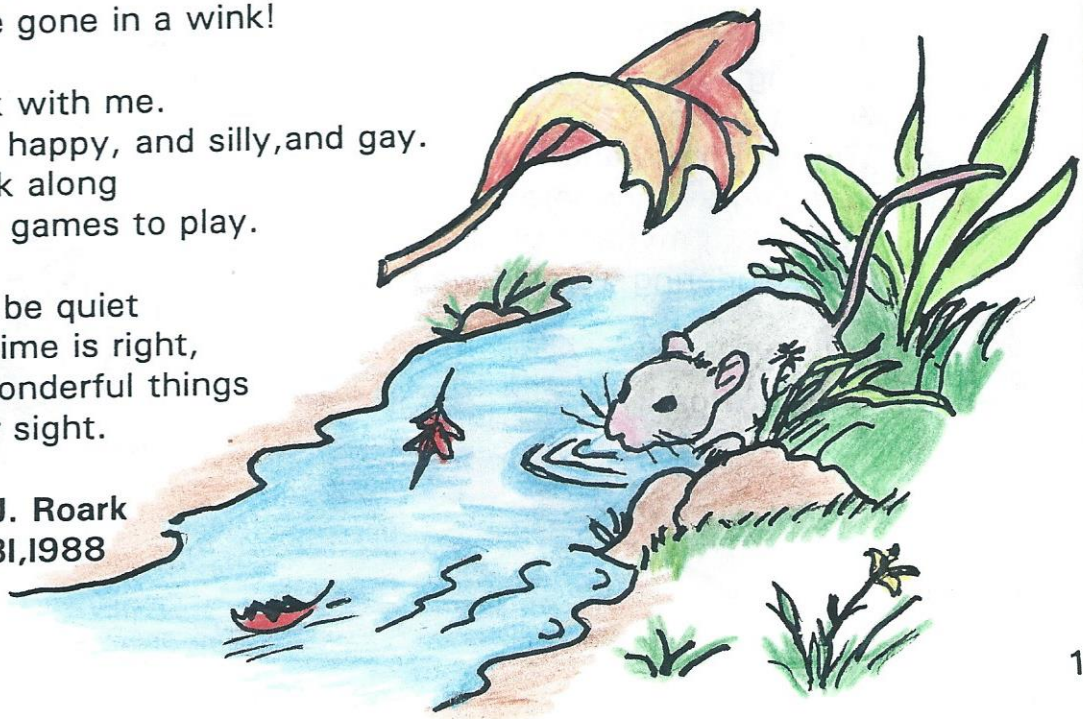
When they land in the stream,
I pretend they're a fleet
of tiny ships sailing by.

Maybe we'll see a field mouse
come down to the brook to drink.
We must be very, very quiet,
or it will be gone in a wink!

Come walk with me.
We can be happy, and silly, and gay.
As we walk along
we'll make games to play.

Or we can be quiet
when the time is right,
and find wonderful things
to thrill our sight.

Elaine J. Roark
Oct. 31, 1988



WOODLAND ENCOUNTER

I saw a little chipmunk
scurrying through the wood.
He came slowly up to me
as quietly I stood.

The frisky creature stared at me,
and sniffed me all around.
Suddenly he scampered off
and dove into the ground.

by
ELAINE J. ROARK
JUNE 1989



TUMBLE WEED

Rolly-Polly bush,
blowing across the road
with a swoosh,
Tumbling here and there,
traveling everywhere,
Scattering myriads of seed,
the wandering Tumble-weed.

By
E. J. Roark
1989

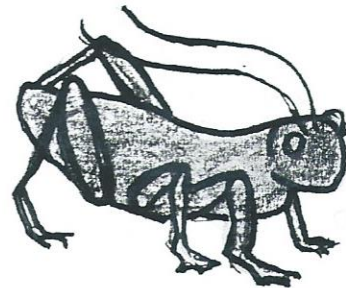
THE MERRY LITTLE FIDDLER

There is a tiny fiddler
who plays morning, noon, and night.
When he plays his little tunes,
he plays them all just right.

Now if you want to see him play
you have to really try.
Because this tiny fiddler
is very, very shy.

But when he gives a concert,
you don't even need a ticket
because this happy fiddler
is the merry little cricket.

E. J. Roark



A TRIP TO GRANDPA'S FARM

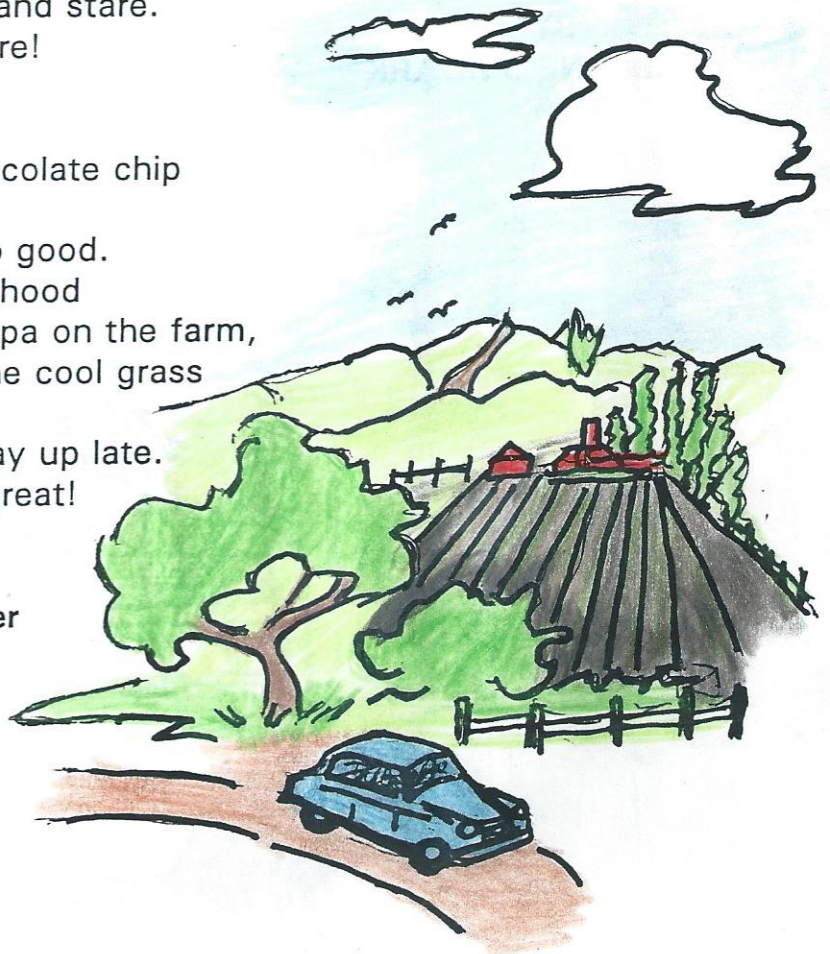
I like to visit Grandpa's farm.
All along the way,
we see the wild flowers bloom,
and farmers making hay.

We have to travel pretty far,
but we try to play games
in the car.
It keeps us from getting car sick
and makes the miles go by quick.

We see cows and horses and hogs,
and listen to the birds and frogs.
I like to see the crops
each in their neat long row,
and find animal shapes in the clouds,
as down the road we go.
When I'm sleepy, I just sit and stare.
And pretty soon, we're there!

Grandma always bakes chocolate chip
cookies.
Her house always smells so good.
It is one of the joys of childhood
to visit Grandma and Grandpa on the farm,
and run barefoot through the cool grass
when the day is warm,
and ride the tractor, and stay up late.
Visiting Grandpa's farm is great!

For Katie and Kallie Carter
by
Elaine J. Roark
June 1989



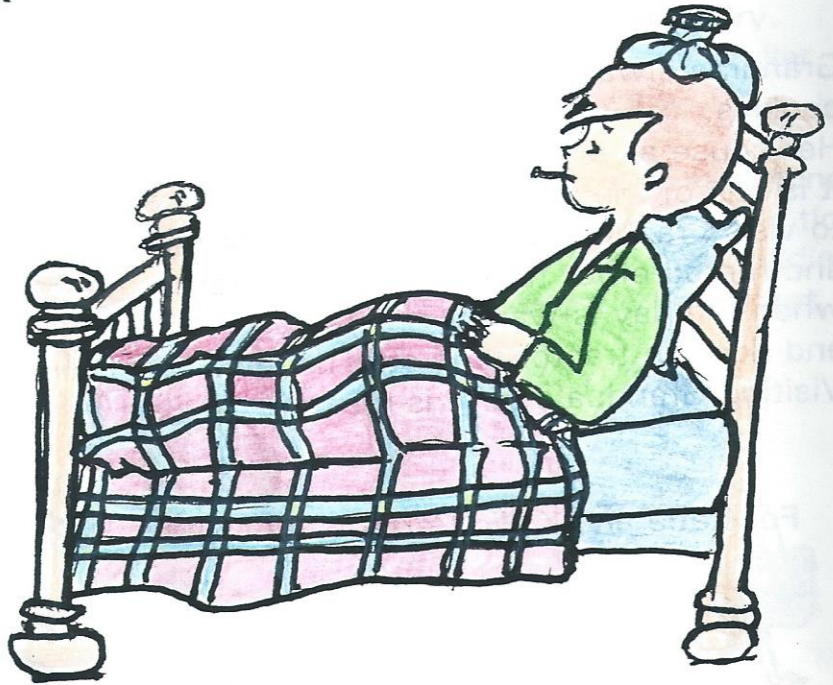
WHEN I HAVE A COLD

Sniffles and sneezes and nose all red,
chills and fever, and stuffed-up head,
aspirin, and chicken soup, and all day in bed,
I don't like to have a cold!

Talking all funny,
and blowing my nose,
staying all warm from my head to my toes,
I don't like to have a cold!

There's just one thing I like
about it, as a general rule.
When I have a cold,
I don't go to school!

BY
ELAINE J ROARK
7-89



CAT IN THE TREE

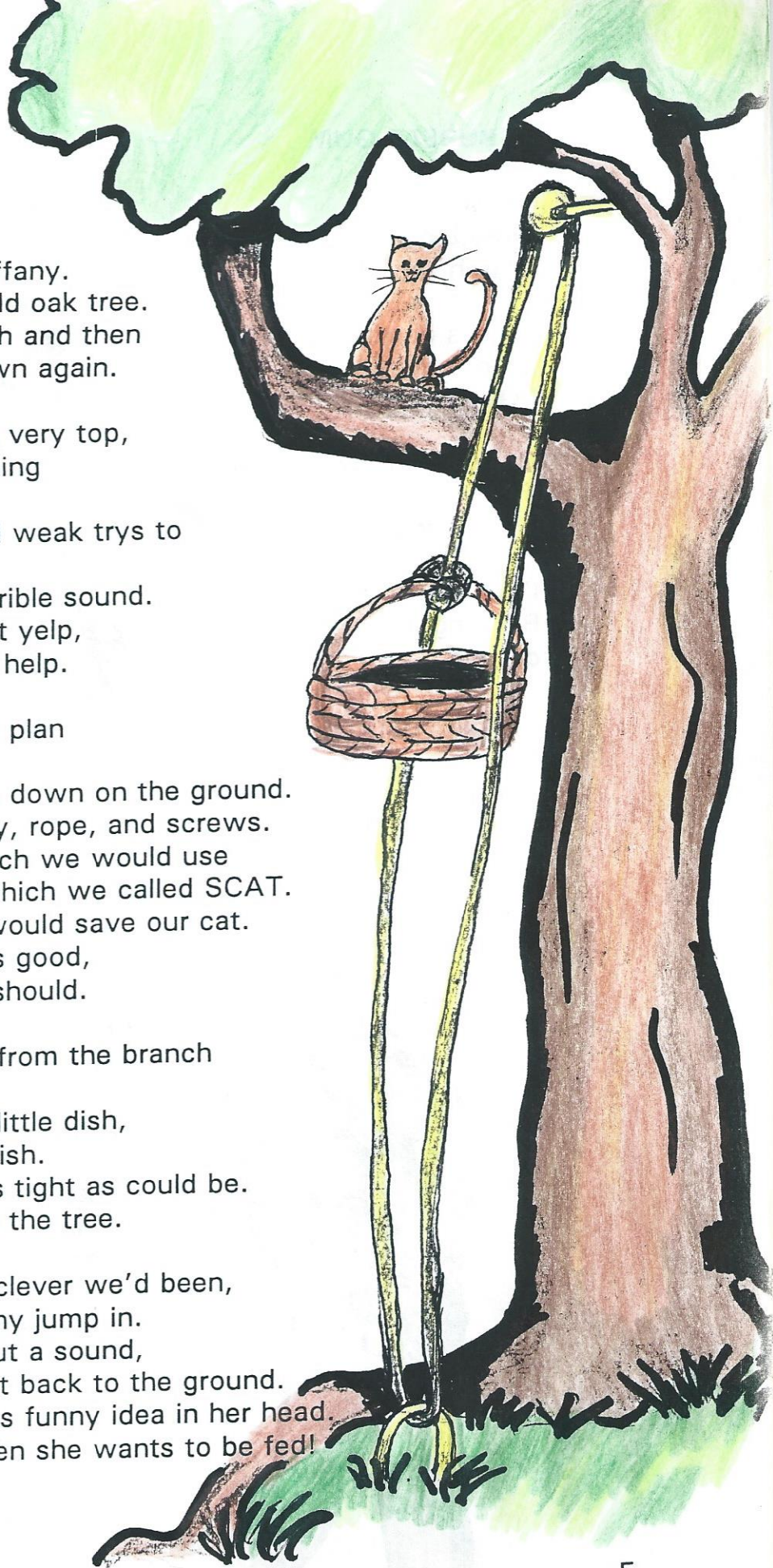
We had a cat named Tiffany.
She liked to climb the old oak tree.
She would scoot up high and then
she never could get down again.

When she got up to the very top,
she would start screeching
and wouldn't stop.
She would feign several weak tries to
back down.
Then she'd let out a terrible sound.
It was kind of a wild cat yelp,
and a pathetic howl for help.

So we had to think of a plan
that was pretty sound,
for how to get her back down on the ground.
We got a basket, a pulley, rope, and screws.
These are the tools which we would use
to build the invention which we called SCAT.
It was the plan which would save our cat.
It was simple but it was good,
if it worked the way it should.

We stretched the pulley from the branch
to the ground.
In the basket we put a little dish,
and half a can of tuna fish.
I fastened the basket as tight as could be.
Then we hauled it up in the tree.

We all cheered at how clever we'd been,
when we saw old Tiffany jump in.
She ate the tuna without a sound,
as we hauled the basket back to the ground.
But now Tiffany has this funny idea in her head.
She climbs the tree when she wants to be fed!



BUBBLE GUM

Chew, chew.
Blow, blow.
Watch the bubble grow!

Oh, it's getting too big!
Stop, stop!
POP!

Now it's stuck everywhere,
in my eyebrows,
and on my hair.

I'm a mess! I'm all sticky!
Blowing bubble gum
can be pretty tricky!

E.J. Roark



TOOTHLESS

I'm seven years old,
and my name is Mary.
I've been doing a lot of business
with the tooth fairy.

When you're seven years old,
life is ruthless,
because it leaves you mostly toothless.

I don't want to smile for a while.
I think that I'll just grin,
until my front teeth come in.

BY
ELAINE J ROARK
6-89



PRACTICING

I stood in front of the mirror,
and squinted my face up all tight.
I tried.....
and tried....
Again, I tried.
But I couldn't do it right.



I closed both eyes,
then opened them wide.
Every time one opened,
so did the one on the other side!

I puckered my mouth, and made a frown.
I looked like an angry circus clown.
I squinted.....
and blinked....
My face was a fright.
Still, when the left eye opened,
so did the right!



I concentrated with all my might,
to keep the left eye open,
and close the right.
Until at last my efforts paid.
The left eye opened,
and the right eye stayed!



So now, what do you think?
I did it again!
I really can wink!

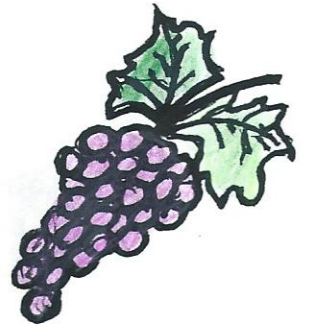
E.J. Roark

WHO

Who rides for miles down a highway
painting that narrow yellow line?

and

Who squeezes all those little grapes,
and makes them into wine?



Who makes sure that all the doughnuts
have a little hole?

and

Who strings all that wire
from every telephone pole?

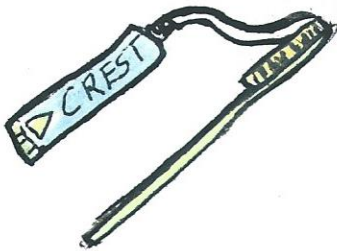
Now, you may think that it's the
strangest thing that ever was...
But somebody does!



Who puts the toothpaste
in those tubes which we squeeze?

and

Who would steal the honey
from all those little bees?



Who makes sure that all the shoes
always come in pairs?

and

Who would put number tags
on the ears of wild bears?



Now, you may think that it's the
strangest thing that ever was...
But somebody does!

Who would take tiny bags
and fill them all with tea?

and

Who would make a soft hammer
so the doctor can hit your knee?



Who would want to dance for hours
on their toes?

Who would put fruit juice on a stick
and cool it 'til it froze?



Now, you may think that it's the
strangest thing that ever was...
But somebody does!

Who makes the wigs for all those dolls,
so they'll all have hair?

and

Who sticks all those labels
on new under-wear?

Now, don't you ask me,
because, I don't care!



THE CANOE RIDE

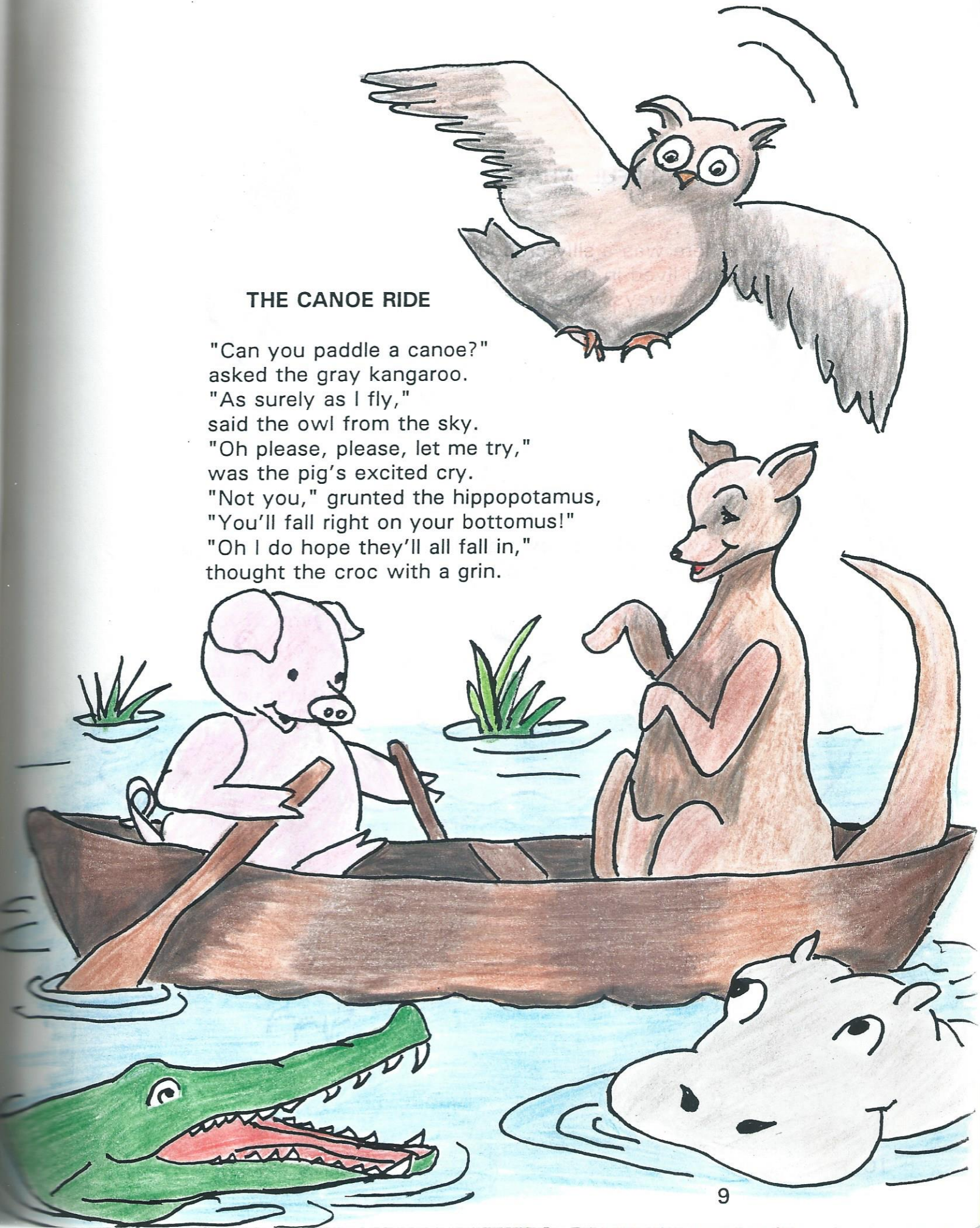
"Can you paddle a canoe?"
asked the gray kangaroo.

"As surely as I fly,"
said the owl from the sky.

"Oh please, please, let me try,"
was the pig's excited cry.

"Not you," grunted the hippopotamus,
"You'll fall right on your bottomus!"

"Oh I do hope they'll all fall in,"
thought the croc with a grin.



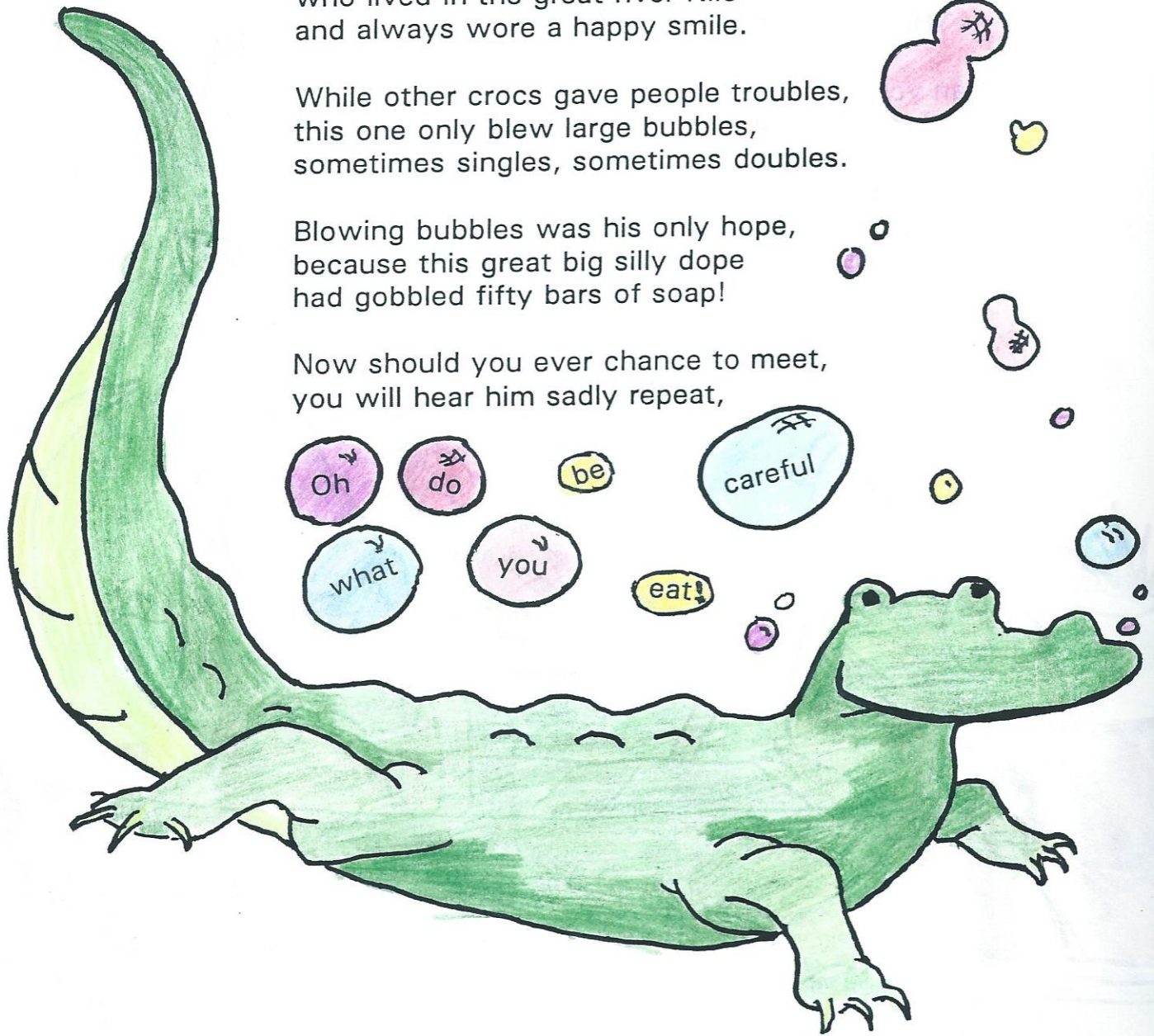
BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU EAT

There was a silly crocodile
who lived in the great river Nile
and always wore a happy smile.

While other crocs gave people troubles,
this one only blew large bubbles,
sometimes singles, sometimes doubles.

Blowing bubbles was his only hope,
because this great big silly dope
had gobbled fifty bars of soap!

Now should you ever chance to meet,
you will hear him sadly repeat,



MY BEAR LIKES ICE CREAM CONES

My big brown bear
likes an icecream cone.
You'd better let him
eat it all alone!

He's prone to be selfish
and to gobble.
And he doesn't mind
a squabble.

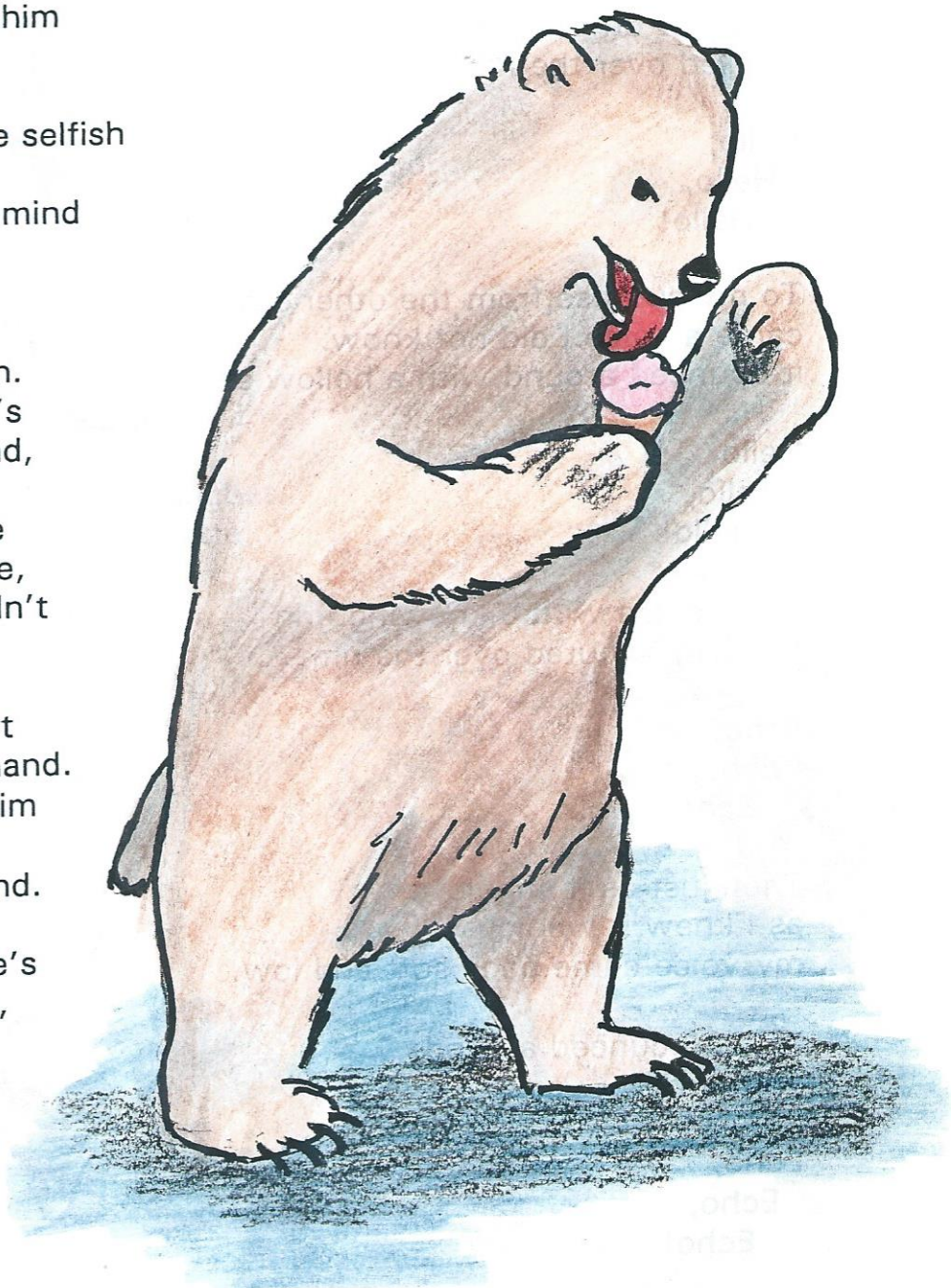
He can be cute
and a real clown.
But when there's
ice cream around,

if you had some
and he had none,
for you it wouldn't
be much fun.

He'd tear it right
out from your hand.
And you'd let him
have it,
if you understand.

Because if there's
ice cream there,
he's a very
hoggish bear!

By
E. J. Roark
10-12-88



ECHO

I stood high on the top of a hill
with a deep canyon below.
And just on a whim
I yelled over the rim -

Hello,
Hello,
Hello!

To my surprise, from the other side,
came a voice I did not know.
it bounced around with a hollow sound -

Hello,
Hello,
Hello!

Once again with a knowing grin
I merrily shouted over the rim -

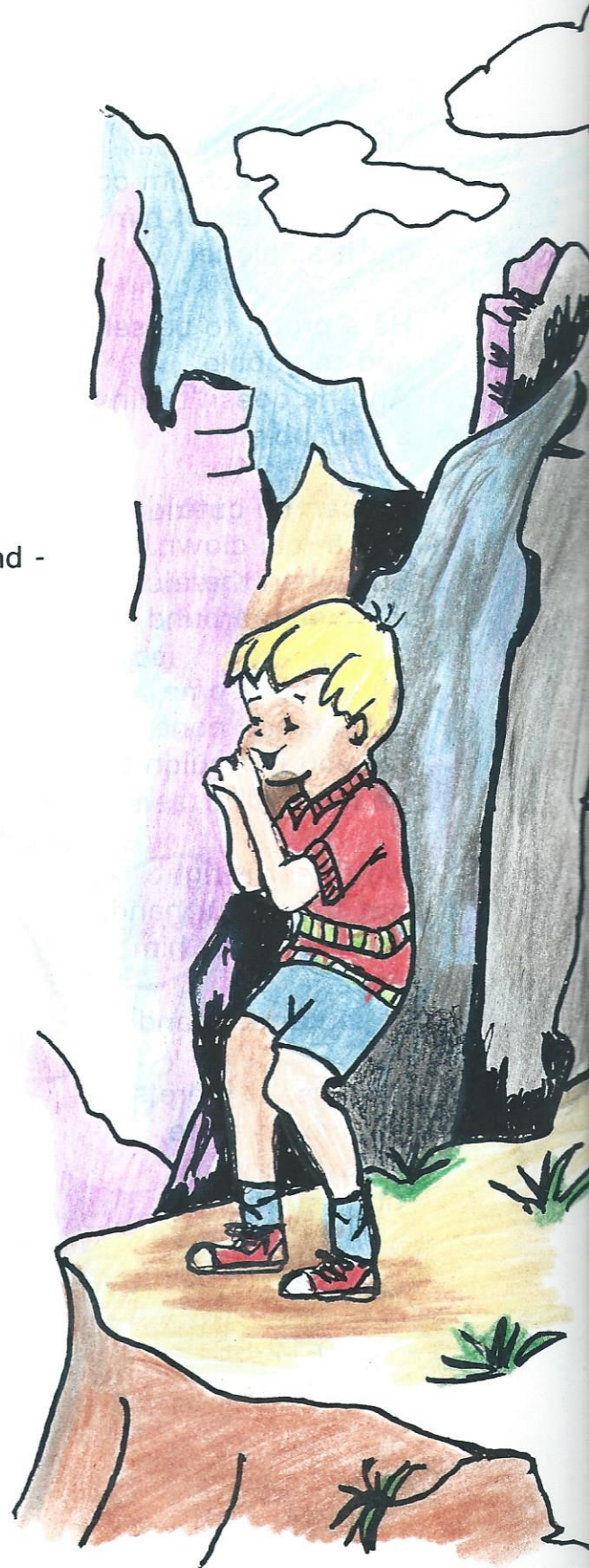
Echo,
Echo,
Echo!

Then just as it should,
as I knew it would,
my voice came back soft and low.

And it bounced around
with a hollow sound -

Echo,
Echo,
Echo!

By
E. J. Roark



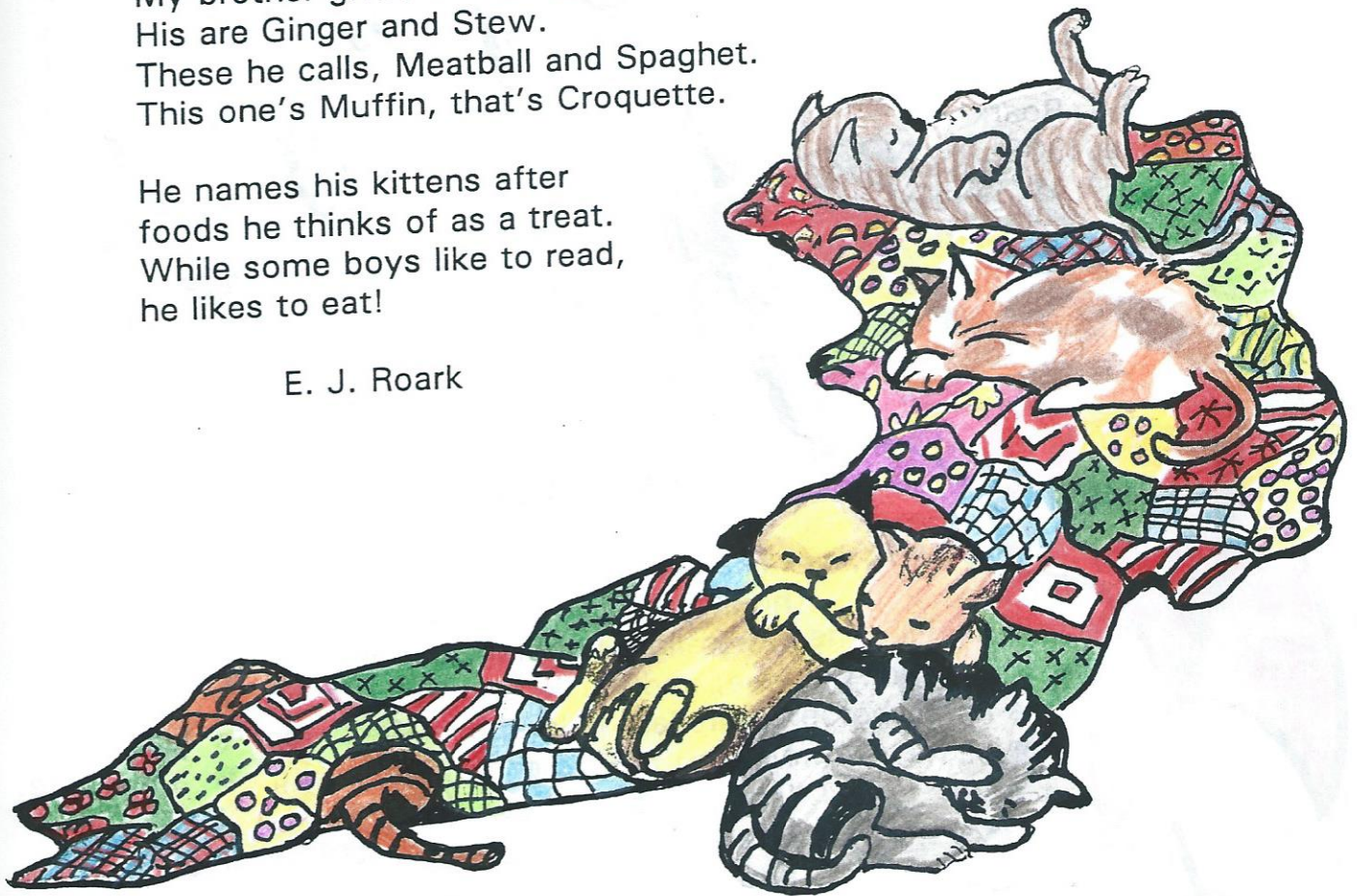
MEATBALL AND SPAGHET

Myrtle, our cat,
has a new batch of kittens.
I named mine, Snowball and Mittens.
This one I call just plain, Kit.
I like to give them names that fit.

My brother gives his names too.
His are Ginger and Stew.
These he calls, Meatball and Spaghet.
This one's Muffin, that's Croquette.

He names his kittens after
foods he thinks of as a treat.
While some boys like to read,
he likes to eat!

E. J. Roark



LOLLIPOPS AND LEMON DROPS

There's lollipops and lemondrops,
but I like chocolate best.
Some folks like jellybeans
and some like licorice.
But anything with chocolate
is my favorite dish.

Now chocolate comes in dark or light,
but I think either kind's just right.
Peanut brittle is just dandy,
but chocolate is still
my favorite candy!

By
Elaine J. Roark
June, 1989



UMBRELLAS

I like to watch the people pass by,
holding their umbrellas high.
Umbrellas, bobbing, bobbing,
blue, and black, and red.
Umbrellas, held above the person's head.
Moving arches of orange, and green, and white.
Isn't it a beautiful sight?
See them bobbing beside tall buildings
and towers,
like a garden of brightly colored flowers.

E. J. Roark
1989



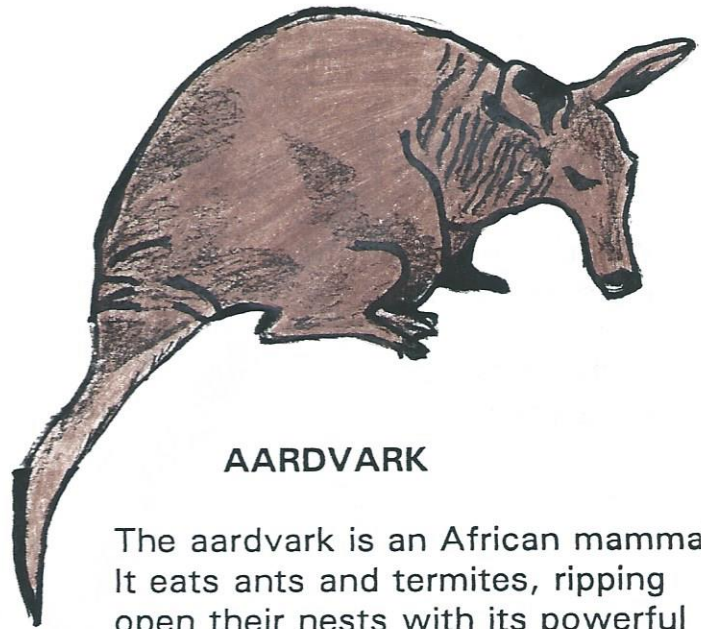
DOES AN AARDVARK BARK?

Does an aardvark bark?
Does a cockatoo moo?
What kind of a mouse
is a titmouse?
What kind of a cat
is a platypus?
Does an armadillo
sleep on a pillow?
What kind of corn
is a unicorn?

By
Elaine Roark
6-27-88

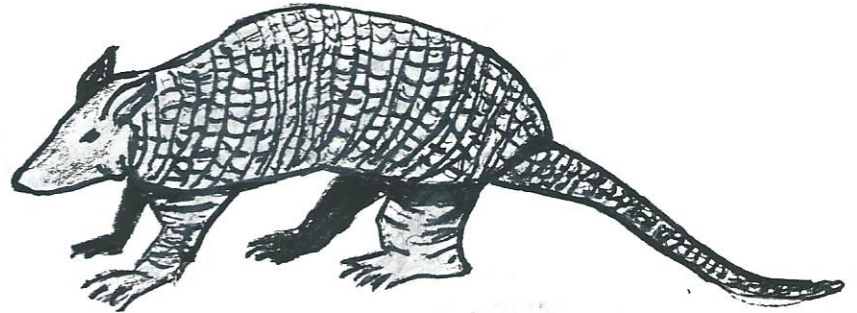
PLATYPUS

The platypus is an Australian mammal. Though it has a bill like a duck and lays eggs, it is covered with hair, not feathers. It is about 18 to 20 inches long from head to tail.



AARDVARK

The aardvark is an African mammal. It eats ants and termites, ripping open their nests with its powerful claws.



ARMADILLO

The armadillo is a mammal of North and South America. It eats insects. It is protected by an armor of very hard skin.

WAFFLES AND SPAGHETTI

What's your favorite thing to eat?
I like waffles, soft and sweet.
Syrup fills each square puddle
with delicious goo.
I like them plain, or powder-sugared too.

Brother likes spaghetti for his sup.
He takes it strand by strand
and slurps it up.
Mom thinks he should twist it round his
fork.
He says that's just too much work.

by
Elaine Roark
July, 1988



MUFFINS

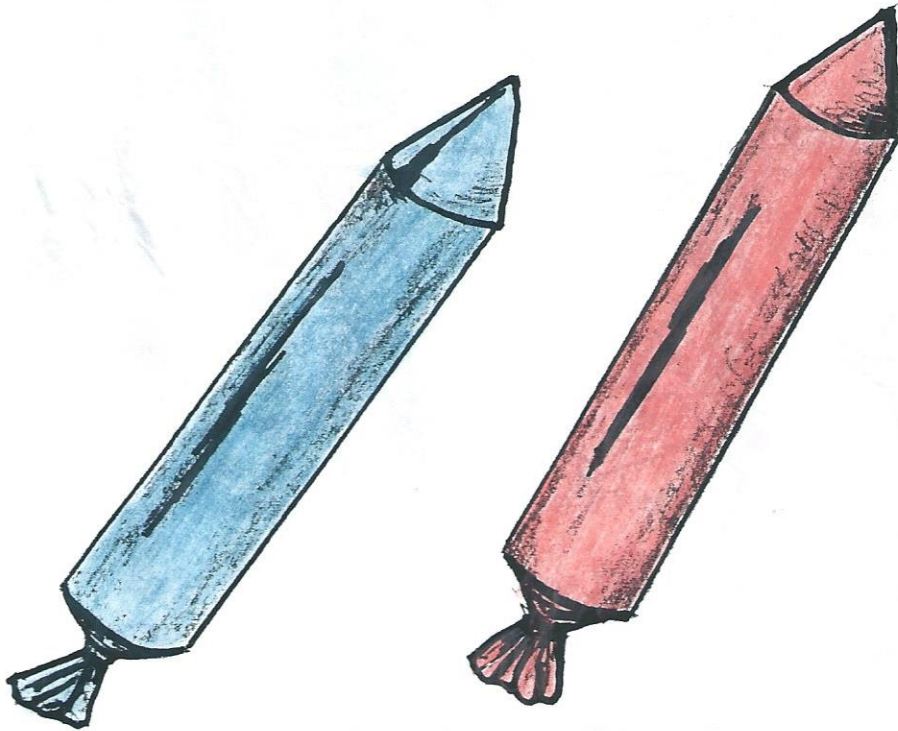
Christopher and Nellie eat their muffins
without jelly.
Mary and Tramain also like their muffins
plain.
But Winifred and Kelly, put on gobs and
gobs of jelly.
Though Madaline, their mother, prefers
just a little butter.
Old Grand Daddy Whittum eats them
anyway he can get 'em.

E.J.Roark
1989

KUMQUAT JELLY

I like kumquat jelly.
I eat it on my toast.
Dad likes it too.
He puts it on pot roast.
Mom likes kumquat jelly.
She eats it on plain bread.
Little baby sister,
smears it on her head.

BY
ELAINE J ROARK

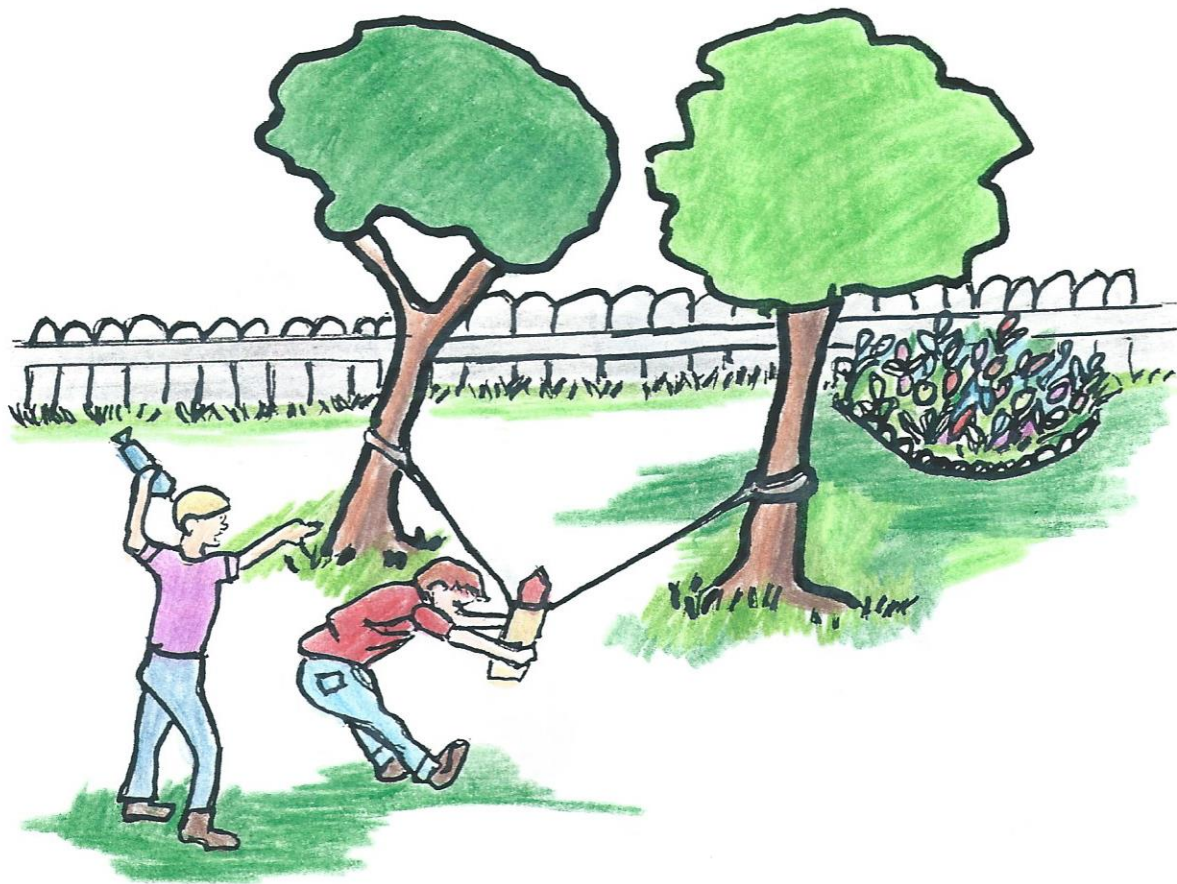


THE ROCKET MACHINE

Garrison Tabor and Brian Green decided to build a rocket machine. They rolled yesterday's newspaper up tight, and put it in its plastic bag just right.

One bag was blue and the other was red. They glued on a cone shaped cup for the rocket head.

Now they needed a launching pad to shoot it up in the sky, something to make it go up real high.



Brian found a plastic container that was deep, but not wide. It was just big enough to slide the rocket inside.

Out in the garage by the car, was an old plastic tube that would stretch real far. They attached it to the launcher at each side. Then they stretched the tube out real wide.

They tied one end to this tree and one end to that. They pulled hard at the plastic launcher where the rocket sat. Garrison pulled it all the way to the ground with just one try. Then he let go, and let her fly.

He shot his rocket straight up over his head. It came down in the middle of Mother's flower bed! He decided that is where it better stay.

It was safer for the boys that way.
Better to report a bad landing to the
launching towers,
than to get caught smashing Mother's flowers.

Now it was Brian's turn.
He decided to shoot in the other direction.
The rocket shot up with great perfection.
It came down with a flash of red,
and landed on the mailman's head!

He picked it up, rubbing his head.
"Now what in the world is this?" he said.
He turned his head and looked around.
The boys were no where to be found.
When the mailman had gone away,
they found another game to play.



COPY CAT

My little brother is getting all my folks'
attention by learning to walk, three steps
in a row.

Big deal!

I learned to do that long ago!

That's ok, I have plans.

While he's learning to walk on his feet,
I'll learn to walk on my hands!

He's just a little copy cat,
but it will take him a long time before
he can do that!

By
Elaine J. Roark
9-30-91



SILLY OLD ROOSTER

I had this crazy little rooster
who thought he was a hen.
He tried and tried to lay an egg,
and then he tried again.

The old hen laughed and laughed and
said, "I knew you couldn't do it!"
"Well then, Old Gal," the rooster
said, "You'd better get right
to it!"



I LIKE PUPPIES BEST

I like mice, and I like cats.
But I don't like spiders,
and I don't care for bats.

Mice are cute, and cats are
huggly,
But spiders are creepy,
and bats are ugly.

However, my favorite animal,
without fail,
is a frisky puppy
with a wagging tail!



QUESTION FOR A MOUSE

Tell me, tiny Mr. Mouse,
is that old willow tree your house?
How about your friend, the dove?
Does she live in the nest
on the branch above?

Doesn't it get dark in your
hole without a light?
Do the dove's babies get cold
when she takes to flight?

I guess you like your house
just fine,
just as much as I like mine.

PREFERENCE

Benjamin, the mule,
liked the shade, where it was cool.
Oliver, the bunny,
liked the meadow bright and sunny.
Truman standing near,
thought that both of them were queer.
He preferred the water.
Of course, he was an otter.

E. J. Roark
1989

BERRY

Black and white and red,
funny clown-face head,
the clown's name is Berry.
He's all smiles and merry.

Look here! Look here!
He can make things disappear!
Hear him make that silly sound.
He's the funniest clown around.

E. J. Roark
7- 19- 1989

Dedicated to John Roark
Clown with the Shriners'
Children's Hospitals



MICHELLE

Michelle had a pet rat.
When asked if Rat was fat,
she said with a smile ...
She is once in a while,
and that without any maybes,
because Rat has had twenty four
babies!

Elaine J. Roark
June, 1988





ANGIE

When I was all sick in bed
with pains in my tummy,
and pains in my head,
Mom gave me a special treat.

"You may have cat and kitties in your bed,"
she smiled at me and said.

"Not long, but just a little while."

My happy grin would have stretched a mile.

I had named the kittens, Kitty, Kate, and Kyle
and there they lay in a purring pile.

Mom knew they were better than any toy
for bringing a sick child squeals of joy.

By
Elaine J. Roark