

# FRANKENSTEIN MAKES A SANDWICH

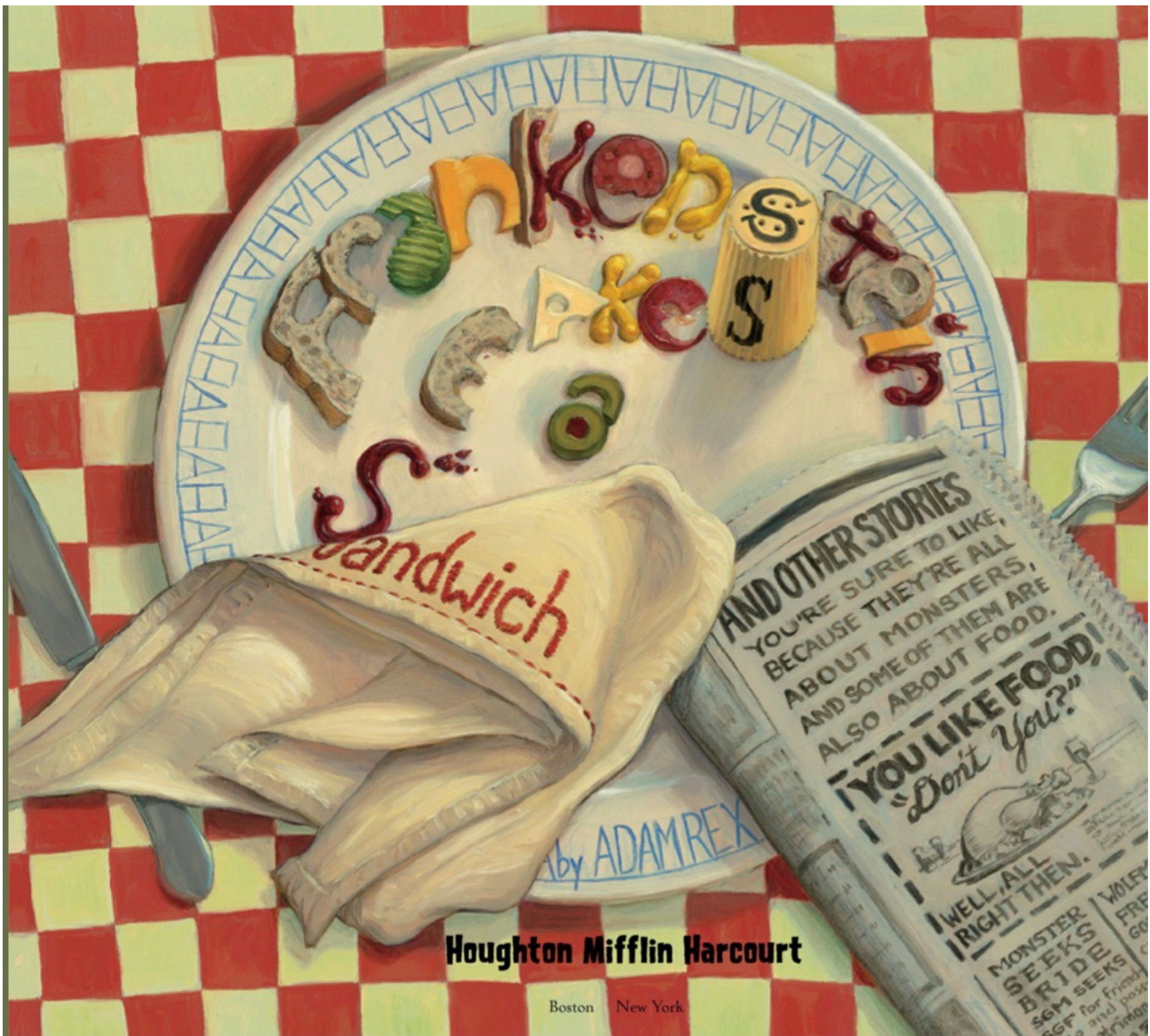
AND OTHER STORIES  
YOU'RE SURE TO LIKE,  
BECAUSE THEY'RE  
ALL ABOUT MONSTERS,  
AND SOME OF THEM  
ARE ALSO  
ABOUT FOOD.

YOU LIKE FOOD, DON'T YOU?  
WELL, ALL RIGHT THEN.

BY  
ADAM  
REX







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Boston New York



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Rex

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The illustrations in this book were  
created with oils and . . . oh gosh,  
lots of stuff. What? Sure, he used  
some of that. Yep, that, too.

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DEDICATIONS  
AND/OR WEAKNESSES

FOR COUNT  
DRACULA—  
sunlight, garlic,  
croses,  
sharp sticks

FOR  
WOLFMAN—  
silver,  
wolfbane

FOR AMANDA—  
dander, chipotle,  
credit-card  
debt, phonies

FOR  
SCOTT—  
light beer

The  
illustrator  
would also like  
to give thanks to  
John James Audubon,  
Richard Scarry, Maurice  
Sendak, Edward Gorey,  
Charles M. Schulz, and the  
casts and crews of rather a lot  
of motion pictures from the  
last eighty-odd years. Probably  
some other people as well.  
To these people and their  
descendants, he also  
dedicates this book.

*The Invisible Man Makes a Snow Angel, 1897*

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# FRANKENSTEIN MAKES A SANDWICH



**W**hen Frankenstein  
prepared to dine  
on ham-and-cheese on wheat,

he found, instead,  
he had no bread  
(or mustard, cheese, or meat).

What could he do?  
He thought it through  
until his brain was sore,  
And thought he ought  
to see what he could  
borrow from next door.

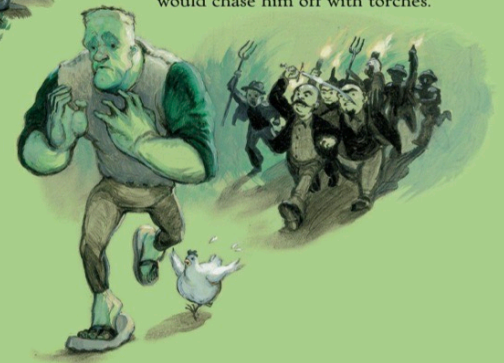


His neighbors gawked  
as Frankie walked  
the paths up to their porches.

Each time he tried,  
the folks inside  
would chase him off with torches.

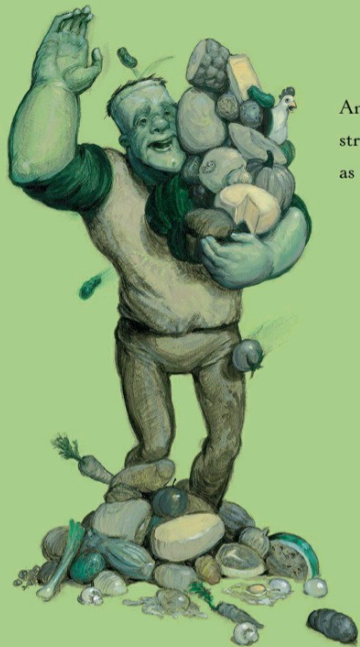
**"A MONSTER! EEK!"**  
the people shrieked.  
"Oh, make him go away!"

The angry hordes  
unsheathed their swords,  
pulled pitchforks out of hay.





They threw tomatoes,  
pigs, potatoes,  
loaves of moldy bread.



And then a thought  
struck Frankenstein  
as pickles struck his head



It's true, at first  
he thought the worst:  
His neighbors were so rude!

But then he found  
that on the ground  
they'd made a mound of food.

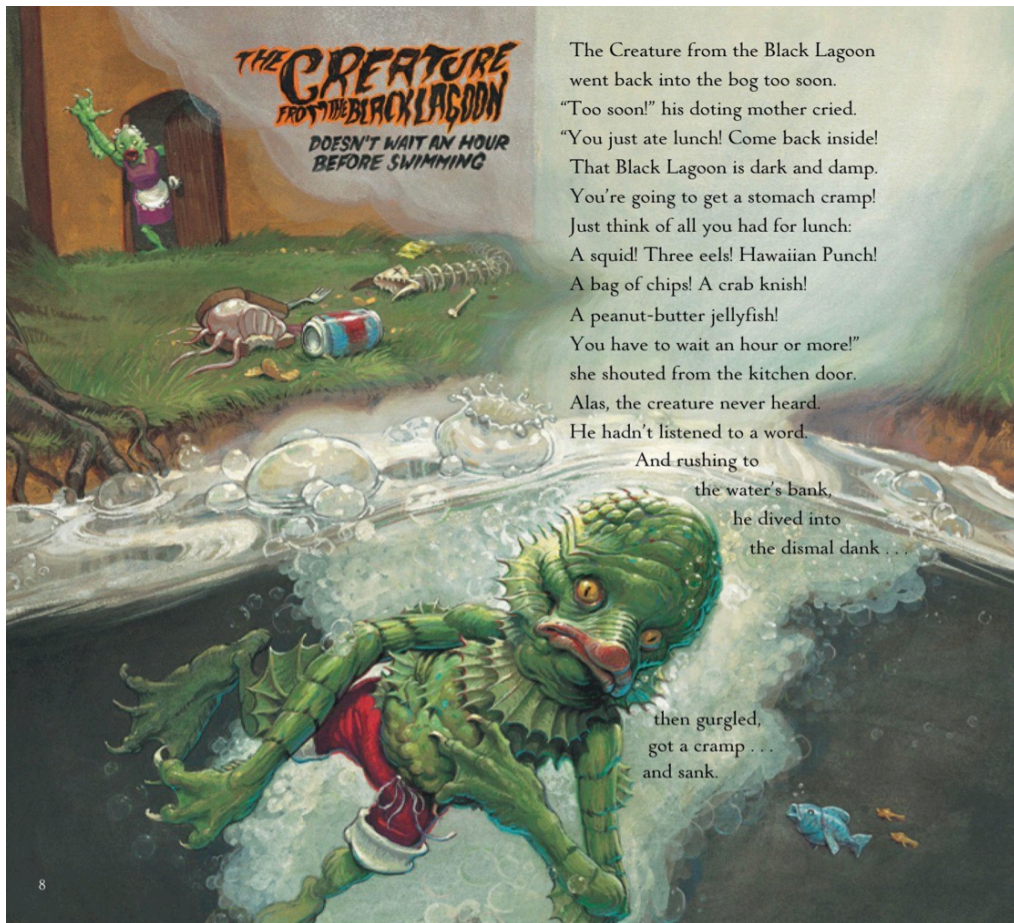
He piled it high  
and waved good-bye  
and shouted, **"Thanks a bunch!"**



Then stacked it on a plate and ate a big, disgusting lunch.



# THE CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON DOESN'T WAIT AN HOUR BEFORE SWIMMING

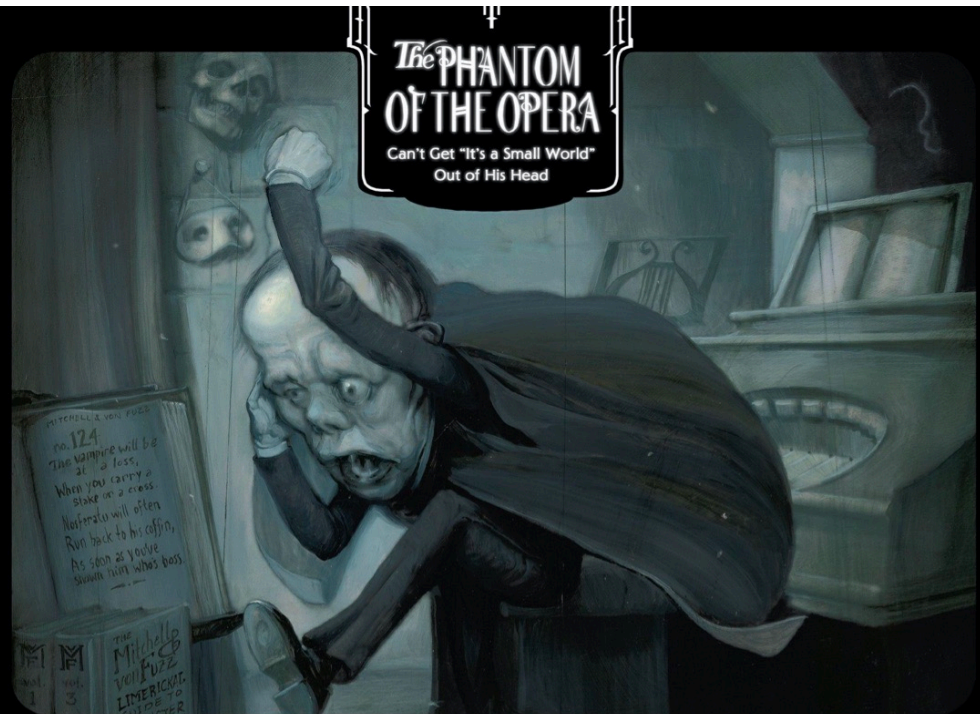


The Creature from the Black Lagoon  
went back into the bog too soon.  
"Too soon!" his doting mother cried.  
"You just ate lunch! Come back inside!  
That Black Lagoon is dark and damp.  
You're going to get a stomach cramp!  
Just think of all you had for lunch:  
A squid! Three eels! Hawaiian Punch!  
A bag of chips! A crab knish!  
A peanut-butter jellyfish!  
You have to wait an hour or more!"  
she shouted from the kitchen door.  
Alas, the creature never heard.  
He hadn't listened to a word.

And rushing to  
the water's bank,  
he dived into  
the dismal dank . . .

then gurgled,  
got a cramp . . .  
and sank.

# THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA Can't Get "It's a Small World" Out of His Head



It's a world gone crazy, a world gone wrong,  
when the phantom can't even write a song.  
Sure, he's using his head,  
but what's stuck there instead?  
"It's a Small World" after all.

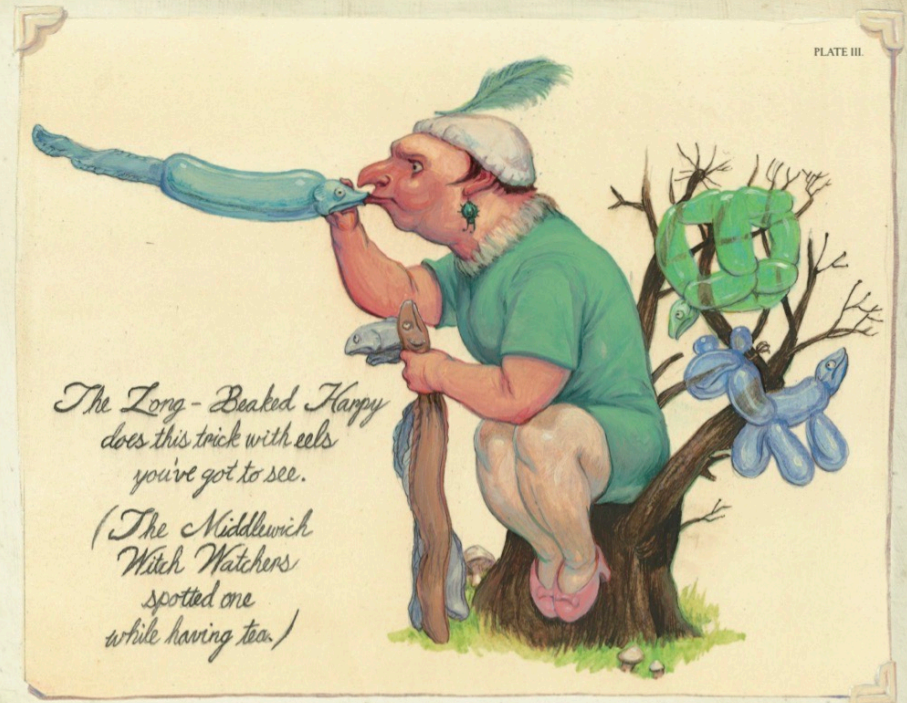
It's a small world after all.  
Angry cursing fills the hall.  
Now he's crawling up the wall.  
It's a small, small world.



# THE MIDDLEWICH WITCH-WATCHERS CLUB:

## A CLUB WHICH WATCHES WITCHES

Witch Watchers hide in trees and shrubs or settle deep in ditches.  
And when they spot a witch, they look to see which witch it was.  
They check inside the Witch Watch Book by Mitchell & von Fuzz.



When evening came and nighttime spilled its ink across the sky,  
the Middewich Witch Watchers packed their things and waved good-bye.  
But then, by chance, they glanced upon the rarest witch of all:





*A Ruby-Throated Cackler!  
Look! Her hat is six feet tall!*

Quiet, now, and listen to her sweet, alluring call:

Cackledy cack, and jiggedy jig!  
Sit on a monkey and SNACK ON A PIG!  
Hickory dickory cacklety coo!  
Cack cack-a doodle-a DOOOOOOOOOO!



### An Open Letter from Wolfman's Best Friend

Dear Wolfman,  
I wanted to make some things clear.  
I know we've been roommates for nearly a year,  
and I probably should have said something before,  
but could you please try  
not to scratch the front door?  
If you want to come in,  
you should just use your keys.  
And if you forget them, then please, Wolfman,  
PLEASE

just knock, and I'll happily open the door.  
And if I'm not home, please don't howl anymore.  
'Cause each time you do it,  
the neighbors complain.  
And since we're complaining,  
perhaps you'd explain  
how you manage to leave  
SO MUCH hair in the tub.  
I constantly clean it. I scour, I scrub,  
and I think I should mention  
it's REALLY a pain.

Today I removed a big clog from the drain,  
and I tell you, this hair-clog was of SUCH A SIZE,  
it could go to a CAT SHOW  
AND TAKE HOME FIRST PRIZE.  
So... anyway, that's all I wanted to write.  
Please take out the garbage. It's your turn tonight.  
And thank you.

Sincerely,

Your dog,  
Dynamite





## THE INVISIBLE MAN GETS A HAIRCUT

"My hair is a fright!"  
said Griffin one night.  
"At least I assume that it is.  
It feels awfully long,  
and the part is all wrong,  
and it's knotted with tangles and frizz."

An invisible ne'er-do-well's hairdo will scare you,  
no matter how well you cut hair.  
The barber, downhearted,  
took aim and got started.  
The whole thing went downhill from there.

Said Griffin, "Oh my!  
That's your thumb in my eye!  
And my nostril's no place for a comb.  
Oh dear! Where's my ear?  
Well I know it was here  
on my head when I checked it at home!"

He shouted, "Enough!  
You are being too rough!"  
Then Griffin jumped out of the chair.  
So, Invisible Man  
wears a visible hat  
to conceal his invisible hair.

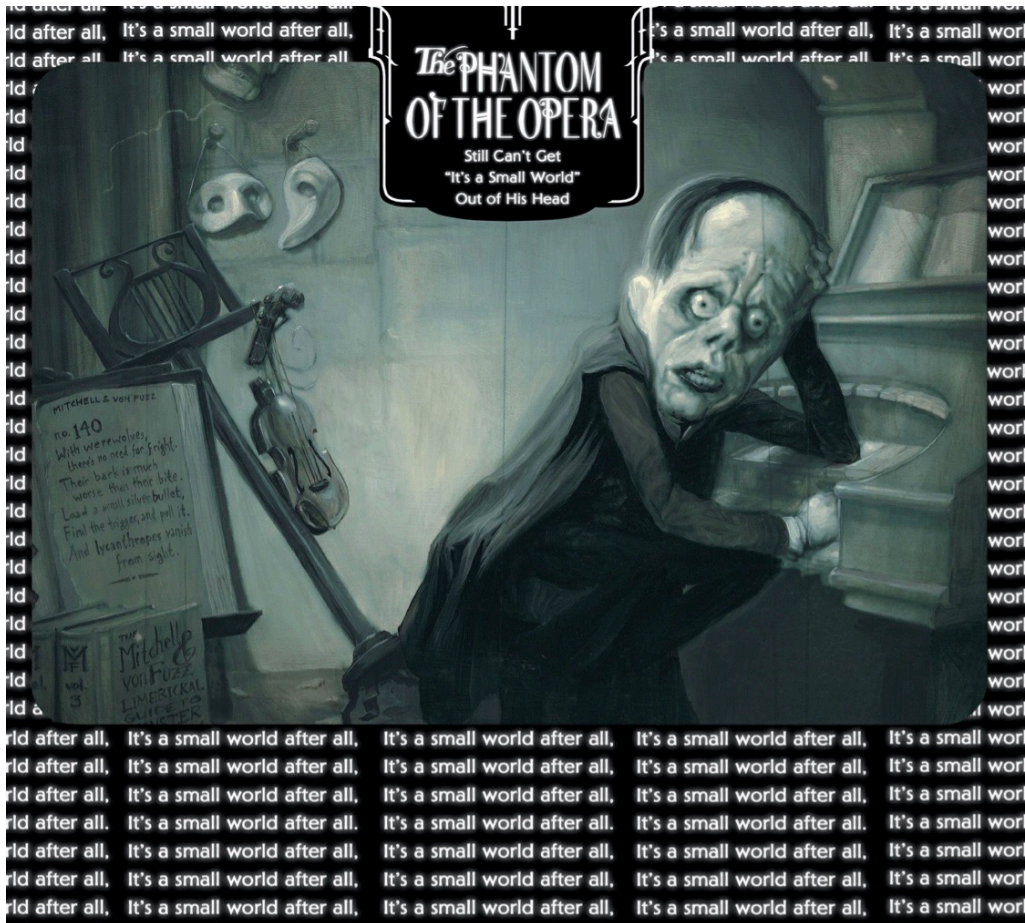


**The PHANTOM  
OF THE OPERA**

Still Can't Get  
"It's a Small World"  
Out of His Head

**The PHANTOM  
OF THE OPERA**

Still Can't Get  
"It's a Small World"  
Out of His Head

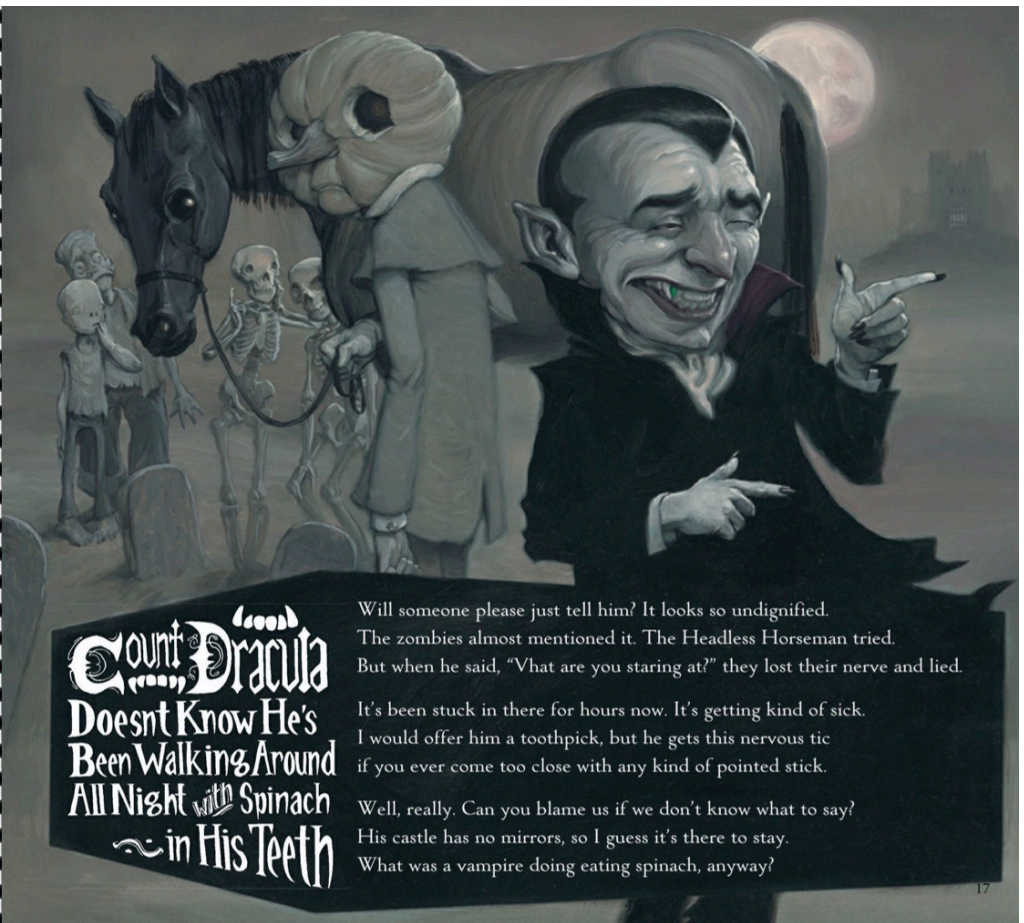


Count Dracula  
Doesn't Know He's  
Been Walking Around  
All Night with Spinach  
in His Teeth

Will someone please just tell him? It looks so undignified.  
The zombies almost mentioned it. The Headless Horseman tried.  
But when he said, "What are you staring at?" they lost their nerve and lied.

It's been stuck in there for hours now. It's getting kind of sick. I would offer him a toothpick, but he gets this nervous tic if you ever come too close with any kind of pointed stick.

Well, really. Can you blame us if we don't know what to say?  
His castle has no mirrors, so I guess it's there to stay.  
What was a vampire doing eating spinach, anyway?







# THE MUMMY WON'T GO TO HIS ETERNAL REST WITHOUT A STORY AND SOME COOKIES

There's a place in France  
where the naked ladies  
dance.  
But when King Tut died,  
he wore bandages for pants.  
And he'll never, never go to sleep,  
no.  
He will never, never go to sleep, oh!

"It is time for bed,"  
all the royal servants said.  
Mummy played on the floor,  
and he wailed, "Five minutes  
more!"

Here's his new excuse:  
He wants cookies with his  
juice.  
But he won't get far—  
that's his stomach in that jar.



Now he wants to read,  
so the scribes must do the deed.  
They make groaning sounds,  
'cause the books weigh thirty  
pounds.



And they say, "You're dead!  
So you have to go to bed!"  
But he runs through the  
tombs,  
and he hides in secret rooms.



"Nyah nyah nyaaaaah nyah nyah,  
nyah nyah nyah nyah nyah nyah  
nyah!"



Did you just say Bigfoot?  
 What's wrong with your eyes?  
 My feet aren't remotely as big as that guy's!  
 Nor are they as smelly.  
 You see, here's the truth:  
 Some folks call him Sasquatch.  
 His real name is Ruth,  
 so then why is Bigfoot  
 the name people mention?  
 The smell, not the size,  
 is what gets their attention.  
 His nose is big, too,  
 but does anyone care?  
 Perhaps if it smelled they  
 would be more aware.

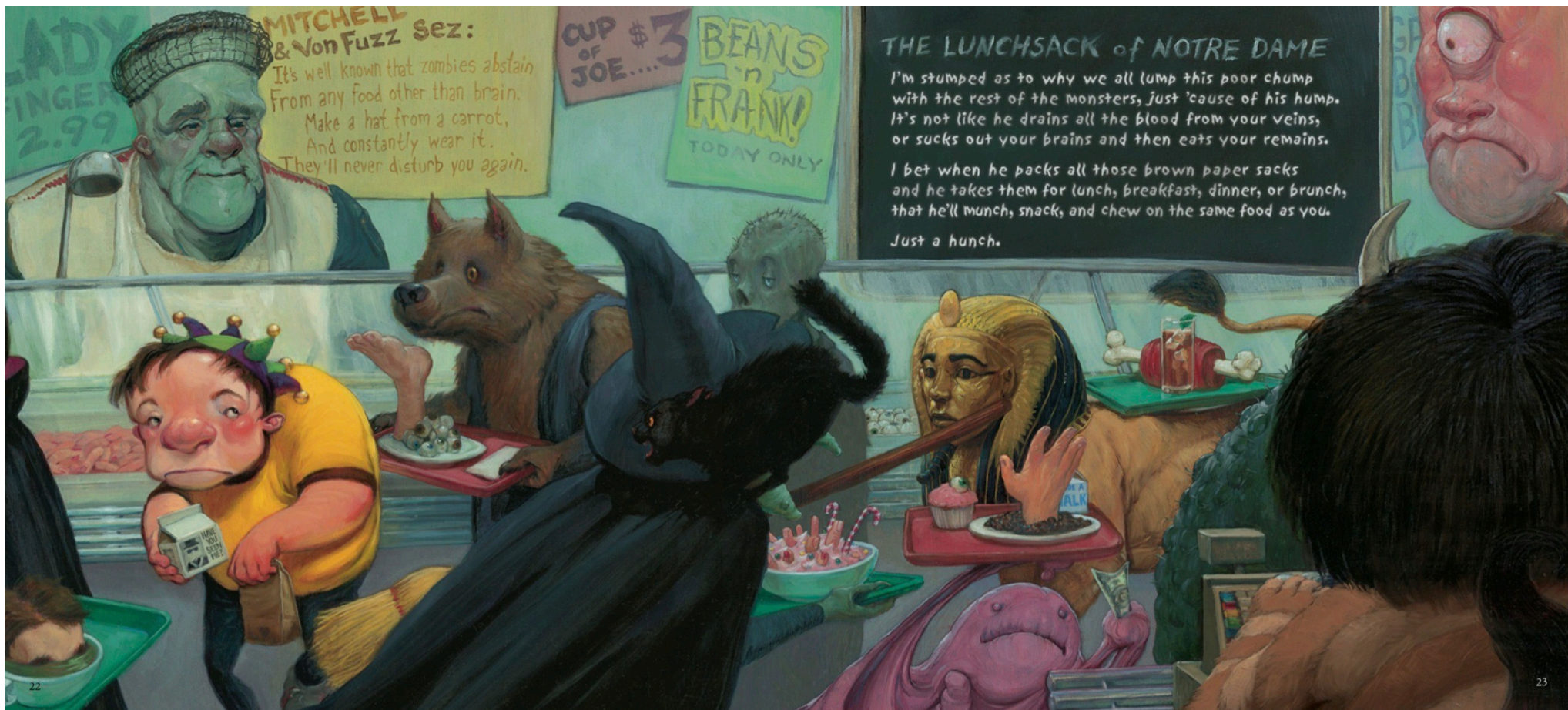
Well . . . of course  
 his nose smells,  
 but . . . you know  
 what I meant.  
 You can bet  
 he's no Yeti  
 by way of his scent.



## The Yeti Doesn't Appreciate Being Called Bigfoot







**MITCHELL & Von Fuzz Sez:**  
It's well known that zombies abstain  
From any food other than brain.  
Make a hat from a carrot,  
And constantly wear it.  
They'll never disturb you again.

**CUP OF JOE... \$3**  
**BEANS in FRANK!**  
TODAY ONLY

**THE LUNCHSACK of NOTRE DAME**  
I'm stumped as to why we all lump this poor chump  
with the rest of the monsters, just 'cause of his hump.  
It's not like he drains all the blood from your veins,  
or sucks out your brains and then eats your remains.  
I bet when he packs all those brown paper sacks  
and he takes them for lunch, breakfast, dinner, or brunch,  
that he'll munch, snack, and chew on the same food as you.  
Just a hunch.



# DR. JEKYLL AND MR.



VOL. 1 A STRANGE 1886



DR. H. JEKYLL

THE DOCTOR SIGHED, his tie was tied,  
he fiddled with his combs.  
He hated all these dressy balls  
in crowded halls and homes.

CASE

He couldn't dance; he found that  
fancy food just made him choke,  
and guests would heckle Jekyll  
if he tried to make a joke.

The clock began to chime,  
the time was eight, and he was late.  
He'd rather go to bed  
instead of going out. But wait!

The notion of a certain potion  
filled him with delight.  
Why stay inside when Mr. Hyde  
could go out for the night?

CONTINUED  
ON  
NEXT PAGE

MITCHELL & VON FUZZ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

If invisible men cause complaint,  
get a squirt gun, and fill it with paint.  
And wherever you go,  
squirt around you to show  
who's a visible man, and who ain't.

The following monsters require  
the swift application of fire:

- Frankenstein
  - mummy
  - ventriloquist's dummy
- Anyone who says different's a liar.

CONFIDENTIAL TO D. OF KANSAS:  
Some witches don't melt when they're wet.  
If you soak them they just get upset.  
Try hard not to smirk,  
or you'll look like a jerk,  
and will likely deserve what you get.



MR. E. HYDE

Sure, Hyde was snide, he always lied,  
and women cried to see him.  
And yet, it still was such a thrill  
when Jekyll got to be him.

You should see him dance the polka!  
Fancy folk avoid his feet  
as he reels and whirls the girls  
around the hall and down the street.

He laughed and mixed the draft  
that makes a gentleman a jerk,  
and thought a lot about the ball,  
but not about his work.

'Twas all his fault  
he added salt,  
instead of  
crumbled skull.



FIG. 2



Skull

FIG. 3



Crumbled Skull

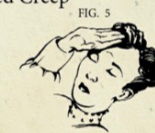
The vial of bile  
was pickle juice,  
and dill  
just made  
it dull.

FIG. 4



The Juicing of the Pickle, and Its Consequences

Alas, the glass of Cream of Evil  
mixed with Powdered Creep  
was really milk  
the maid had laid  
aside to help  
him sleep.



The Maid

Sweeties

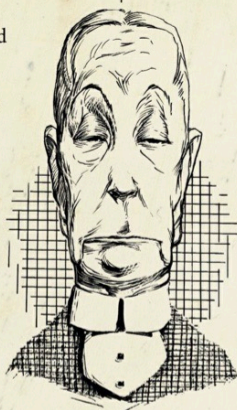


He never knew. He drank the brew  
while running out the door.  
(Although he thought the beaker  
tasted weaker than before.)

He reached the ball, and looked  
in all the mirrors at his head.  
It wasn't Hyde he spied inside,  
but Henderson instead.

His shoulders stooped, his  
eyelids drooped, his face  
looked pooped and wan.  
And where the hair of Hyde  
was fried, this hair looked  
plastered on.

"What's done . . . is done,"  
sighed Henderson,  
and went to join the rest.  
Around the floor he stopped  
to bore the pants off every guest.



MR. N. HENDERSON

He told a stale and endless tale  
that tested their endurance,  
topped that with pictures of his cat,  
then sold them all insurance.

For Henderson possessed  
one-tenth the zest  
that Jekyll had.  
Far less, in fact—he lacked  
the personality of plaid.

The guests professed  
they needed rest,  
they had an early morning.  
They couldn't stay;  
they edged away, but then,  
without a warning,

Their way was blocked,  
the exit locked,  
with Henderson ahead!  
O cruel ennui! He held the key!  
And wearily he said:



"You know . . . the sight of all you people trying to get away has made me mindful of a funny yarn I read the other day. And when I mention yarn . . . you know . . . I really ~~mean~~ I read a story—not a yarn in any woolly sort of way. Although I think we'd all agree that yarn is thrilling, eh? I'd listen to a yarn about some yarn most any day. Alas, that's not the funny yarn I'm trying to convey. (This tale is funny 'strange,' not funny 'ha-ha,' by the way.) It seems a ~~donkey~~ living out in Santa Fe was made to toil the day away by pulling cargo in a dray. A dray's a sort of cart, you know. This one was filled with hay. But that's not really relevant. The thing I want to say is that this donkey ~~particular~~ looked rather smart and gay—owing mostly to the fact he wore a polka-dot beret. And if any fellow tried to take the donkey's hat away, then the ass (that is, the donkey) would get very cross and neigh— Wait . . . horses neigh, not donkeys. What I mean to say is bray He would bray, not neigh, if someone took his polka-dot beret. Which reminds me of an anecdote I heard my milkman say . . ."



# ZOMBIE ZOMBIE



(Zoo.)



Samba!



Zombie Samba!



Zombie? Zombie.



Zombie? **ZOMBIE!**



Zombie Samba Zombie Mamba



Mamba Mambo Zombie Zoo.

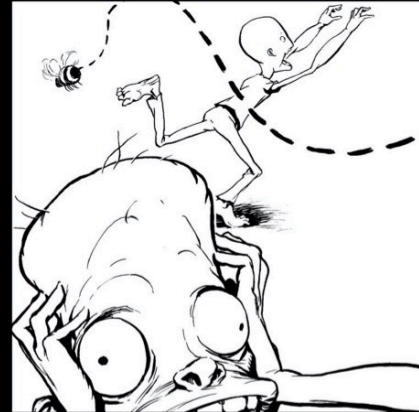




Rhumba Rhumba Zombie Samba



Zombie zimbie Bambi boo



BEE! BEE! BEE!



BEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE



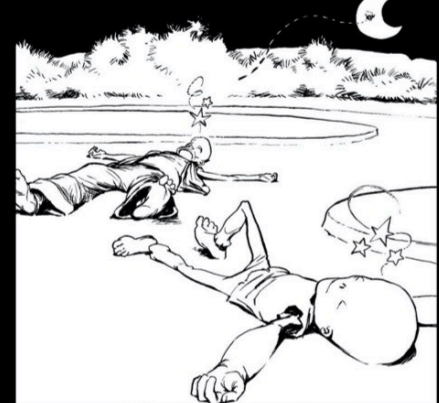
30 Zombie beeza bombie zamba



Bumba zumba Zombie—BEE!



EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE Bump.



Zombie Zombie.



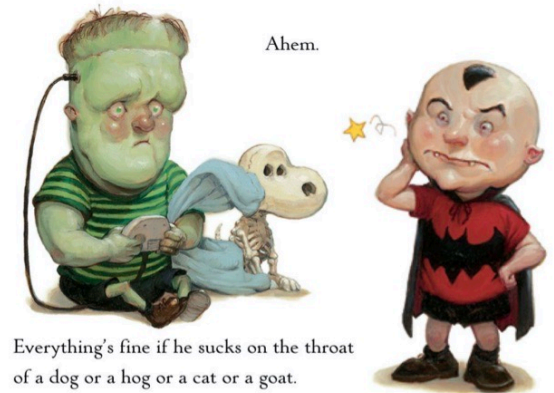


Bald and pale and masked and ugly, the Phantom of the Opera is writing, but when he knows that he can't compose he goes, "AAAHRG!"

Every song comes out a samba, although he wants to write an aria, so his top blows and he tears his clothes and goes, "AAAHRG!"



Poor Son of Dracula. He's just a dud.  
His daddy is famous, but his name is mud.  
For how much blood  
could a bloodsucker suck,  
if a bloodsucker can't suck blood?



Everything's fine if he sucks on the throat  
of a dog or a hog or a cat or a goat.  
But a cold-blooded thing like a lizard or snake  
makes his head start to hurt and his fangs really ache.

Frankenjunior was shocked. "You'll have to go see  
the worst monster of all! She's much worse than me.  
Her fingers are hooks! Hooks, needles, and spears!  
Her voice is a high buzzing whine in your ears!  
Instead of a head there's a BIG GLOWING EYE!"  
The Frankenboy said with a shuddering sigh.





"She doesn't sound scary," said Dracula's son.  
 "Not scary like crosses, or stakes, or the sun."  
 So he made his appointment for just after dark  
 at the New Transylvania Medical Park.

"It's awful," he whispered. "So cheery and bright!  
 You'd think it would kill them to turn off a light.  
 They need some nice coffins. It's really a shame,"  
 young Dracula said as the nurse called his name.



He followed inside, and before he could hide,  
 the dentist was standing there, right by his side!  
 A note to the timid, or just faint of heart:  
 This story has come to the frightening part.  
 Stop reading! Now put the book down! This is scary!  
 Peligro! Use caution! Beware and be wary!

Still here? Very well. Little Drac stood in terror.  
 He knew now he'd made the most horrible error.  
 If he weren't undead he'd have wanted to die.  
 She was terrible! Awful! She smiled and said hi!

Her voice was a sweet lilting song in his ears.  
 Her fingers were fingers, not needles or spears.  
 That big glowing eye was a lamp, not a head.  
 It was all so much worse than The Frankenboy said!





Young Drac couldn't move, so she forced him to sit.  
 "Open wide, now," she told him. "This won't hurt a bit!"  
 "You aren't flossing," she scolded, and Dracula blushed.  
 "And honestly, when was the last time you brushed?  
 You really must brush after every bite.  
 See? A cavity's formed in this fang on the right."



"It needs to be mended. And so, if you're willing,  
 I'll patch it right up with a small silver filling."  
 A filling? With silver? Drac wanted to shout,  
 the werewolves will hate me! I've got to get out!



He changed to a bat—he flew up and away.  
 The dentist said, "Fine. We won't do it today.  
 But get it fixed soon; you'll be glad that you did.  
 Now here—take a sucker. You've been a good kid."

He flew from the office, and homeward he raced.  
 He sucked on the sucker, but gagged at the taste.  
 He'd hoped it was flavored like blood, or like liver,  
 How scary! It's CHERRY! he thought with a shiver.



Drac knew it was true as he spat and he cursed,  
 My dad may be bad, but the dentist's THE WORST.



There was a phantom  
 had a song,  
 and BINGO was its name-o.  
 B-I-N-G-O  
 See? I told you so.  
 B-I-N-G-O  
 By jingo! What a lame-o.

It bugged the phantom  
 all night long.  
 He never was the same-o.  
 (clap) His cheeks don't show.  
 (clap) If they did, though.  
 (clap) we'd see them glow  
 flamingo pink with shame-o.

At least the phantom  
 knows it's wrong.  
 It caused him to proclaim-o:  
 (clap) (clap) "I'll have no . . .  
 (clap) (clap) peace, and so . . .  
 (clap) (clap) I'll just go  
 and haunt a bingo game-o."



## Bigfoot Can't Believe You Called Him Yeti Just Now

Wait, what did you say? The Yeti? No way!  
I know that I'm going a little bit gray.  
(Though I'm told all the time  
I can still pass for thirty.)

But Yeti's all white! Except when he's dirty.

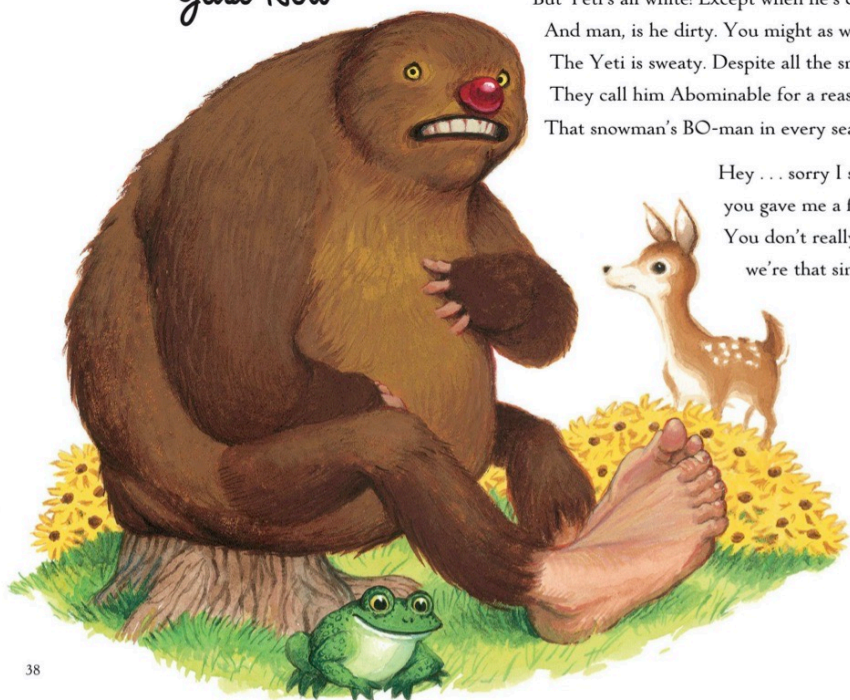
And man, is he dirty. You might as well know:

The Yeti is sweaty. Despite all the snow.

They call him Abominable for a reason.

That snowman's BO-man in every season.

Hey . . . sorry I shouted—  
you gave me a fright.  
You don't really think  
we're that similar, right?



## ゴジラ が私のホンダにウンコした (Godzilla Pooped on My Honda)

Don't ever go to Tokyo.  
I just heard on the radio  
that Ghidorah has taken wing  
to fight some sort of turtle thing.  
And as the monster flew away,  
they saw a zipper, plain as day.  
It seems perhaps these giant brutes  
are giant men in suits.

I swear I'm leaving Tokyo.  
I watched as, just a week ago,  
some robots crushed my mailbox flat.  
And only two days after that  
a moth the size of Fuji goes  
and chews up all my Sunday clothes.  
I bought a mothball from the store.  
It won't fit through the door.

And just last night, what did I see?  
Turdzilla where my car should be.  
It's not so bad—I'm sure some dupe  
will pay for real Godzilla poop.  
I'll make a sign—or better yet,  
I'll sell it on the Internet!  
And when I've made enough I'll go—  
to any place but Tokyo.







ADAM REX HASN'T  
APPEARED IN ANY POEMS  
THAT MENTION HIS NAME,  
HIS WIFE, AND THE CITY  
WHERE HE LIVES

When his editor asked, he said: "Madam,  
you would throw 'em away if I had 'em.

Philadelphia's fine,  
and Marie is divine,  
but you know nothing good  
rhymes with Adam."





*Sundae!  
Sundae!*