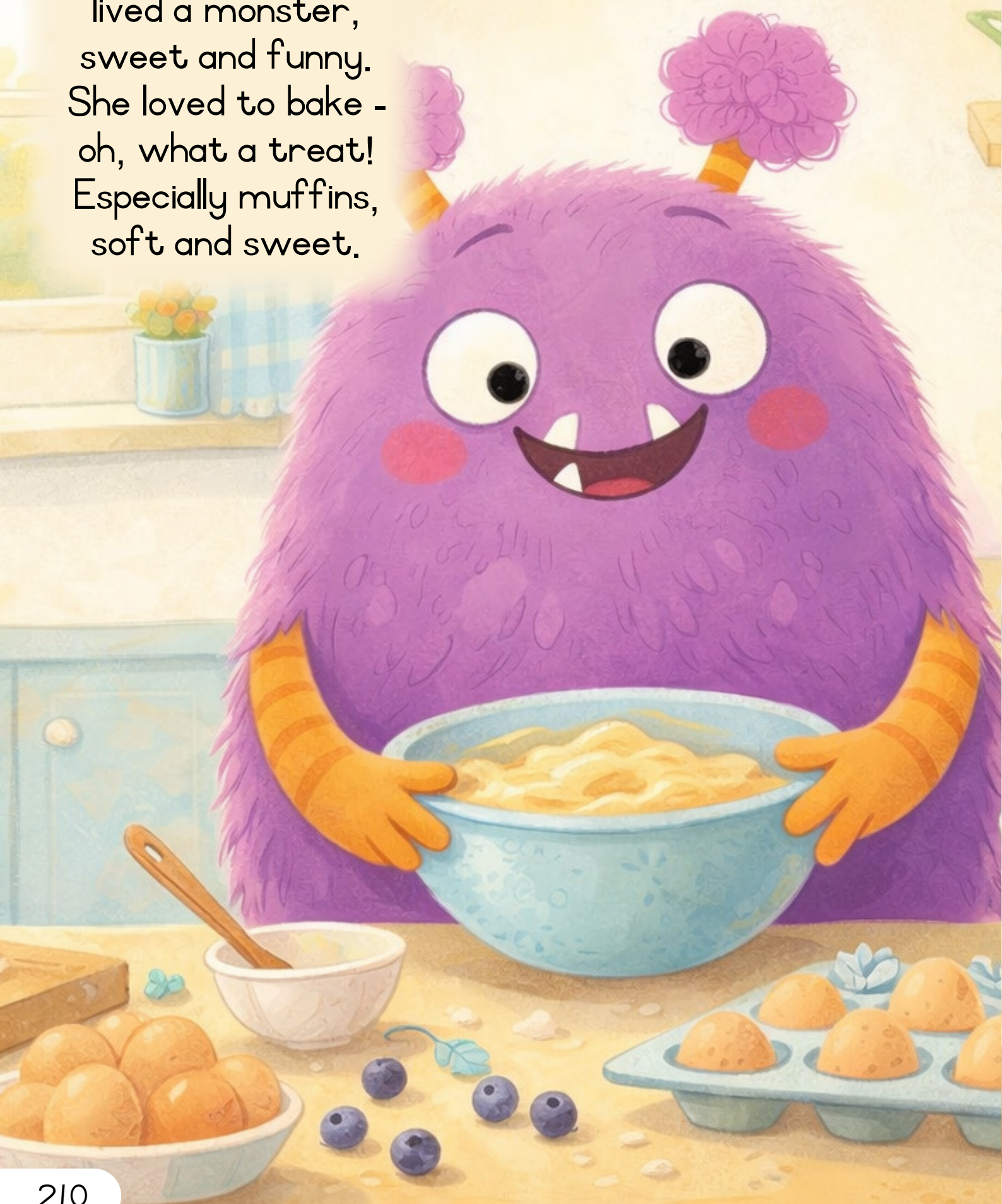


Messy Muffin Monster

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In a kitchen bright
and sunny,
lived a monster,
sweet and funny.
She loved to bake -
oh, what a treat!
Especially muffins,
soft and sweet.



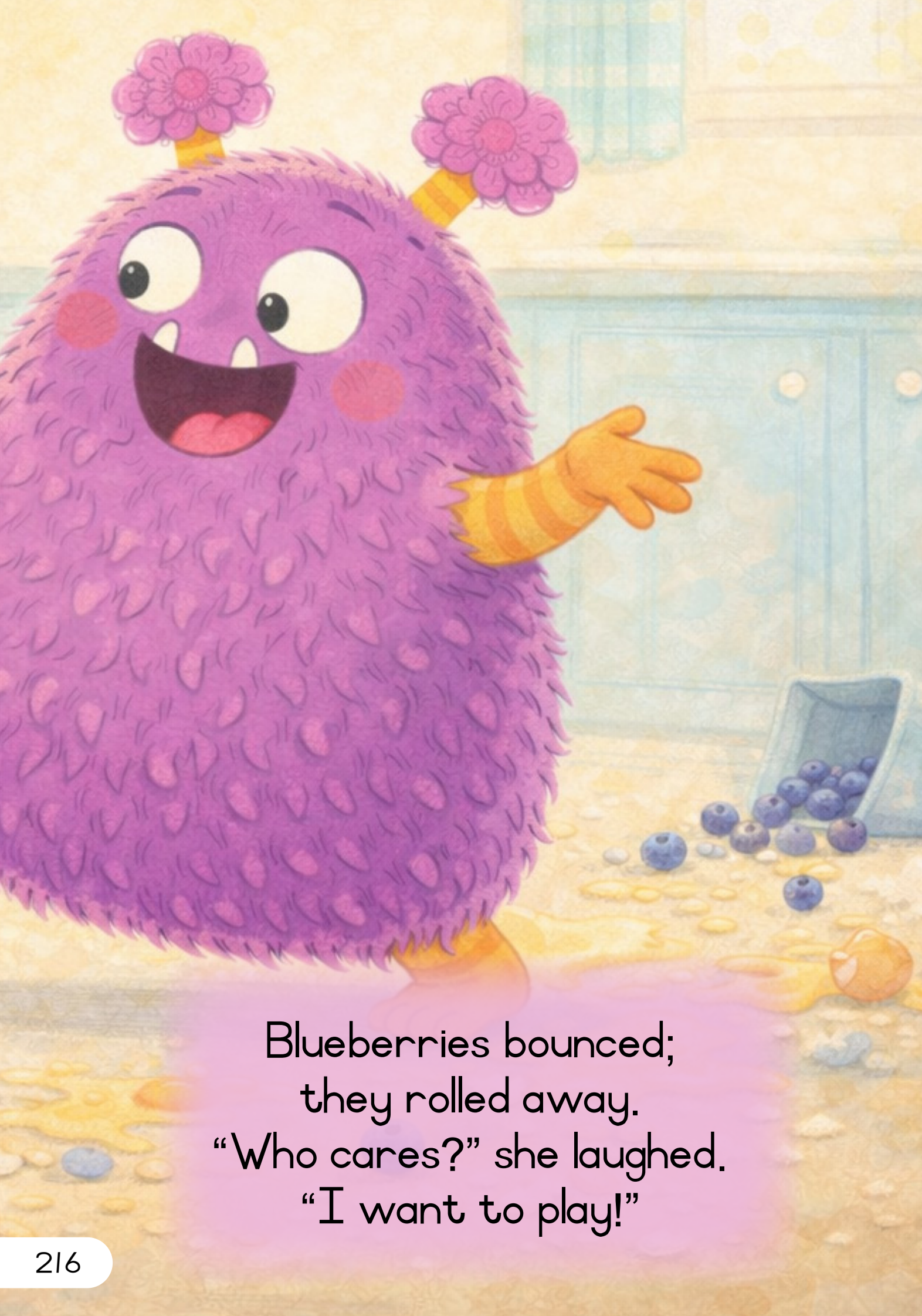
But Muffin Monster, full of haste,
mixed too quickly and made some waste.
Flour puffed up, sugar spilled -
still, she rushed; her bowl was filled.

She cracked the eggs -
crack, crash, splat.
Some hit the bowl; some
hit the mat.





She didn't stop to sweep or clean,
too excited for muffins she
hadn't yet seen.



Blueberries bounced;
they rolled away.
“Who cares?” she laughed.
“I want to play!”



“The oven’s hot,
the muffins rise,
they’ll be
the best! An
awesome
surprise!”

She tapped her paws,
she licked her lips,
dreaming of blueberry muffin bits.
She didn’t see the messy trail,
spills and crumbs from the floor
to the rail.



Ding! Went the oven, muffins done.
She dashed so fast, she tripped on one!
The milk went SPLASH; the chair went BUMP
the monster landed with a... THUMP!

Muffins flew - what a
disaster!
Haste had made it
happen faster.
Crumbs and goo and
sticky mash,
Monster sat among the
crash.



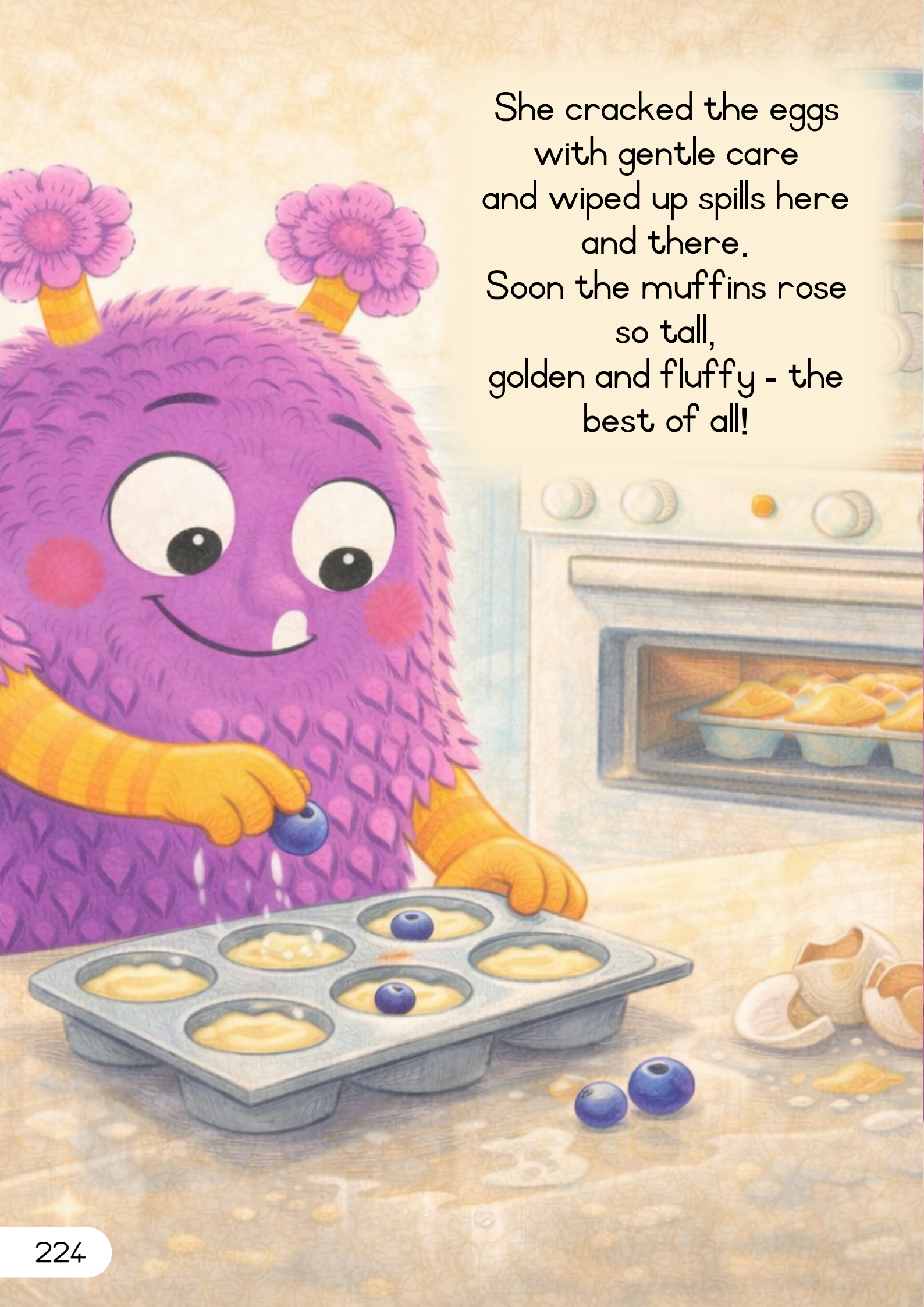
She sighed and said,
“This isn’t fun...if only
I had slowed my speed,
I’d have the tasty
treats I need.”

So out came a rag and a sponge too.
Monster knew just what to do.
She scrubbed and swept, she wiped and
dried, working neatly on every side.

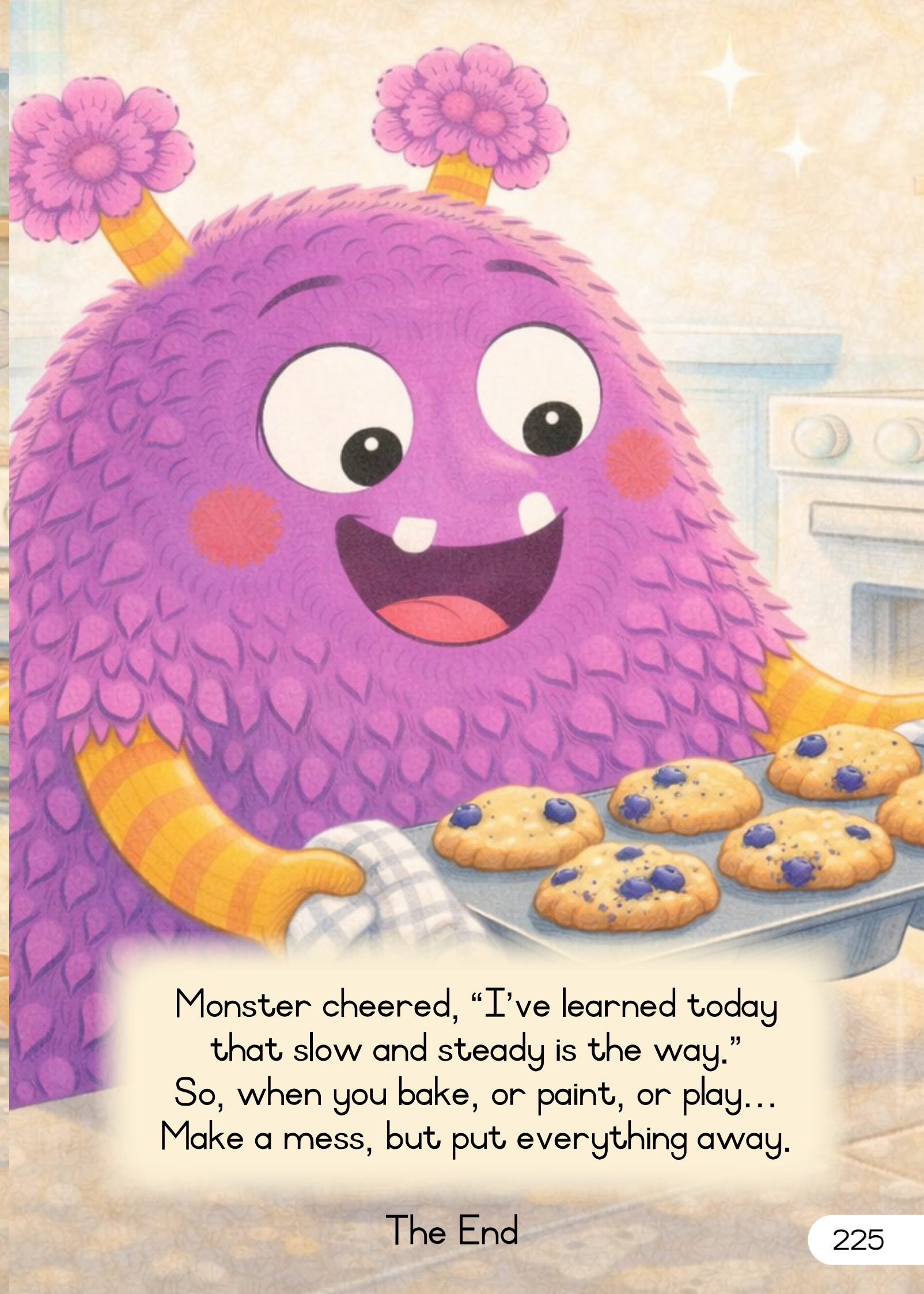


At last, the kitchen gleamed so
bright...
Monster grinned, "Cleaning up feels
good to me!"
This time slower, step by step,
flour stayed where it was kept.





She cracked the eggs
with gentle care
and wiped up spills here
and there.
Soon the muffins rose
so tall,
golden and fluffy - the
best of all!



Monster cheered, "I've learned today
that slow and steady is the way."
So, when you bake, or paint, or play...
Make a mess, but put everything away.