The Day the World Stopped Rhyming



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TCM Teacher Created Materials

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CHAPTER ONE



Little Miss Muffet Sat on a What?!

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My name is Little Miss Muffet. I'm sure you know me from the nursery rhyme—you know, the one with the spider and the tuffet. Every day, except for weekends and holidays, I sit down on my tuffet, which is a small stool, to

eat my curds and whey—and I do so hate curds and whey. I wait for the spider, she scares me away, and my breakfast gets cold…the end.

It may not be the best way to make a living, but it pays the bills. Well, at least it *paid* the bills until one day, a mighty strange thing happened. Instead of a tuffet, I found myself in a swivel chair, which is the kind of chair you can spin around in. And my nursery rhyme changed to:

Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a swivel chair
Eating her egg salad sandwich.
Along came a spider,
Who sat down on her head
And Miss Muffet told her to take
a hike.

While I did enjoy the egg salad sandwich, which was a nice change of pace, I certainly did not appreciate the spider sitting on my head. When I

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asked her what she was doing, she said, "I have no idea. Also, you really should wash your hair more often."

"What in the world happened to our nursery rhyme?" I screamed. "It's ruined!"

"Don't ask me," said the spider. "I'm just as confused as you. In fact, I ran into the Itsy Bitsy Spider on the way to work. He said that instead of a



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waterspout, he had to climb up a frayed extension cord that gave him quite a shock."

We searched the house and yard for my tuffet, but it was nowhere to be found. We decided to try our old nursery rhyme again, but it happened the same way. I was less than thrilled when the spider landed on my head a second time.

"You still need to wash your hair—maybe I'm the one who should be running away," said the spider.

"No!" I said. "I should definitely be running away from *you*—it's how it always goes."

"Not today, apparently," said the spider.

"Aren't you the master of the obvious," I replied sarcastically.

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CHAPTER TWO



The Office of Nursery Rhyme Complaints

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There was only one place to go with a problem that couldn't be solved. We headed to the magical village of Fable. That's where the nursery rhymes headquarters is. Fable had a small government building. It was where you

could find the mayor's office and the Office of Nursery Rhyme Complaints. I had been there before to lodge a complaint about my tuffet. It didn't exactly go well…

"No one knows what a tuffet is," I had complained to Old Mother Hubbard, the head of the department.

"No one cares what a tuffet is," Hubbard had replied. "Now, return home and sit on your tuffet—like always."



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