Once upon a tip-top time
some merry Monsters dwelt
Inside a place called Squiggle Park
Where friendship feels were felt.

Little critters called the Squiggles
Called the Monsters friends
They spent their days in fits of giggles
Til the sunshine’s end.

And even when they swam
In a river or a brook
Or went hide-and-seeking
In a crevice or a nook
– special care, they always took,
with their
mystical,
magical,
Monsters’ Book.

Until one day, one dreadful day,
a storm just blew their Book away!
The pages had tumbled,
the letters were jumbled,
the sounds were impossibly snarled and freenumbled!
It looked like a book,
but one no one could read,
like a flower that turned back into a seed.

Some Monsters were sad,
and others got mad,
and all forgot what it was to be glad.
They cried and they cried
all the tears that they had!
Their little lips quivered
and their nose holes were running,
it felt like so long
since they’d fooled around funning.

Then one of the Squiggles jumped up in a hurry,
and told all the Monsters, “Don’t wait and don’t worry!”
He climbed to the top of a tall Monster’s head,
And dried the last tear that the Monster had shed,
and looked all around at his friends as he said,
“We’ll help you to put your book back together,
and then we will read it together forever!”

Suddenly, all of the Monsters were grinning!
High-fives all around from a feeling like winning!
And even the Monsters with no hands were high-finning!

So the Monsters and Squiggles set out on their mission,
to put the Book back in its working condition,
turning ink blobs to words, just like a magician!

‘Cause there’s no greater magic than reading, you know,
and when you can read there’s no place you can’t go!