

# The Adventures of Willard P. Huggins

by Jill Thompson, age 12

“All three of these poems were inspired by my father, who thought of the morals, and gave me a rough idea for the stories. But I invented the name and the type of character that he is.”

## Willard P. Huggins | Story One

Willard P. Huggins  
Skipped school last Wednesday,  
His excuse was quite simple  
He fancied to play.

So early that morning  
He rose with the sun,  
To arrange and make plans  
For his long day of fun.

Then at eight o'clock sharp  
Out the door Willard ran  
To put into action his  
Number One plan.

He gathered some stones  
Then raced down the street,  
Till he reached Miss Gallumph's house  
(So tidy and neat.)

Miss Gallumph was the lady  
Who stepped on his mouse,  
And so for revenge  
He threw rocks at her house.

When the job was all done  
And the task was complete,  
Willard ran on down to  
Mullberry Street.

This was the street  
Where they built the new zoo,  
So Willard got ready  
For plan Number Two.

He snuck past the gate  
Without paying his fee,  
For Willard was clever,  
As clever could be.

But while passing the pig pen  
His great plan did fail,  
For he was rudely disturbed  
From uncurling a pig's tail.

For before Willard 's eyes  
Stood the strangest type thing,  
An overgrown apple  
With feet made of springs!

It said, with a strange  
And a low, grumbling voice,  
“Kick all male doctors.  
You haven't a choice.”

Willard was scared  
So he fled from the zoo,  
Till he came to the street  
Which was known as Patoo.

But there by the hydrant  
Stood that apple again,  
“You must kick the doctors,  
But only the men.”

He became very frightened  
Over what must be done .  
He must kick the male doctors,  
Yes kick everyone .

So he figured his plans,  
Which he'd start right away .  
His plan was to kick  
One male doctor a day .

His plans were quite tricky  
But I can't tell you.  
For you'll tell the police  
And he'll get kicked, too.

But the job was soon done  
And Willard was free,  
From the overgrown apple  
Whom he dreaded to see.

And never again  
Did Willard skip school,  
But you must remember  
This important rule .

And follow this moral,  
From it don't stray:  
'A doctor a day  
Keeps the apple away!'

## Willard P. Huggins | Story Two

Willard P. Huggins  
Was avoided in school.  
“ Do not go near Willard.”  
Was the all around rule.

So Willard was lonely  
And terribly sad,  
Yet he never had done  
Anything that was bad.

He had forty-five cents  
From allowance to spend,  
And with it he wanted to  
Purchase a friend.

He thought and he thought  
And then thought some more,  
Till he thought of a friend he could  
Buy at a store.

So he gathered his coins  
And then raced off to buy,  
A healthy green plant  
At the greenhouse nearby.

He soon had arrived  
And was looking around,  
But not one plant for  
Forty-five cents could be found.

So he asked the store clerk  
If she'd help him find,  
A healthy, green plant  
That was loving and kind.

She knew of a plant  
That would suit him just great,  
That was healthy and green  
Over in aisle number eight.

It was small, but still cute,  
Yet it didn't make sense,  
That this cute little plant  
Cost just forty-five cents.

The tag in the dirt  
Had the strangest thing on it.  
“This is a Font,  
Leave in darkness where quiet.”

He gave her the money,  
Then picked up his friend,  
And never, forever,  
Would be sad again.

He talked to his Font  
Each night and each day.  
But his plant, it got sick  
In its own special way.

First it turned lime,  
Then to yellow, then brown.  
Till it soon was the ugliest  
Plant in the town.

So he took his friend back  
To the local greenhouse.  
And set his Font down  
By the creeping Gallouse.

The clerk took one look  
Then knew just what to do,  
For Willard's poor plant  
Who had caught the Yant flu.

“The cure for Yant flu  
Is absolute aloneness,  
Absolute silence,  
And absolute darkness.

He was filled with deep sadness  
But he took his friend home,  
Took it straight to the attic  
To leave it alone.

For three weeks poor Willard  
Was lonely again,  
And soon he forgot  
All about his sick friend,

Till one day when Willard  
Remembered his plant,  
His pal who got sick  
From a flu called the Yant.

He entered the attic and  
There by the wall,  
Stood an overgrown plant  
About seven feet tall.

And never again  
Did a friend Willard want,  
For he always would have  
His dear friend the Font.

Now here is a moral  
With which you can't barter,  
Absence, you see,  
Made the Font grow harder.

**Willard P. Huggins** | Story Three

If you think this is silly  
Because Willard would get caught,  
Well, you had better think again,  
For stupid Willard's not.

No don't go thinking he's some brain  
But luck has passed his way,  
And something quite exciting passes  
Through his life each day.

Take, for example, if you will,  
A scene from just last week,  
When Willard's chance to do a good deed  
Had reached its highest peak .

Willard, as you've noticed  
Has adventure on his mind,  
And he goes exploring nearby towns  
To see what he can find.

Well, a buddy friend of Willard's  
Described to him a town.  
Which he said was quite a challenge  
To get in and look around.

The name of the town was Tridville  
And was inhabited by Trids,  
With a ruler named King McCafrid  
But they called him Unfair Frid.

For he wouldn't admit visitors  
Of any shape or kind,  
And made them work that he could live  
Without a single mind .

Instead of disappointing Willard  
As you may have thought,  
He took it as a challenge  
To get in and not get caught.

So he packed himself a lunch  
Which he'd eat along the way,  
And took off Saturday morning  
To explore the town that day.

He thought of his plans for attack  
To ensure a safe entry,  
And called them (being such a wit)  
Plan A, Plan B, Plan C.

About a half a mile from Tridville  
He could see the mighty gates,  
So he pulled out an old rule book:  
“How to enter an estate.”

For Willard was no criminal  
And never broke a rule,  
At least, he never had been caught  
Because Willard was no fool.

So he started with Plan A  
Which he called “Up and Over.”  
Requiring skill and timing  
To perform this tough maneuver .

For with him he had fourteen sections  
One foot long and one inch thick,  
Which when fully assembled  
Made a “Ronco Pole Vault Stick.”

So he backed up twenty yards  
With his pole vault stick in hand,  
A heroic expression on his face  
Looking proud and oh, so grand.

With increasing speed he ran  
Towards the huge and towering wall,  
Stuck his stick into the ground  
And let out an anguished howl.

For Willard remembered something  
When it was just about too late,  
He didn't have a place to land  
Once over the pearly gate.

So he stuck his feet straight out  
And leaned back toward the ground,  
Thus he ceases his forward motion  
And descended with a bound.

He wasn't hurt too badly  
But his stick was broke in three,  
So he picked himself up bravely  
And proceeded with Plan B.

Well, the subject of Plan B  
Was to dig beneath the wall,  
But the handle of his shovel  
Had been broken in the fall.

Since his first two plans had failed him  
You may think that Willard blew it .  
But since he couldn't go over or under the wall  
He would have to go right through it.

Willard marched up to the entrance  
And walked right on through the gate,  
Because he told the guy in charge  
He was delivering tax rebates.

All around ran little Trids  
About thirty inches high.  
And one ran up to Willard  
And began to sob and cry.

Willard asked him what was wrong  
And if he was alright,  
So the Trid told him the story  
Of the "Horrid Tridville Plight."

You see up upon this hill  
There are bushes full of fruit,  
But that's where Unfair Frid lives  
And he's quite an unfair brute.

The fruit is little berries  
And that's all the Trids can eat,  
But when the Trids go pick the fruit  
Frid knocks them off their feet.

He just kicks them down the hill  
And because they are so small.  
They just roll right over the edge  
Without any trouble at all.

Well, Willard told the Trid,  
He would help them all he could,  
By going and picking berries  
So the Trids could have some food.

He ascended up the hill  
Till he saw the Unfair Frid,  
Then he began to pick the berries  
Where they're usually picked by Trids.

Well Unfair Frid just stood and watched  
And didn't kick him down the hill,  
So he just kept right on picking  
Till he finally had his fill.

Then he asked the king, "What's up,  
And why don't you kick me?"  
And the king, he simply smiled  
And leaned back against a tree.

"It's so obvious," he replied.  
"You're just like all modern kids.  
Can't you understand that  
Kicks are just for Trids?"

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