

Great, Now We've Got Barbarians!

By: Jason Eaton

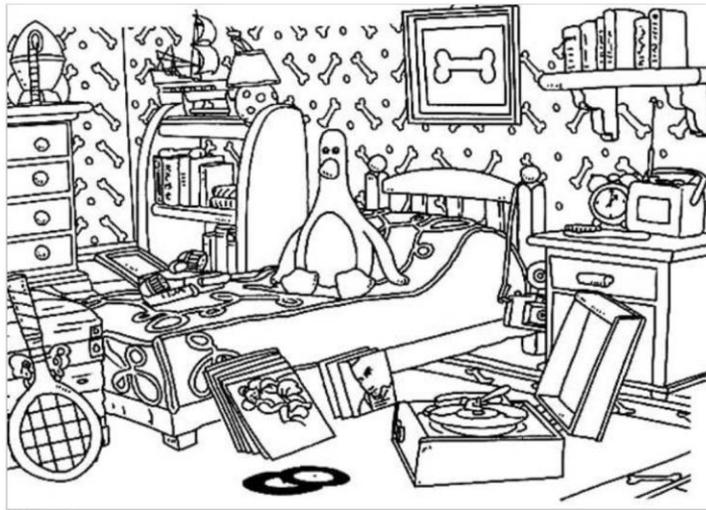
Illustrated: Mark Fearing

Synopsis: An untidy kid sets off a pest invasion like no other in this in this boisterously fun picture in this boisterously fun picture book about the perils of messy habits. Why do grown-ups make such a fuss about tidiness and cleanliness, anyway? What's the worst that could happen? A couple of ants or a little mouse passing through? No big deal, right?

Suggested Reading Date: September – Teaching Responsibility

Activity Descriptions:

- Discussion on why we should keep our bedroom clean.
- Cause and Effect – What would happen if we don't clean our room? (Disorganized, pests could start appearing in room and home, etc.)
- Share poem: 'Sarah Cynthia Sylvia Stout Would Not Take the Garbage Out' By Shel Silverstein <http://shelsilverstein.yolasite.com/sarah-cynthia-sylvia-stout.php> (Poem also provided on next page.)
- Discussion about what is a "circle" story.
- Fun coloring messy room coloring page: <http://www.tocolor.pics/wallace-and-gromit-this-room-is-so-messy-coloring-pages/>



Related Websites:

- Author's Facebook: <https://www.facebook.com/JasonCarterEaton/>
- Author's Website via Kids Reads: <https://www.kidsreads.com/authors/jason-carter-eaton>
- Illustrator's Website: <https://www.markfearing.com/>
- Book Trailer: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Q25MisCp7Rw>

Text to Text Connections: If you like this book, you might also want to use:
If You Give a Mouse a Cookie -- Laura Numeroff (any of Laura Numeroff's "circle" books)

Created By: Charisse Tsukamoto

SARAH CYNTHIA SYLVIA STOUT WOULD NOT TAKE THE GARBAGE OUT

By Shel Silverstein

Sarah Cynthia Sylvia Stout

Would not take the garbage out!

She'd scour the pots and scrape the pans,

Candy the yams and spice the hams,

And though her daddy would scream and shout,

She simply would not take the garbage out.

And so it piled up to the ceilings:

Coffee grounds, potato peelings,

Brown bananas, rotten peas,

Chunks of sour cottage cheese.

It filled the can, it covered the floor,

It cracked the window and blocked the door

With bacon rinds and chicken bones,

Drippy ends of ice cream cones,

Prune pits, peach pits, orange peel,

Gloppy glumps of cold oatmeal,

Pizza crusts and withered greens,

Soggy beans and tangerines,

Crusts of black burned buttered toast,

Gristly bits of beefy roasts...

The garbage rolled on down the hall,

It raised the roof, it broke the wall...

Greasy napkins, cookie crumbs,

Globs of gooey bubble gum,

Cellophane from green baloney,

Rubbery blubbery macaroni,

Peanut butter, caked and dry,

Curdled milk and crusts of pie,

Moldy melons, dried-up mustard,

Eggshells mixed with lemon custard,

Cold French fries and rancid meat,

Yellow lumps of Cream of Wheat.

At last the garbage reached so high

That finally it touched the sky.

And all the neighbors moved away,

And none of her friends would come to play.

And finally, Sarah Cynthia Stout said,

"OK, I'll take the garbage out!"

But then, of course, it was too late...

The garbage reached across the state,

From New York to the Golden Gate.

And there, in the garbage she did hate,

Poor Sarah met an awful fate,

That I cannot right now relate

Because the hour is much too late.

But children, remember Sarah Stout

And always take the garbage out!