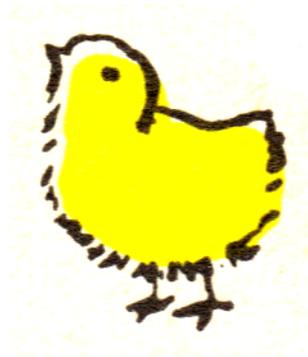


My **First** Sing-Along Dictionary



extortionary



Something **extortionary** can be used against you.

Ross Horsley produces My First Dictionary and procures **extortionary** materials as a means to commmit blackmail.

Joshua Wentz is a very nice man who laid out all the words and pretty pictures in this book.

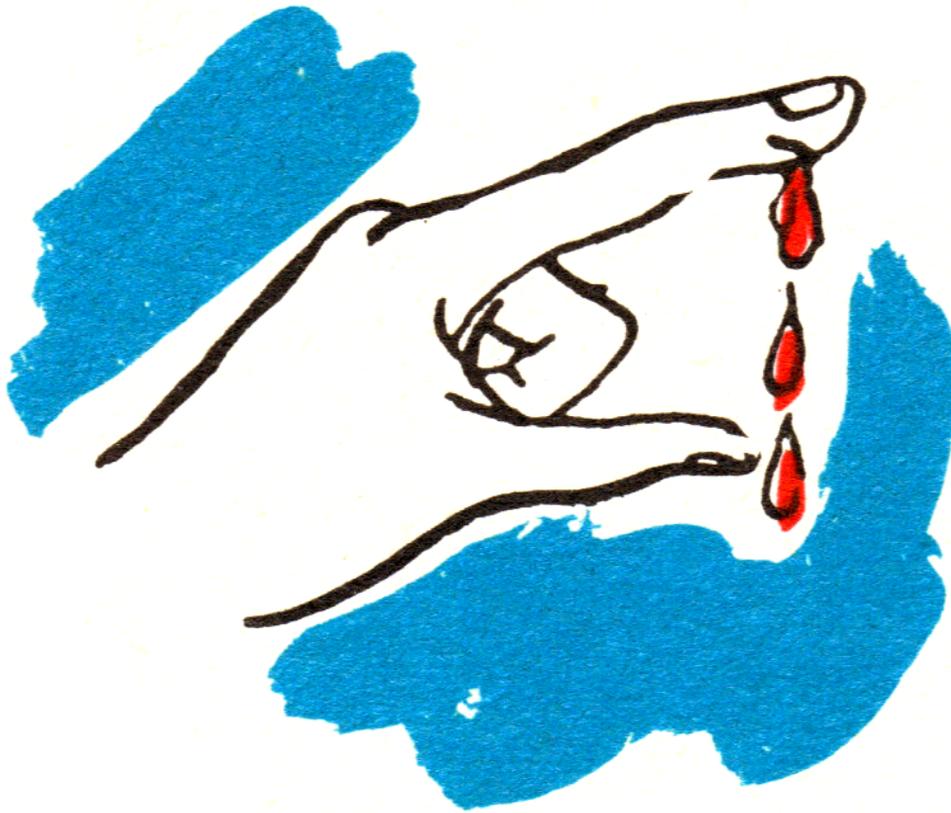
John LaSala, William Ian Jaws, and Kate Baldwin thank Joshua for his efforts and will destroy the **extortionary** photographs, as promised.

The Very Us Artists live on the World Wide Web at veryusartists.com.

My First Dictionary lives there too, but at myfirstdictionary.blogspot.com.

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cut



The Very Us Artists have
cut a record.

“The Very Us Artists Have Cut A Record”

by The VUArtists

All of the music was played by The Very Us Artists of this album. The song was sung by them too.

The Very Us Artists have cut a record,
Cut a record, cut a record.
The Very Us Artists have cut a record,
Cut a record today.

Colin and Andy and Peter and Nick
Suspect that these songs might make you sick.
But John, Chris and Ali, Sudara and Josh
Will be sacrificed by Bilian if they do not do the trick.
And if it comes down to it, we will beat Jeremy with a stick.

The Very Us Artists have cut a record,
Cut a record, cut a record.
The Very Us Artists have cut a record,
So come have a listen today.

rather



Mother would **rather**
hear less from you.
She would prefer it if
you kept the muzzle
on for now.

“Mother Would Rather”

by Nick Parton

Did you ever think about Mother,
What she had to give up?
Four knees trembling at the back at the bar,
The situation became corrupt.

Apron strings restrained her,
Lunchboxes packed her joy
Away into a schoolbag hidden
Buried beneath those toys.

Go and ask your father.
He will tell you **Mother would rather
Hear less from you.**
Oh yes, it is true.

She never said a single thing,
Waited patiently in silence.
You left home. She started anew,
Though with a touch of arthritis.

Now drinking, dancing, as wild as ever,
Knitting left behind,
Poured out of a police wagon,
And cautioned with a gleeful smile.

Well, as your unborn brother,
I had to set this to rights.
I always was her favourite anyway,
But you knew that, right?

short



Matthew is **short**
of one block.
He is in need of
one block.

“Matthew (Is Short Of One Block)”

by Sudara

*Andy Hentz played the banjo. Andy is also called Arsuarez.
Ben Montgomery is responsible for the Domiguez Kids Band.
You can call him Montgomeru.*

Matthew

Is short of one block.

He is in need of one block,

But he is out of luck.

Matthew

He seems a bit strange.

He likes to rearrange

To spell mean and dirty names.

He never was one just to get along,

Never in his life sang a song.

His father said, “shut up and be strong.”

He never really learned right from wrong.

His mother did not care what he did,

Slapped him on the head and called him “stupid.”

He never made friends at any school,

Partially because he was always cruel.

Matthew

Is short of one block.

He is in need of one block,

But he is sh#*% out of luck.

Matthew

He may seem a bit strange,

Possibly deranged,

Borderline insane.

Matthew

He is short of one block.

He is in need of one block,

But he does not give a f#@¢!

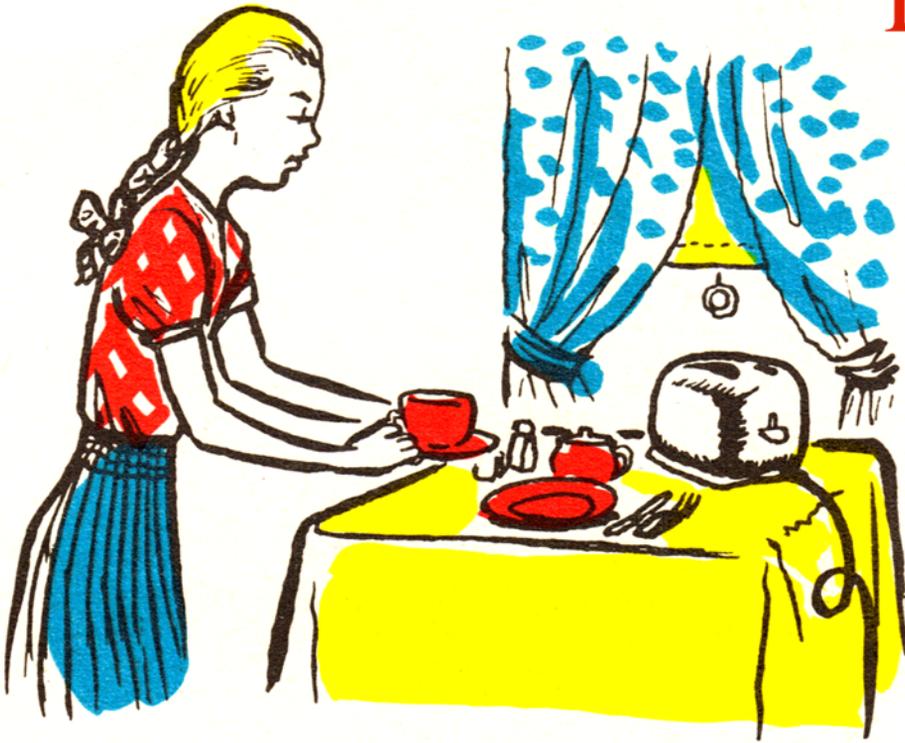
Matthew

It is a little bit sad.

He has got a drunken dad

And a mommy who gets mad.

prepare



Bessie will **prepare** Pat's
last breakfast.

She will get his last
breakfast ready today.

“Be Prepared for Anything”

by Peter Fedofsky

**Bessie will prepare Pat’s last breakfast.
She will get his last breakfast ready today,**
Because it is going to be Pat’s last day.

Rory is in town giving his shoes a shine.
He has got to look proper.
He has got to look fine.
There is no time to play,
Because it is going to be Pat’s last day.

In the house with pale blue curtains,
China cups, and silverware,
Bessie has built a life on lies built on top of other lies.
Pressed white shirts and navy blazers
Are laid out for her husband again.

Bessie is poaching eggs in the small kitchen.
The clock is ticking the minutes away.
Just a few more hours
And it is going to be Pat’s last day.

Rory cleans a gun that is under his mattress.
He has got to make sure it is clean today,
Because he has been asked to make sure
That it is going to be Pat’s last day.

In the house with picket fences,
Green, green grass and a big oak tree,
Someone is stepping out behind her
Husband’s back at a half past three.

Secret meetings and smudged lipstick
Are hidden from her husband again.

She met him in the supermarket.
He was so dapper with a moustache.
One thing lead to another:
Tie and hairpins on the nightstand.

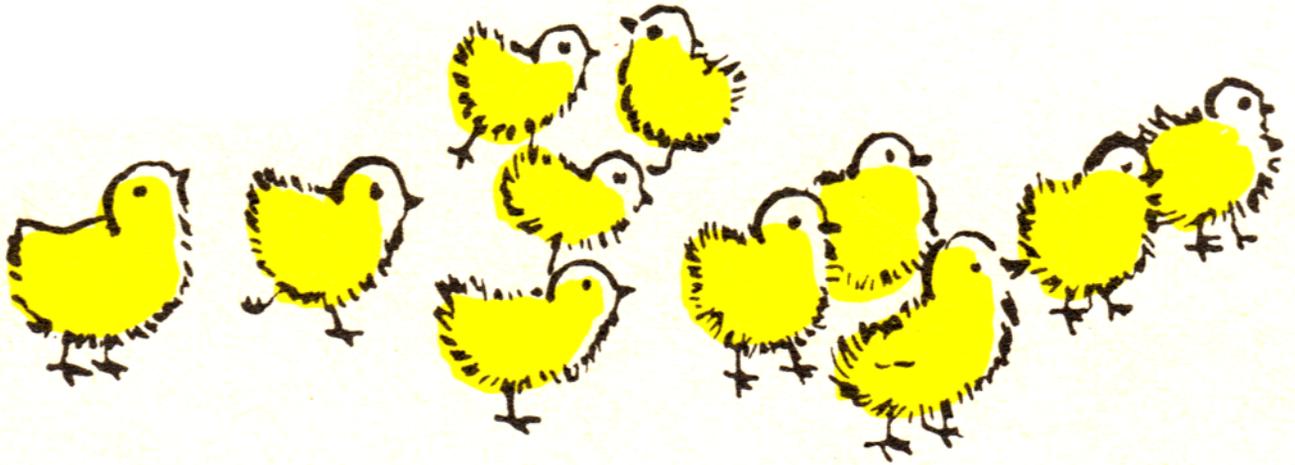
A perfect house and a perfect husband:
Perfectly boring, perfectly boring.
A perfect life and a perfect lifestyle
Was not what she wanted at all.

Bessie took a plan out on her husband.
She had a meeting with the insurance man.
It always happens this way.
Too bad it is going to be Pat’s last day.

Pat is driving home from the office.
Traffic is a little light today.
He thinks, “What is that other car
Doing here in my driveway?”

Best laid plans and preparations
Are laid to waste in a simple way.
Someone is home a little early,
The first time that it has happened this way.
Walking in at the worst moment,
Rory is going to die today.

crisis



A **crisis** is a time of trouble.
Chico is having an identity
crisis.

“The Midlife Crisis Song”

by Joshua Wentz

A crisis is a time of trouble,
With difficulties in the way.
Some people find their dangers doubled,
While others merely pass away.

If you should find
You are in a bind,
There is no easy way to win.

You can run and hide up in your tower,
Playing games and having fun for hours.
As the time goes by,
You try not to cry,
And you wonder why
No one comes to save your skin.

Chico is having an identity crisis.
He is questioning just who he is.
The daily drudgery has taken over.
Now he has a job, a wife, and kids.

Maybe a hair cut
Or a fancy car?
There is no easy way to tell.

What might help to bring a little action
To a life devoid of satisfaction?
As the time goes by,
He tries not to cry,
And he wonders why
He has to stay at a motel.

*Where did the time go?
Where did my life go?
Who am I?
Who am I?*

A crisis is a time of trouble,
With difficulties in the way.
Some people find their dangers doubled,
While others merely pass away.

Chico feels he has made the wrong decision
Paying per view on the television.
As the clock strikes ten,
He calls his wife again,
And he wonders when
Exactly he had gone astray.

sacrifice



To **sacrifice** something
means to give it up.
We begin our rituals with
a human **sacrifice.**

“Sacrifice: Hymn For Harvest Rain”

by Bilian

With our hands held in a ring,
We can begin to dance and sing.
Praise Mother Earth each year in spring
With our sacrifice.

Candice and Clarice
Prepare the gifts of grain and wheat.
We will thank the spirits for our feast
Now, with a sacrifice.

Joseph, Tom and James
Gather the cards that hold our names.
Soon there will be much fun and games,
Choosing our sacrifice.

Boys and girls, can you say, “sacrifice?”
Well done! Now do you know what sacrifice means, children?
To sacrifice something means to give it up.
We begin our rituals with a human sacrifice.

With our love and with our pain,
We offer blood for harvest rain.
Now our hero or heroine
Will be our sacrifice.

Douglas, do not fear.
Come to the pyre as we cheer.
Yours is the greatest honor here,
To be our sacrifice.

paranoid



Kelly is **paranoid**.
She is overly
suspicious.
Rex is not even a
sniffer dog.

“Cave Canem”

by Jeremy Simmons

Mr. Barbo sniffed the part of Rex.

Kelly is paranoid.

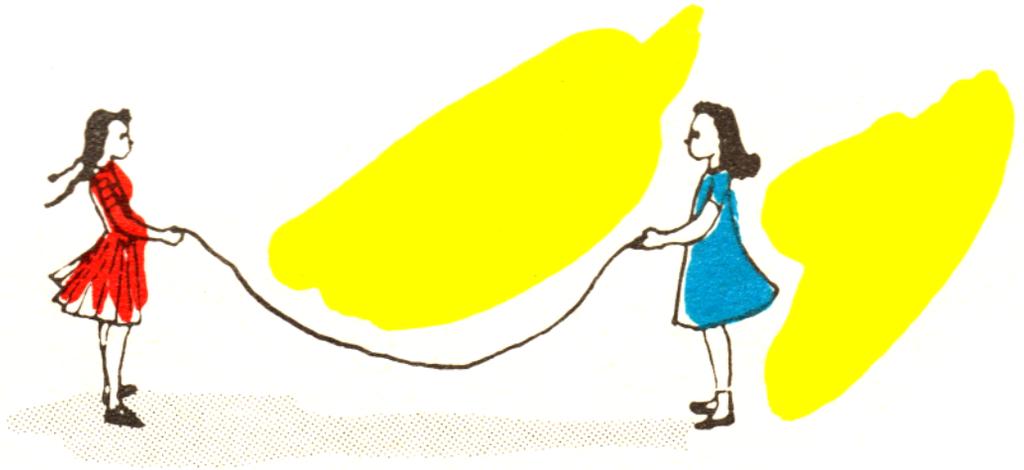
The dog is no threat.
It should be no sweat,
But she is paranoid.

It is a long walk to school,
And there is no turning back for her now.
There is no turning back.
He is hot on her track,
And she is paranoid.

Maybe she has got a dark, dog memory
Hidden inside, **suspicious** of sniffing dogs and their kind,
But **Rex is not even a sniffer dog.**

Kelly is paranoid.
Her suspicions unfounded, from make-believe sniffing.
She runs from the sniffing.
He is not even a sniffer dog.

creative



Verna is **creative**.
Where some see a skipping
rope, she sees a garrote.

“The Vicissitudes Of A Creative Life”

by John LaSala and Ali Kilpatrick

*Ali played all the synthesizers, while John wrote and sang the lyrics.
He also played the guitar.*

Sophia is singing her favorite song,
“The Lullaby of Broadway.”
Her best friend’s request to give it rest
Is being ignored for the nth time today.

But **Verna is creative.**

Where some see a skipping rope, she sees a garrote.

A garrote is a lovely thing to wrap around a throat.
Around Sophie’s, it should look divine.

George is genteel and his manners ideal.
The ladies often say so.
Awfully polite when he turns out the light,
He is a modern Don Juan Galileo.

He is a wiz with a spyglass,
His piercing eyes peering through panes.
In the asteroid belt, George has seen V-Type bodies so svelte.
And it is almost like being in love.

Hand over hand, things are going as planned,
And one by one,
She will off a pawn, sometimes by *en passant*,
Just for fun.

Because Sophie’s designs are as black as her eyes.
She is enlisting Kenneth, who has got a surprise
For George, who is borrowing John’s microphone.
But for now, John is off in a world of his own,
Composing his great masterpiece.

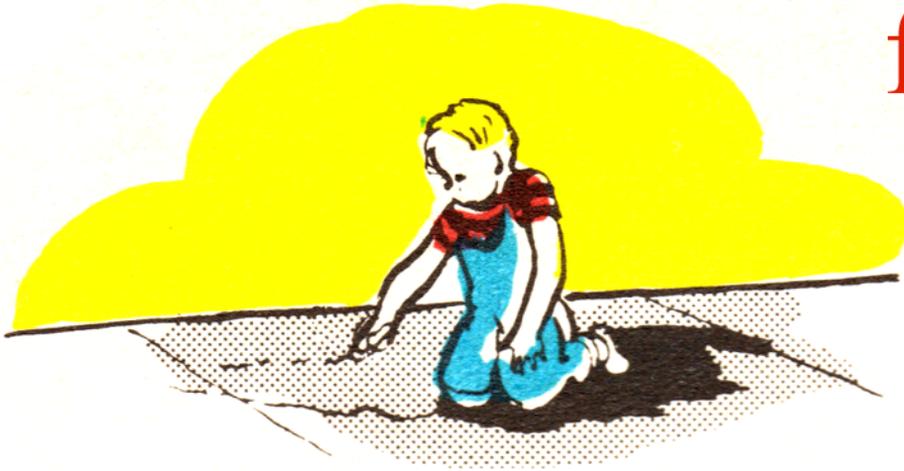
Now Ken is contagious.
The pox he contracted is getting around.
Soon the whole town will just not make a sound.
Well, except for “hidee hi—boopa doo!”

And now the ladies have called for their George to come by.
George will oblige with his eye on the sky, to say good-bye.
Without a sound, Kenneth slumps to the ground.
Do not worry, George. You will be the next one to go.

Now, John is a plagiarist.
He is writing a song called “The Lamb Lies Down On Broadway.”
He is writing the lyrics of a “brand new” tune.
He is up to the part about magic in the air.

But Verna was original.
Where some saw a jump rope, she saw a garrote.
And that garrote sure looks lovely wrapped around Verna’s throat.
But now Sophia feels fine.
Now Sophia can shine.
Her voice, it shivers the spine.
Yes, Sophia is fine.

fade



The chalk marks are
starting to fade.
The outline is starting
to disappear.
Soon we will not be
able to tell where
Daddy was found.

“Happy Families Fade”

by Uglifruit

This is a song by Andy Jenkinson.

Daddy is away,
Posted abroad,
Sending home pay,
All he can afford.
Mummy pretends,
But I notice that something has changed.
The letters home slow and then disappear,
And mummy’s new friend is starting to spend every night here.

Daddy has flown home,
Looking his age.
He does not go out,
Except on a race day.
Mummy looks young, I suppose,
And wears all her prettiest clothes.
With her night-schools and works-dos she is never here,
And Daddy will not play until one day he is heard to say,
“I will hide, and you seek me, my dear,”
And kisses my cheek.

Mummy has gone out.
She has left breakfast made.
I doubt that today
I will go to the playground
Where hopscotch is laid.
The chalk marks are starting to fade.
The outline is starting to disappear.
Soon we will not be able to tell where daddy was found.
Was it here?



put

Put the knife down
Grandma.
Lay down the knife.

“Everyone Loves Grandma (Put The Knife Down)”

by Colin Garvey

Everyone loves Grandma.
She is oh so very kind.
Her house is so big and grand.
There is always lots of toys at hand,
And lots of fun things to find.

Everyone loves Grandma.
She makes such tasty pies.
Though it is lovely, can't you see,
There is one thing that bothers me.
Why does my salad have eyes?

But there is something you ought to know.
There is one room you never must go:
Down to the basement with the bloodstained door.

Grandma, what do you keep down there?
I would dearly love to know.
There is no need to tug my hand,
And say I would not understand
And I should find somewhere else to go.

Four o'clock and Grandma is sleeping.
She will not wake up for an hour or two.
I tiptoe across the floor,
Up to that bloodstained door,
And open it up and creep on through.

It is far too dark to see,
And that shadow is frightening me.
Now I hear the slam of the bloodstained door.

Everyone loves Grandma.
She is oh so very sweet.
She is kind to me and you,
And makes such a delicious stew.
A visit there is such a treat.

But put the knife down, Grandma.
Lay down the knife.
I want to go back to bed
Because you are cutting off my head.
Put the knife down, Grandma.
Lay down the knife.

