

Vincent Malloy is seven years old
 He's always polite and does what he's told
 For a boy his age, he's considerate and nice
 But he wants just like Vincent Price
 He doesn't mind with his sister, dog and cats
 Though he'd rather a home with spiders and bats
 There he could on the horrors he's invented
 And wander dark hallways, alone and tormented
 Vincent is nice when his aunt comes him
 But imagines her in wax for his wax museum
 He likes on his dog Abercrombie
 In the hopes of a horrible zombie
 So he and his horrible zombie dog
 Could go for victims in the London fog
 His thoughts, though, aren't only of ghoulish crimes
 He likes and read to pass some of the times
 While other kids read books like Go, Jane, Go!
 Vincent's favourite author is Edgar Allen Poe
 One night, while reading a gruesome tale
 He read a passage that made him pale
 Such horrible news he could not
 For his beautiful wife had been buried alive!
 He dug out her grave sure she was dead
 Unaware that her grave was his mother's flower bed
 His mother sent Vincent off to his room
 He knew he'd been banished to the tower of doom
 Where he was sentenced the rest of his life
 Alone with the portrait of his beautiful wife

to swell	share	While alone and insane encased in his tomb Vincent's mother burst suddenly into the room She said: "If you want to, you can and play It's sunny outside, and a beautiful day" Vincent tried, but he just couldn't speak The years of isolation had made him quite weak So he took out some paper and scrawled with a pen: "I am possessed by this house, and can never it again" His mother said: "You're not possessed, and you're not almost dead These games that you play are all in your head You're not Vincent Price, you're Vincent Malloy You're not tormented or insane, you're just a young boy You're seven years old and you are my son I want you outside and have some real fun." Her anger now spent, she walked out through the hall And while Vincent backed slowly against the wall The room started, to shiver and creak His horrid insanity had reached its peak He saw Abercrombie, his zombie slave And heard his wife call from beyond the grave She spoke from her coffin and made ghoulish demands While, through cracking walls, reached skeleton hands Every horror in his life that had crept through his dreams Swept his mad laughter to terrified screams!
to see	searching	the madness, he reached for the door But fell limp and lifeless down on the floor His voice was soft and very slow As he quoted The Raven from Edgar Allen Poe: "and my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor shall be lifted? Nevermore..."
leave	to experiment	
survive	reflect	
	turn	
go out	to spend	
to get	to be	
To escape	living	
	dipping	
	to paint	
	to make	

LIVELIVEWORKSHEETS