

# Milton

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*A series of poems telling the story of my character Milt, the man with a television for a head. My friend and I are working on turning it into a rock opera too, so that'll be cool...*

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<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/flammingcorn/52597/Milton>

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## **1 - Intro/ The Man With A TV For A Head**

Lend me your ears and I'll tell you a tale  
Of a character that you may not know very well.  
His mailbox hung open with no letters inside,  
The single word "Yeager" was wrote on it's side.  
That's all that they knew, not his age nor his first name.  
They did not know his birth, his purpose, or from where it was that he came.  
It's only human nature to fear what you don't know,  
And so he was avoided, his looks made this so...  
He didn't resent them for their foolish acts.  
He chose not to notice as they turned their backs.  
He completed his day as though nothing were wrong,  
He didn't bother to try to fit in or belong.  
What did he look like? What made him so strange?  
He had quite a condition that no man could change.  
He resembled no being, both living nor dead,  
He was known as the man with a TV for a head!

## 2 - The Bet

They sat at a table and began to discuss  
About this strange being, their voices all hushed.  
The first youth said to his peers that just maybe  
He was born TV and all like a natural baby...  
The second one scoffed and told them with a smile  
That this being had been made via Frankenstein style,  
But the creator had no good heads just lying around,  
And he died before a proper head for his "child" could be found...

She sat at a table across from the lot  
When she spoke up and told them what it was that she thought.  
Perhaps he was once just an ordinary guy  
Who had been horribly injured and destined to die.  
To save his life desperate means were essential,  
But the surgery was odd, and must be kept confidential.

Her sudden intrusion appeared much like a threat,  
So the third youth jumped in and he made her a bet.  
He would give her some money of quite a high sum,  
If she asked this weird being from where did he come.

She accepted his challenge, and then they made a plan  
For her to confront this TV-headed man...

### **3 - Junk**

To the post of his mailbox a shopping cart had been locked  
When out from his small, dumpy home he had walked.  
Unlocking the padlock and unwrapping the chain,  
He took hold of the cart and pushed it down the lane.  
He continued through town as he looked past the stares  
Of the locals that he knew were secretly scared...  
He knew that they feared him, but ignored them all,  
And enjoyed the small breeze from the weather of fall.  
He was making his way to where most folks would discard  
Their broken unwanteds; the local junk yard.  
It was here he collected an assortment of things  
Like various parts of radios and machines  
He would put these in his cart as he worked all alone  
And when he had filled it, he would start his way home...

## 4 - They Meet

She saw him a good ways from way down the block  
So it was toward him that she started to walk.  
As she apporached him, her heart beated fast...  
Just what would he say if she just were to ask?  
At last it was time, he was in the right place...  
But she just couldn't look him in his screen of a face.  
She just let him pass and said nothing at all,  
But that's when she tripped and she started to fall.  
She sat and recovered as best as she could...  
That's when she looked up, and above her he stood.  
He stretched out his arm and he offered her help,  
But all she could say was a small surprised yelp.  
His hand still outstretched, he was cool and was calm  
When she got up the courage and grasped of his palm.  
He pulled her up and looked her in the eye.  
All she could bring herself to say was just, "Hi."  
Just a nod of his head and a small wave of his hand  
Was the only response from this TV-headed man.  
So then he turned at a leisurely rate  
To leave when suddenly she yelled, "Wait!"  
He turned his head back as she stood there alone  
When she said, "If it's okay, can I walk you home?"  
He gestured to her and gave her the okay,  
And then by his side, they were both on their way.

## 5 - Inside The Yeager Home

Inside the Yeager home was all sorts of things,  
And had junk been gold, he'd be richer than kings!  
Like in one corner was all kinds of cans  
Of many assorted soda pop brands  
Gears filled one corner, while radios filled two.  
There was so much junk there wasn't much room to move!  
But there were a few new things that this being did own...  
A TV, ironically, sat in the floor of his home.  
Next to the TV was an old PS2  
That had a guitar with it that you could use.  
Then this strange being continued his tour,  
And they proceeded through the next door.  
Inside the next room, clocks hung on the walls,  
And there were so many, they stretched down his hall!  
There were all sorts of clocks for one to behold,  
And some hardly worked, for they were so old.  
One was a cuckoo, and one looked like a cat,  
And in the far corner a huge Grandfather sat!  
He really liked clocks, and that could be said  
(Despite that it was a TV he had for a head)  
But that room was the limit of their little tour  
So then they went back through the previous door.

## **6 - "Milt"**

Now that he was done showing her his house  
The room had grown as quiet as a small mouse  
She figured that she needed to show that she was nice  
So she cleared her voice and then she broke the ice:  
"My name is Becky," she said with a smile.  
"Could you please tell me what your name is in a while?"  
He gestured for a minute then walked through a door...  
No one had ever asked him for HIS name before!  
Then he came back, in his hand a pen...  
A little confused, all she did was grin.  
Taking up the pen in his left hand, he started to write  
All over the skinny, pale palm of his right.  
Then in his handwriting just gently unskilled  
Was only one word, and that word was "Milt".

## **7 - The Jock**

The Jock was a man of status and charm.  
He was often seen with a girl on each arm.  
He was the town hero, and won many games,  
And not one single person did not know his name.  
He played almost every sport that was known to mankind,  
And if you got in his way, he would kick your behind!  
(Though of course, I just cannot say  
That he woulda particularly said it that way)  
One day he was feeling exceptionally cool  
As he strutted his way through the hallways of school  
When all of a sudden he stopped in his tracks  
And watched as her curves moved forward then back.  
He'd had many before, but it was now all a blur...  
He just couldn't recall if he'd ever had her!  
Just to be sure, her he would have to get!  
And maybe- just once -grab her part which she used to sit!

## **8 - Say, Babe...**

Say, Babe, I noticed that you were alone,  
So how would you like if I took you home?  
We could go to my place and have a good time!  
I promise I won't tell, though it's not a crime.

Say, Babe, I noticed that you had no man,  
So let's go to my house and let's make a plan.  
It'll be great, yeah, it'll be fine!  
I swear I'll be gentle if it's your first time...

Say, Babe, I promise to be your prize bull,  
If you meet me in my back seat today after school.  
Just come to my car an' I'll give ya a ride,  
and after we're done, you can lay by my side!

Say, Babe, I think that you look very fine.  
Wouldn't you like it if I called you mine?  
And just how would you like to call me your jock,  
If we got in my car and we started to rock?

Say, Babe, I noticed that you're very hot.  
How 'bout we get naked right here on the spot?  
If I say you turn me on, then what do you say?  
I'll even let you pick our style and our way!

Say, Babe, today can be your lucky day!  
Say, Babe, why is it you're walkin' away?