MOTORBLOOM

Nursery Crimes

Rhymes for Grown-Ups Who Know Better

THE COMIC EDITION



Because "happily ever after" comes with late fees.

✦✦✦

CHRIS A. PIAZZA

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Prelude Poem



Rock-a-bye, grown-up,
Bills on the rise,
Dreams from your twenties
Fade from your eyes.

When the rent goes up
And the savings go down,
Welcome to adulthood—
Here's your paper crown.

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The 20s: Oops, That's My Life Now



Welcome to freedom, the world is your stage,
Except that the rent eats the whole of your wage.
You'll laugh and you'll cry and you'll live on caffeine—
Your lease says you're grown, but your fridge says nineteen.

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THE 20s



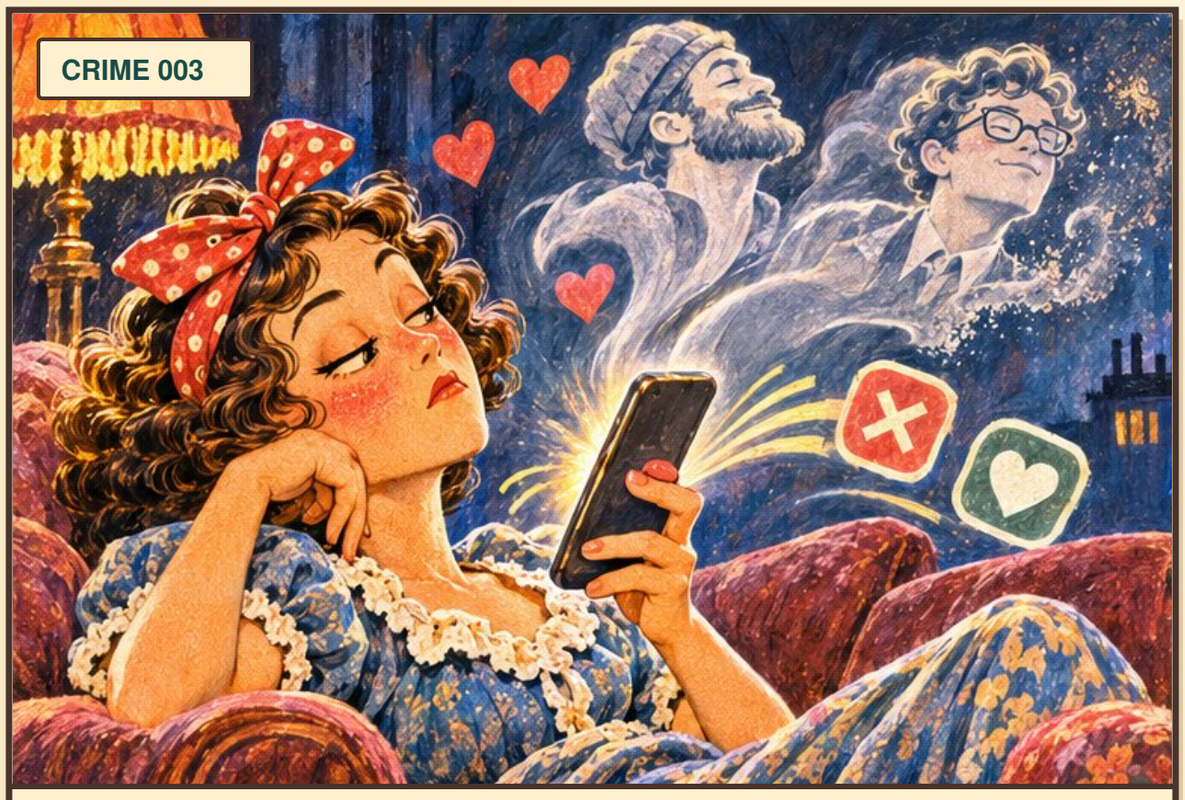
Mary Had a Loan

Mary had a little loan,
It followed her to bed.
And everywhere that Mary went,
It always got ahead.



Rent Roulette

Hickory dickory dock,
The landlord changed the lock.
The rent went high,
I said goodbye—
Now Mom's my landlord. Tick-tock.



Little Girl Blue Swipes Right

Little Girl Blue, come swipe your phone,
The matches are many, the dates are unknown.
But where is the guy with the dog and the Jeep?
Three weeks later: "Sorry—fell asleep!"



The Ramen Song

Twinkle, twinkle, midnight snack,
Cup of noodles, shelf in back.
Once my paycheck finds its way,
I'll eat real food. (Not today.)

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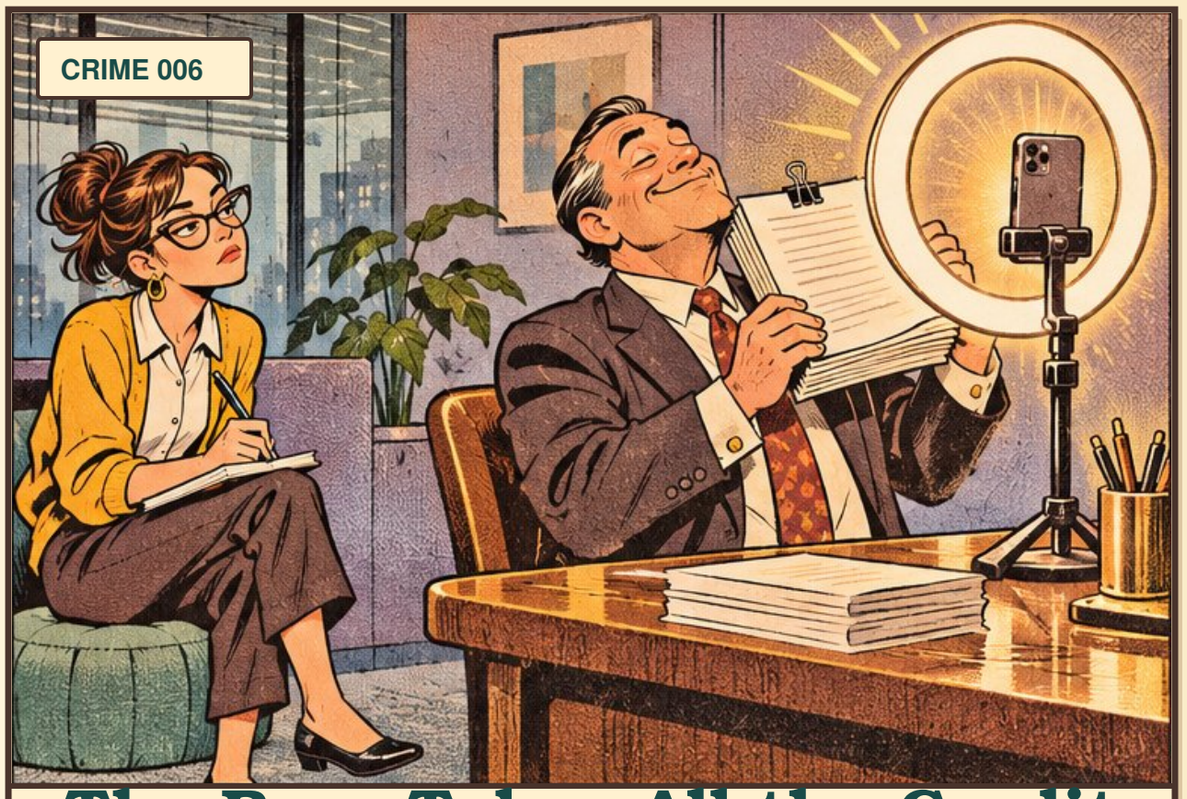
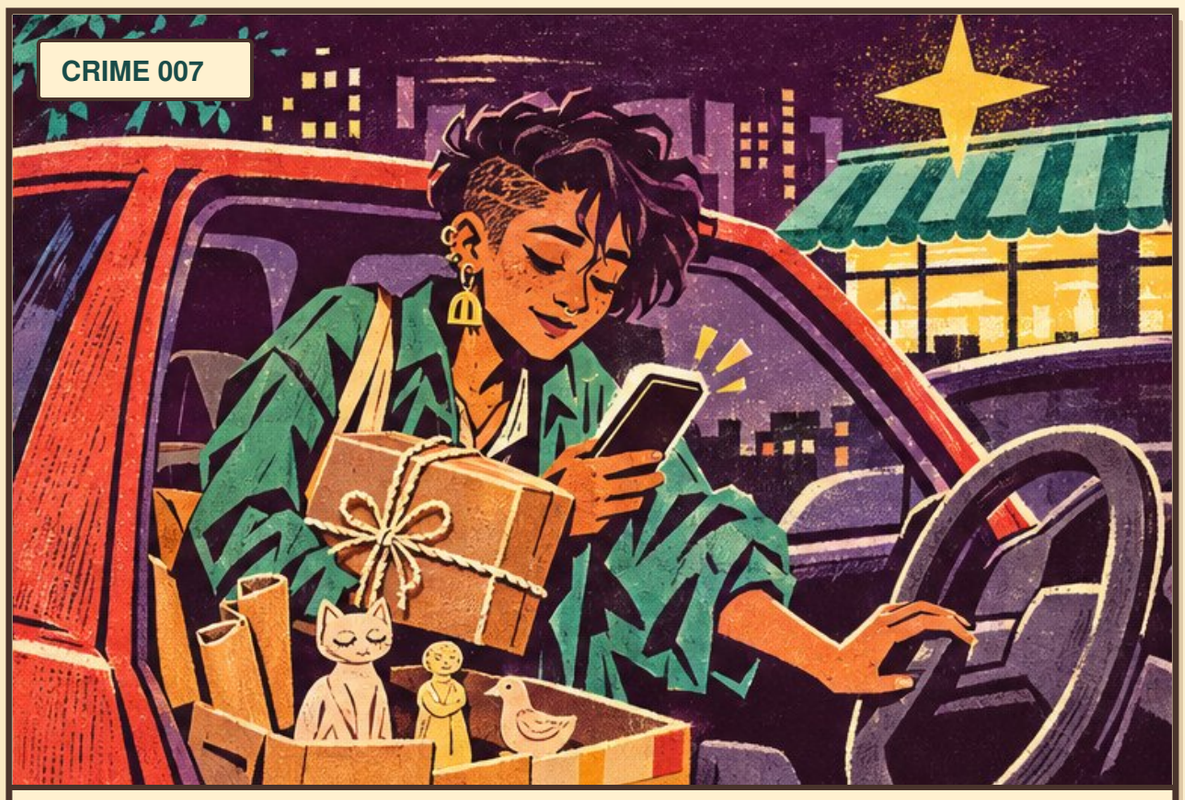
IKEA Bridge

London Bridge is falling down,
Falling down, falling down.
Twelve spare screws are on the ground—
My fair Allen key.



The Boss Takes All the Credit

Little Miss Muffet
Interned on her tuffet,
Polishing slides till they gleam.
Along came her boss,
Who stamped his name across—
And posted, "So proud of my team!"



Baa, Baa, Gig Worker

Baa, baa, gig worker, have you any pay?
Yes sir, yes sir, three gigs a day:
One for the landlord, one for the loan,
And one for the data plan on my phone.



Uber, Uber, Burning Bright

Uber, Uber, burning bright
Surging through the Friday night,
What immortal surge or fee
Could make two miles cost ninety-three?

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THE 20s



Little App Payments

Little Jill Horner sat in a corner,
Twelve apps billed on the sly;
She tapped with her thumb and canceled one,
And said, "What a good girl am I!"



The Group Chat Curse

Ring around the group chat,
A pocket full of pings.
"Maybe!" "Maybe!"
We all bail out.



The Netflix Lullaby

Hush, little binger, don't say a word,
You're on your ex's account, I've heard.
And if that password gets changed one night,
You'll have to go outside—into the light.



Student Loan Dream

Row, row, row your loan
Gently, year by year.
Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily—
Principal's still here.

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The 30s: Why Am I Tired All the Time?



You've found your career, or at least found the grind,
And hangovers now take two days to unwind.
With kids or with weddings, you're broke either way,
But your therapist's bills keep the chaos at bay.

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THE 30s



Career Grind

Rock-a-bye, paycheck, on the ladder top,
When the boss calls, the weekend will stop.
When the budget breaks, raises will stall—
Down will come burnout, cradle and all.



Wedding Season Bankruptcy

Jack and Jill flew up the hill
For wedding nine this quarter.
Jill spent a crown on a bridesmaid gown,
And their savings came tumbling after.



Metabolism Betrayal

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, gym-going man,
Bake me a keto cake fast as you can.
Roll it and pat it and mark it with "B"—
Just smelling it adds on a pound—maybe three.



Wee Willie Wide-Awake

Wee Willie Winkie creeps through the house,
Upstairs and downstairs, quiet as a mouse,
Holding back a sneeze and checking every lock—
Now the baby's sleeping, and he's up till four o'clock.

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THE 30s

CRIME 017



Mortgage Muffet

Little Miss Muffet
Sat on her budget,
A thirty-year mortgage to pay.
Along came a plumber,
Who stayed for the summer,
And frightened her savings away.

CRIME 018



Layoff Jack

Jack be nimble, Jack be quick,
Jack got laid off with one click.
Jack's new title: "Founder, stealth"—
Stealth means no one's seen the wealth.

CRIME 019



Therapy Song

Doctor Foster asked, "And Mother?"
So I cried like the rain.
I stepped in a feeling right up to the ceiling—
And booked the same time again.

CRIME 020



The Birthday Crisis

Happy birthday to you,
Your back's sore on cue.
Happy birthday, dear Thirty—
This hangover's day two.

Nursery Crimes

THE 30s



The Toast Was Cut Wrong

The toddler at breakfast goes, "NO, NO, NO!
NO, NO, NO! NO, NO, NO!"
The toddler at breakfast goes, "NO, NO, NO!"—
Her toast's in squares.



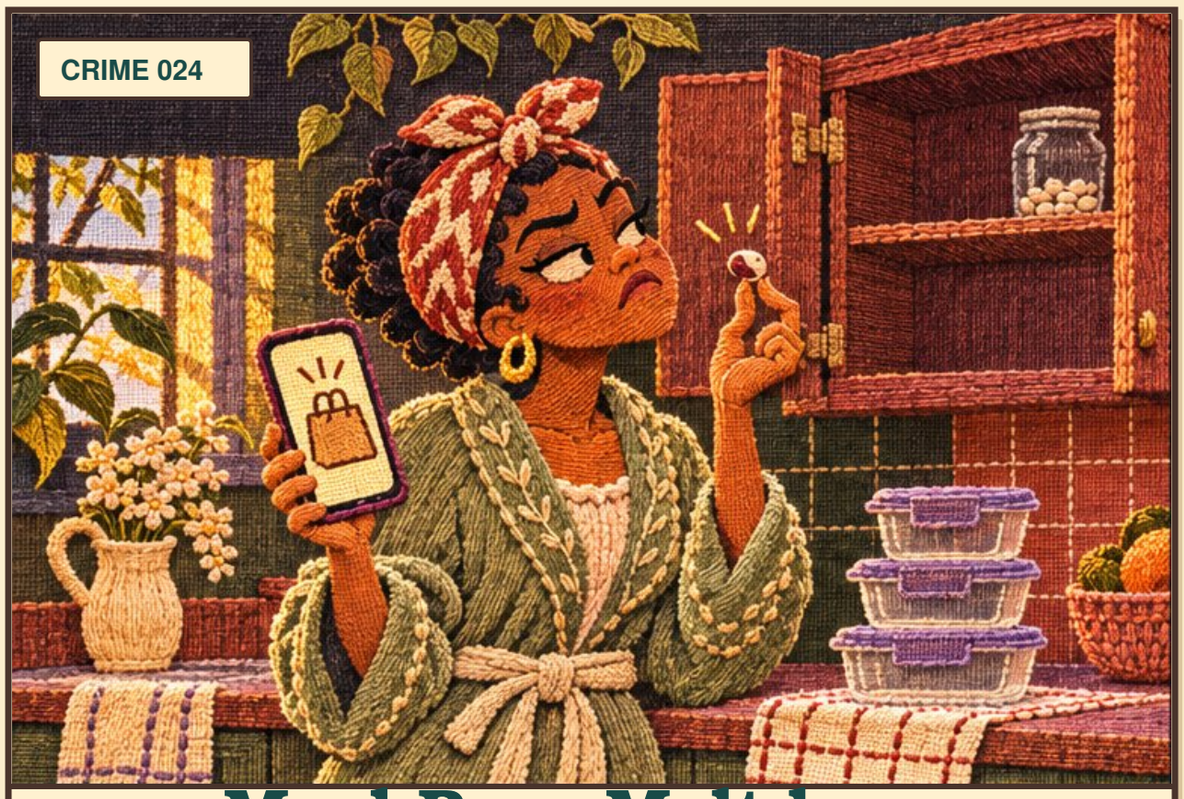
Car Seat Carousel

Row, row, row your van
Gently down the street.
Screaming, screaming, screaming, screaming—
Life is but a scream.



Anniversary Song

Georgie Porgie kissed his wife,
Tried to spark their married life.
When the kids came out to play,
Both asleep by eight. Hooray!



Meal Prep Meltdown

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
To meal prep for the week.
But DoorDash said,
"Stay in your bed—
Your willpower's too weak."

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The 40s: Middle Management Blues



Promotion? Plateau? Or a midlife surprise?
Your knees have opinions, your kid rolls their eyes.
You're the ham in a sandwich of parents and teens—
Welcome, dear friend, to the land in-between.

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THE 40s



Sing a Song of Sixteen

Sing a song of sixteen, a pocket full of "more,"
Four and twenty packages stacked by the door.
When the bill was opened, the fraud alert went ping.
Mom just held the statement up: "Who's paying for this, King?"



Humpty Dumpty Rolled His Eyes

Humpty Dumpty sat on the couch,
Teen at his side in a slouch.
All the king's curfews
And all the king's men
Couldn't make Junior say "thanks" again.



Middle Manager Shoe

There was a middle manager who lived in a shoe,
With so many reports she didn't know what to do.
She gave them free pizza instead of a raise,
Then sent them a survey: "How's morale these days?"



This Old Back

Old MacDonald threw his back,
E-I-E-I-O.
He only bent to get a sock—
E-I-E-I-OW!

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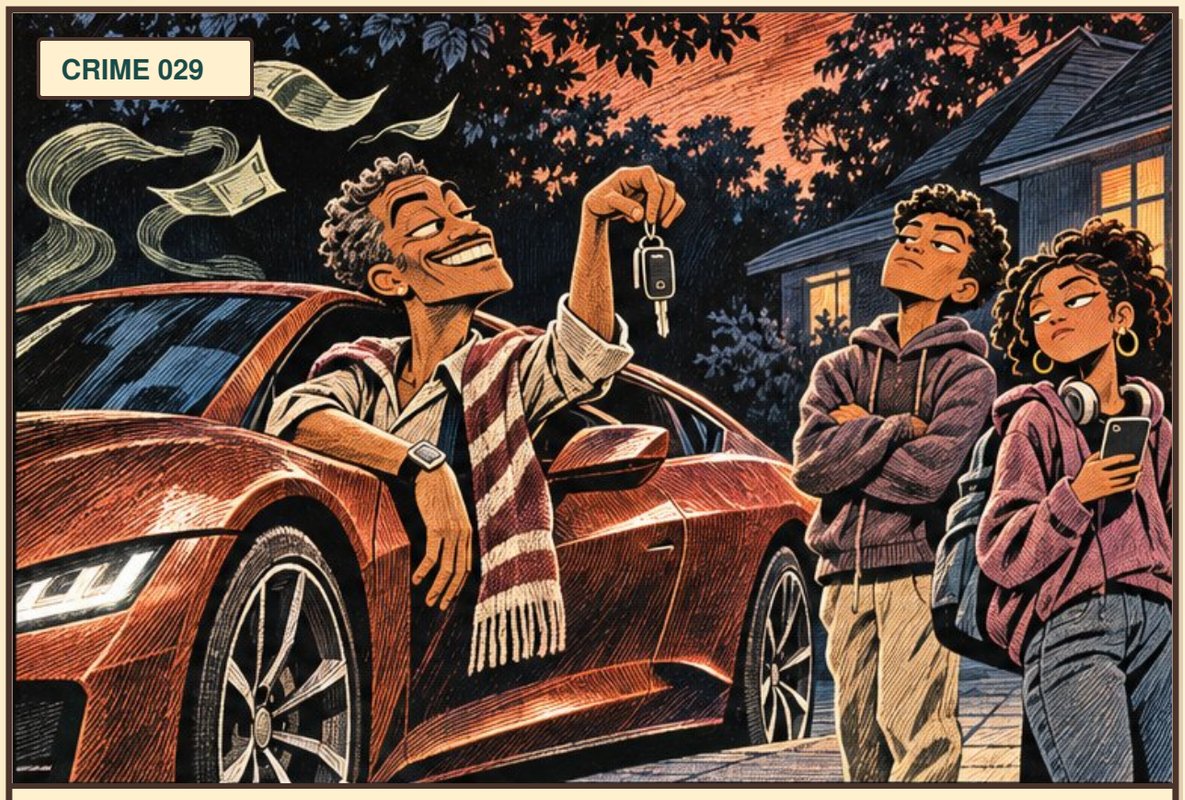
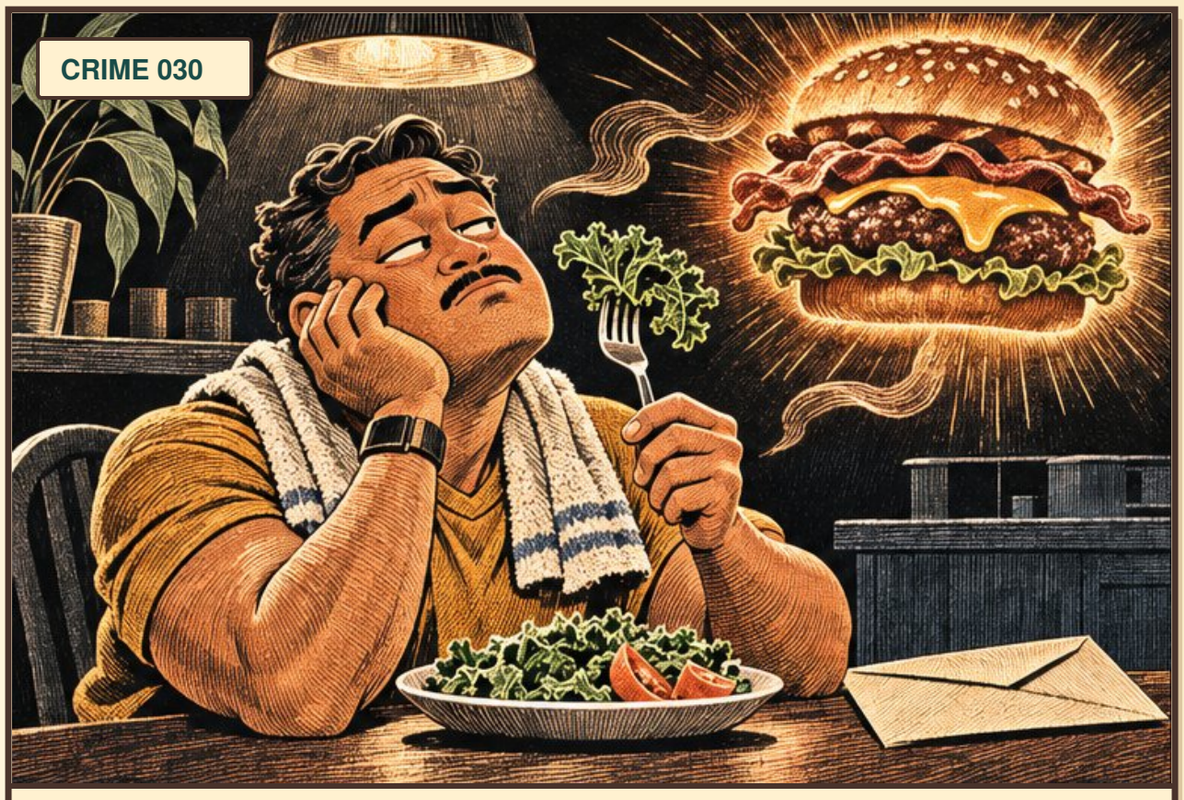
THE 40s



Jack Sprat's Sports Car

Jack Sprat, now forty-five,
Bought a two-seat machine.
His kids declared it "cringe," you see,
And it licked his wallet clean.



Bacon Grease Hot

Bacon grease hot,
Bacon grease cold,
Bacon grease in my veins,
Doctor says: "Bold."



In-Law Blues

Three in-laws, three in-laws,
See how they stay! See how they stay!
They all drove up for "one quick night,"
Day ten: they reload the dishwasher "right."
Did you ever see such a sorry sight
As three in-laws?



The Promotion That Wasn't

Hey diddle diddle,
I'm stuck in the middle—
I trained the new boss by June.
The board raised a toast,
He thanked me (almost),
And ran away with my raise by noon.

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Nursery Crimes

THE 40s



First Readers

Humpty, Humpty, where have you been?
“I’ve been to the eye doc to read the small screen.”
Humpty, Humpty, what did you there?
“I picked out my first pair of readers. Don’t stare.”



Alarm Clock Blues

Are you sleeping, are you sleeping,
Brother John? Brother John?
Snooze alarm is ringing,
Nine times now it’s ringing—
Late, late, late. Late, late, late.



The School Play Song

Oh, the grand old PTA,
They had ten thousand screens;
They held them up for the whole school play,
And they never saw one scene.



Balding Star

Twinkle, twinkle, balding star,
How I wonder where you are.
Hairline climbing up so high—
Soon my forehead meets the sky.

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The 50s: How Did We Get Here?



The nest is now empty, your weekends are free—
Except for the colonoscopy.
You juggle your savings, your waistline, your pride,
Still twenty-five—just not on the outside.

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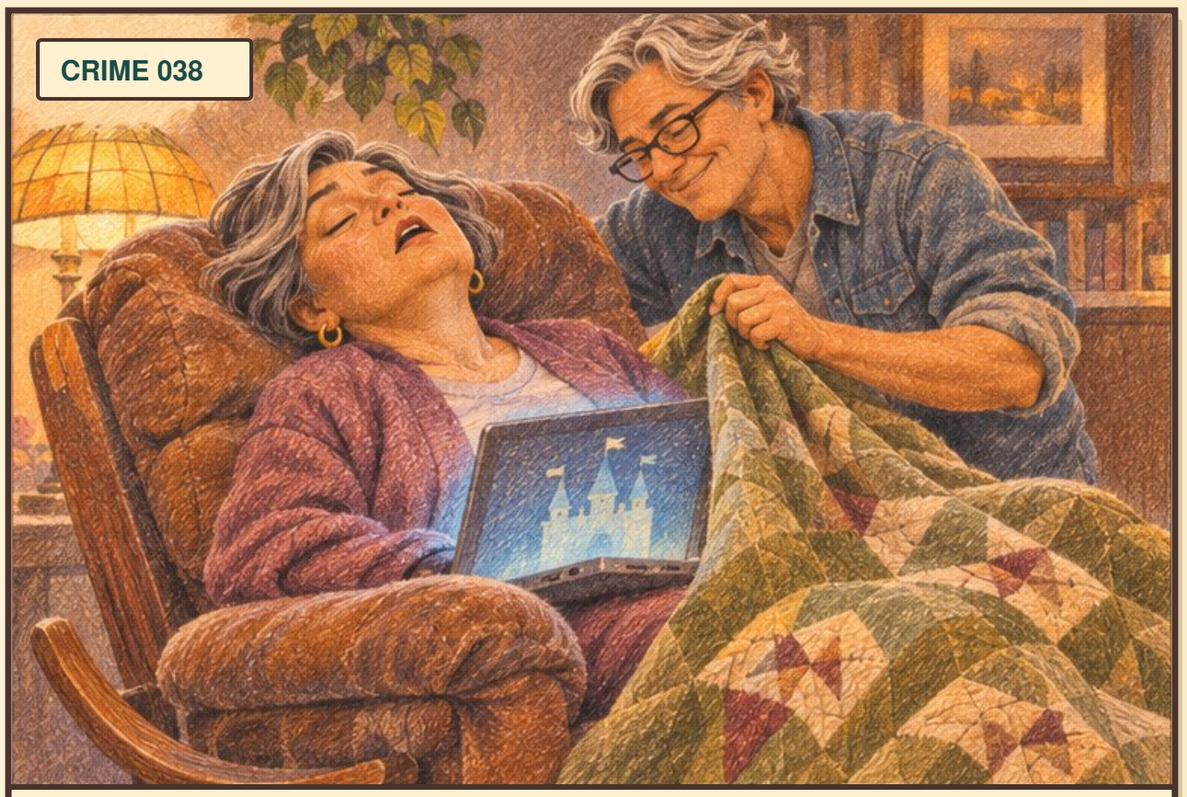
THE 50s



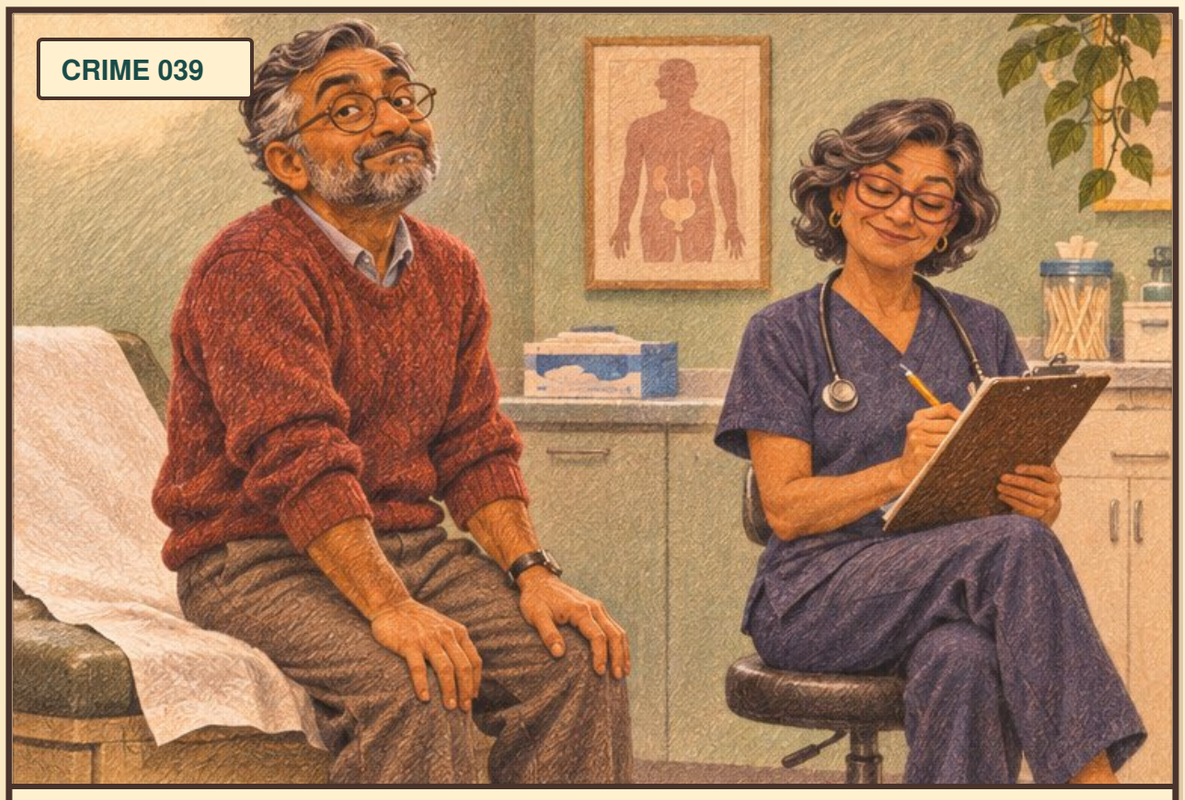
Hot Flash, Hot Flash

Hot flash, hot flash, burning bright
In the sweaty dead of night,
Fan on high and windows wide—
Sorry, dear: it snowed inside.



Rock-a-Bye Spouse

Rock-a-bye, darling, recliner tipped back,
TV still blaring, the snores right on track.
Reach for the remote, and she wakes with a drawl:
"I was watching that!" (She saw nothing at all.)



The Prostate Song

This old man, he turned fifty,
Doc pulled on a glove—how nifty.
With a knick-knack, latex snap, give the doc a groan,
This old man went waddling home.



Mary, Mary, Quite Forgetful

Mary, Mary, quite forgetful,
Where did you park the car?
With fob held high
And a hopeful sigh—
Wrong lot. Wrong mall. Wrong car.

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THE 50s



Empty Nest Echo

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To drop their youngest daughter.
They cried a mile, then cracked a smile,
And wine came tumbling after.



My 401(k) Fell Down

London Bridge is falling down,
Falling down, falling down.
My 401(k) is falling down—
Now it's a 201.



Old MacDonald Got a Podcast

Old MacDonald had a pod,
E-I-E-I-O.
With a hot take here and a hot take there,
Here a take, there a take,
Seven downloads—six are Mom.
E-I-E-I-O.



Granddog Blues

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
To fetch her granddoggy a bone.
"He's grain-free," they said,
"And he sleeps in your bed—
And no, we're not having our own."

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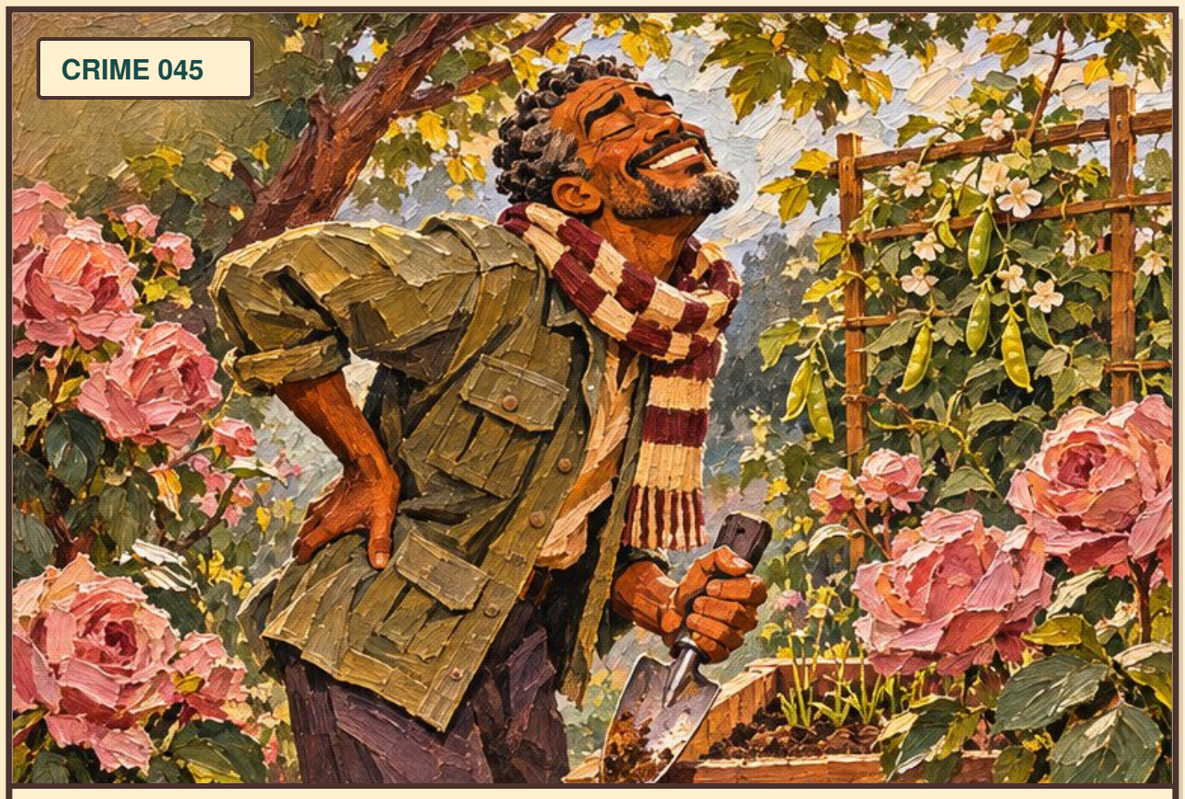
THE 50s

CRIME 045



Jack Be Gardening

Jack be planting, Jack be quick,
Jack bought every tool and trick.
Twelve tomatoes, nine snap peas—
Forty bucks each—but look at these!

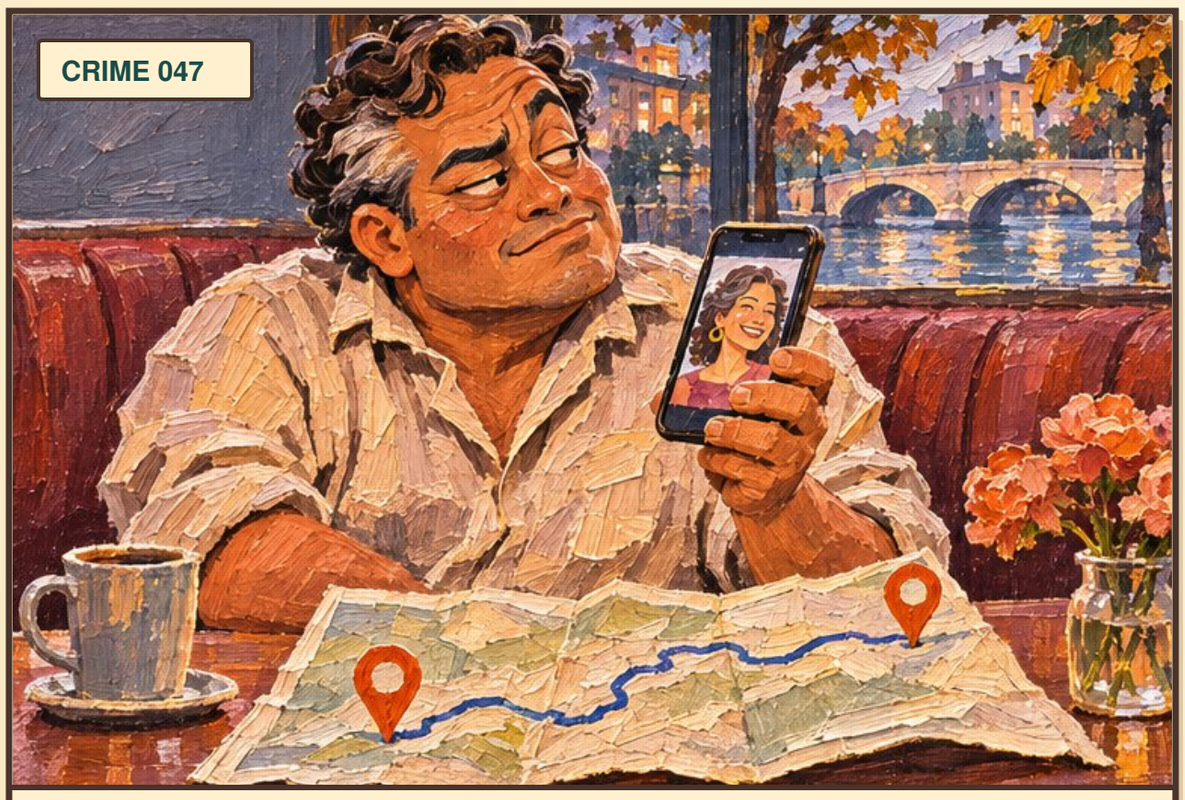
CRIME 046



Hi-Ho, the Harley-O

The empty nest is free,
The empty nest is free,
Hi-ho, the Harley-O—
Then naps at half past three.

CRIME 047



The Dating App Returns

Georgie Porgie, back online,
Single again at fifty-nine.
Swiped right fast and set a date—
She lives three states over. Great.

CRIME 048



Doctor's Waiting Room Roundabout

Here we go round the waiting room,
The waiting room, the waiting room,
Here we go round the waiting room
For a nine o'clock—at noon!

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The 60s+: Okay, Let's Get Real



The pills know their weekdays, the grandkids are loud,
You nap without guilt, and you're shamelessly proud.
The bridge may be creaky, but here's the true song:
You're still in the rhyme, and you're still going strong.

Nursery Crimes

THE 60s+



Peter, Peter, Plan Comparer

Peter, Peter, plan comparer,
Each new letter's scarier;
He filed them in a pumpkin shell—
Part A, Part B, Part C, Part Hell.



Twinkle, Twinkle, Hearing Aid

Twinkle, twinkle, little aid,
Worth the fortune that I paid.
I can hear the fridge, the fan—
Not my husband. That's the plan.



Grandkid Sugar Rush

Diddle, diddle, dumpling, my grandson John
Ate six donuts with pajamas on.
Grandma waved: "He's all yours, hon!"
Diddle, diddle, dumpling—Grandma's gone.



Scam Call Lullaby

Hush, little caller, don't say a word—
Your "car's extended warranty"? I've heard.
If you leave a message, I still won't bite—
Block and delete, and goodnight-night-night.

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Nursery Crimes

THE 60s+



Row, Row, Row the RV

Row, row, row the RV
Slowly down the road.
Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily—
Sixty cars in tow.



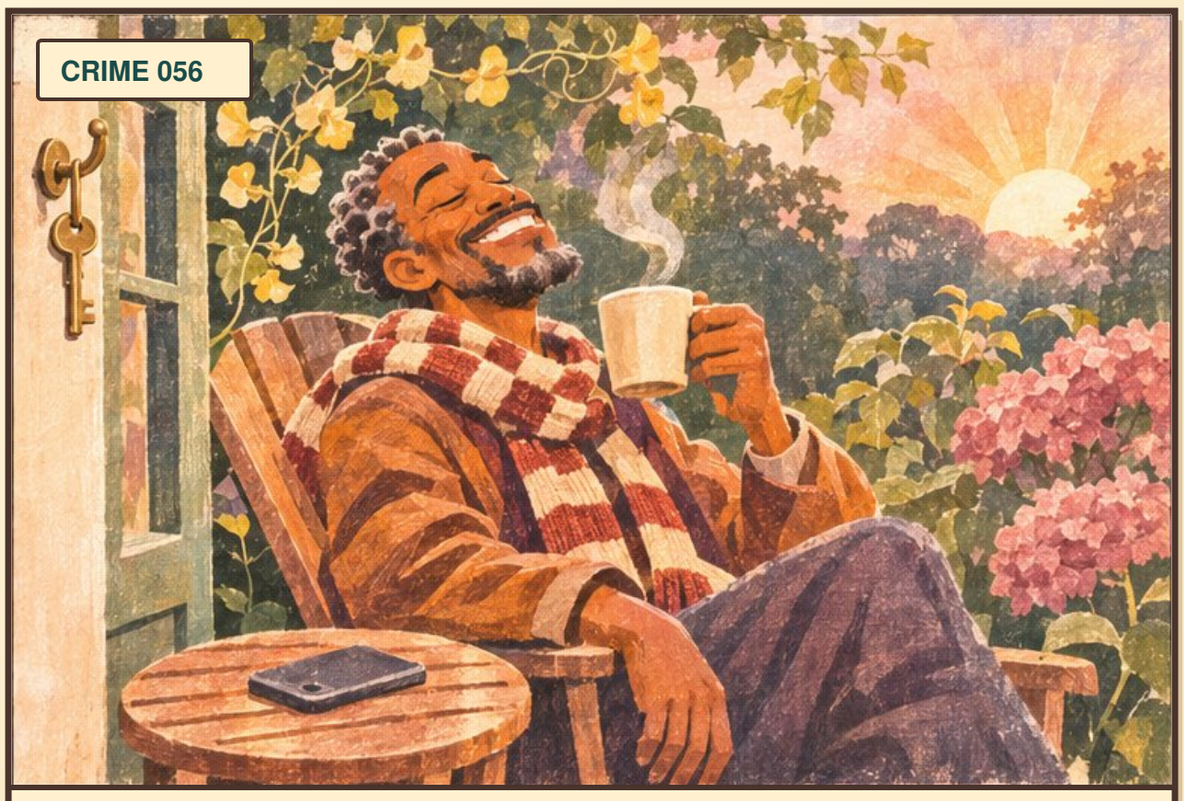
The Early-Bird Special

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, early-bird plan,
Book me a table as quick as you can.
Seated by four and in bed before eight—
Honestly, four is already quite late.



Reading Glasses Parade

Hickory dickory dock,
Which pair is by the clock?
The fridge? The bed?
They're on my head—
With two more pairs. What a shock.



Jack Retired, Jack Is Free

Jack hung up his office key,
Jack retired, Jack is free.
Coffee slow, the garden grows—
What day is it? No one knows.

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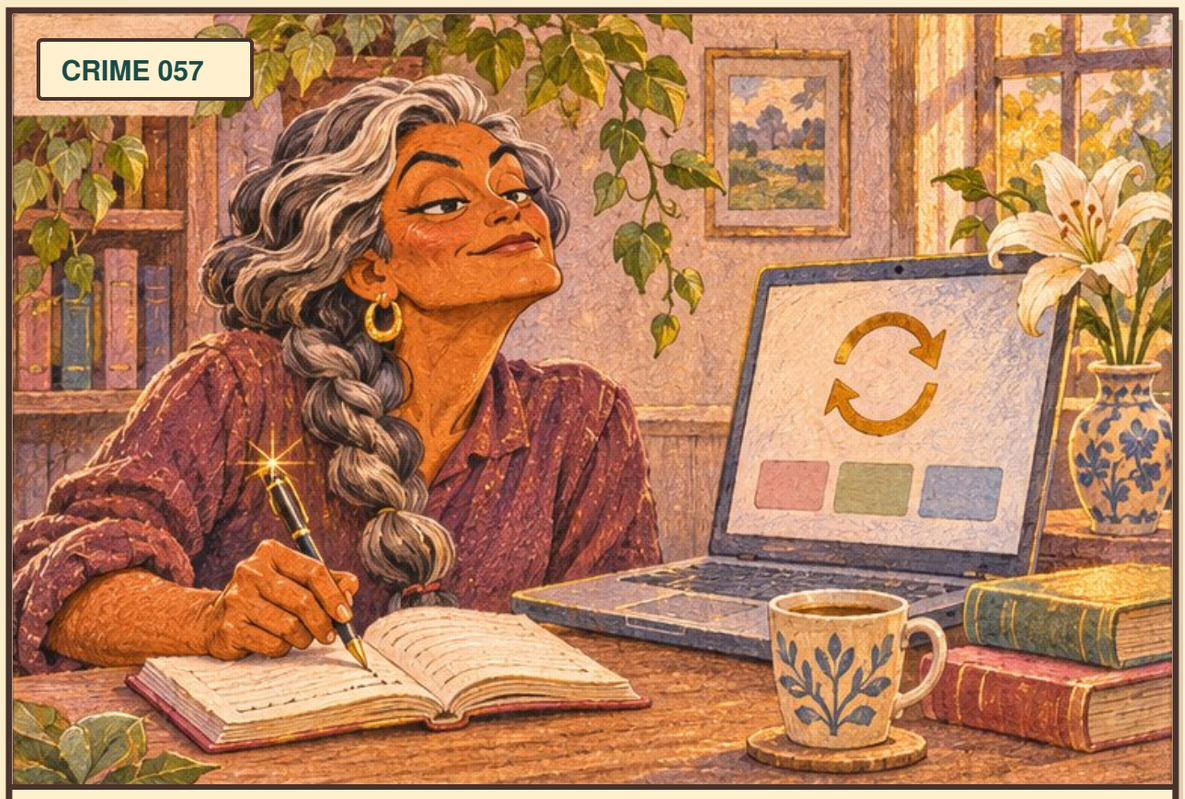
THE 60s+



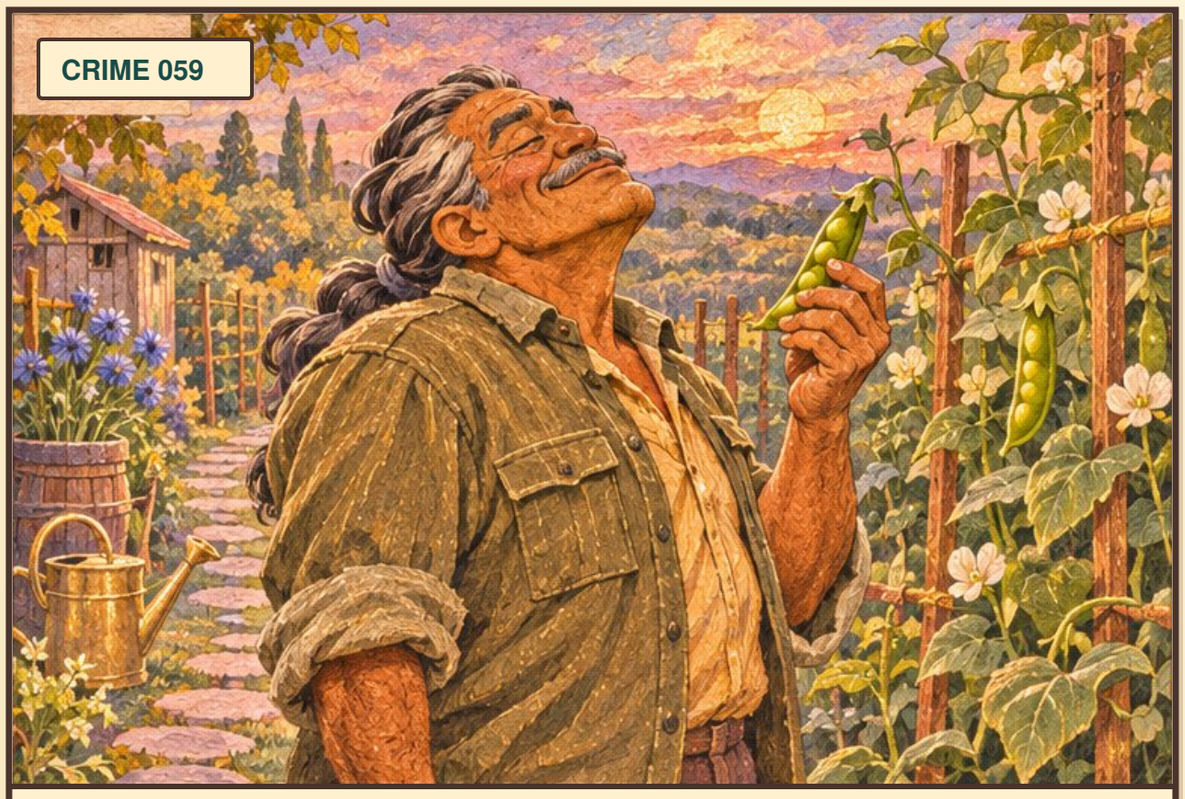
The Password Song

Little Bo Peep can't log back in,
And her password? She can't find it.
Tried "Fluffy1," then "Fluffy2"—
Taped to the screen right behind it.



The Will Reading Rhyme

Humpty Dumpty wrote out his will,
Labeled each lamp and each windowsill.
All the king's cousins
And all the king's men
Couldn't put the family together again.



Garden of Peace

Old MacDonald grew some peas,
E-I-E-I-Ohm.
With a calm breath here,
And a soft step there,
Every day felt more like home.



Twinkle, Twinkle (Finale Reprise)

Twinkle, twinkle, evening star,
Proof we made it: here we are.
Bills and laughs and love and light—
Thank you, life, for one more night.

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Outro: One More Rhyme



Row, row, row your life,
Gently through the years.
Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily,
Laughter dries the tears.

From twenties rent to sixties naps,
From résumés to kneecap snaps—
We've sung it all, both dark and bright,
And tucked ourselves in for the night.

So close the book, but keep the song—
We're grown-ups now; we play along.
"Ever after"? Not quite true—
But we rhymed it, me and you.