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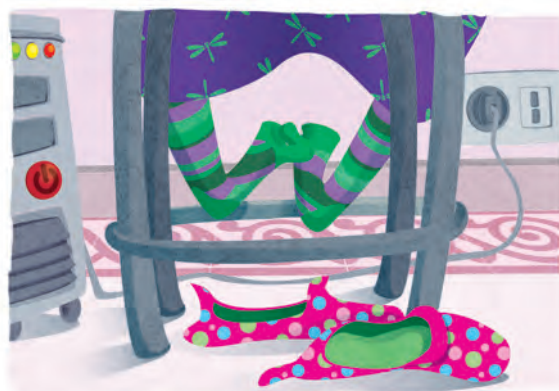
# The monster under my bed!

There's a monster upstairs. It's living in my bedroom this week. It's under my bed.

When I get up in the morning, I have to run to my cupboard very quickly. I take out my clothes and then run to the bathroom. I put my clothes on in there. I don't want to get dressed in my bedroom. I don't want the monster to come out from under my bed and take my socks or my favourite sweater.



After school, I don't play computer games. My computer is on the desk in my bedroom. I don't want to sit there with my feet on the floor. When I'm not looking, the monster comes out. I think it wants to eat my toes!



And I can't do my homework in my bedroom. I think the monster wants to write or draw on all the pages in my school books. I'm doing all my homework on the kitchen table this week. Mum says that's OK.

When I want to go to bed, I open the door to my bedroom and say very loudly, 'I know you're in here but this is my room! You aren't scary!' The monster listens, I think. It doesn't come out. I never see it. But it is scary. I know it's there.

I quickly run and jump into bed and then close my eyes and count to 100. 'Counting helps you to go to sleep,' Grandma says. When you're counting to 100, you don't think about monsters.

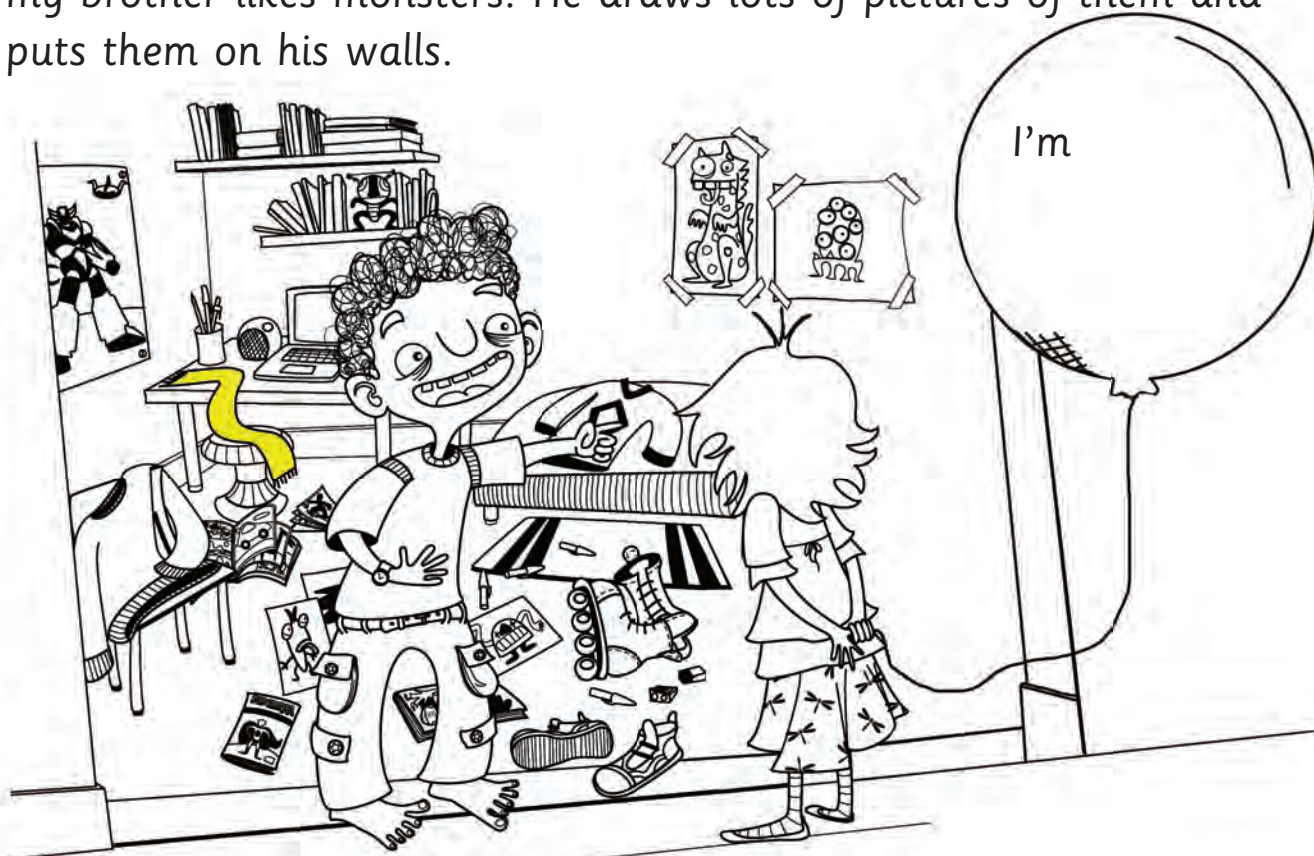


When I'm asleep at night, I think the monster climbs quietly out of my window. I think it finds things to eat in our garden. I know it comes back again before morning.





I told my brother about the monster. He laughed and said, 'Don't be silly, Vicky! There are no monsters under your bed, but there's a very big one under mine. There's one in my cupboard too.' I think my brother likes monsters. He draws lots of pictures of them and puts them on his walls.



I told Mum about the monster. She laughed and said, 'I didn't see any monsters under your bed when I cleaned your room yesterday.' I think the monster hides when she goes in my room. This monster is a very, very clever one!

I told Dad about the monster. He said, 'Don't worry! I'm not afraid of monsters. We can find it and tell it to go away.' But Dad didn't come and help me when I asked him to. He wanted to watch a film on television with Uncle Bill. I think Dad IS scared of monsters. I can understand that.



It's Saturday today. My brother and my parents don't want to help me, but I don't want to live with this scary monster for another week. I want to play computer games in my bedroom again.

I'm going upstairs now. I want to find the monster and tell it to go away. It can go and live with Mrs Gray. She lives in the house next to ours. My brother and I don't like her!



So, I'm looking under my bed ... I know there's a monster here. I think it's got lots of legs and a big round stomach and big scary teeth. I think it's got huge black eyes ...

But I can't see it. And I can't hear it.

Oh yes, I can. There it is!

I can do this!



Slowly ... quietly ... slowly ... quietly ... Got you!!!

