

THERE'S A MONSTER UNDER MY BED



RAVEN MONROE



Charlie is a happy little girl with a big imagination. She uses her imagination while playing. She also uses her imagination to share wonderful stories with her mom and dad.

When the sun is up, Charlie goes into the backyard to play in her treehouse. Sometimes, she imagines that her treehouse is a ship, and she is a pirate. Sometimes, she imagines that her treehouse is a mysterious cave, and she is an explorer.

When Charlie uses her imagination, she can be anything she wants to be.

Today, she imagined that her treehouse was a castle, and she was a princess. When Dad came home, he joined in and pretended to be a friendly dragon!

When the sun went down at the end of the day,
Charlie felt sad. Bedtime was not her
favorite part of the day.

"It's time for us to tuck you in, Charlie," said Mom.

"But Mom... I still want to play!"

"You can always play again tomorrow,"

Dad said gently as he helped Charlie get into bed.

Mom and Dad kissed Charlie goodnight.
Then, Mom turned on Charlie's nightlight and Dad
turned off the light in her room. Charlie sighed
as she watched her parents leave.

When they closed the door, Charlie's eyes grew wide.
There was another reason she didn't want to go to bed.



Charlie didn't like going to bed because she was scared of the dark.

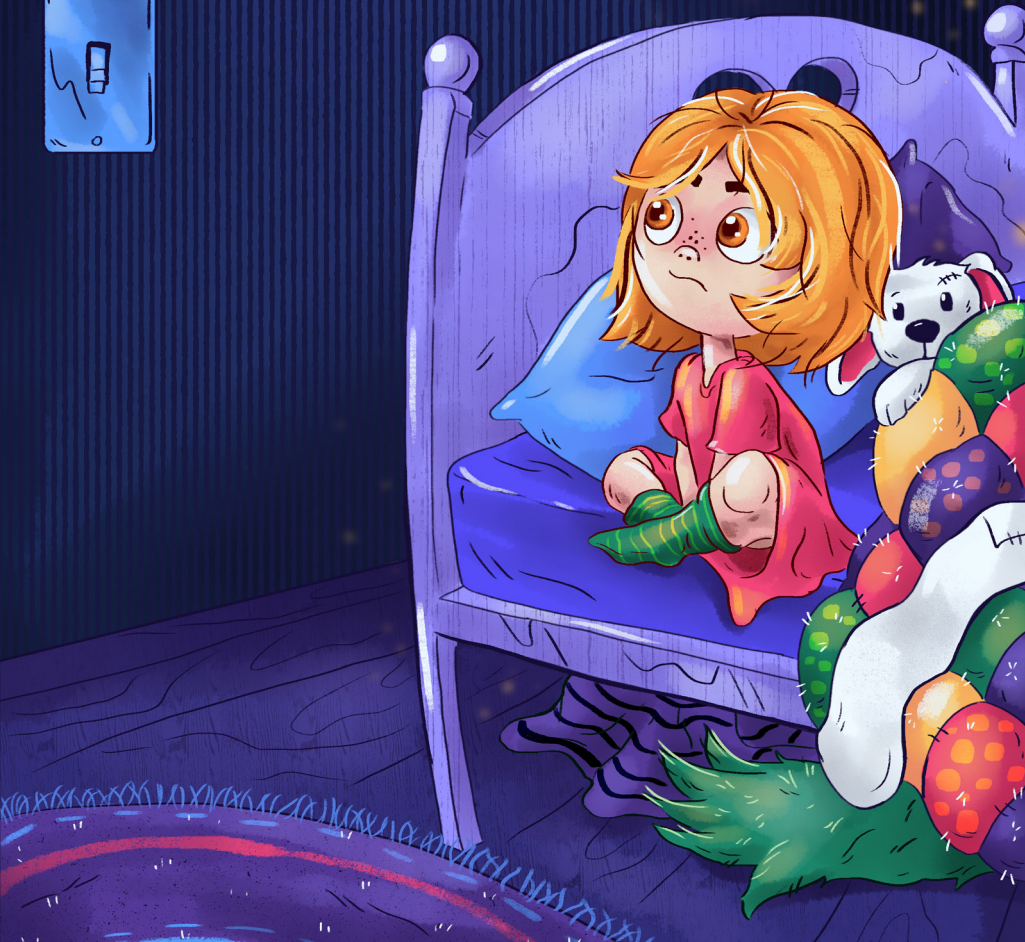
Every night, when her mom and dad left her room, Charlie imagined that there was a monster under her bed.

Carefully, Charlie looked over the side of her bed. She wanted to see if the monster was under there tonight. As the little girl peeked over the edge of the bed to see the floor, she gasped!

She saw a monster's fuzzy arm reaching out from under her bed! She even heard the monster snoring!

"It must be asleep," Charlie whispered.

Then, she looked at the light switch next to her door. Turning on the lights would scare the monster away! She needed to get to the light switch.





Even though Charlie felt scared, she took a deep breath, remembered to be brave, and said, "I can do this!"

When she opened her eyes, her room had changed. The floor was made of sudsy pink bubbles! Charlie knew that if she stepped on the floor, the bubbles would pop, and the monster would wake up.

The brave little girl looked around. The furniture had changed into small bridges. Charlie could jump and climb on the little bridges until she reached the door.

It was a good thing that Charlie loved to jump, and that she was very good at it too!

"Here I go!" Charlie whispered as she jumped from one little bridge to another. She had a lot of fun jumping around without touching the ground. When she reached the door, she stood on her tippy toes to switch on the lights.

Click!

When the lights came on, Charlie turned around to see if the monster's arm had disappeared. To her surprise, she saw that the monster's arm was still there!

But it wasn't a monster at all. It was just the sleeve of her fuzzy sweater laying under her bed! Then, she heard Dad snoring from her parents' bedroom. That wasn't a monster either!

Charlie giggled when she realized that this time, her imagination got the best of her!

