There’s a Monster Under My Bed

There’s a monster under my bed. Don’t believe me? Go look for yourself. You’ll see him underneath there eating gumballs, Reese’s Peanut Butter Cups, and all the other things I’ve slipped under my bed to satisfy his hunger. He is a very hungry monster. His stomach is always growling. It growls so loudly that sometimes it shakes my bed, and I have to reach inside my pillowcase where my secret stash of candy is and throw a Snickers or Milky Way underneath to make it stop.

He likes most things. Laffy Taffy is his favorite because of the jokes on the back. But I stopped giving those to him because he wouldn’t stop laughing, and I couldn’t sleep. You can give him jellybeans and chocolate chips, but don’t feed him marshmallows. He’s allergic to them, and he will sneeze all night long if you give him so much as a nibble.

I bet you’re wondering where my monster came from. I don’t know. Probably from Scandinavia or Germany or somewhere like that. That’s where most monsters are from. The first time I heard him was when I was five years old. That was a whole year ago. I heard him trying to get comfortable on the hard, wooden floor underneath my bed. He was grumbling and making all kinds of noise. Back then, I didn’t know a thing about how to take care of a monster, so I was afraid. I wanted to run to my mom’s room, but I couldn’t get out of bed. The monster might grab me and eat me. That’s when I remembered something my mom had said just that day about our grouchy neighbors.

“Sometimes, the only way to get through to someone is through their stomach.”

I happened to have some bubble gum on my nightstand. It was old and hard, but I had nothing else. So I quickly shot my hand out from underneath my covers, grabbed the gum, and threw it under the bed. And the noises stopped.

Since then, I have sneaked into the kitchen every night before bed and stolen a cookie or two from the cookie jar or grabbed a few Tootsie Roll Pops or anything else I can get my hands on that monsters like. There have been problems though. My mom caught me once as I was sitting on the countertop, reaching for a freshly baked brownie. She got mad and sent me to bed without the brownie. And so I had nothing to feed the monster under my bed that night.
I waited for his stomach to start growling, and at exactly twelve o’clock midnight, it did. When I didn’t throw anything under for him, he got mad and started shaking the bed. He can throw very bad tantrums. But I’ve gotten used to him and don’t mind the tantrums so much as I used to. And my mom won’t let me have a dog so why not a monster? It’s almost just as good. And besides, I’m learning responsibility. A lot of it. Because let me tell you, taking care of a monster under your bed is not an easy job.

There’s a Kid Above My Bed

There is something above my bed. I think it’s a kid. But I’m too scared to check. If I do, he might see me and eat me. I get hungry when I’m scared and my stomach growls. I wonder if the kid can hear it and will come down and get me. Instead, he throws things at me when he’s angry. Luckily, they are usually things I can eat. The kid used to throw jokes at me, and I liked that. I tried not to laugh, but they were just too funny.

Once, he threw soft, little white things at me, and I thought I could eat them. But was I ever wrong! I ate one of them and my tongue started getting puffy and my eyes began watering. The kid had poisoned me! I started sneezing and couldn’t stop all night long. I thought I was doomed. I would die a lonely death all because of some puffy white things I thought I could eat. To my surprise, I was still alive in the morning.

I bet you’re wondering where this kid came from. Don’t look at me, I don’t know! I just heard him one night making all kinds of noise, and then he stared throwing things at me. No one knows where kids come from. It’s one of the world’s great mysteries you will never know the answer to.

But I don’t mind him so much anymore. In fact, I enjoy the things he throws at me most of the time. I’m glad he doesn’t know I like it. Then he would probably stop throwing them at me. One night, when I was really hungry and my stomach was growling extra loud, he didn’t throw a single thing. I thought maybe he had grown used to my growling stomach, and I needed to stir things up a bit to get him angry. So I rattled the top of my bed as hard as I could. I still didn’t get anything. But the next night, he threw down one of those things with a joke on the back. It said, “How do you get a peanut to laugh?” I thought about it. Then I read, “You crack it up.” I laughed all night long.