

HEY, THAT'S MY MONSTER!

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Grade level: 2nd grade

Characters(9):

Narrator 1

Narrator 2

Ethan

Gabe

Emma

Agatha

Cynthia

Vlad

Stella

Narrator 1: Tonight, when I looked under my bed for my monster, I found this note instead.

Gabe: So long, kid. Gotta go. Someone needs me more than you do.

Narrator 2: What?! Gabe was MY monster! Nobody needed him more than me! But someone sure DID need a monster - my little sister Emma. Now that Emma slept in a toddler bed, she liked to...climb out, roam the house, and play noisy games at night. I knew a monster would keep her in bed so she could fall asleep. But not MY monster!! I *had* to get Gabe back. I tiptoed across the hall to Emma's room. She wasn't even there.

Narrator 1: But Gabe was! I gulped, zoomed across the carpet, and leaped onto Emma's bed before Gabe could grab my toes.

Ethan: Gabe (whispered) Please go back to our room. *I'll* get Emma to sleep.

Gabe: You? (snorted). You're gonna get her to sleep? *HA!* That's a good one! But you know what? I like you, kid, so I'll give you three chances. If she's not asleep, I'll be back!

Narrator 2: And Gabe was gone. Just then Emma toddled into the room. She clearly needed a monster. Maybe she didn't know how to get one. But *I* did.

Ethan: Hey, Emma. Let's play. Can you knock on the floor?

Narrator 1: Emma knocked – with a dinosaur. It worked. I heard some creaking under Emma's bed. Then something sniffled. It squelched and dripped. So far so good, I thought. This monster sounds scary enough for Emma. But Emma kept on playing. A slime-covered monster slid out. It oozed toward Emma.

Emma: Icky!

Narrator 2: She laughed, wiping one of the monster's noses.

Emma: Icky! Wipe!

Narrator 1: Emma wasn't scared at all!

Ethan: Excuse me,(to the mucus monster) I didn't catch your name.

Agatha: My dabe is Agatha

Narrator 2: She said through stuffed noses.

Agatha: Tibe for bed, Ebba

Narrator 1: Emma Giggled and wiped some more. I knew this wouldn't work.

Ethan: Thanks, Agatha. Nice try. But I think we need a monster with claws.

Narrator 2: Agatha snuffled, and then she was gone.

Ethan: Emma, knock, knock.

Narrator 1: She knocked on the floor – with a teapot this time – and I heard more creaking. Then a slippery tail slithered out from under the bed. The second monster rasped,

Cynthia: I'm Cynthia

Narrator 2: Much better, I thought when I saw the jagged claws. Cynthia might be a perfect monster for Emma. But Emma Blinked and said

Emma: Pretty!

Narrator 1: Then she decorated Cynthia's tail with bracelets.

Cynthia: Ugh, I'm not here to play dress up! I'm here to scare you into bed!

Narrator 2: Cynthia rattled loudly, but Emma danced to the beat.

Ethan: I'm sorry, Cynthia. This isn't going to work."

Cynthia: Well, I never! (sniffed)

Narrator 1: and then she was gone.

Emma: Cymfia, come back!

Narrator 2: Emma demanded, stomping the floor. Excellent, I thought, maybe that would summon the perfect monster for Emma. Tentacles swarmed from under the bed, and a icy voice called,

Vlad: Whoooooo...

Narrator 1: I shrank back in horror, but Emma was enchanted.

Vlad: Whooooo's out of bed?

Narrator 2: The monster continued

Vlad: Come to Vla-a-adimir....

Narrator 1: Emma high-fived one of the tentacles, and the third monster emerged. I already had doubts about this one. But he was my last chance.

Ethan: Vladimir, can you get Emma to sleep?

Vladimir: Yes-s-s-s (he hissed reaching for Emma) I can GET her!

Narrator 2: Emma giggled and hopped over the tentacles like jump ropes.

Ethan: Oh, no! (blurted) She's not supposed to be having fun! This'll never work!

Narrator 1: Vlad's tentacles drooped, he slunk under the bed, and he was gone.

Ethan: Sorry, Vlad.

Narrator 2: Boy, was I sorry. I was about to lose Gabe- forever.

Narrator 1: Now Emma was coloring. And singing.

Emma: Blabamir, bla, bla, Cymfia, ya, ya, Agafa, fa, fa...

Narrator 2: Gabe must have heard her, because he was back.

Gabe: That's it, kid (he grunted) You had your three tries. Now it's MY turn.

Narrator 1: Gabe's green ooze sizzled across the floor as he growled,

Gabe: Put. The crayon. Down.

Narrator 2: Emma peered at my hulking, sharp-clawed monster and said,

Emma: Fuzzy

Ethan: Hey, Gabe! (I cheered) Emma isn't afraid of you!

Gabe: WHAT?!!!

Narrator 1: Gabe burst out from under the bed and loomed over Emma. Steam spurted from his ears.

Gabe: Get Into. Bed! (Gabe thundered)

Narrator 2: Emma hopped up. But she kept singing.

Emma: Fuzzy, fuzzy monster

Ethan: Gabe (I said) Emma's not scared enough to fall asleep. Please, let's go back to our room.

Gabe: No can do, kid (Gabe growled). I may not be the perfect monster for Emma, but I'm the best so far. At least she's in bed now. I gotta stay here. You're on your own.

Narrator 1: I knew Emma needed Gabe, but he was MY monster. How was I ever going to get to sleep without him? Just then we heard a tiny noise. Emma froze. Gabe and I peered under the bed.

Stella: (hic, hic, hic)

Gabe: Stella, what are *you* doing here?

Stella: Hi, Gabe. You forgot (hic) your snack. Mama thought (hic) you'd be hungry, so she (hic) sent this.

Narrator 2: Who knew? Gabe had a little sister too! I thought Stella's hiccups were cute, but Emma obviously didn't. Stella sure noticed. She tiptoed closer, hiccupping with every step.

Stella: (hic, hic, hic)

Narrator 1: From under her cover *Emma* squeaked,

Emma: SHOO!

Stella: Shoo? Oh! Shoe! That's where toes go. I *loooove* toes.

Narrator 2: Stella crept toward Emma's feet. Emma squealed, scrunched in her feet, and giggled

Emma: No toes, no toes!

Gabe: (laughed) Stella, it looks like you're the perfect monster for Emma. Now, if you don't mind, you can get her to sleep while *I* get back to what *I* do best.

Stella: Hic!

Narrator 1: I sighed with relief and switched off Emma's lamp. Then I ran to my room, leaped into bed, and scrunched in my feet so Gabe couldn't get them. I shivered happily.

Narrator 2: Emma had Stella. I had Gabe. Everything was back to normal. I shivered again. We'd all be asleep in no time.

The End