

The Monster Under the Bed

Silence, darkness and fear. This is what I think of as the thing that wraps around the earth until the sun has a chance to fight back. As I look up at the dark ceiling, my mind starts creating gloomy shadows that seem so real. 'Bang!' I hear something hit the ground. I sit up, my body shaking with fear, too afraid to move. Eventually I convince myself that I will get out of bed so I know that there is nothing there. I slowly move my feet towards the edge of my bed and get out. 'See there is nothing there,' I say to myself.

Just a second after I say that, something grabs me and pulls me under the bed. My head hits the ground hard and I look around. I can't see anything. After a while my eyes start to adjust to the dark. There is nothing here. It must have been my imagination. Then something comes out of the corner and grabs me. It feels slimy. It starts dragging me towards it. I start to panic and grab on to the old splintery leg of my bed. "Mum," I scream. No response. The monster's grip is too muscular. My hands let go and my fingernails start to scratch across the ground making the sound they would on an ancient blackboard. I start screaming even though I know there is no point. Mum normally goes back to work when I am in bed and dad passed away three long painful years ago. So I just wait.

I look around. Seems like I will be staying for a while. An aphotic, clammy room filled with mostly sleeping and unconscious children about my age. "Hello," I yell. A murmur of words I don't understand come flying my way and a seaweed coloured monster I never noticed before starts slouching towards me. Again I don't bother to run; I just stay where I am almost hoping to die at this point. The barbaric monster drawing closer, and closer. It opens the door to my microscopic cell and drags me out.

The monster takes me down to another room filled with a panel of similar fiends. One of them shows me to a seat. The collection of foreign aliens are seated in a long row with a larger monster in the middle. "State your case!" yells the monster in the centre. I am confused. I don't know what to say. Eventually I manage to get out, "Whhh Whh Whh What case?"

"Why were you above my friend's bed?" A flood of realisation fills my body.

"I thought he was under my bed?" I mutter. "LIAR" they all yell.

"Wait!" One of the judges stops them all. "Let him go," he tells them.

A monster takes me away and up back to my bedroom. I lay there confused until I finally fall asleep.

'Tap, tap, tap.' I open my eyes and try to focus. 'Tap, tap, tap.' Again I call out 'hello' wondering if my imagination is just playing tricks on me. 'TAP, TAP, TAP,' but much louder this time. I slide myself carefully to the edge of my bed. I peer around the room looking for any

sign of movement. I don't see anything... but then I feel it. I feel myself falling and start screaming as a loud terrifying voice booms "I TOLD YOU TO GET OFF MY BED!"