

Roger and the Monster

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Roger was a four year old boy who lived with his parents in the big city. He had never been away from home so he was excited when he went to his grandmother's house for a visit. He was even more excited because he was going to stay overnight without his parents.

Grandma lived in a big old house on a hill in the country. There were big trees all around the house and when the wind blew they creaked and swayed. After dinner Grandma read him a bedtime story and brought him upstairs to his bedroom. It was a large room with a big bed at one end of the room and a tall window at the other end.

After Roger said his prayers, Grandma tucked him in and kissed him goodnight. Then she turned out the light and closed the door. Roger looked around the room. It was still light outside so he could see the chair where he put his clothes and the dresser in the corner.

Roger closed his eyes and tried to go to sleep. It was quiet in the room and getting darker. Roger could hear the wind howling outside. He opened his eyes and looked out the window. The wind made the trees move. They made big shadows on the walls in the moonlight.

Roger thought they looked like skinny fingers and wiggly snakes. Roger pulled the covers over his head so he couldn't hear the wind or see the shadows. After a while, it got too stuffy under the covers so he pushed them back.

Roger slowly looked around the room. He saw even more moving shadows on the walls. He also saw a big shadow in the corner - it looked like a lion waiting to jump

on him. Roger thought it might be the chair - or was it?

He squeezed his eyes shut so he couldn't see the shadows. Then he heard a scratching noise under his bed. Roger thought it sound like a monster with sharp finger nails. Maybe it was a big green hairy monster with long finger nails and sharp pointy teeth!

Roger decided to jump out of bed before the monster could get him. He had to jump very far so the monster couldn't grab his legs. With a crash he jumped out of bed and ran to the light switch. Quickly he turned the light on, expecting the monster to jump on his back at any second.

But nothing jumped on his back or bit his ankles. Roger wondered, "Where is that monster hiding?" Roger looked in the corner for the lion. There was no lion, all he saw was the old chair. In the bright light all the shadows on the walls were gone too.

Slowly, Roger looked under the bed. What do you think Roger saw?

A little mouse was crouching under his bed! Roger reached out his hand to pet the mouse. Before he could get near the mouse, the mouse squeaked and ran away. Roger laughed and thought to himself, "What a silly boy I am."

There was no monster - it was only a mouse! And he was afraid of me!"



Help Me !

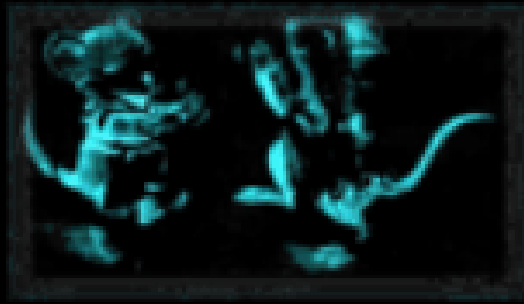
Grandma heard the noise and came into the room. Grandma asked, "Roger, what is going on?" Roger said, "Nothing anymore Grandma. I just scared all the monsters away and now I can go to sleep."

"Goodnight Roger"

"Goodnight Grandma"

Roger got back in bed and snuggled under the warm covers. He yawned once or twice and soon he fell asleep.

The End



Happy Again After A Close Call

Parents: This story is intended to help small children overcome their fear of the dark. Here are some questions you can ask your children to make sure they understand the point of the story.

- Why was Roger afraid?
- What did the lion turn out to be?
- What happened to the monster?
- Is there such a thing as a monster?

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Enjoy!

John Krikke - Sept. 1997