

# The Monster

'Goodnight, Sam,' said Mrs. Vicolis.

Click! Went the lights as Mrs. Vicolis turned the lights off and banged the door shut. Clip, clap, clip, clap...

*'What was that?'* thought Sam, but then drifted into a deep sleep.

In the early hours of the next morning, Sam woke up safe and sound. Sam was thinking about that sound he had heard earlier that night.

Then the scariest thought sprang to mind, "What if they were monsters!" It was still quite dark. His heart thudded loudly in his chest as he listened intently for the sounds. A waft travelled past his nose. He could smell foul odour from the cupboard.

*'Was it really a monster?'*

He could see a shadow lurking on the cupboard, but didn't think of running away, because he was terrified. His heart skipped a beat as he closed his eyes tightly shut. He could hear it sniffing around his dusty cupboard, trying so hard not to sneeze. He could taste the monster's foul breath on his tongue. Sam could feel the presence of the monster closer each second, stronger every minute. Then he pounced right onto Sam like a jaguar. Sam screamed until he started to sob.

*'Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!!!!!'*

Sam cried in astonishment to see a huge furry face gaping at him with its bloodthirsty fangs. Sam blinked his eyes, the monster looked much friendlier this time. He blinked again and the face looked familiar, but the fangs were equally scary! Sam looked to see Froggy his Pomeranian looking hungrily down at him, no, it couldn't be!...