

The Monster

"Someone is coming!"

The room falls silent. You can hear a pin drop. All eyes are on the voodoo doll. It shoots a nervous grimace my way before leaping into my sock drawer with a faint "Oops."

I raise my index finger, about to ask a question.

The vampire presses his ear to the door and whispers, "I hear it too!" In a heartbeat, he shifts shape, and a bat darts out my bedroom window.

"He's here!" cries Jack, scrambling back into his box.

Mr. Jitters' sardonic grin vanishes. "Oh no!" The clown bolts into my wardrobe, slamming the doors shut.

The tooth-taker, the tooth fairy's twisted cousin, slips under my pillow as the bogeyman wedges himself under my bed.

In mere seconds, my room lies empty. I feel forsaken. I burrow deeper into my sheets and squeeze my eyes shut. I feign sleep as human footsteps draw nearer in the hallway.

Please don't let them stop at my door.

Please don't let the monster enter.