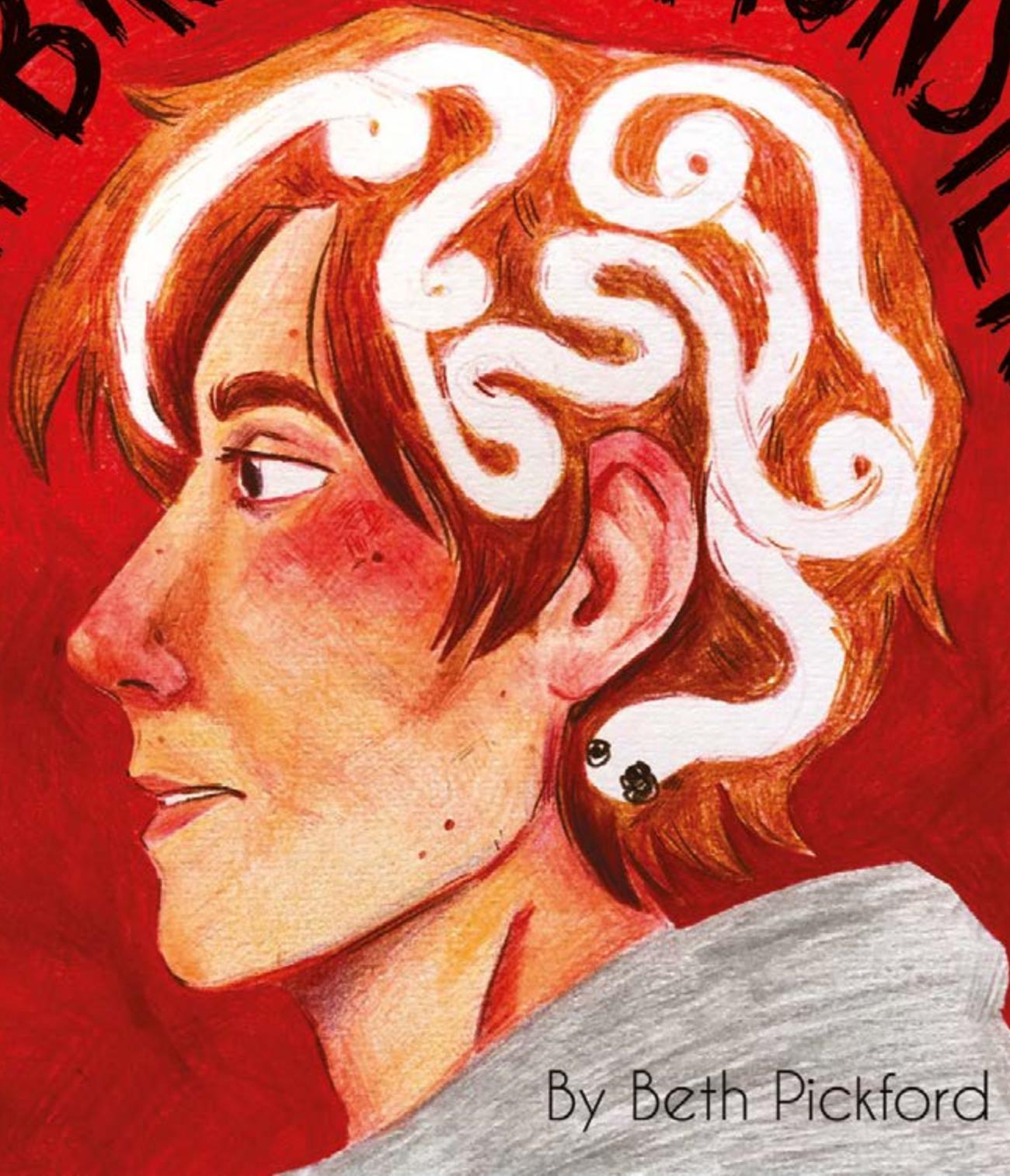


MY BROTHER'S MONSTER



By Beth Pickford





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My brother has a monster in his head that makes him sad and stay in bed.



The doctor gave him tablets to take, but the monster is still there when he is awake.





Before the monster came we used to play, now he sits alone in his room everyday.



It was my grandma's birthday and we left him at home, stuck in the house all alone.



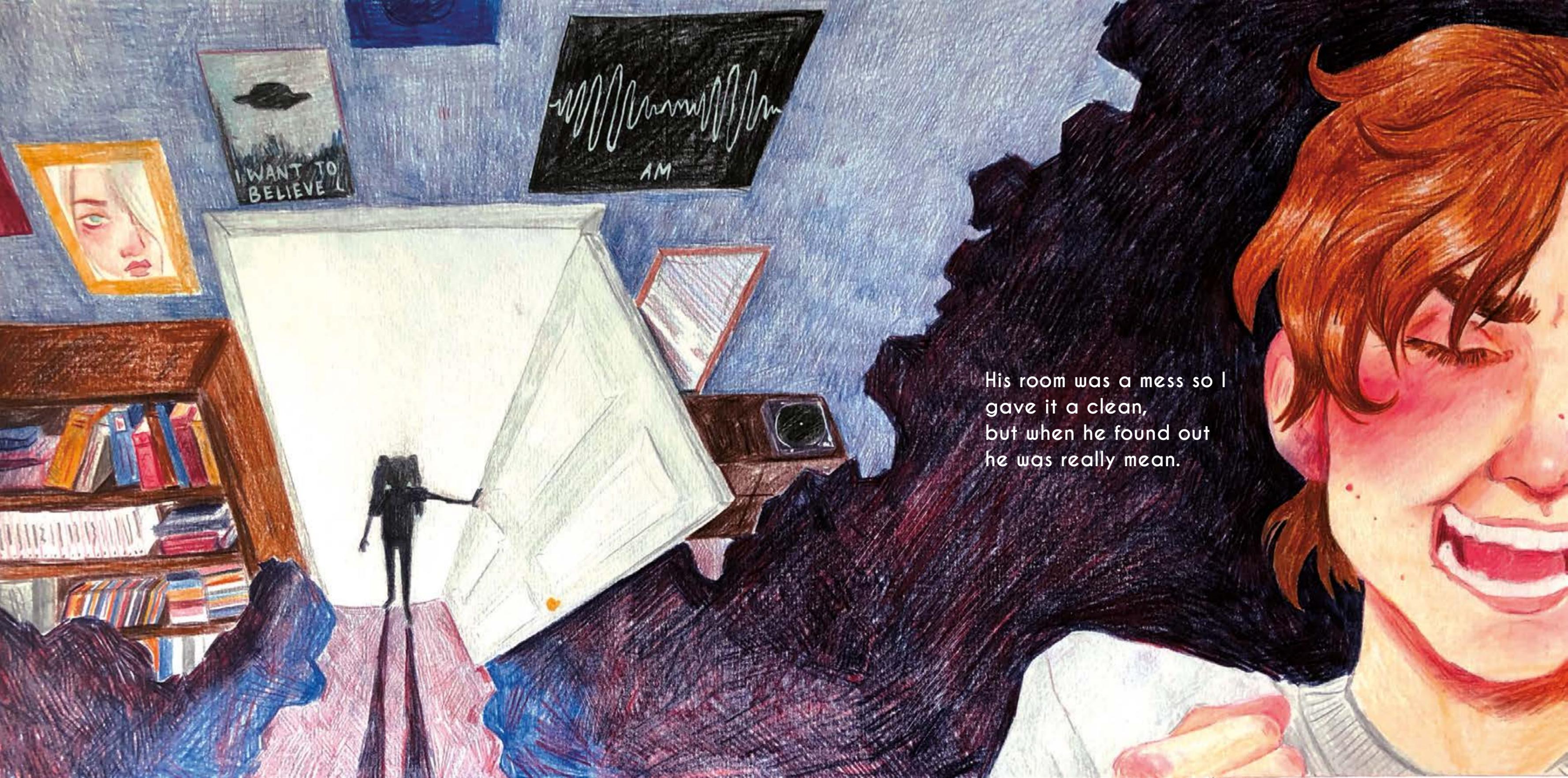
From the party I brought him back some cake,
and left it outside his room for him to take.



I invited his friend round for tea,
but still my brother was unhappy.







His room was a mess so I gave it a clean, but when he found out he was really mean.

Nothing was working so I dressed as a knight! To give that monster a big fright!



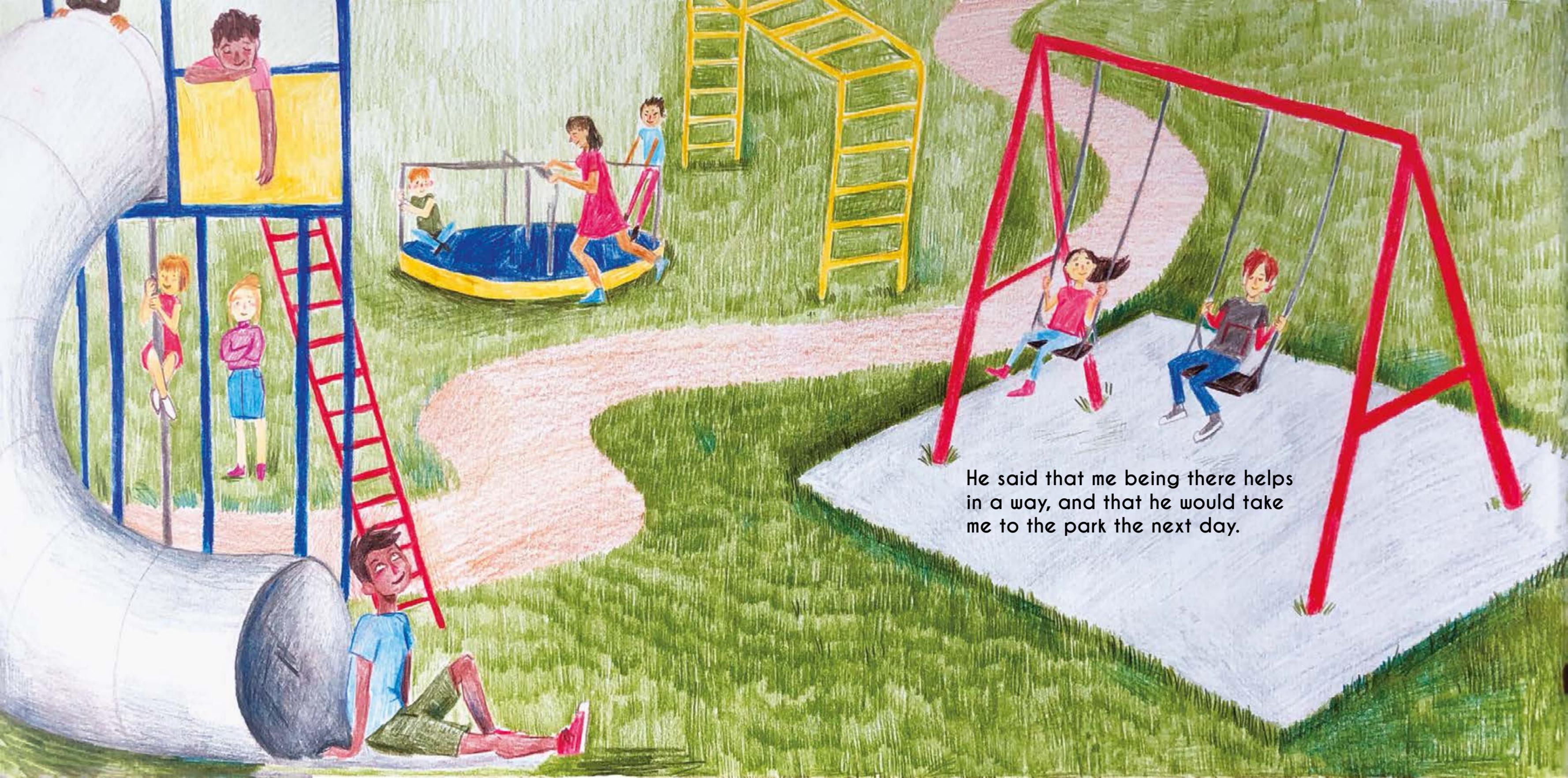


It didn't work, and my brother got mad,
so I left him alone to feel sad.

He came to my room later that night, but I told him I did not want to fight.



He explained that the monster was him being ill, that's why the doctor gave him those pills.



He said that me being there helps in a way, and that he would take me to the park the next day.

