

THE MONSTER DIARIES

Luciano Saracino

Illustrated by
Poly Bernatene



In this book, the children will know- for example and between many more things-, why is the Crying Lady weeping?, what make the Werewolf howl so much and doesn't let anybody get some sleep, how the mummy changes the "clothing", where do the witch buy her strange ingredients for her food, wich tourist places the invaders from the space do prefer to visit, who gave a stove to the Abominable Snowman on his birthday...

Dr. Jeckill.

This is a total lack of respect. I really don't know where this is going. This two boys - without any rigor type, I must say - interferes in the life of my intimate friends and make evident matters that up to here were only part of the terrific world of the monsters. With The Monster's Agenda, and every time will cost more to scare the children (how will make the Ghost, for example is all find out that it goes to song classes to practice his Boos! Poor thing!, or the Crazy Scientist is all find out that it cannot pass Physical Quantum...can you tell me?)

A lack of respect, that's what it is.

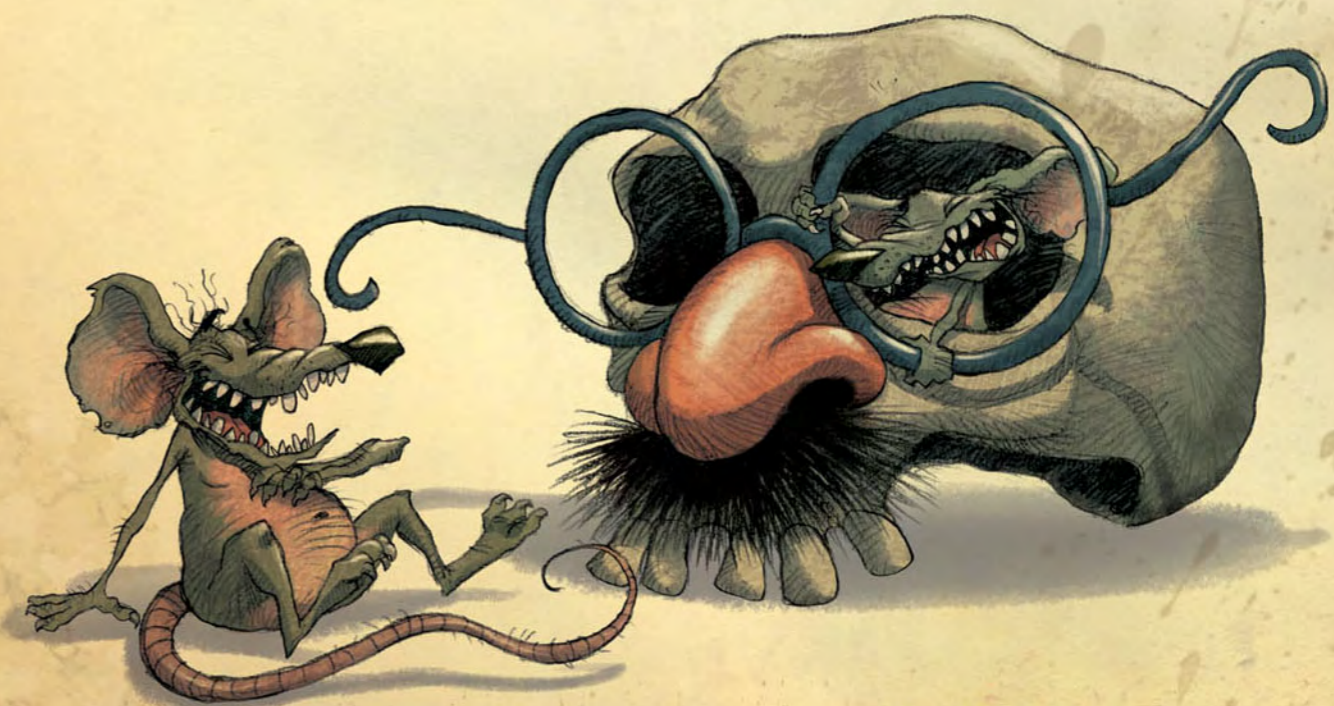
And both authors who sign the project?...well, will be better not say anything about them. At last, but not at least, there is a thing that drives me crazy, and is this: WHY THEY DIDN'T INCLUDE MY??... not a simple line. Nor a mention to this so worthy and monstrous monster. It isn't fair. In this modern world, there is no longer respect, not even for us.

Mr. Hyde.



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*Special Memo from
The Federation of Fright*

It has come to our attention that human children have run out of nightmares. It appears children are no longer having bad dreams and this has led the Secret Committee for the Advancement of Real Evil (S.C.A.R.E) to conclude that not enough things are going bump in the night.

As part of our new 'Focus on Fear' campaign we have decided to throw a competition to find the Grisliest Ghoul. We will be studying the diary entries of each competitor in order to judge them on their terror tactics. The winner will be the proud owner of the famous Poisoned Chalice and will be presented with the Monster Medal.

Anyone wishing to enter should send a diary entry to the Federation of Fright by midnight on Monday.

Yours sincerely,

Z. Ombie

Zacharius Ombie (Head of Horror)

The Cry Baby

June

16

Wednesday

sunday monday tuesday **WEDNESDAY** thursday friday saturday

8:00

- Read the newspaper.

9:00

- Chop onions.

10:00

- Watch the soap opera.

11:00

- Watch the news.

12:00

- Chop onions once again.

13:00

- Go out for a nice cry.

14:00

15:00

- Have a word with the ghost about his pathetic 'Boos' (I'm not very good at them myself but I have got 'Boo Hoo' down to a fine art.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S	
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	
29	30	31					



Dracula

Monday / Tuesday / Wednesday / Thursday / Friday / Saturday / Sunday
Friday 13 July

- 20:00 - Have alarm clock repaired; sometimes it rings early and I wake up in daylight (there is nothing worse for a vampire's skin than sunlight - when this happens I have to go to the beauty parlour and put up with Frankie complaining about the kindergarten kids).
- 21:00
- 22:00
- 23:00 - Pick up my cape at the cleaner's (make sure they don't give me the Ghost's sheet because afterwards I will have trouble at the grave-owners' meetings).
- 24:00 - Moon-bathe (I don't think this sunscreen some clever person sent me will be of any use!).
- 1:00 - Sharpen my teeth (the years have worn them out).
- 2:00 - Go out for a night on the tiles (that is, go out dancing, drink tomato juice at the cafe, meet new people, look for a good horror film on TV - with no vampires because I am afraid of them).
- 3:00
- 4:00 - Return to the cemetery (make sure I lie down in the right coffin, because otherwise I will get into trouble with the grave-owners who are always angry about everything).
- 5:00

1 2 3 4 5 6 7
8 9 10 11 12 13 14
15 16 17 18 19 20 21
22 23 24 25 26 27 28
29 30 31



The Witch

Su/Mo/Tu/We/Th/Fr/Sa

Friday

september
24

S M T W T F S

1 2 3 4 5 6 7
8 9 10 11 12 13 14
15 16 17 18 19 20 21
22 23 24 25 26 27 28
29 30 31

10:00 - Confirm my attendance at the ~~XIX~~ Annual Convention of Witches. This year's topic of discussion will be "Wizards and Sorcerers: A Necessary Evil? Incredible though it may seem and no matter how often we change the words, we always end up by speaking about them."

11:00 - Talk to the Aliens about their lack of respect for the Skyway Code.

12:00 - Buy leech tea at Hope Hollywell's store because I have run out of it. Also buy skimmed cockroach wings, seagull cavities, elephant forgetfulness (two teaspoons only), swamped mud, deadly nightshade (the Crazy Scientist borrowed my last jar), varnished shadows, toilet paper, a tin of corn, two bottle of Coke, a card for my mobile phone and fuel for my broomstick.

14:00 - Turn into a bear to carry all this.

- Whip up some of my famous bats' wing brownies for the Grave-owners Association meeting.

- Invite the girls to dinner.

Scrambled Frog

Ingredients (for 4 witches):
4 basilisk eggs
1 teaspoon of haunted swamp
1 teaspoon of stories which terrify at night
3 chopped cheeses
1 teaspoon of salt
8 kilos of butter

1. Wise woman of the forests, beat but only slightly, the basilisk eggs and mix with the swamp, the stories which terrify at night, the salt and chopped cheese.
2. Oh, Witch, you who scare everyone, put into the microwave for two minutes, in a bowl generously covered with the eight kilos of butter.
3. You, who know so much, take it out and mix thoroughly. If it isn't disgusting enough, put it back in for a minute. If after this the consistency is not the right one, Oh witch of the night, cook something else as you are useless at this.

ask the girls why this recipe is called *Scrambled Frog* when it doesn't take any frog.

- Dance, dance and dance in the woods until the day dawns (this year, at the Convention, ask whether we could go to a disco instead of catching our death of cold out in the open).

