

DEDICATIONS



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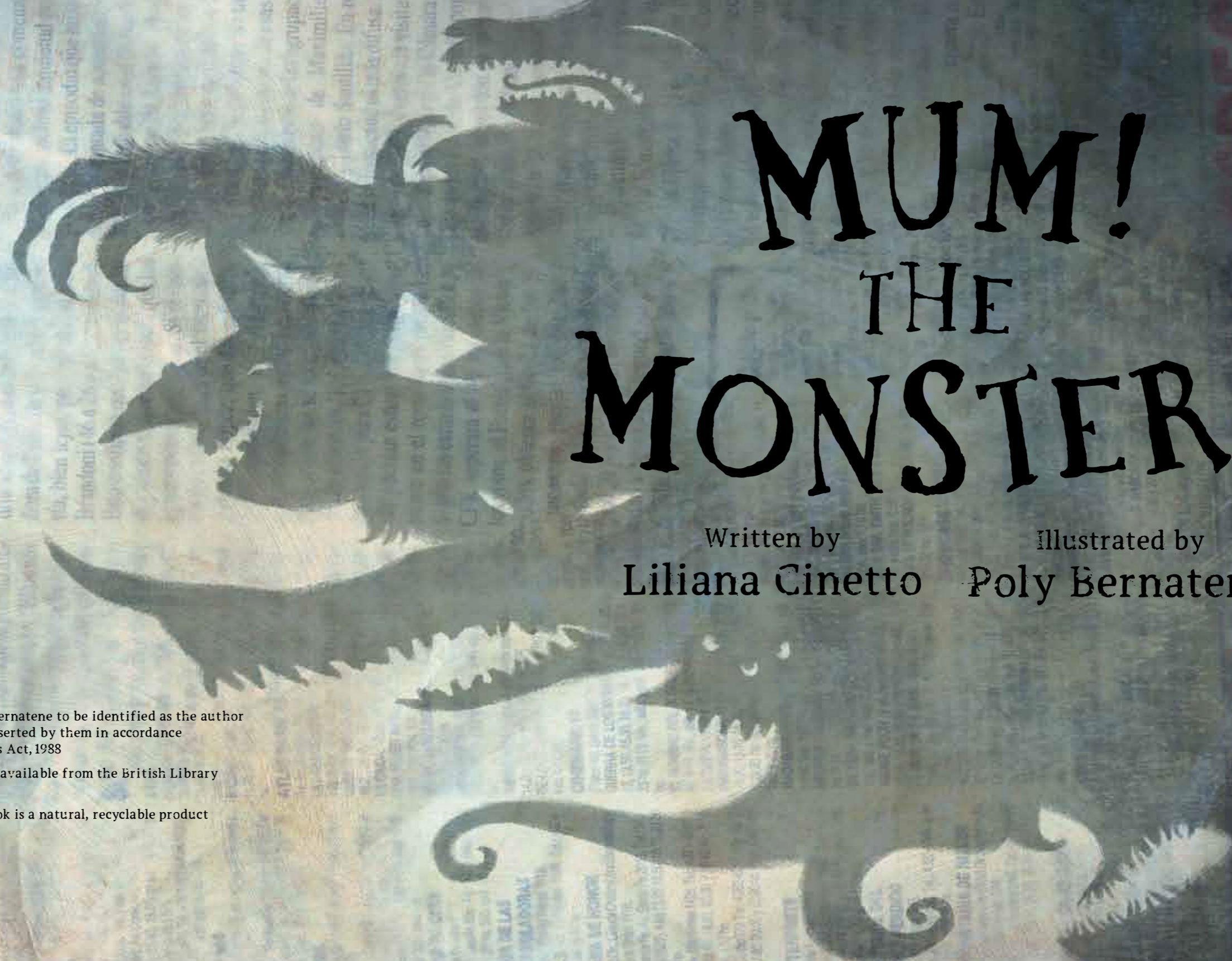
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MUM! THE MONSTERS!

Written by
Liliana Cinetto

Illustrated by
Poly Bernatene





Once upon a time, I was very,
very afraid at night.
Terribly afraid.

So afraid that my hands
shook like this...



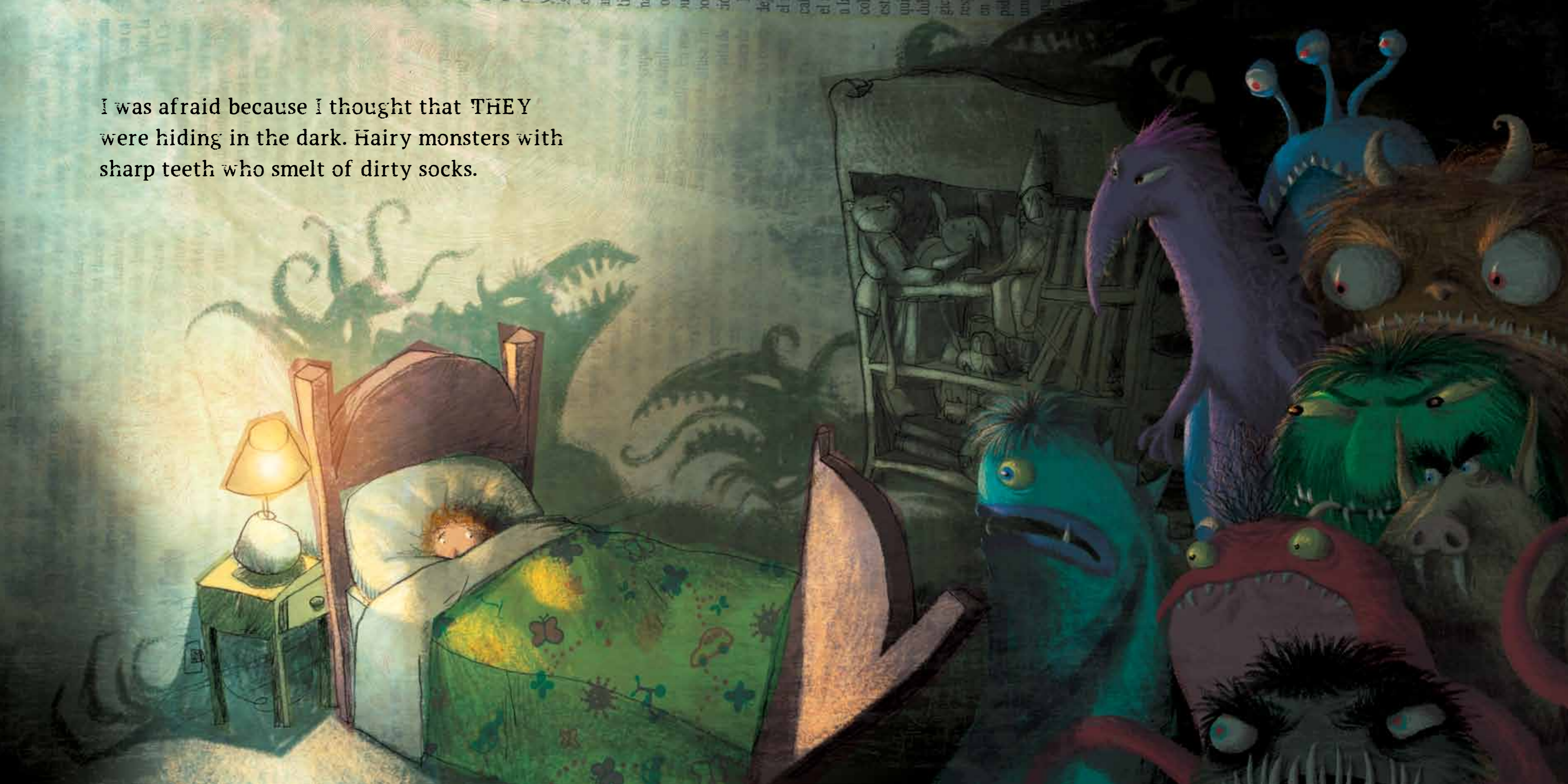
And my teeth
chattered like this...



And my heart beat
like this...



I was afraid because I thought that **THEY** were hiding in the dark. Hairy monsters with sharp teeth who smelt of dirty socks.



And then there
was THEM.

Dreadful ghosts
floating in the air
trailing dust
and cobwebs.





Or THEM.

Witches with messy
hair and black hats
and yellow eyes.



Or even **THEM**.

Huge ogres with huge hands and huge feet and huge mouths full of green drool.

I was sure that they wanted to catch me. Or turn me into a toad. Or eat me with a sprinkling of parsley. So, in the middle of the night, I'd shout:

**“Muuuuuum!
The monsters!”**

And Mum would put on the light and sing songs to me until I went back to sleep.



And, in a dark corner, the monsters and the witches and the ghosts and the ogres waited. They did not move.



But they were watching me...

Then, one day, Mum got tired of always having to get up in the middle of the night.

“You’re a big boy now. You shouldn’t be afraid any more.”



“But Mum, the monsters...”

“Monsters don’t exist,” she said, as she vacuumed under my bed, sucking up the dust and some hairy monsters (the ones with sharp teeth who smelled of dirty socks).



“What about the ghosts?” I asked.

“They don’t exist either,” she said, as she loaded
the washing machine with towels and sheets
and a few dreadful ghosts

(the ones who floated
about trailing dust
and cobwebs).





“And the
ogres?”
I wanted
to know.

“No way!” said Mum as she swept the
kitchen floor, brushing up breadcrumbs
and bits of paper and a few huge ogres
(the ones with huge hands,
huge feet and huge mouths
full of green drool).

