

A reassuring story about sharing worries

# My Monster and Me



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This is my monster.



And this is me.

I've always known my monster.



It's always been there.



It knows **ALL** about me.



Maybe my monster arrived when I did.



Maybe it moved in when I learned to walk and talk.  
I don't remember.





It was always **BIG**.  
When it stood in front of me,  
I could see nothing but its huge tummy.



At night, when I lay in bed, I could hear nothing but its  
**ginormous, growly** snore.



I wanted Mum to take it away.  
But when Mum was there,  
my monster hid.



I wished my brother  
could take it away. But  
my monster hid again.



I wanted Dad to take it away.  
But it hid from him, too.



My monster got **bossier!**  
It started telling me what to do  
when I was getting dressed,



and brushing my teeth.

When I wanted to play with my toys,  
it sat on me.



It even made me stay indoors when my friends came to play . . .



I wanted to go out and join them, but my monster stood in the way and wouldn't budge.



One day, my monster was  
waiting for me after school.



It was **GIGANTIC** and it was in a bad mood.



I tried to lose it . . . but I couldn't.





It followed me  
all the way to  
Gran's house.



Gran asked me what was wrong.

In the end, I told her how my monster just wouldn't go away.  
It **WOULDN'T** leave me alone. **Ever**.



Gran listened quietly . . .

... and **suddenly** my monster stopped what it was doing and listened too. It seemed to me that as I talked, my monster got smaller ...



and smaller ...



and smaller ...



And then I knew that I **COULD** make my monster go away.





The next day, I saw my monster at school.



It looked a bit lost,  
so I picked it up and  
put it in my pocket.

I stroked its fur and it went to sleep.



It wasn't as **SCARY** any more.

I don't worry about my monster so much these days.  
I go to school and play with my friends.



My **MONSTER** likes my pocket  
and I feel OK knowing it's there.

But if it ever  
feels like  
getting out,  
I tell it  
to behave.



My monster is part of me.  
We've known each other from the beginning.



This is **me**.



And this is my monster.

