





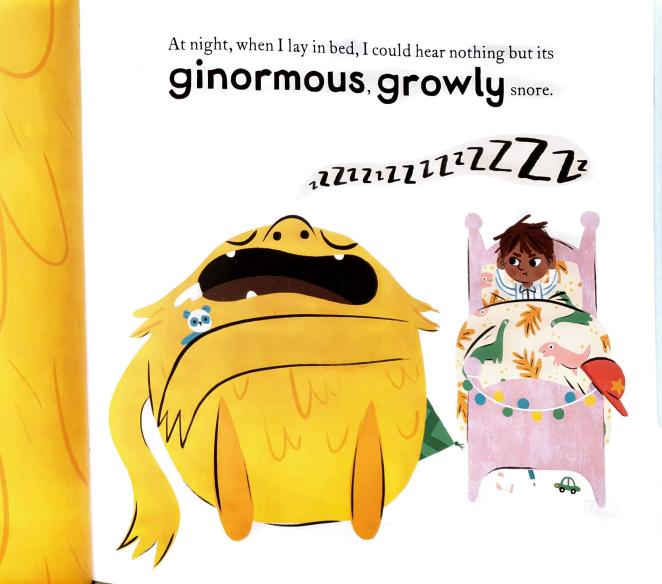
And this is me.



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

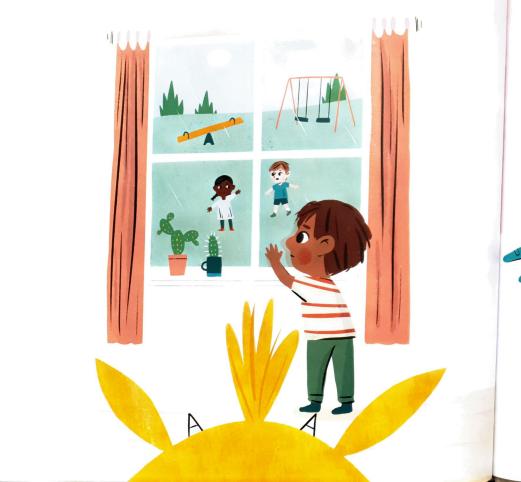
> I wished my brother could take it away. But my monster hid again.

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



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





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







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 ...

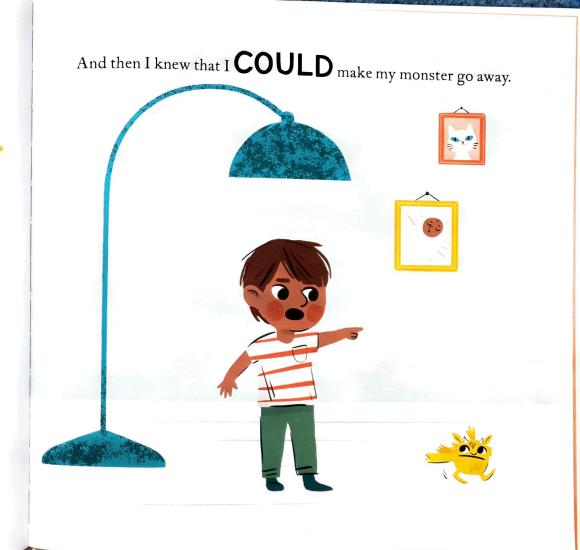


and smaller . . .



and smaller . . .





The next day, I saw my monster at school.



I stroked its fur and it went to sleep.



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

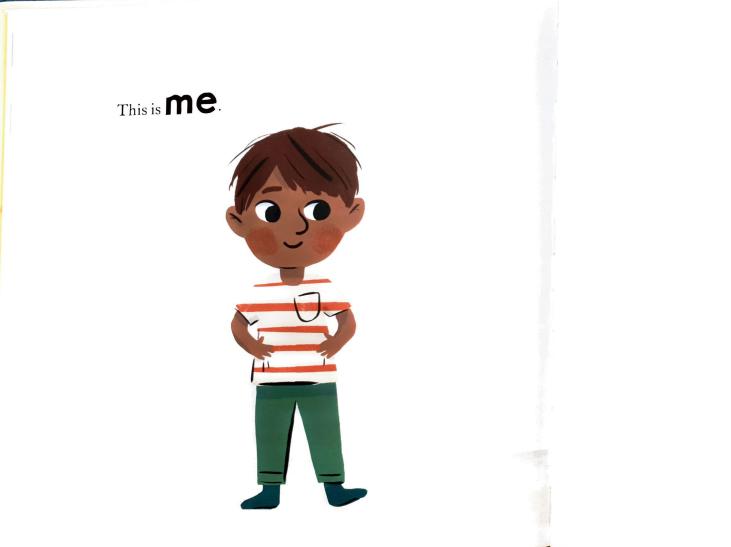
I don't worry about my monster so much these days. I go to school and play with my friends.



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

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

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



And this is my monster.

