

From "Boris and the Monsters"
By Elaine Macmann Willoughby
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Boris shivered a little when he thought about going to bed.

"Do you think there ever could be a monster in my bedroom?" he asked his mother.

His mother smiled. "I have never heard of a monster in any bedroom, have you?"

"No –" said Boris uncertainly. And suddenly he could think of more things that had to be done. Anything to avoid going to bed!

"I just have to feed my goldfish."

Or-

"I just have to work on my airplane."

Or-

"I just have to – "

"The fact is," said his father, "you just have to go to bed!"

After Boris had brushed his teeth and had a story or two he slid under the covers. His father turned out the lights.

"Good night, Boris," said his father.

"Good night," said Boris.

Boris was all alone.

His father started downstairs.

"GOOD NIGHT!" Boris cried loudly.

"Good night," said his father.

"THERE AREN'T ANY MONSTERS HERE, ARE THERE?" he called after his father.

"No," said his father. "There aren't any monsters here at all!"

Boris felt better – for a while. But soon he began to feel that he was not alone. The feeling was mostly in his stomach and it was not a nice feeling. Then he heard a squeak and several groans and suddenly he sat bolt upright in bed!

Boris could see that the dark in his bedroom had become shapes. The shapes seemed to be dancing.

The more he looked the more certain he was that the shapes were monsters. They were big, these monsters, and they had horrible long teeth. Boris' heart beat very fast. He shut his eyes as tightly as he could but was sure the monsters were getting closer.

He tried to shout "There are no monsters," but it was only a whisper. He slid down under the covers and waited for the monsters to grab him. But he was in luck because they didn't grab him that night.