

The Bump in My Bed

I had a dream the other night
It scared me so, I bawled.
My mom said it was make-believe
Then tucked me in. I called ...

“But Mama you don’t understand
the monster was so BIG.”
She said the monster wasn’t real
And I should eat a fig.

I ate the fruit, then asked to drink
Kitchen water, you know.
She brought a cup I sipped and,
yup,
Then I had to go.

When I crawled back into my bed
A bump was in the pile.
My mom had fallen back to sleep.
No monsters for a while.

Illustrated by: _____

