

THERE'S A CROCOSAURUS IN MY CLOSET

by K. J. Howe

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A gòógly-eyed creature once lived in my closet.



Crocosaur was his name.

With jam-covered claws and
muddy sneakers like mine.

He broke half my toys,
then lost all the rest.



DRAW CROCOSAURUS

Don't ask where he came from—I really can't say.

(He must have been already here.)

But I was the one who got blamed.

“Please be more careful. And put my treasures away.”



But monsters hate manners

and he left straightaway.

An Octapotamus once lived in the tub.

He told the funniest jokes.



Such a meddlesome sort, splashing suds all over the walls.

DRAW OCTOPOTAMUS

He dumped out the soap, let it drain on the floor,
then emptied the hamper, threw my socks at the door.

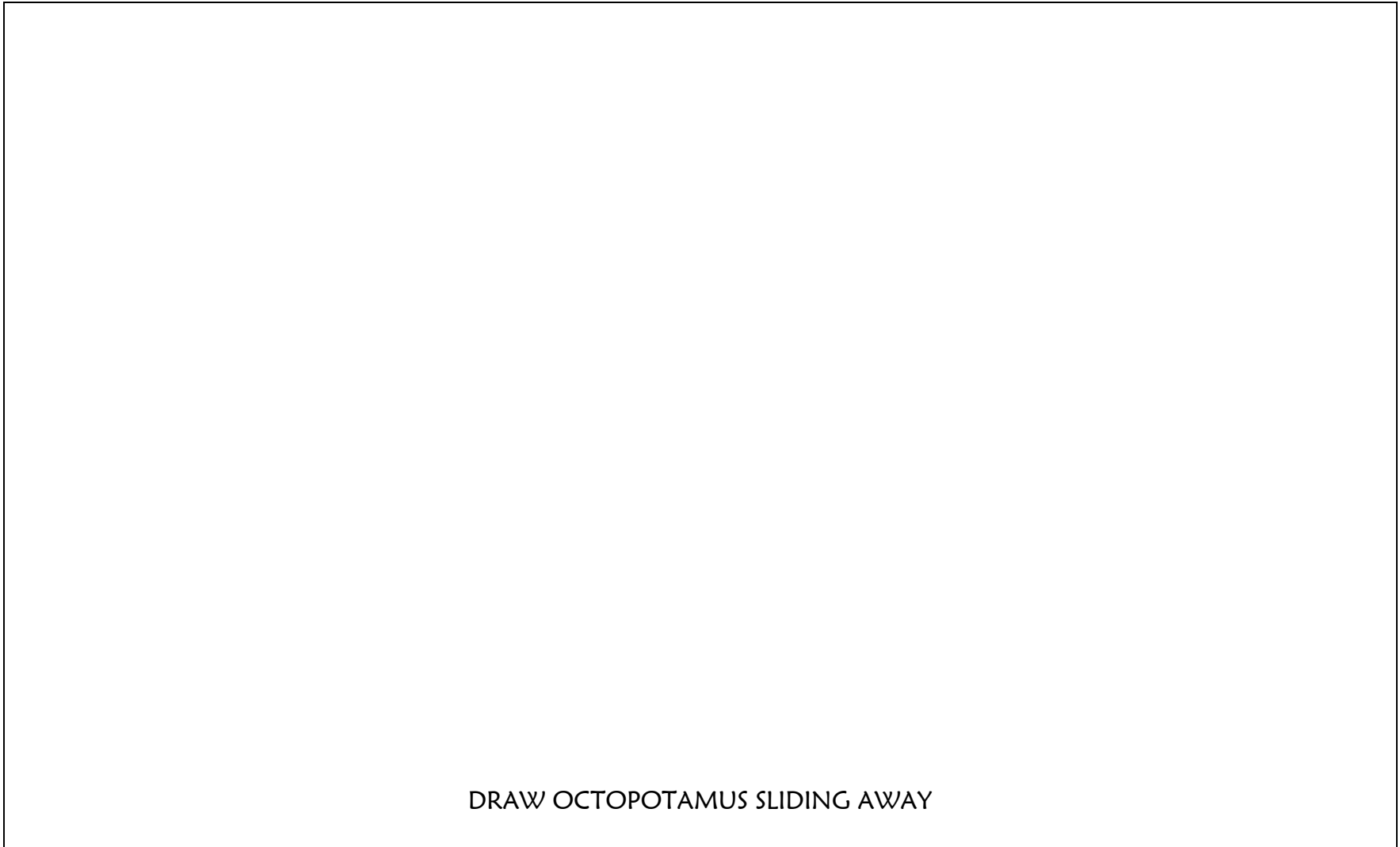
“Just look at this mess!” moaned my dad.

He looked about ready to cry.



DRAW DAD

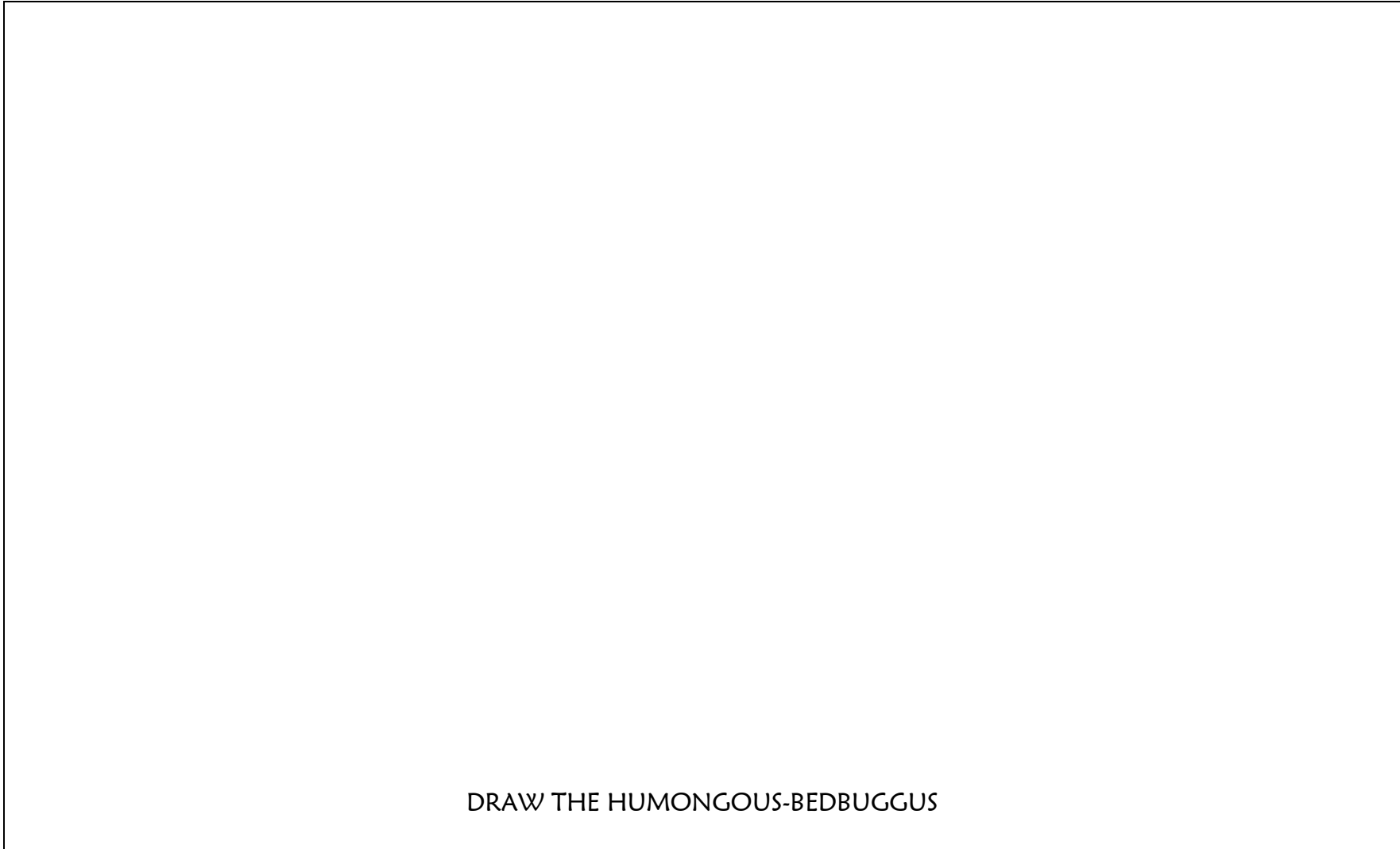
It wasn't my fault, and I opened the curtain to prove why.



DRAW OCTOPOTAMUS SLIDING AWAY

But that old slimy had slid down the drain.

A Humongous Bedbuggus lived under my bed,
nibbling on dust and the toes of my socks.



DRAW THE HUMONGOUS-BEDBUGGUS

He crumpled my sheets, left crumbs on the top.



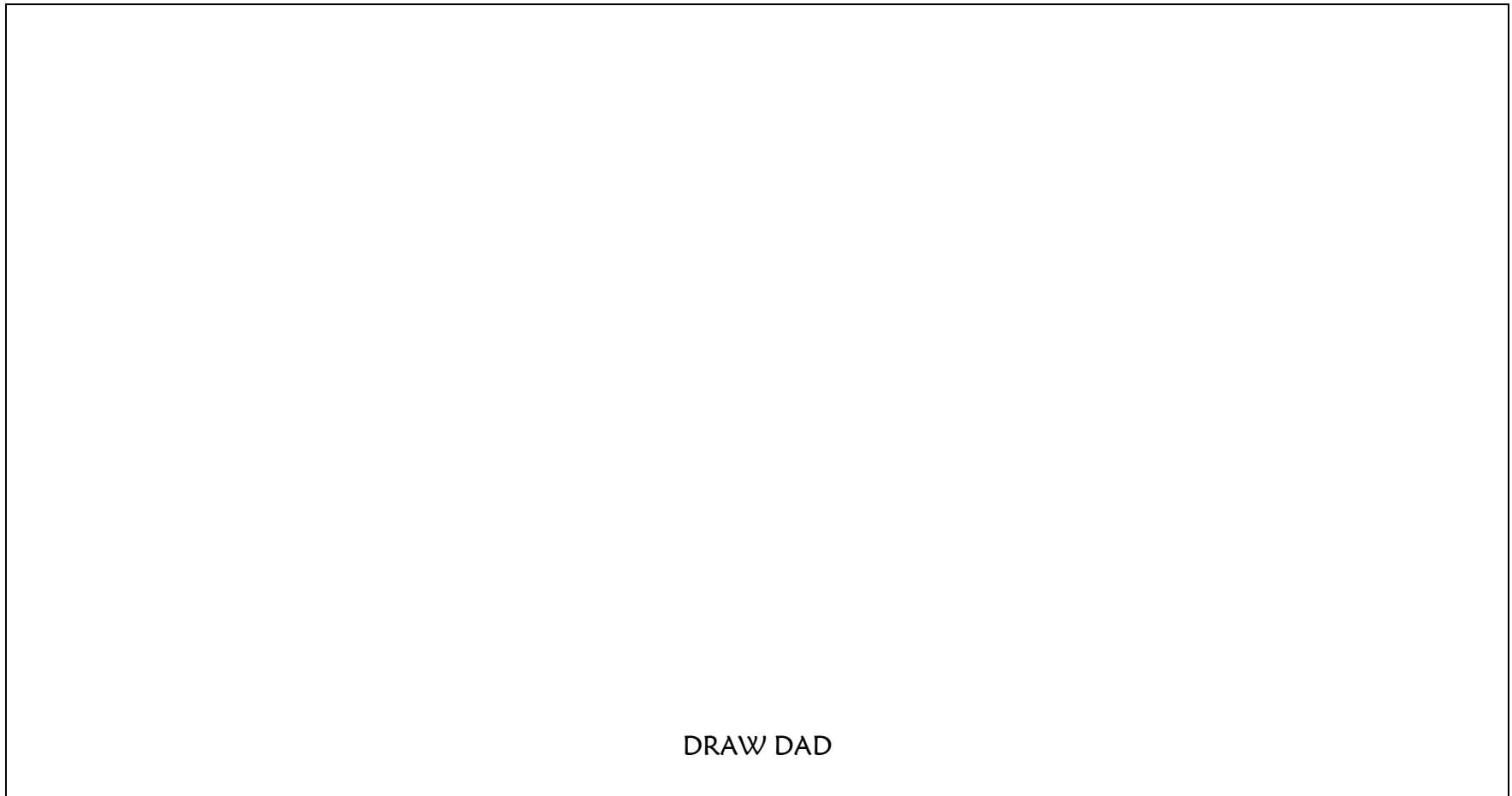
DRAW THE HUMONGOUS BEDBUGGUS EATING THE TOYS

He must be the one who takes all the toys

(the ones that old Croc doesn't take.)

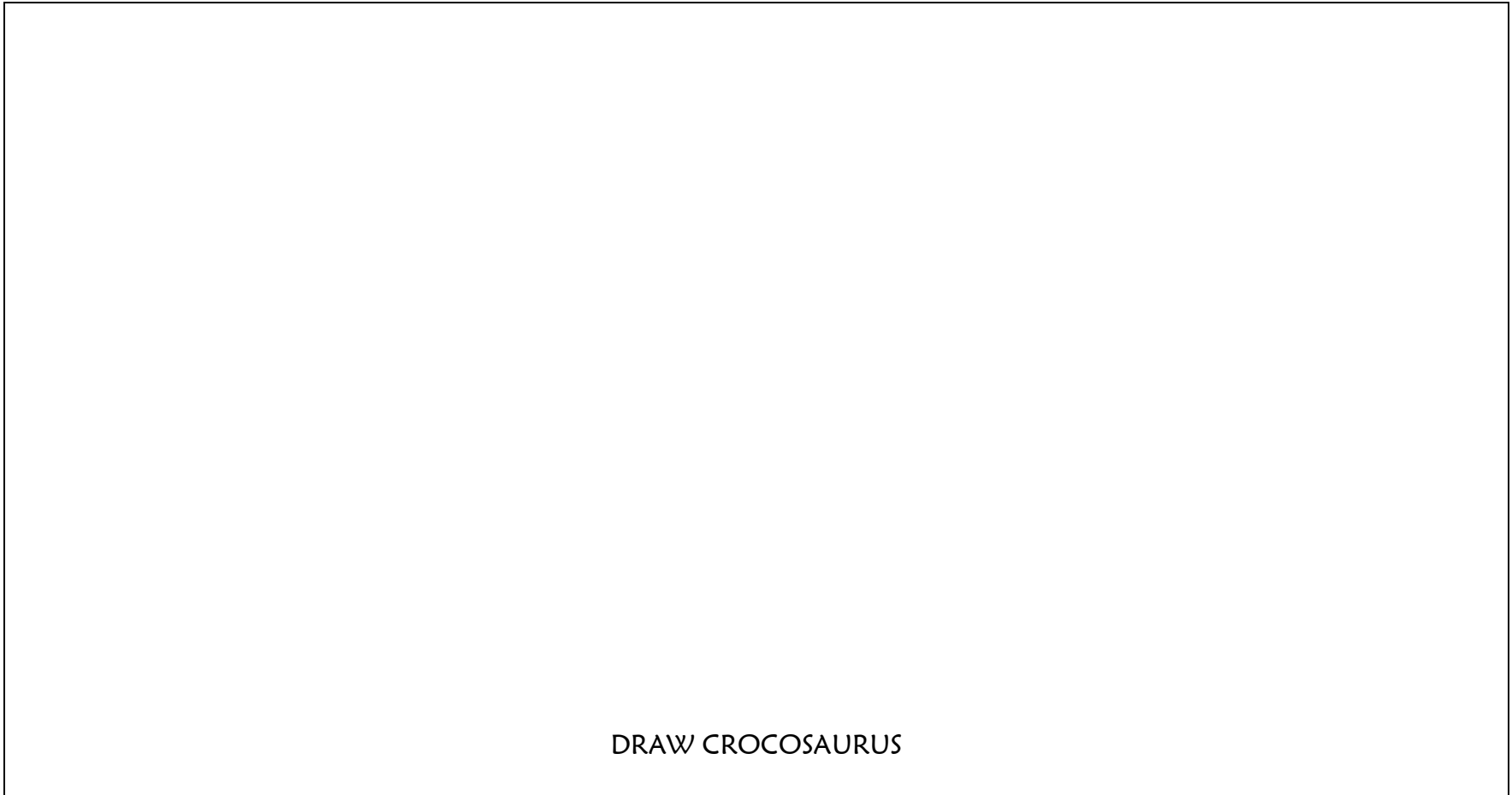
Where else can all of it go?

Dad tells me, “We just can’t afford to replace everything.”



DRAW DAD

So I pick up my socks, double-tuck in my bed.



DRAW CROCOSAURUS

That poor giant beast must've fallen asleep.

And probably got vacuumed away.

At least there's no more crumbs in my bed.

There was a two-headed creature living under the steps:

I called him the Upscares-Downscares.

He swatted my ankles. He tickled my toes.

I'd hurry and jump, go scurry and bump, whenever I'd step on the
stairs.

DRAW THE UPSCARES-DOWNSCARES

He'd bash on the walls going up.
And crash on the steps going down.



DRAW BASHING AND CRASHING

“Please,” Mom would yell, “my tromping inside the house!”

“Not me.” I tiptoed around like a mouse.

There once was a Cellardweller, squeezed down by the dryer.

He was messy and rude and in a bad mood.

DRAW THE CELLARDWELLER

He emptied out boxes, scattered papers about.

He must have been looking for marbles or lost comic books.

DRAW THE MESS IN THE CELLAR

Mom shook her head at the mess.

“Clean it right up, or I’ll throw it away!”

DRAW THE CLEAN CELLAR

That Cellardweller never even left a forwarding address.

That's all of the monsters,

well, all except one.

I just can't seem to get rid of them all.

He's peskily meddlesome, not wanting to leave.

He really must like it around here.

You think you know what he looks like,

but you're probably wrong.

DRAW WHAT YOU THINK THE LAST MONSTER LOOKS LIKE

It's the Hairio-Beario.

Mom and Dad can't see him, yet they wish he'd just vanish.



DRAW THE HAIRIO-BEARIO

But these things are much trickier than that.

After all, who can resist climbing the curtains
and riding their bike on the rug?

DRAW WHATEVER YOU WANT