

The Monster

I woke up in my bed, the wind howling like I'd never heard.

I got up and looked around. I could see the kitchen light on, so I got up and walked in. I found my mom baking bread, and it smelled so good, but it was the middle of the night, 2:40 AM. Why was she baking bread? I asked my mom "Why are you up so late making food?" She looked at me with a weird look on her face. I looked at her blankly.

Then, My Mother, the woman who had raised me, TURNED INTO A BIG, RED, HAIRY MONSTER! It was so, so scary!

I ran away from that thing as fast as I could, my mind racing even faster. I finally made it to my cousin's house, breathless and intensely frightened. I was SAFE, or so I thought. My cousin's house was dark and more foreboding than usual. I went to knock on the door, only to find it slightly cracked already. I took a deep breath and slowly peeked inside.

The only light was coming from under the door to the kitchen, so I tiptoed forward and opened the door just a crack. What I saw will stay with me for the rest of my life. There, sitting around the table, were my cousin, my Aunt, but also; My MOTHER!!

I froze, not just because my mother was still red and hairy, but because so were my Aunt and cousin!!

I started to scream, but no noise would escape my frozen throat.

My Aunt stood up first, and came slowly walking towards me, then my cousin rose up and began to head towards my frail, frozen self, My mind

screaming in terror. Then as my mother began reaching out as she raced towards me, I finally found the strength to scream.

I have never screamed so loud, but by then, they were upon me, all of them holding me in place, my mother with her hand over my mouth. I was terrified, until one of them spoke.

“Please calm down sweetheart”, said my mother. “Yes dear, please don’t make such a fuss, you’ll wake the neighborhood”, said my Aunt. My cousin just said, “Yes Lily, calm yourself.”

My Mother said, “I’m going to take my hand off of your mouth now, can you promise to be quiet?” I nodded. She took her hand away, and while still breathing heavily and shaking like a leaf, got out one word; “What..”, before my mom interrupted. “Just look in the mirror, honey, please,” and she pulled a rolling mirror directly in front of me.

I stopped and stared. I was bigger, hairier, and definitely RED.

“Did you see the moon outside, on your way here?”, said my mom. I nodded. “It was kind of, well, RED.”, I said. “Or red-ish, anyway.”

“This is what happens to our family on nights like this.”, said my aunt.

“Explain later”, said my cousin. “It’s time for some fun.”

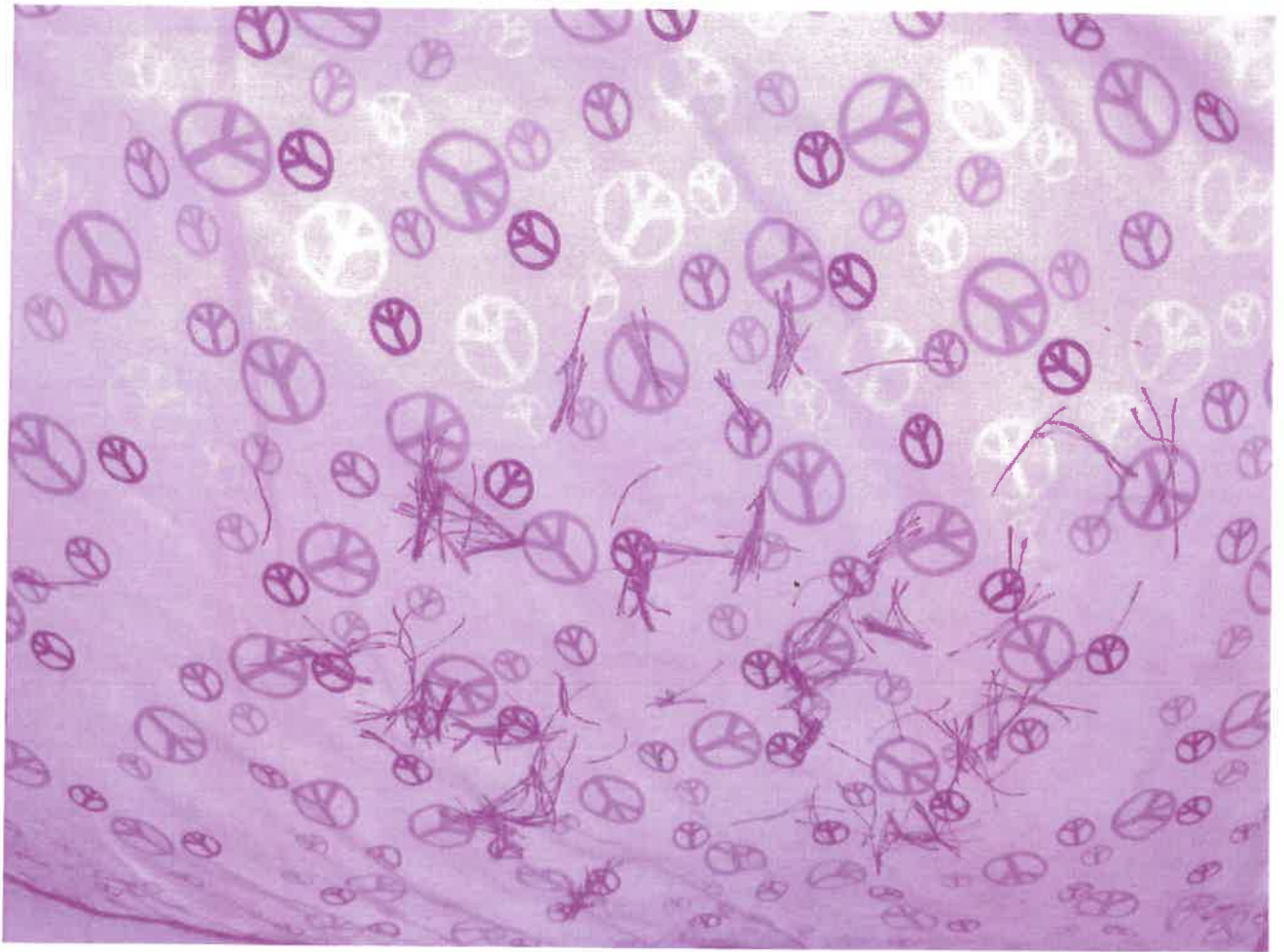
We all bounded out of the house, jumping up and through the trees, howling at the moon, feeling wonderful, until I got tired. I woke up in my bed as if it all never happened...

Maybe it was just a dream.... But... what about these red hairs on my pillow?

Me and My Mom and Dad



Monster Hair on My Pillow



THE MONSTER

