

The Monster Under Your Bed

by Clare Bevan

Don't shout at the monster
Under your bed –

It's terribly lonely,
It's never been fed,
It can't fool around,
And it can't make a noise,
Its friends are the beetles
And old, broken toys.

It sleeps in a tangle
Of tissues and socks,
Its voice is as soft
As the ticking of clocks,
It's not like the monsters
Who lurk in your dreams,
It's frightened of footsteps,
And slippers, and screams.
It's tiny and timid,
It's green, pink and blue,
It's under your bed, and ...

It's hiding from YOU!

Note to teachers: see teaching notes for this poem.

Note to parents or carers: your child's teacher has been reading this poem aloud to your child's class so that they grow up with a love of poetry. You can help by reading this poem aloud to your child.

Do not ask your child to read the poem to you as it is above their reading level.