

Hannah Harmison
hannahharmison.com
hharmiso@gmu.edu
703 850 4278

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Monsters vs. Mom-sters

by
Hannah Harmison

When you're five, you know lots of stuff.

I'm five, and I know counting and the alphabet. I can write my name, R-Y-A-N, Ryan. I can make my own cereal in the morning and I hardly ever spill the milk. I know how to dress myself and I am very good at it.

But there are some things I don't know.

First, I don't know where it is, but there is a monster SOMEWHERE in my room. It could be under the bed. It could be in the closet. It could be outside my window tap, tap, tapping on the glass.

Second, I don't know what it looks like. It could be big with purple fur and pointy teeth. It could be small and scaly and fire breathing! It could have 3 heads or 9 heads! 4 legs or 8 legs! It could be a bad person in a monster suit or monster in a bad person suit!

How can I fight a monster when I don't know what kind of monster it is?

I am very brave. Every night I sit in my bed and wait for the monster. I have a flashlight and an army of bears: teddy bears, apex predators.

Creeeaaaakkkkkk

RattleRattleRattleRattleRattle

Grrrrrrrrrrrr

ClickPop-ClickPop-ClickPop

SPLAT splat SPLAT slapt SPLAT splat SPLAT

Bzzzzzzzzzzzzt!

But even the bravest monster hunters need backup! I leap out of bed and dash out the door and dive, dive, dive—!

Into Moms' bed. My moms are the best monster hunters there ever were! They're MOM-ster hunters! I can always ask my moms for monster hunting help. Even when it's really late at night, my moms pop out of bed like popcorn to make the monsters go away.

They've seen lots of monsters! Nothing scares them!

My Mommy is really tall and really strong. She can fight the monsters with a sword from my toy bin. She swings the sword with a swoosh and a swish and a shwing until the monsters are all gone. She can scoop them up and toss them into the dumpster outside, easy peasy!

My Mama is not as tall, but she's big and soft. She can fight the monsters with the pillow from my bed. She swings the pillow with a whack and a smack and a thwack until the monsters land on their butts. Then she puts her hands on her hips and says, "Excuse me, Mister, what do you think you're doing?" until the monsters feel bad, so they stop lurking and leave my house.

Sometimes, when the monsters are particularly pesky, my moms will get out the monster spray. To us humans, monster spray smells like water. But to monsters, it smells like candy, sunshine, cartoons, and all the good things monsters hate! Spray, spray, spray, and all the monsters run away!

Maybe they'll do what moms do best and give all the monsters big hugs that are so warm and soft the monsters will miss their own monster mamas and run back home.

I bring my moms back to my room. We stop outside the door. I have my bear, Mommy has the sword, and Mama has a pillow at the ready.

My moms march into my room, ready for battle. I guard the door while my moms fight the monsters.

Hiya!

Swoosh!

Whack!

Spray!

“Excuse me, Mister!”

Mommy opens the door and holds the sword up high.

“No more monsters!” She says.

“What did they look like?” I ask as I climb back into my bed.

“Oh, one was big with green and orange fur,” says Mama, “but don’t worry, no teeth!”

“One was small with pink scales,” says Mommy, “but don’t worry, no fire breath!”

They tuck me in and say goodnight and kiss me on my noggin (that’s what Mama calls my head). They close the door behind them, then it’s just me and my bear army again. One day I’ll know what the monsters look like, then I can fight them myself. But right now, I’m the best door guard we have!

My moms are the best monster hunters ever. There are no monsters too big or too scary for MY moms. Now I can go to sleep because there are no monsters anywhere in my room, I know that for sure.

But I’ll keep my flashlight under my pillow, just in case.