



1st Place - Category: Age 7-9

“No More Fear” - Luna, age 8

Every child knows there is a monster under their bed. Despite what their parents say, they know it. Ollie was no different. Often, he'd stay awake at night, sweaty palms, racing heart, hoping that the monster wouldn't come out from under the bed. But then came the day that changed everything.

One night, there was horrible thunder and lightning. Ollie lay on his bed, chattering his teeth and hugging his legs to his chest. Suddenly, a crack of thunder burst through the air, which was the last straw for Ollie. If there was one thing he was scared of more than monsters, it was thunder and lightning. He was petrified. He couldn't move his body except for his eyes, which were frantically darting around. He was too scared to even scream for his parents. His football poster of Lionel Messi grinned at him with a disturbing look, his dartboard looked like a menacing face and the tree outside his room tapped on the window, making it seem like someone was trying to get in. His blood was freezing. Ollie slowly reached out his hand to find a book. At least books didn't seem creepy.

“Oh, if only someone could read me a story,” Ollie whimpered, feeling all alone. But something heard him. Something felt sorry for him. That something came out from under the bed.

“Eeeek!” Ollie screeched. Now the two things that he feared the most had both come.

One part of the monster enjoyed seeing Ollie scared. It was supposed to frighten children, that's what it did most of the time. But another part thought that it shouldn't scare this frightened child and felt sorry for him. The monster was discombobulated. But soon, it made up its mind.

“Please don't be alarmed,” the monster said in the most calming voice it could do. “I just want to read you a story.” The monster pointed to the book, “Could I?”



Ollie knew it was his only option, and since the monster had started to talk, he felt a bit more relaxed. So, he allowed it.

“Okay, as long as you don’t eat me,” Ollie said cautiously.

The monster chuckled. “You really think I would eat you? That’s so out of fashion these days!”

“Okay then,” Ollie agreed. “Pinky promise?”

“Pinky promise”, the monster answered. The monster’s little finger was much bigger than Ollie’s, so Ollie had to use his hand.

The monster started to read, and Ollie soon forgot about thunder and lightning. When Ollie finally said goodnight, the monster couldn’t sleep. It felt too happy. So did Ollie. The next day, Ollie told his friends about the magical experience. Now they felt the courage to talk to their own monsters. Soon, children all over the city talked to their monsters, then the whole country, then the continent. Finally, everywhere in the world children talked to their monsters and monsters read them bedtime stories. No child was ever scared of monsters under the bed again.