

Jane took it out to her mom, dragging it along the floor down the hallway, somewhat disappointed with her gift.

“What’s wrong, Jane?” her mom asked.

“Look what I got, mom: a stupid sword. What am I going to do with a sword?”

“Well, didn’t you say once you thought there was a monster scratching at your window at night? Maybe you’ll be able to fight it off,” her mom said trying to encourage her to be a brave 7-year-old.

“I guess so.”

Later that night, Jane’s parents tucked her into bed with her pink, valiant sword next to her. Little did she know her parents had given her the gift in hopes it would help her sleep at night. Little did they know, Jane would have an unexpected visitor.

Jane lay quietly in her bed trying to ignore the rustling but she just couldn’t. She was hesitant to grab her sword because she thought it was somewhat silly but she snatched it up and opened the window.

“Roar!” screamed the monster.

“Ah!” yelled Jane as she thrust her sword at the horny, fat little monster.

Jane was almost relieved she wasn’t telling lies. This fat little monster had a belly like her grandpa, horns like a bull, a snout like a moose, and a tail like a cat. His arms were long like a monkey and he had fingers just like hers.

“Why do you keep scaring me at night!”

“Well, I was cold and this is the shortest way to the forest where I live. I thought you would maybe open the window and let me in.”

Jane felt bad for him but he was scary looking with his black fur and beige stomach. Then she remembered Billy. Billy, from school, always teased her about the rustling at her window. He was her across-the-street neighbor and they never said hi except for maybe sticking their tongues out at each other.

“I won’t but my friend, Billy, across the street will. Tell him Jane The Monster Warrior sent you over.”

And off the monster went, waddling across the street to Billy’s house.