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Opening extract from

The Monster Sale

Written by

Brian Moses

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For pupils and teachers in the Guernsey schools that have made me so welcome on many occasions.

JANETTA OTTER-BARRY BOOKS

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The MONSTER Sale



Poems by

BRIAN MOSES

FRANCES LINCOLN
CHILDREN'S BOOKS

The Monster Sale

(Sign in a department store window: ‘Monster Sale’)

Monsters that wait behind your door,
monsters that slither across the floor.

Monsters that moan and groan and wail,
buy your monsters at the Monster Sale.

Monsters that bite and leave a mark,
monsters that shine and glow in the dark.

Monsters that look like you and me,
buy one monster get one free.

A box of monsters to put under beds,
a sack of monsters with two or three heads.

Monsters with chipped and blackened teeth,
monsters with baby monsters beneath.

Out-of-date monsters from the bargain bin,
monsters that fit inside a tin.

Monsters that tap on your window at night,
monsters that whisper, ‘You’re in for a fright.’

Monsters that hide in your teacher’s drawer,
such silly offers you can’t ignore.

But our monsters need feeding to help them grow,
so step this way to our basement below.

Such knock-down prices you just won’t believe.
Pity you’ll never be able to leave. . .

Alive!



A Good Scary Poem Needs...

A haunted house,

a pattering mouse.

A spooky feeling,

a spider-webbed ceiling.

A squeaking door,

a creaking floor.

A swooping bat,

the eyes of a cat.

A dreadful dream,

a distant scream.

A ghost that goes **BOO**

and You!



Spooked

When your house feels strange
and you can't say why,
when you wake at night
to the echo of a cry.

When the floorboards creak
to the faintest footfall
and the temperature drops
for no reason at all.

When the rocking chair rocks
but no one's there,
when someone has triggered
your squeaky stair.

When the curtains move
and there isn't a breeze,
when the house is empty
but you hear a sneeze.

You've been spooked
by a **spook.**

Now you're host
to a **ghost!!!**



Night School

If you should visit
your school at night,
it wouldn't seem
such a friendly sight.

Open the door
and step inside.
There are so many places
where something could hide.

Then as you tiptoe
from room to room,
eyes will be peering
out from the gloom.

The hall looks empty
but look once more,
there seems to be something
behind the door.

The toilets may flush
when no one's there,
a globe spins round
in the empty air.

Footsteps may sound
as they climb the stairs.
In the silent classroom,
the scraping of chairs.

Then as you exit
you'll get a fright
when voices close by
whisper…

Good night,
sleep tight,
and don't let
the bed bugs bite….

Awake

I know I'm the only one awake in this house.
I might be the only one awake down our street.
I could be the only one awake in this town.

No! That's not right –
there'd be
policemen policing,
nurses nursing,
night watchmen watching the night.

There'd be others too, asleep,
but dreaming.
A teacher dreaming hopefully,
A bank manager dreaming fitfully,
A shop-keeper dreaming nervously,
An acrobat dreaming spinningly.

But I can't sleep and I probably won't
so I'm tuning into the stillness,
I'm floating along on a cushion of dark.
And I know...

I know I'm the only one awake in my house,
I know why too!
In five hours and 23 minutes
I can open my birthday presents.



Big Ted, Enid Blyton & Me

Big Ted, Enid Blyton and me,
we were climbing the Faraway Tree,
exploring enchanted forests
and running back home for our tea.

We'd play with the Famous Five
and be their invisible chums.
Big Ted, Enid Blyton and me
had adventures that frightened our mums.

We'd be out there chasing smugglers,
catching robbers up to no good.
Spies always got what was coming,
plans always worked out as they should.

Her books were great adventure,
happy days and laughter,
stories that we knew would end
happily ever after.

