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THERE’S AN ALLIGATOR UNDER MY BED

Adapted from the original text, There’s an Alligator Under My Bed by Mercer Mayer, Macmillian Publishers
There used to be an alligator under my bed.
When it was time to go to sleep, I had to be very careful.
because I knew he was there.
But whenever I looked, he hid... or something.
So I'd call Mom and Dad.
But they never saw it.
It was up to me. I just had to do something about that alligator.
So I went to the kitchen to get some alligator bait.
I filled a paper bag full of things alligators.

like to eat.
I put a peanut butter sandwich, some fruit, and the last piece of pie in the garage.
I put cookies down the hall.
I left fresh vegetables on the stairs.
I put a soda and some candy next to my bed. Then I watched and waited.
Sure enough, out he came to get something to eat.
Then I hid in the hall closet.
I followed him down the stairs.
I followed him down the hall.
When he crawled into the garage,
I slammed the door and locked it.
Then I went to bed. There wasn't even any mess to clean up.
Now that there is an alligator in the garage, I wonder if my dad will have any trouble getting in his car tomorrow morning.
Dear Dad,

There is an alligator in the garage. If you need help, wake me up.

Warning: Be careful.

I’ll just leave him a note.