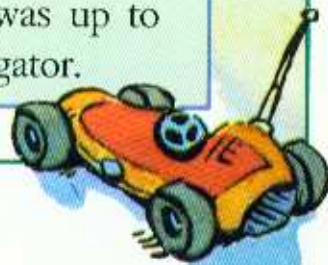


There's an Alligator Under My Bed

*Written and illustrated
by Mercer Mayer*



There used to be an alligator under my bed. When it was time to go to sleep, I had to be very careful 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. I'll just leave him a note.