

Monster Story

Chomper was very nervous to start his new school year. Last year he had almost gotten expelled for eating his desk. He couldn't help it! The desk was just so tasty, and he was just soooooooooooooo hungry!!!!Can you believe that school only had **ONE** lunch?!?!?!?A healthy monster eats at least 7 meals a day! Anyway Chomper got all his stuff ready to go and put it in his backpack. He packed his (SINGULAR!!) lunch in his bag and yelled goodbye to his parents before going outside. He hoped, this year, he would make a friend.

Chomper got to school just as the bell rang and hurried to his first class, Science. "Hello class." Creaked Mr. Brickman, a man made entirely of bricks whose voice made everything from kittens to roller coasters sound boring. Chomper zoned out entirely in Mr. Brickman's class and barley managed to get all the notes down. When he looked down at them he couldn't believe it!!!!Mr. Brickman had assigned so much homework he'd be lucky if he got to anything else! He dismally hoped the rest of the day would be more fun as he trudged down the hall to his next class.

Chomper managed to get through the rest of the periods till lunch without eating anything (or getting any more homework) and by the time he got lunch he was starving. He approached an almost empty table and tried to sit down but the monsters sitting at the table wouldn't let him. "No way!" squeaked a slimy goblin. "Yeah!" said a werewolf. "You'll eat us!". Feeling very sad, Chomper retreated to an "empty" table and almost sat on a ghost "Go away, you're not wanted here!" the ghost shrieked. Appetite almost lost (but not quite) he went to go eat in the library.

Ok. Now I'm going to pause a minute. I'm the narrator in case you didn't guess. And I'm guessing you want to know more about Chomper and are

wondering why his life is so very dismal. Well, here I go. Chomper is a furry green box-shaped monster. His parents were professional city eaters, but they wanted Chomper to have a better life, so they settled down in a small town and sent him school. Unfortunately, Chomper was born with his parent's unnatural talent for eating things, and ate a desk at school. This shaped the future for him and made sure he would never make any friends. Or so he thought.

Chomper slowly walked into the library, already eating his sandwich. He headed for the nearest of the huge wooden tables and started to sit down, only to be stopped by a shriek. "Agggggggghhhh!!!!" You almost sat on me!" a voice said disbelievingly. Chomper looked very close at the chair, and could just barely make out the shape of a boy. "Sorry. Wouldn't be the first time that's happened today, though." Chomper said. The voice laughed. "Well, that's actually mostly my fault that you almost sat on me." He said. And then all of a sudden he appeared much more vividly, like someone had turned down his invisibility, so now he was just transparent.

The boy looked rather sheepish. "Sorry, ummm I was kinnnnda trying to skip class? I was thinking that no one would notice me, and it was working!" and then he snorted. "Until you almost sat on me." "Yeah, sorry about that." Chomper replied. "By the way, how did you become invisible like that? I've never seen a ghost do that before." Chomper queried. "Oh, I'm not a ghost," said the boy "I'm an invisible boy." "Cool!" Exclaimed Chomper "I'm Chomper" "I'm Larry" he said. After a few more exchanges the 2 monsters decided to meet at the library every lunch. Chomper was elated! He'd finally made a friend! It seemed like nothing could go wrong.

Chomper walked through the halls, confident that the rest of the day would be fine. Then a ghoul slammed into him at top speed. Chomper yelped as he plummeted to the ground. When he looked up, it was to see the ghoul who had run into him leering at him. "Watch were you're

going dumbbell!" His friends laughed meanly. Uh-oh Chomper thought, feeling completely humiliated and equally sad. Just when he'd thought things were going to get better, they got worse. "Ummmm I-i-I uhhhh...." Chomper stuttered "What makes **you** think you can talk to **me**?!" "Huh?" The ghoul sneered "I oughta teach you a lesson for being in my way like that." He said threateningly, and advanced on Chomper. Chomper scrambled backwards. "I oughta-" But the ghoul never got to tell Chomper what he ought to do. Because at that moment a voice said, "Leave him alone!"

A werewolf stood behind Chomper, which was the source of the voice. "Don't hurt him you bully." The werewolf girl had white fur and alarming violet eyes. At the moment her hackles were raised, as was her fur. "Like you can stop me, Lisa." The ghoul snarled "Actually, Pansy, I can." Chomper couldn't help himself, he snorted. It was just too funny; the vicious Ghoul's name was Pansy! "Something funny pipsqueak?" Pansy said menacingly "I-I-i-i-i....." "Is there a problem here?" said the principle; the legendary teacher monster. "No sir." Beamed Lisa "This monster here just fell and me and Pansy were helping him up." "Yep." Pansy said quickly. "Very well." Said the principle, and stormed away, muttering about monsters never letting him put them in detention. As Pansy walked by him though, he heard him whisper; "This isn't over freak."

"Sorry about him, Lisa apologized as she scooped up his text-books and handed them to him. "Oh, but it's not *your* fault he's such a rotten cantaloupe." Chomper pointed out. Lisa snickered. "That's a hilarious but sadly true comparison" she joked. "And his head kind of looks like a rotten cantaloupe too, don't you think?" Chomper and Lisa cracked up. Then the late bell rang. "Uh-Oh!" Lisa exclaimed. "We'd better get to

class." "What do you have next?" Chomper asked her as they sped down the hallways to class. "Math!" She groaned. "Me too." He said "But it's not as bad as science with Mr. Brickman!" "True." She agreed. "Wanna sit with me at lunch?" Chomper asked. "Sure. Where do you sit?" she questioned. "In the library." He confessed, turning red "But I sit with my friend Larry" He said quickly. " I know Larry" She said, pretending not to notice his red face. " He's cool." "See you then!" He said, exited. Then he walked into math class

Despite Pansy's threat, Chomper found it hard to take anything but joy out of the day. He was handed back a test that he had gotten an A on in Social Studies. He won a cool eraser shaped like a cat in Math. He found a new (thrilling) series about dragons in Reading, and in Art painted a wonderful self-portrait. When he got home he realized he didn't have any homework and read the new book he'd gotten for the whole afternoon. Then, after that he had pasta for dinner; his favorite! Before he went to bed he realized he was actually grateful that Pansy (still a ridiculous name) had picked a fight with him, because if he hadn't, Chomper would never have made another friend. Chomper fell asleep happily, having completely forgotten about Pansy's threat.

The next day Chomper awoke refreshed and packed a lunch, along with his school books, in his bag. Then he walked the short distance to the large brick building that was his school. He looked at the cool blue slide and wondered why he hadn't played on it at recess. Oh yeah, because he had been in the library at lunch. Suddenly a strange feeling of sadness settled over him. He had no idea why he felt this way, but as the rest of the monsters screamed and played, getting out their last urges to run and yell in the minutes before school started, Chomper decided that today would not be a fun day. He guessed that because yesterday had been so amazing, today would be dull and lifeless. But he was wrong. Today would be much worse than dull and lifeless.

As Chomper trudged up the stairs to his locker to put away some of his stuff before his first class he noticed that some of the other monsters were giving him strange looks, and when he got to his locker he realized why; written on it in spray paint was the word **freak** in huge red letters. Chomper struggled to breathe as he read what had been scrawled in black marker under the huge word; **This monster is an idiot who probably can't even read this. I'm warning you for your sake, stay away from him.** Chomper fought back tears. Pansy had warned him that he would strike again, and he had. It didn't matter that none of this was true, it didn't matter that Pansy had spelled read wrong, and it didn't matter that the school janitor would wash this away in 5 seconds. What mattered was that everyone was standing there laughing at him and he could barely breathe. He felt like the world was closing in on him. Without a second thought he ran for the bathroom.

Chomper cried for about 5 minutes. Then he realized that no matter how much he cried he would still be just as miserable, but he would miss class. And he would have a headache. He rinsed his face off with water and glanced at the clock on the green tiled wall; it was 8:40, if he hurried he could make it to class. Chomper walked down the empty grey halls, and heard the bleak tip-tap of his feet on the hard tile flooring. When he got to class he did his best to focus, but couldn't help but detect the whispers floating around the classroom. At first he thought it was just from the locker thing, but as it continued on to lunch and he was given increasingly disgusted stares, he realized it was something more.

Chomper arrived at the silent library to see Lisa and Larry sitting at the library table. As he approached the library, he quickly stopped. And then Lisa turned and took a breath. "What is it?" He asked. "Chomper, we were wondering if.....that is.....-" "Is it true?!" Larry interjected. "Is what true?" Chomper asked, distressed. "After you ran to the bathroom, me and Larry were going to follow you," She said, "But

then we hear Pansy say your name, and we figured we'd better check out what he was saying." "And what was he saying?" Chomper asked.

Lisa opened her mouth to answer and then Larry blurted, "He said you got kicked out of your old school for eating someone, like your parents did, and he showed us this whole file about your parents, and how they destroyed cities, and how they were in jail for 5 year before they had you." "WHAT!!" Chomper screamed. "We didn't believe him, but we had to ask just in case! Please understand!" Lisa yelled. With a shock her realized that she and Larry looked afraid of him. Suddenly he didn't feel angry anymore, just sick. "No," he muttered, "It's fine." Then he stumbled into the hallway, and to the nurse's office.

Chomper was sent home immediately after the nurse took one look at him. He spent the rest of the day laying in his room, thinking about himself. He couldn't believe that everybody thought he had eaten someone, and what Pansy had said was ridiculous, this was the first real school he had ever been to, he had been homeschooled before that. Maybe he could just ask his parents he wanted to homeschooled again. Only one problem with that, he would have to get out of bed. Chomper groaned and rolled over. He was going to have to at least finish this year anyway. His parents wouldn't let him. Chomper just decided to sleep. He didn't wake up until the next morning.

In the morning, Chomper quickly packed and got to school early, much earlier than the rest of the kids, though he was still allowed to be there. He quickly stowed his stuff in his locker and almost didn't notice the little note that floated out: "meet us in the library at 3:10. Please come! We're so sorry!!! Lisa and Larry". He stuffed the note in his pocket and headed down the hall to the library. Suddenly the tap of his shoes on the floor didn't sound as dismal, but more prominent, and the walls seemed more like a washed out white than a dismal gray. Perhaps things were going to get better after all.

"WE ARE SO SORRY CHOMPER!! PLEASE FORGIVE US!!!" Lisa and Larry shouted. Chomper grinned from ear to ear, his heart soaring on the inside. "Shhhhhhhhh!" scolded the librarian, giving them a peeved look. Lisa and Larry ignore her. "It's fine, guys," Chomper said. "I wasn't mad at you. I was just sad and nauseous because I couldn't believe that Pansy was spreading such awful, untrue rumors about me" "So you're not mad at us? You're fine now?" Larry asked tentatively Chomper nodded. "good, cause imagine the look on Pansy's face when he sees you're here being strong and not crying your eyes out at

home!” Lisa joked. All of them cracked up and didn’t stop laughing until the bell rang. Then all of them exchanged knowing glances, grabbed their bags, and headed for the door; They were ready to face the school, and Pansy, too. And for the first time in forever, Chomper finally felt like he had made some real friends.

- Two months later, Chomper’s POV*

I plopped my lunch tray down at my table in the cafeteria and said a hello to my friends, Lisa, Larry and Coraline (who we call Cora - she is actually a doll with button eyes, so she’s blind, but she has like sixth sense). “Hey Chomper!” my friends replied. It’s been about two months since Pansy stopped being a jerk to me. He doesn’t bully me and Larry and Lisa anymore, but he still gives us dirty looks every time he sees us. Cora joined our school a month ago and we welcomed her into our group. She’s really funny and, if it wasn’t for the fact that she has button eyes, you wouldn’t even guess that she’s blind. We sit in the cafeteria now instead of the library but that’s because we got kicked out of the library for being too loud, not because we wanted to. Besides that, nothing much has changed. Mr. Brickman is still boring. Pansy’s head still looks like a rotten cantaloupe. And the Principal still likes to give out detentions. Maybe sometimes it’s a little boring. But it’s peaceful, and personally, I like it that way!