

**A
MONSTER**

ate

**my
Mum**

Story by Jen Faulkner
Illustrated by Helen Braid

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For Molly, Alfie and Eddie,
who through their unconditional love,
helped bring their Mum back from the monsters.

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A young boy wandered far and wide.
No one walking by his side.

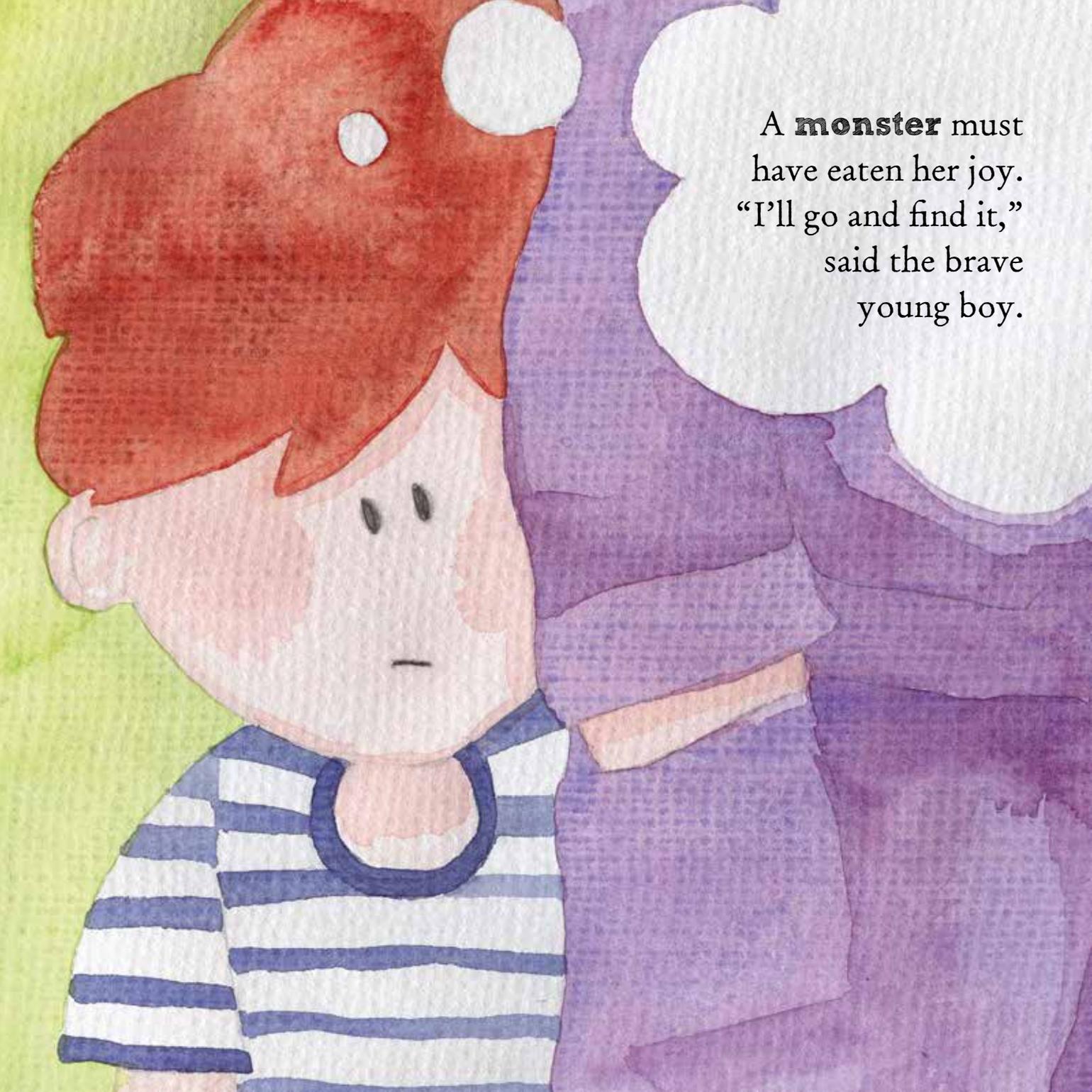
His mum seemed lost,
not the mum he knew.
Would someone know
just what to do?



She'd not been like herself at all.
Crying lots and feeling small.
Not wanting to go out, get dressed.
Feeling trapped and like a mess.



A **monster** must have gobbled her up.
Made her sad and feel unloved.

A watercolor illustration of a young boy with large, wavy red hair and a sad expression. He is wearing a blue and white striped t-shirt. To his right is a purple, textured figure that resembles a monster or a large, stylized creature. A white, cloud-like shape is positioned above the purple figure, containing text.

A **monster** must
have eaten her joy.
“I’ll go and find it,”
said the brave
young boy.

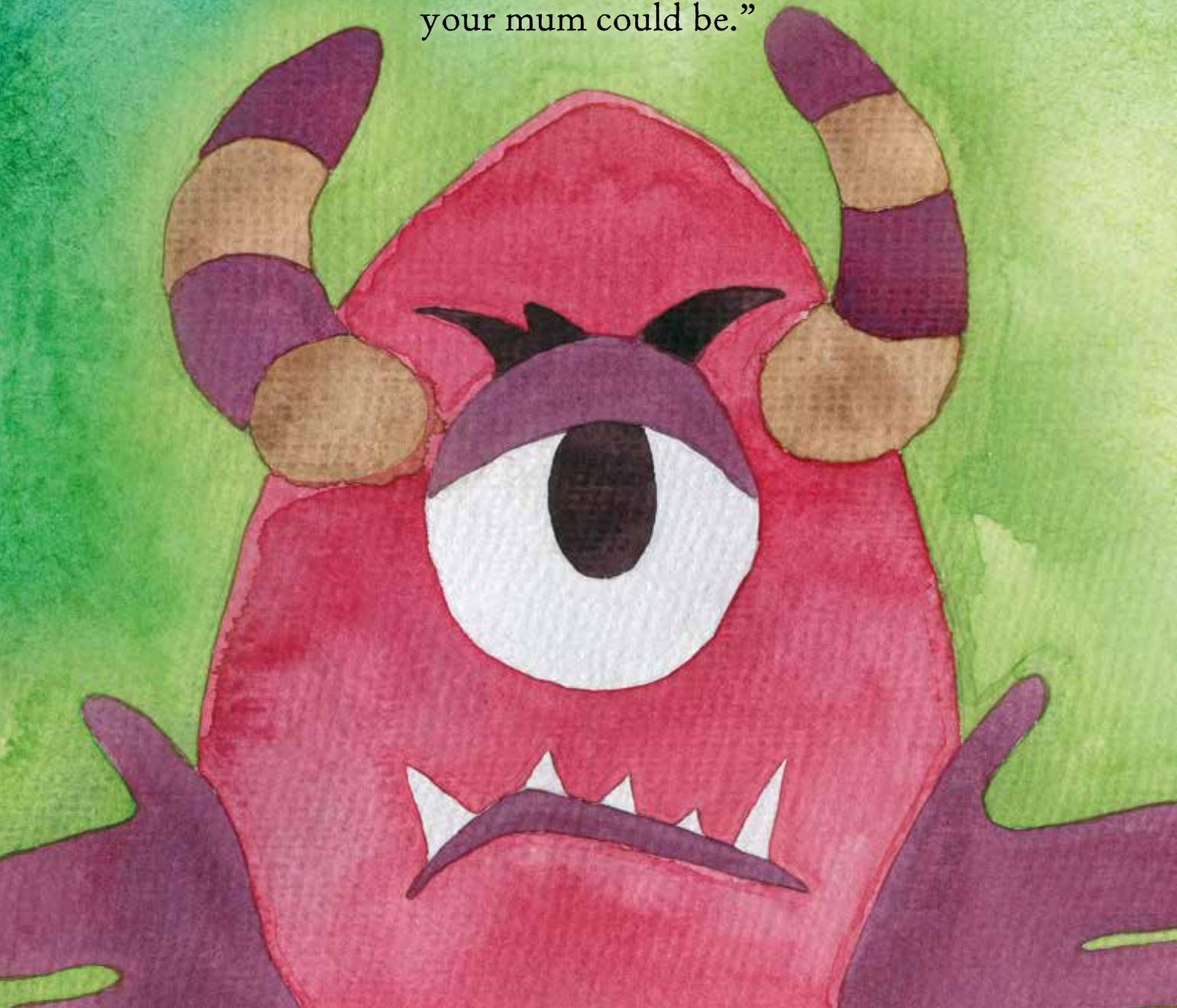


He found a **monster** big and tall.
A grumpy **monster** with no friends at all.
A **monster** that ate smiles and joy.
‘Did he eat my mum?’ thought the brave young boy.

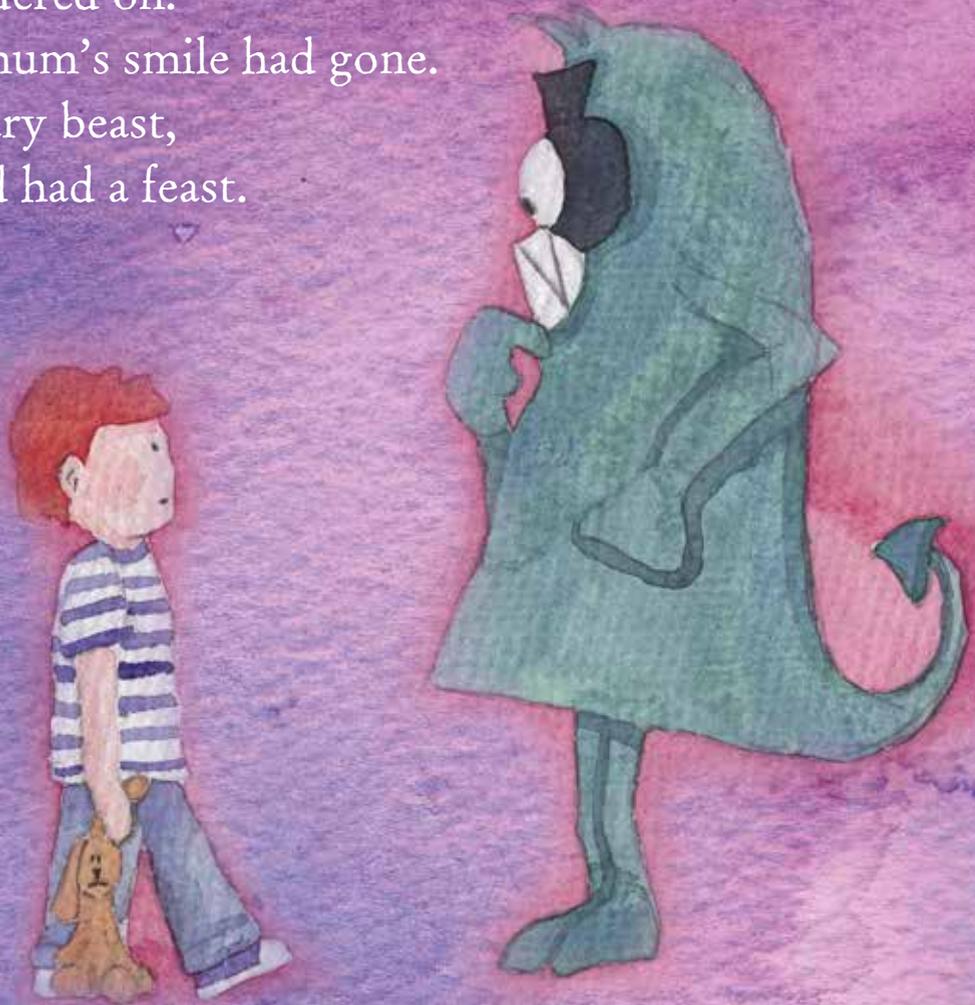
“Excuse me, but have
you eaten my mum?
I want her back I want some fun.
I want to see her smile, my mum.
Is she in your big, round tum?”



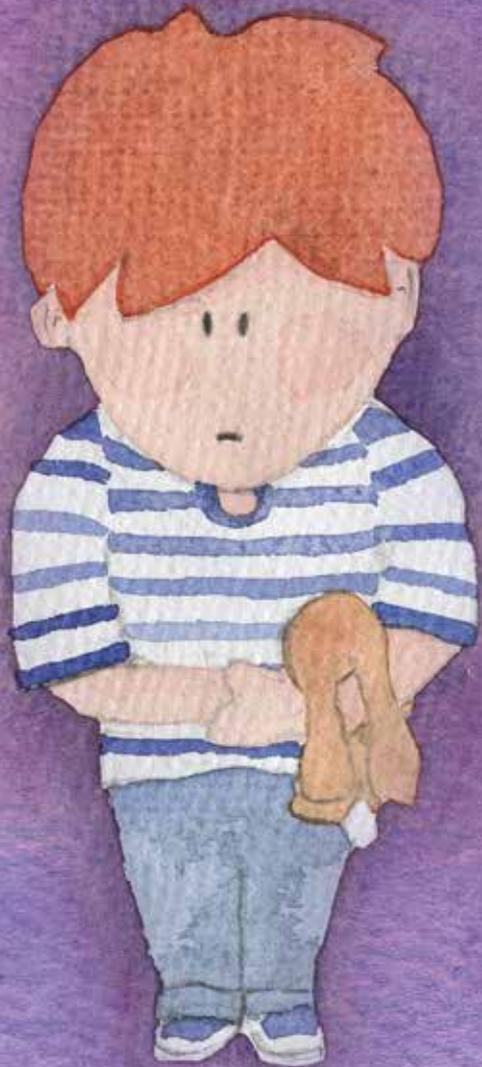
“No she’s not here I just ate her smile. I’ll give it back after a while.
I’m sorry, I was hungry you see. I don’t know where
your mum could be.”



So the little boy wandered on.
Knowing where his mum's smile had gone.
He found another scary beast,
And wondered if he'd had a feast.



“Excuse me, but have you eaten my mum?
I want her back I want some fun.
I want to see her smile my mum.
Is she in your big, round tum?”



“No I just ate something
that made her cry.
She won't know how,
she won't know why.
I'm sorry, I was
hungry you see.
I don't know where
your mum could be.”



He wondered on and soon he knew.
That it wasn't his fault, nothing he could do.
The **monsters** had eaten what made her happy.
It wasn't him who made her snappy.



He carried on walking along the path.
Wondering who had eaten her laugh.
He saw a **monster** asleep on his tum.
Was he the one who had eaten his mum?



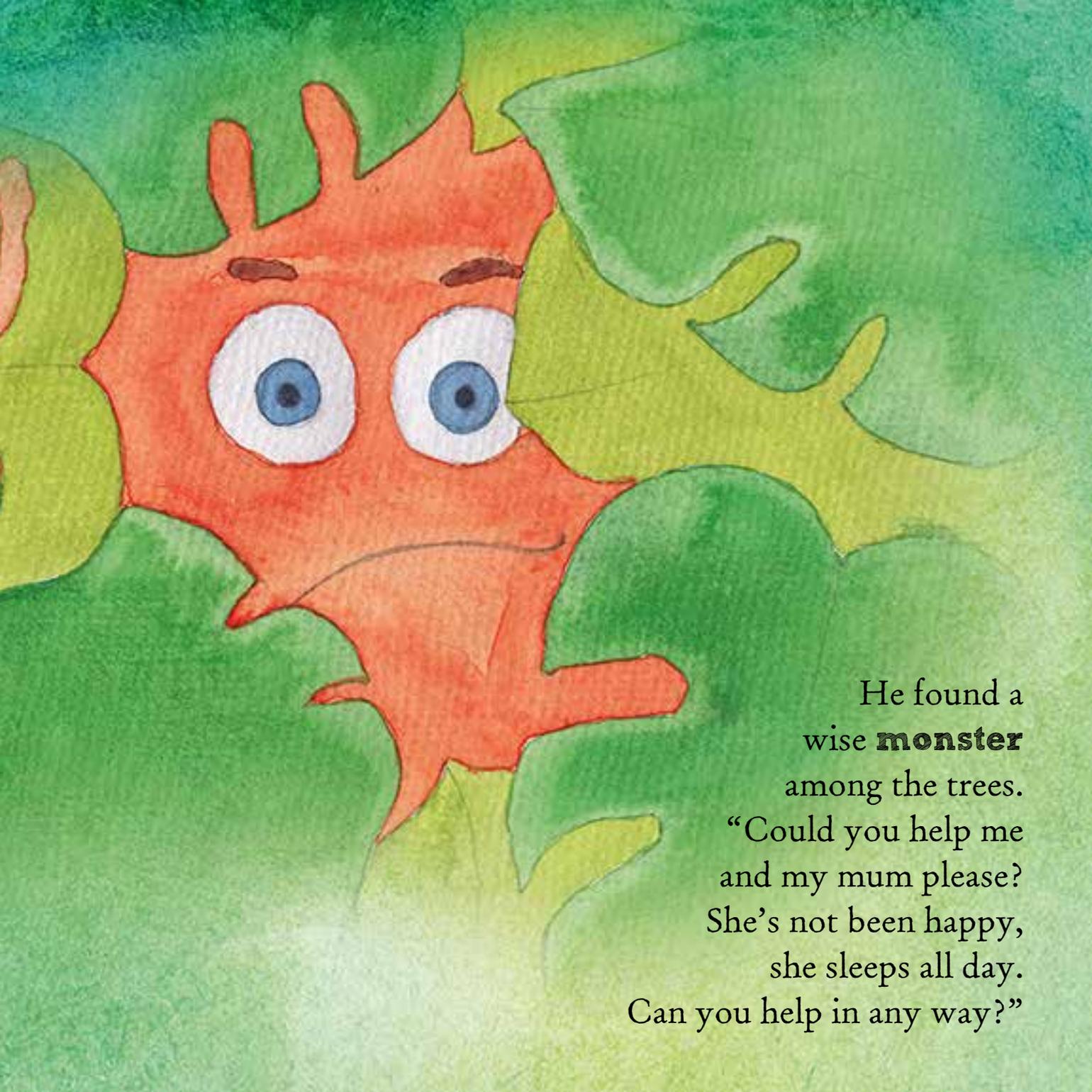


“Excuse me, but have you eaten my mum?
I want her back I want some fun.
I want to see her smile, my mum.
Is she in your big round tum?”

“No I just ate something that took her spark.
She can have it back, not feel in the dark.
I’m sorry, I was hungry you see.
I don’t know where your mum could be.”

All of these **monsters** had had their fill.
They had each been what had made his mum ill.
He wanted a cure to make her well.
He wanted to help her out of this spell.





He found a
wise **monster**
among the trees.
“Could you help me
and my mum please?
She’s not been happy,
she sleeps all day.
Can you help in any way?”

The **monster** turned
and said to the boy,
“Those **monsters** will return her joy.
The **monsters** will return your mum.
She will be back you will have fun.”

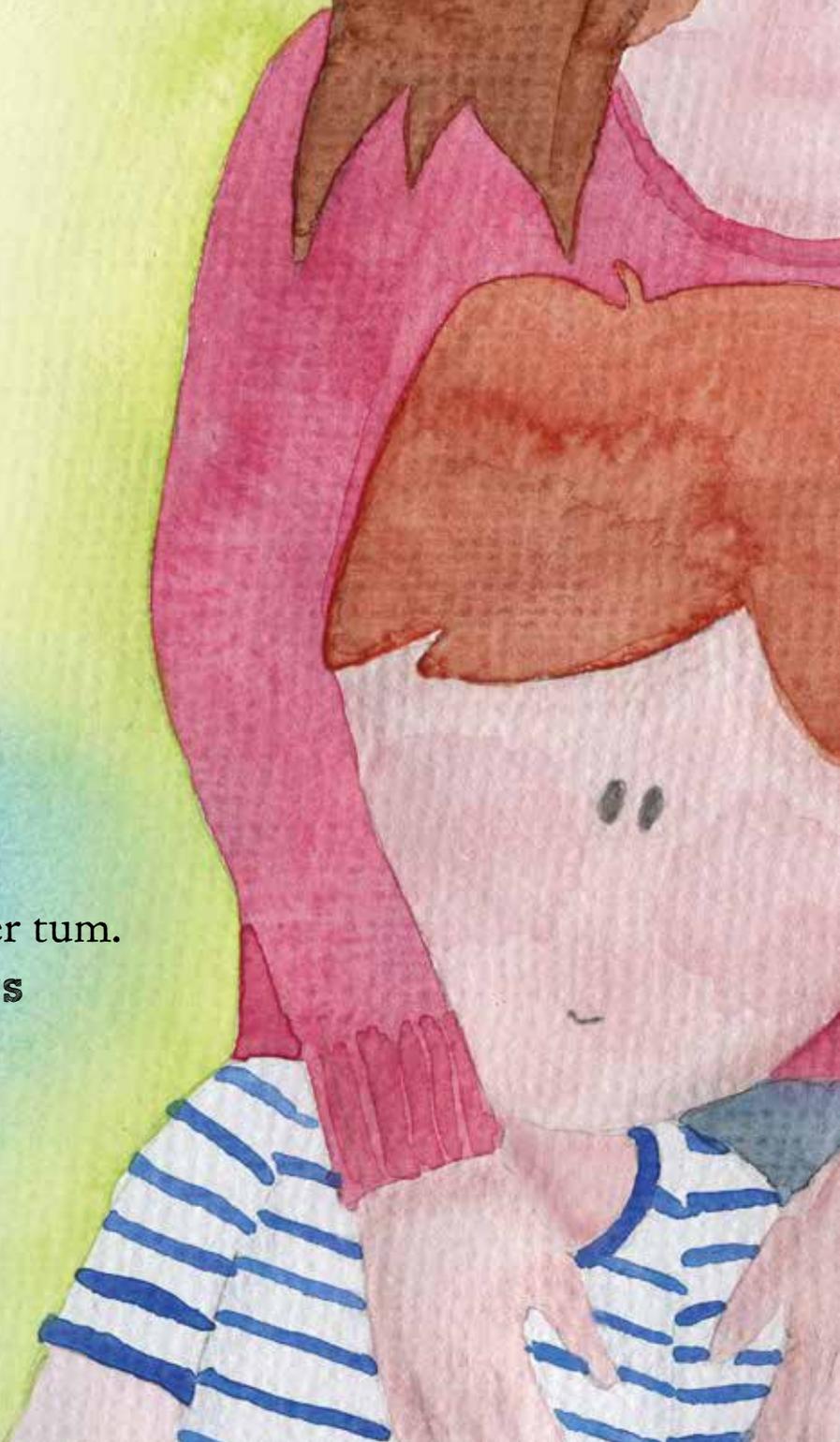


“Time is what you need my friend.
Love and kisses and cuddles send.
It won’t be bad like this forever.
She can and will one day get better.”



So the brave young boy
walked home and knew.
He would be patient,
see this through.
He'd rest his head upon her tum.
Hoped no more **monsters**
would eat his mum.

The End.



“Excuse me, but have you eaten my mum?
I want her back I want some fun.
I want to see her smile, my mum.
Is she in your big round tum?”

Will the brave little boy find out
who has made his Mum sad?
And just what new friends
will he meet on the way?