

## Daddy! There's something in my wardrobe

"So, what you're saying is... she was eaten?"

Tommy, his eyes haunted by some inner anxiety, glanced over the dining table at his parents, trying to judge how he was going to answer. "Yes," he said, his face pinched tight.

His mother cast her suspicious eye at him. "So, how did this happen again?"

"Well, we were lying on Jessie's bed; she was reading me a book, and something yucky and spotty came out of the wardrobe." He took a deep breath. "Then Jessie started yelling at it, telling it to go away. I turned around to grab my baseball bat to whack it. You know – just like you showed me Dad. Then when I went to whack it – Jessie was gone!"

"Then what happened?" His father asked.

"Well... the monster was licking his lips!" Tommy stared incredulously at his parents, who were just sitting there with a gentle smile on their faces. They didn't seem concerned at all. "I can't believe that dumb monster just ate her!"

"But, where did the monster go Tommy?"

"He went back in the wardrobe."

"Did you look in the wardrobe to see if she was there?"

Tommy studied his parents as if they were mad. "I wasn't going in there with that monster. No way, nah-uh." Tommy shook his head.

"Oh." His mum and dad looked at each other with amusement at his account of the disappearance of their oldest daughter.

"Can you guys go look?" He asked his parents. "Then you'll see what I'm talking about."

"We can, but you're coming with us." His mother came around the other side of the table and grabbed her six-year-old son's hand to pull him to his feet.. "You'll be just fine." She squeezed his hand with reassurance.

As they inched up the stairs, Tommy felt his anticipation rising with each step. As they entered his sister's bedroom, he sucked in his breath, and squeezed one eye shut. He watched his Dad cross the room and stand in front of the big, dark wardrobe.

"Okay." His father said.. "One... Two... Three..."

Tommy hid behind his mother's leg, and peeked out from behind her.

His father shouted as he swung the wardrobe door open. "What the...!" Tommy watched the drama unfold with a smirk.

"What the hell are you doing here?" His father yelled as he hauled a pimply teenage boy out of the wardrobe – closely followed by Jessie. "Necking in the bloody wardrobe! Honestly! Tommy. Where did you put that flipping baseball bat?"

The young man wriggled out of his father's grasp, and flew out the bedroom door at break-neck speed, and Jessie argued heatedly with their mother.

Tommy laughed; seeing his sister furious about getting found out. Tommy practically danced with delight, as his revenge on his awful teenage sister had been executed perfectly.