

THERE'S AN ALLIGATOR UNDER MY BED

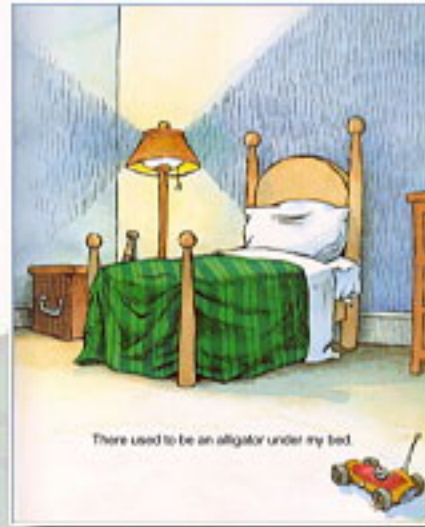


written and illustrated by **MERCER MAYER**

There's An Alligator Under My Bed - by Mercer Mayer



01



There used to be an alligator under my bed.

02



When it was time to go to sleep,
I had to be very careful.

03



Because I knew he was there.

04



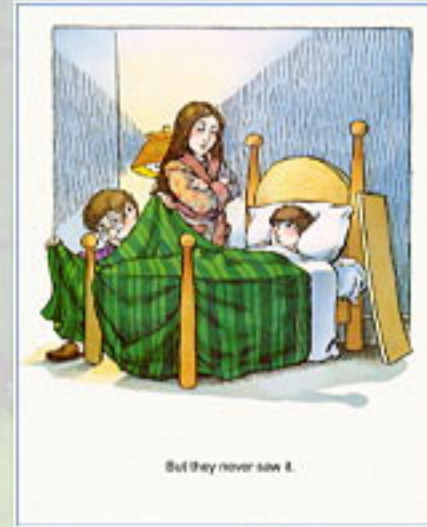
But whenever I looked,
he hid... or something.

05



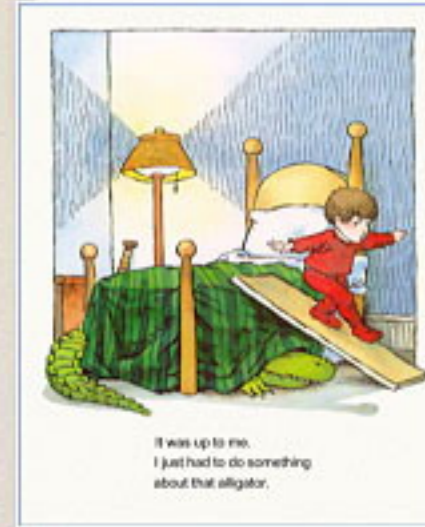
So I'd call Mom and Dad.

06



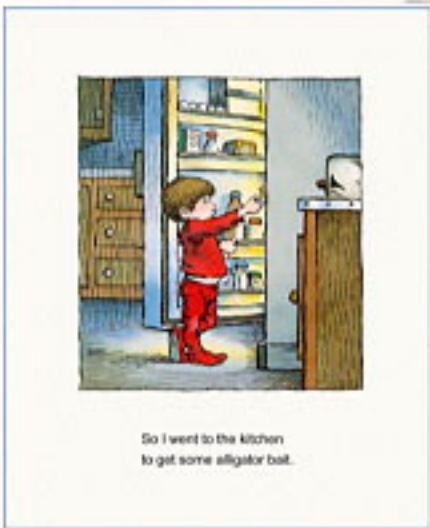
But they never saw it.

07



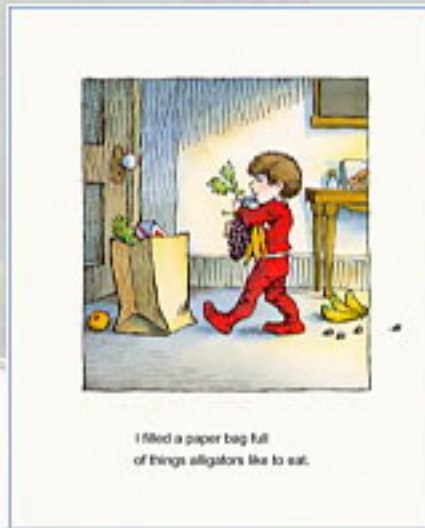
It was up to me.
I just had to do something
about that alligator.

08



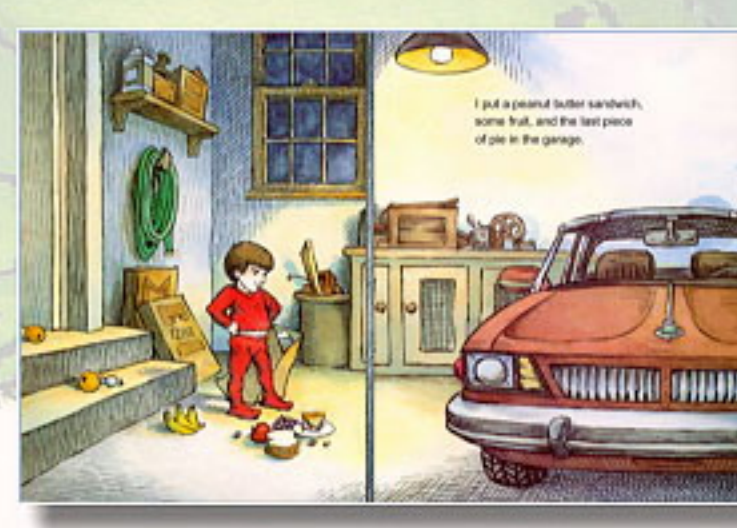
So I went to the kitchen
to get some alligator bait.

09



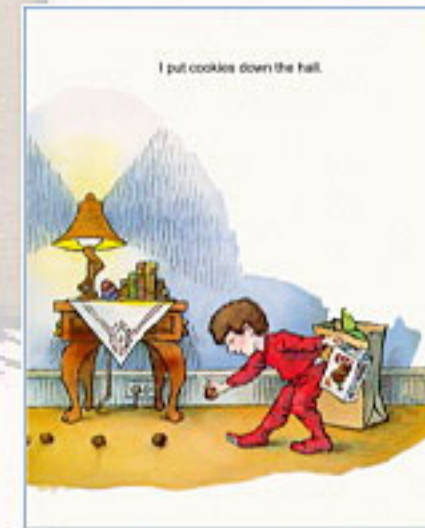
I filled a paper bag full
of things alligators like to eat.

10



I put a peanut butter sandwich,
some fruit, and the last piece
of pie in the garage.

11



I put cookies down the hall.

12

There's An Alligator Under My Bed - by Mercer Mayer

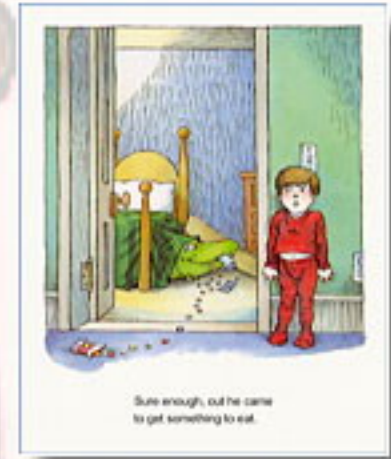
'...Mayer's magic touch has turned fear into fun. Peeking under the bed will never be the same.'



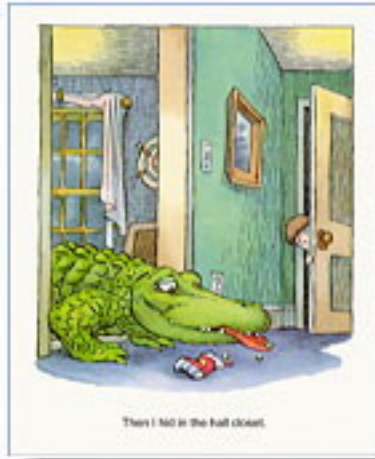
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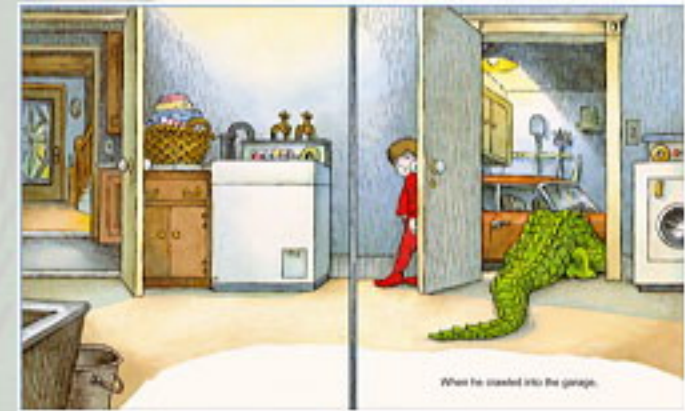
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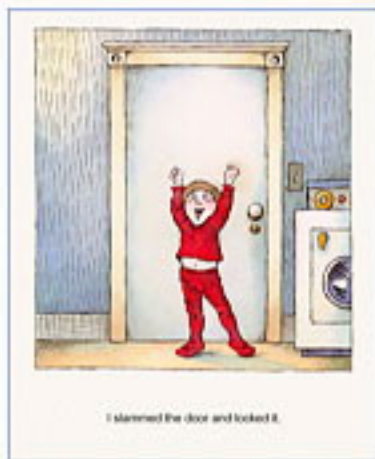
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18



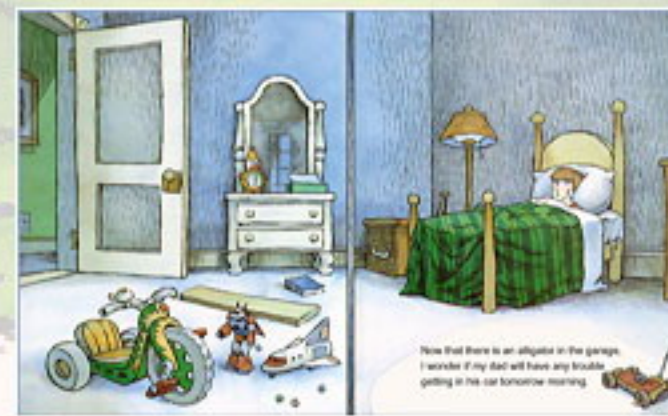
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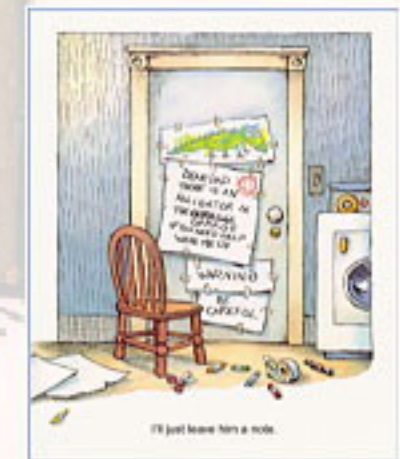
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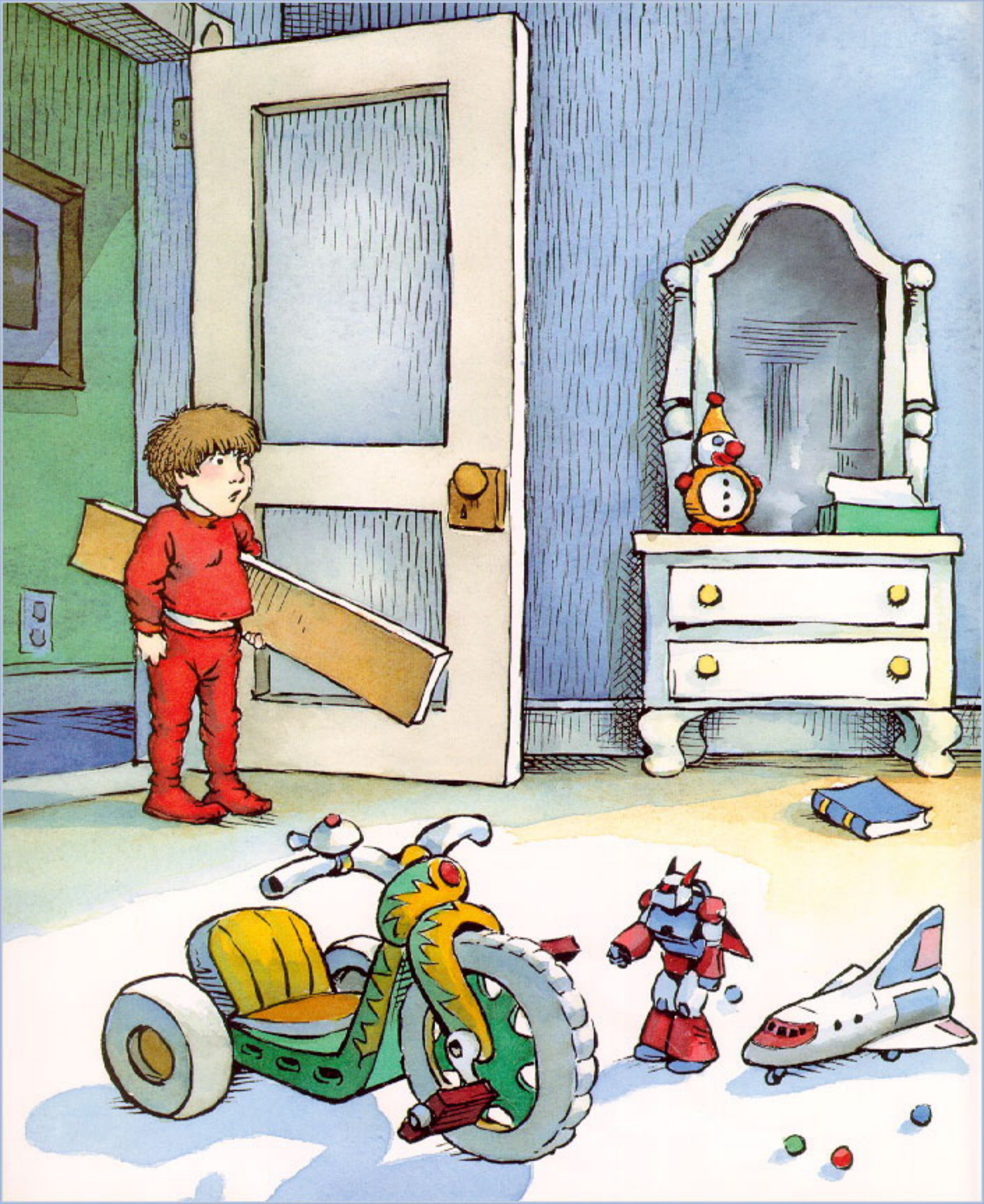
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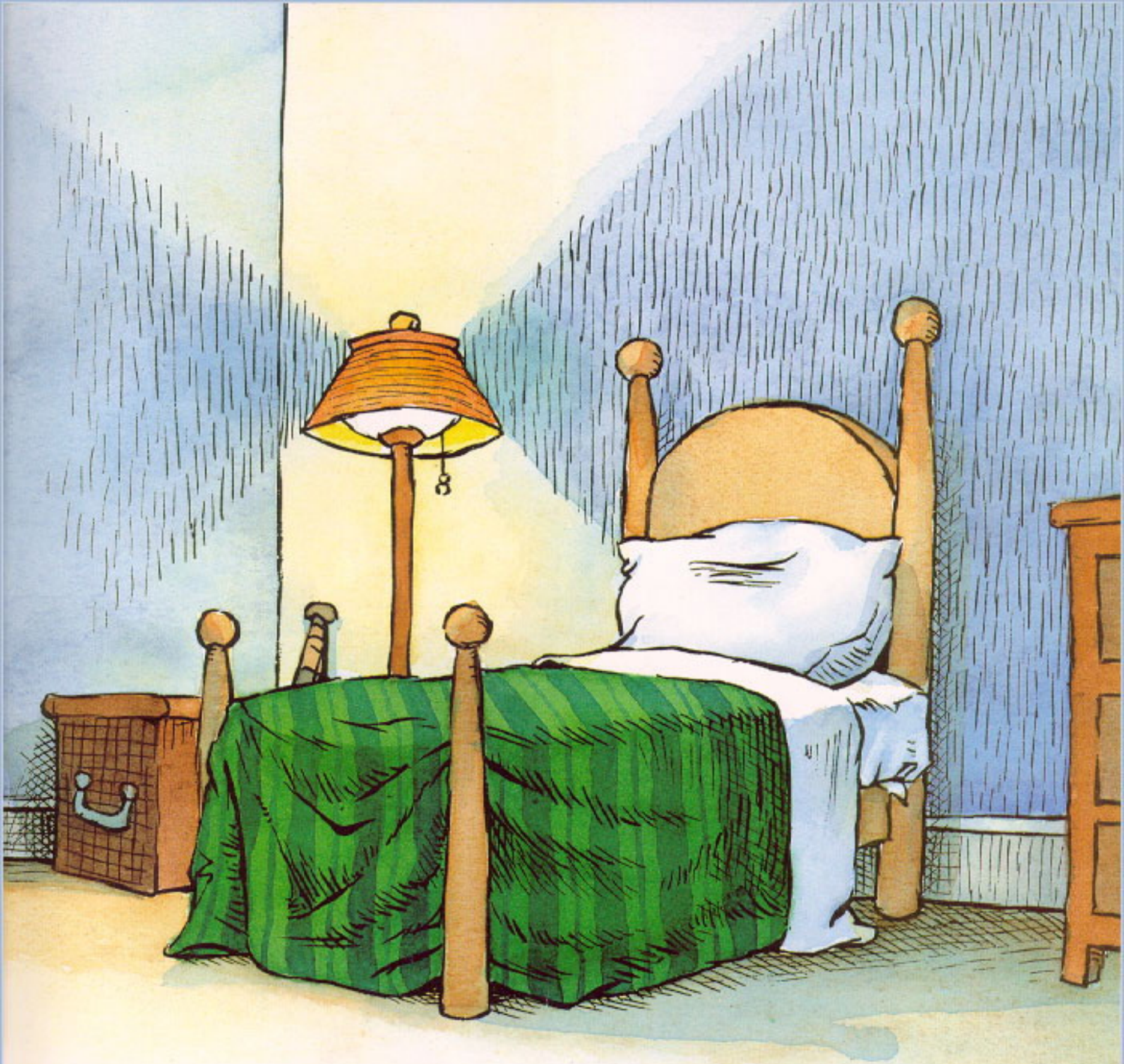


22

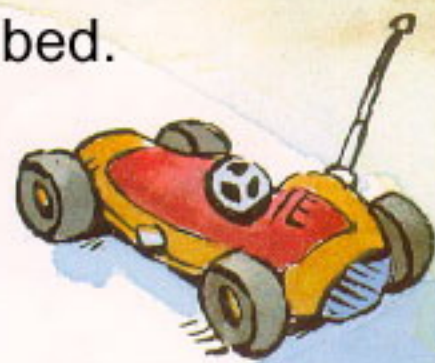


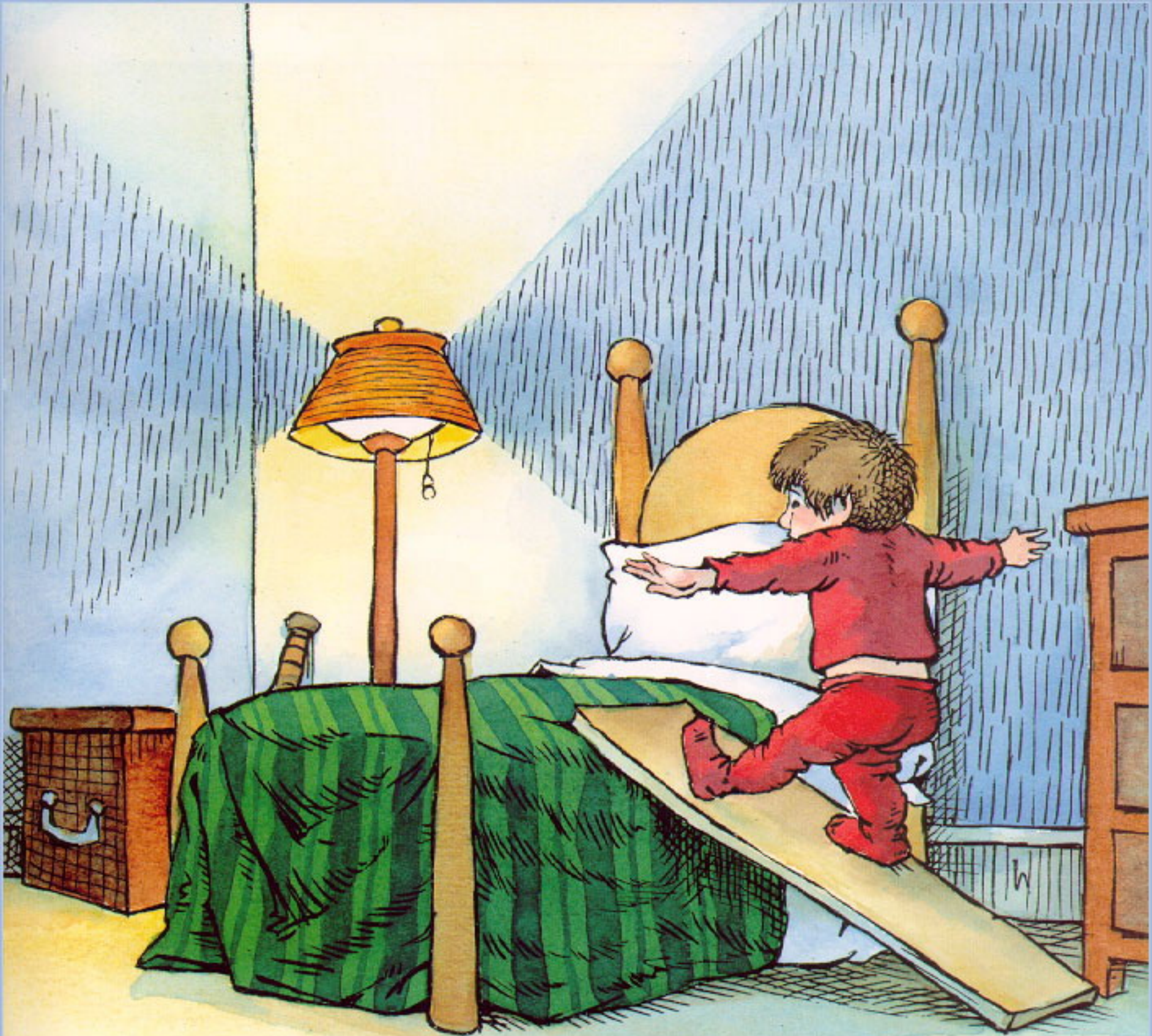
23



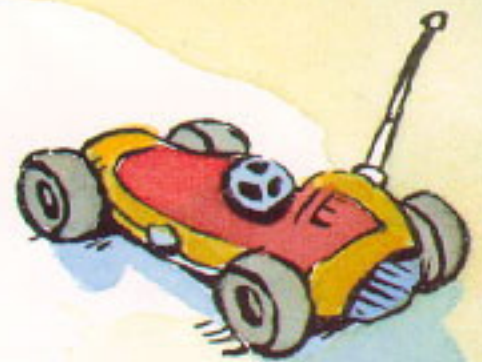


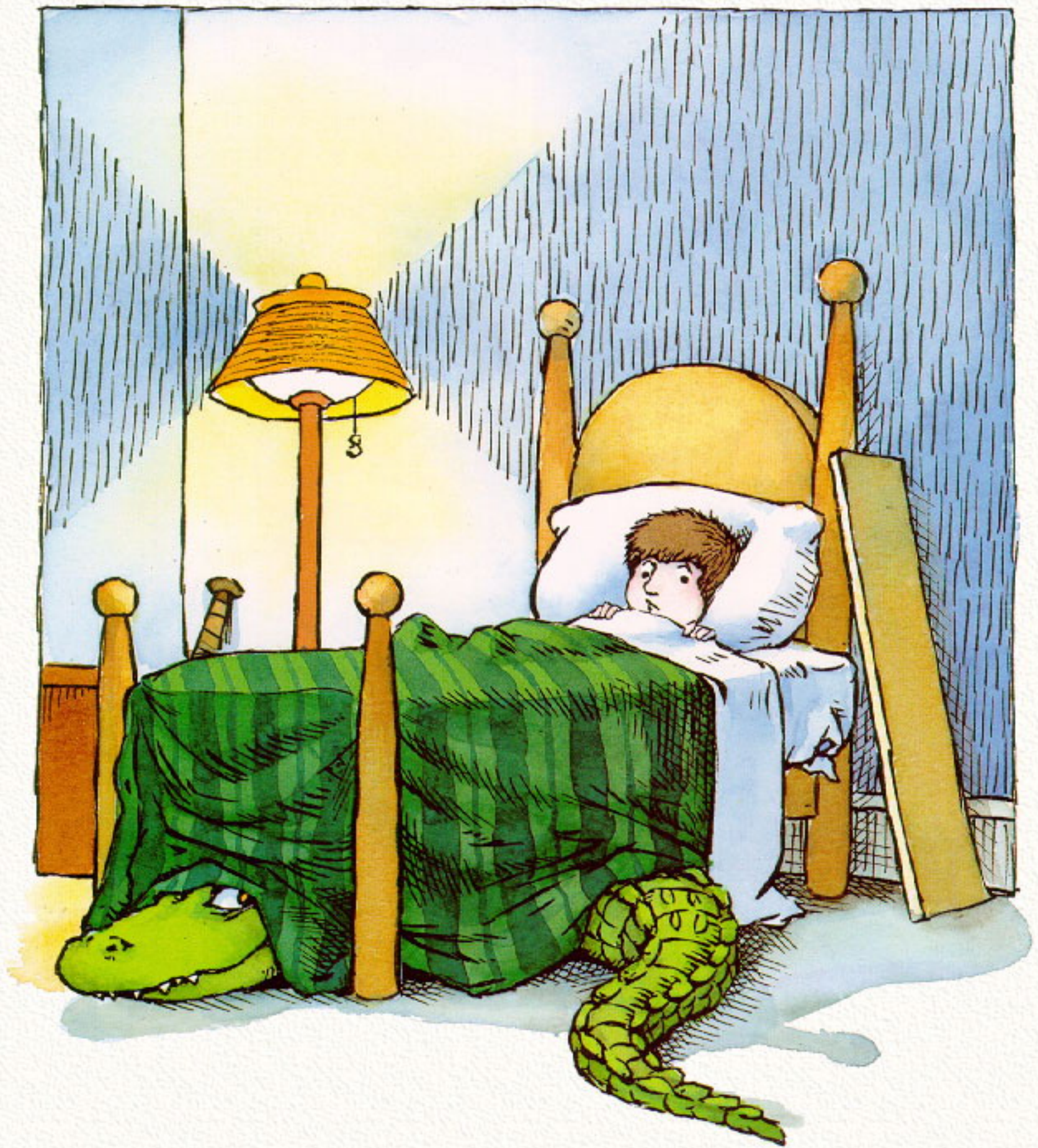
There used to be an alligator under my bed.





When it was time to go to sleep,
I had to be very careful





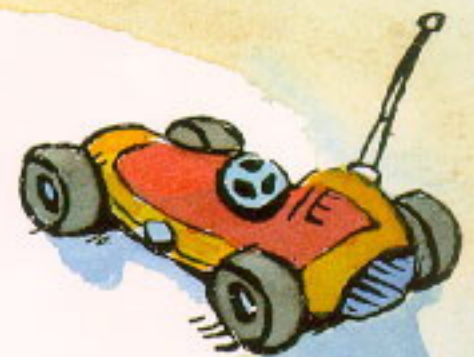
because I knew he was there.



But whenever I looked,
he hid...or something.

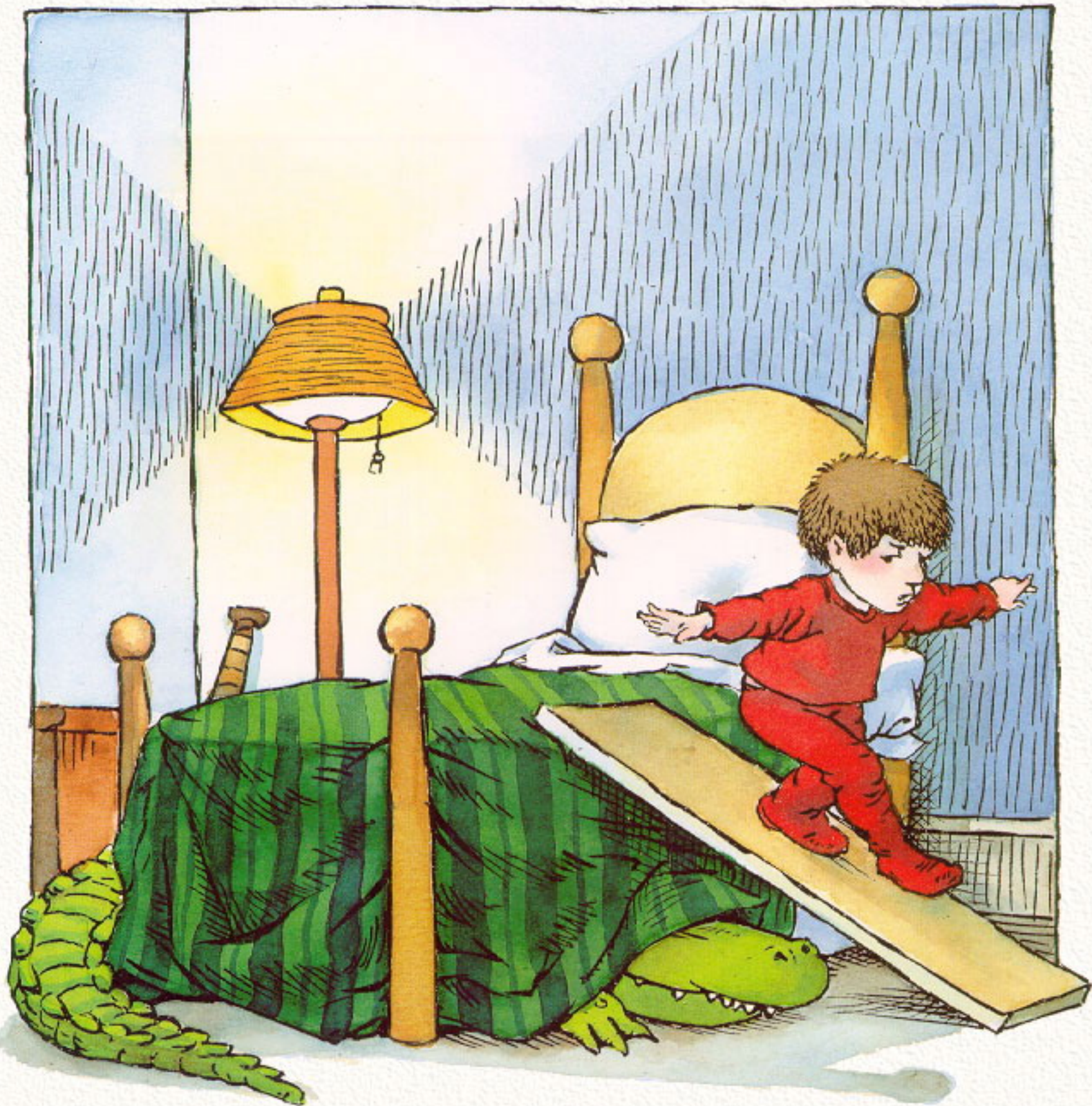


So I'd call Mom and Dad.





But they never saw it.



It was up to me.
I just had to do something
about that alligator.

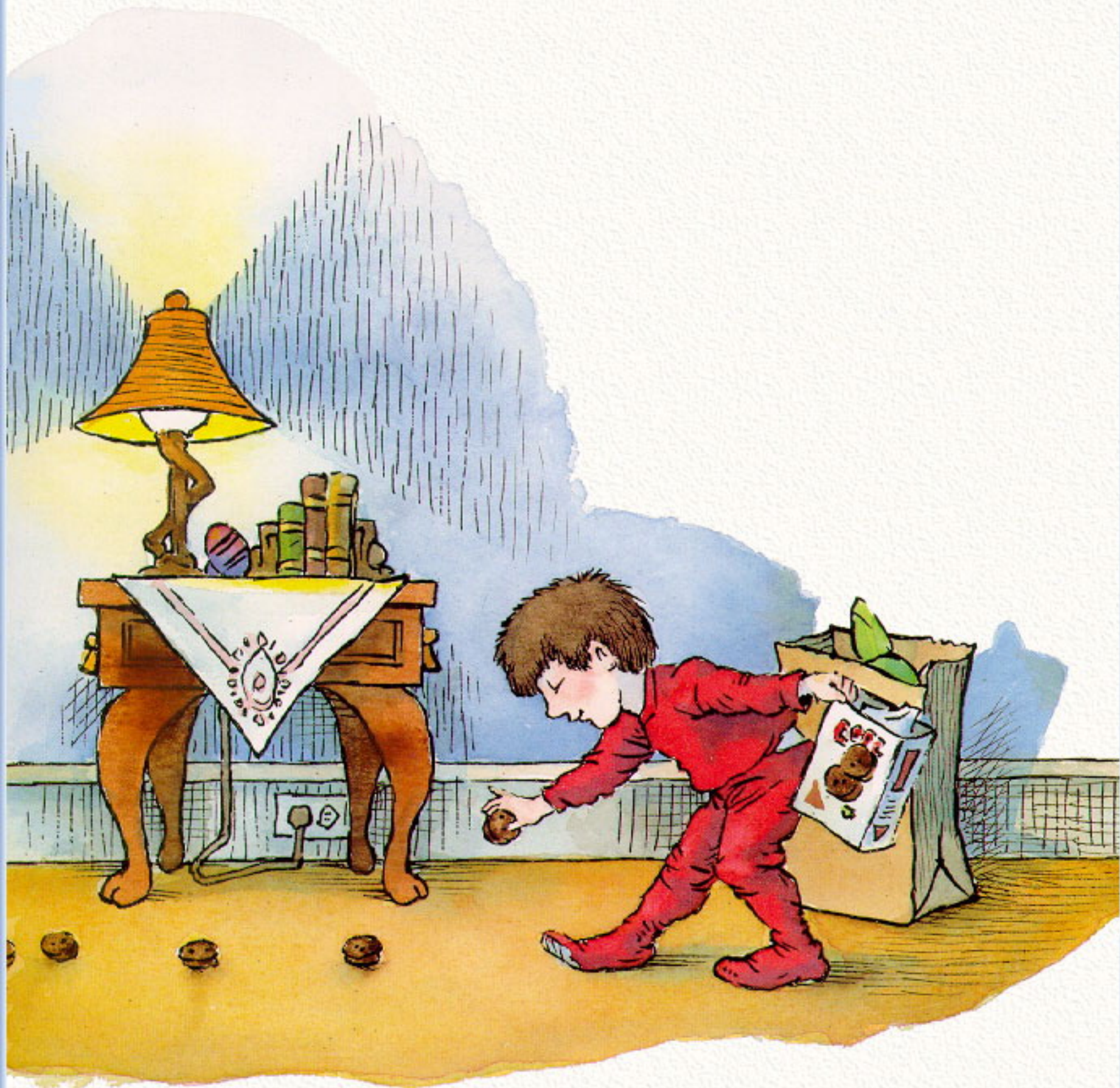


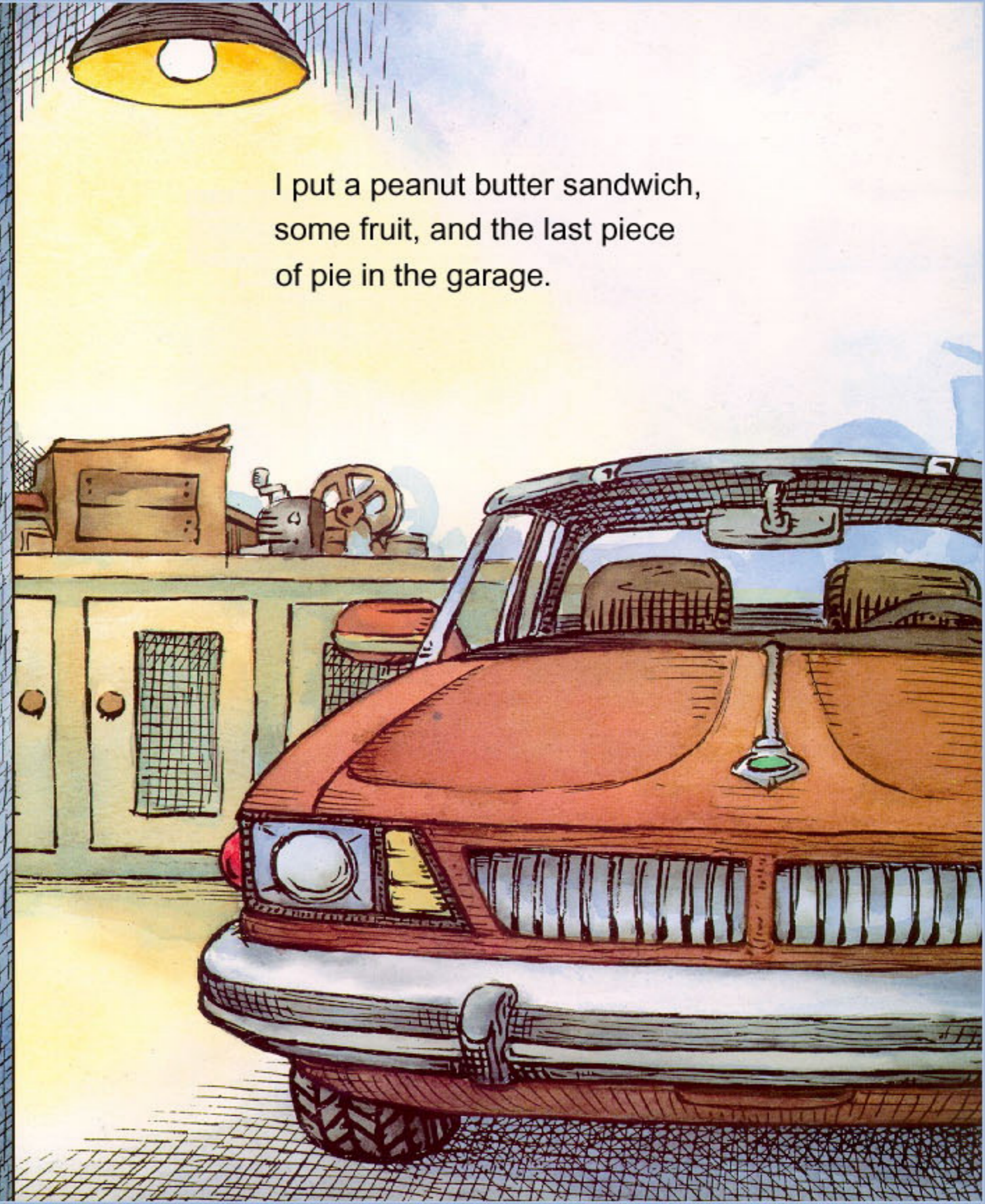
So I went to the kitchen
to get some alligator bait.



I filled a paper bag full
of things alligators like to eat.

I put cookies down the hall.





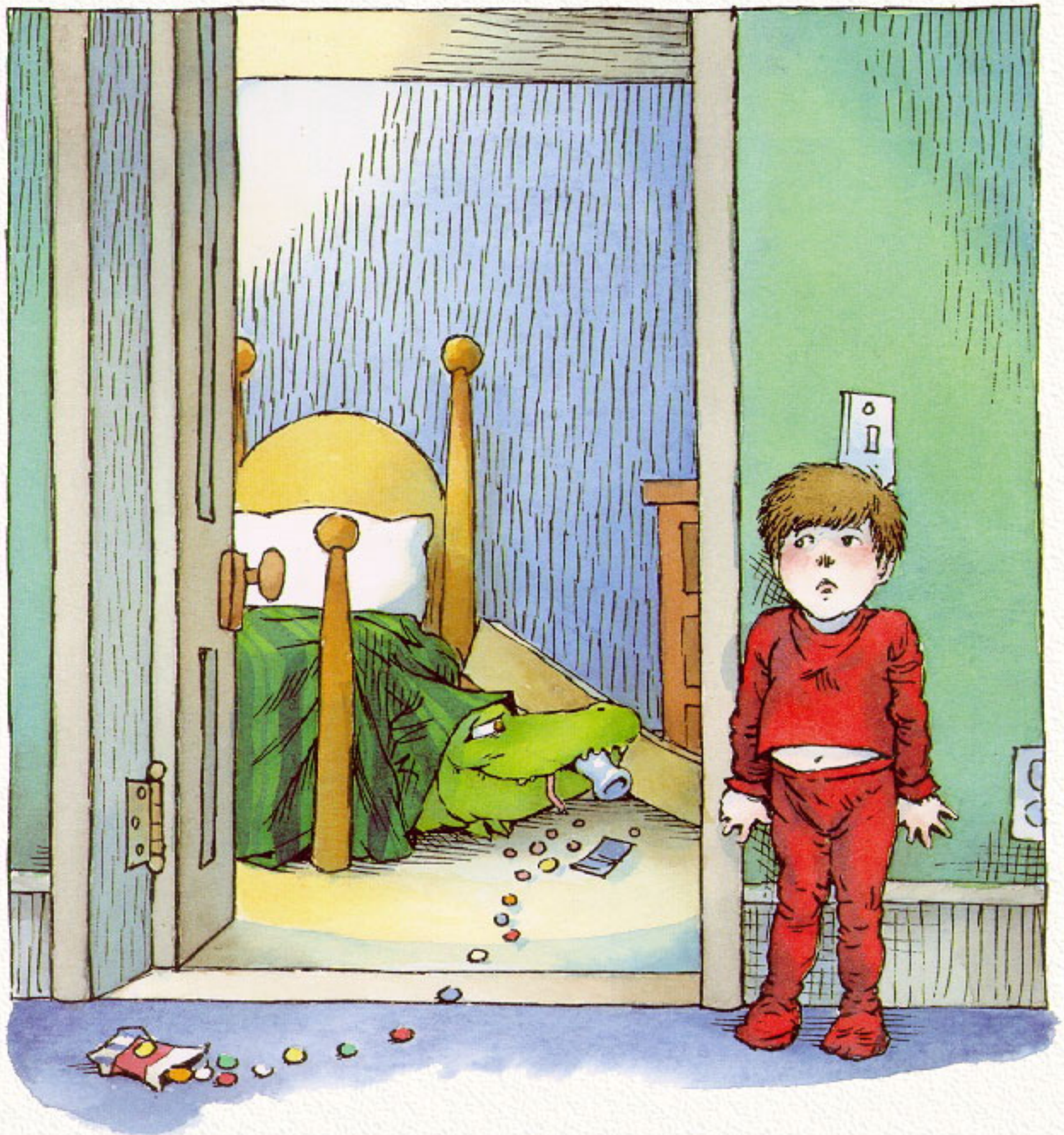
I put a peanut butter sandwich,
some fruit, and the last piece
of pie in the garage.



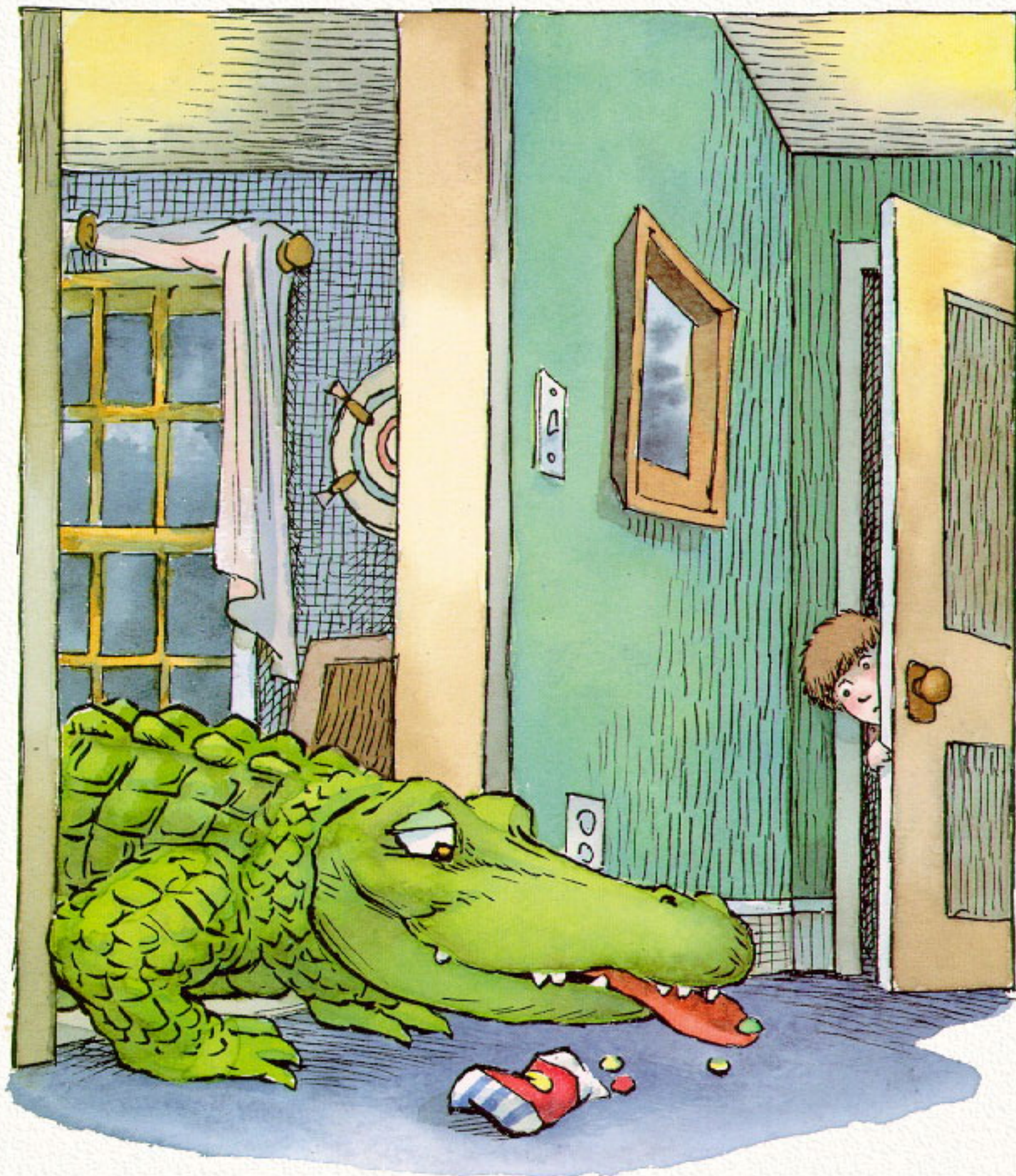
I left fresh vegetables on the stairs.



I put a soda and some candy
next to my bed.
Then I watched and waited.



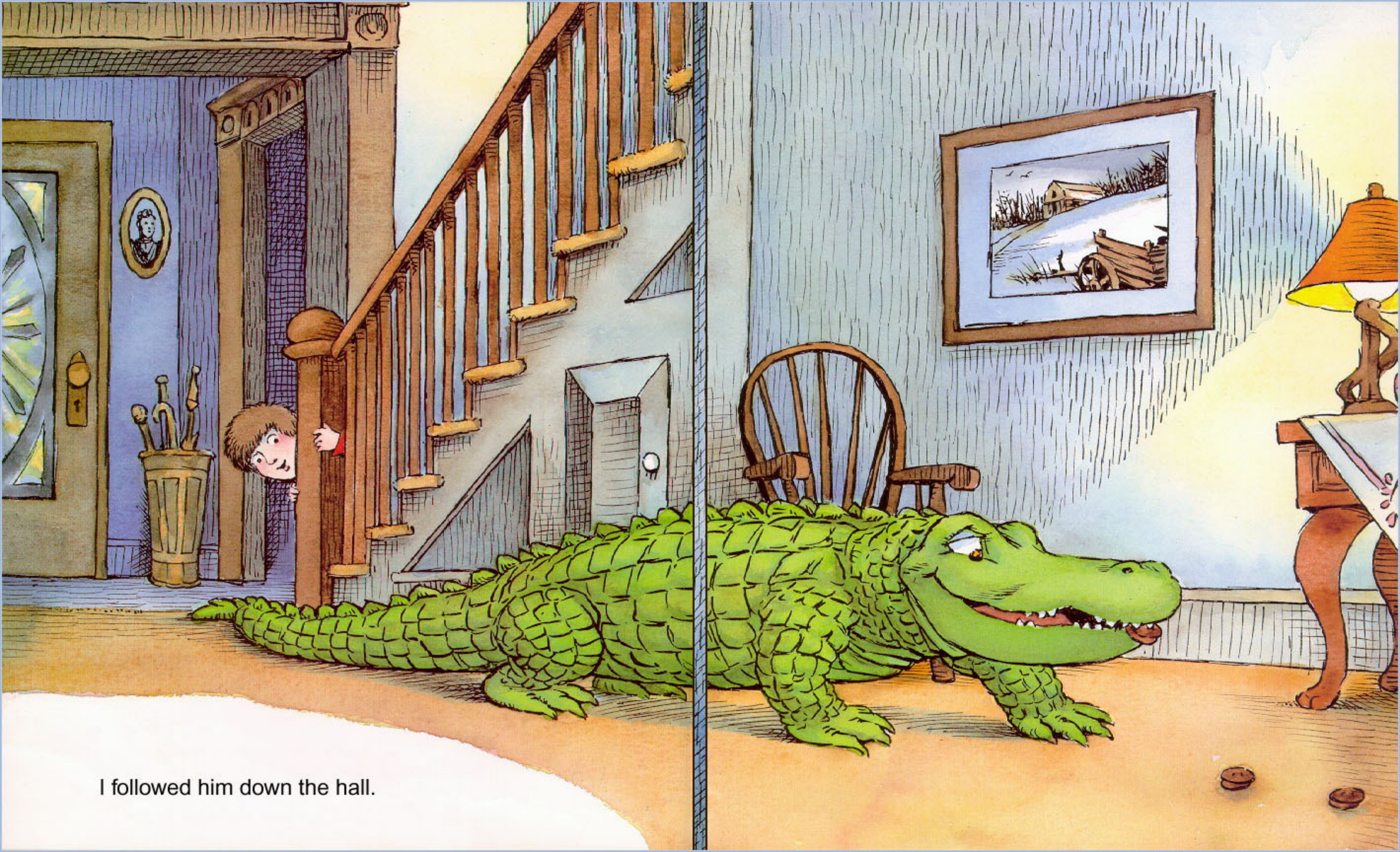
Sure enough, out he came
to get something to eat.



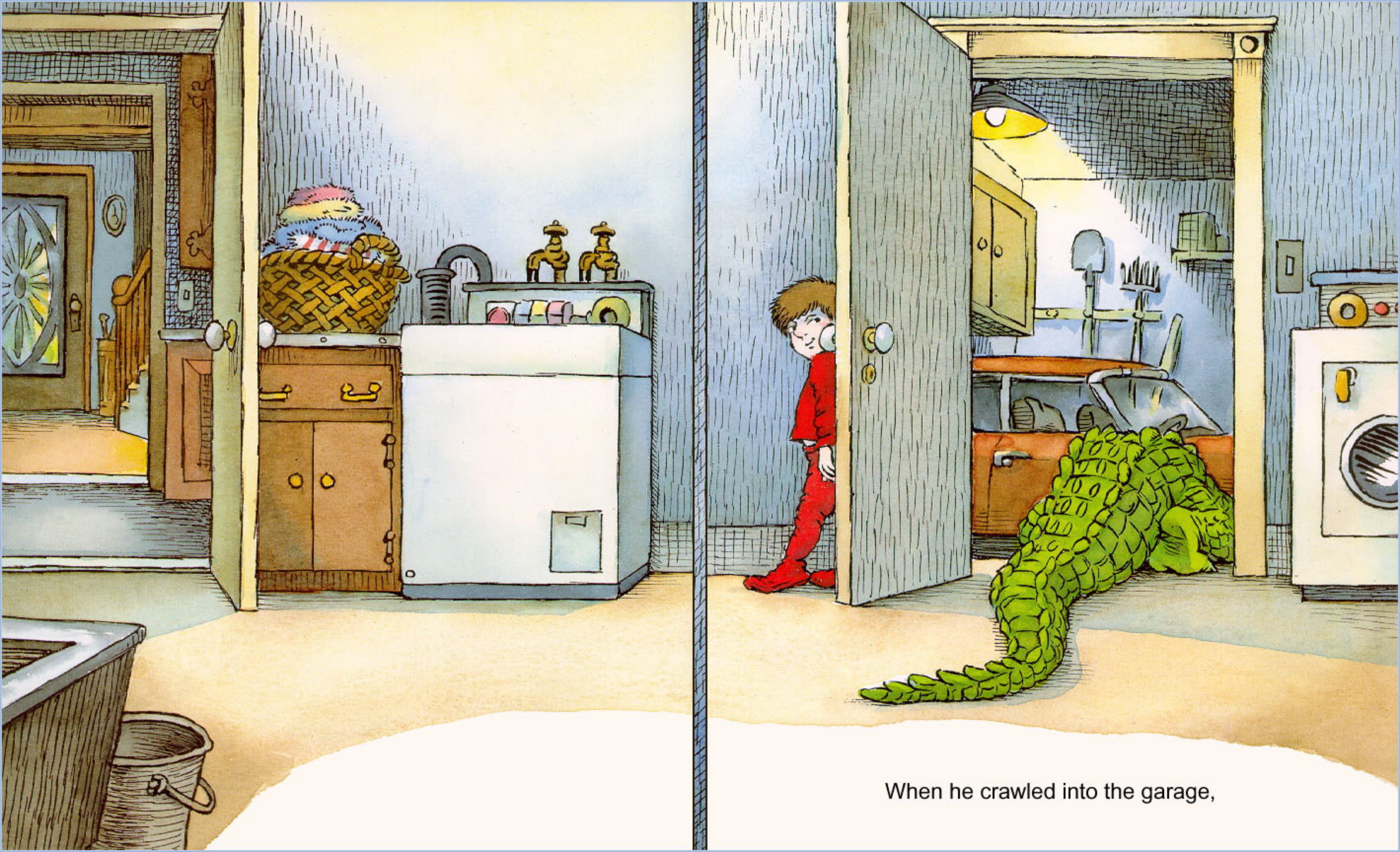
Then I hid in the hall closet.



I followed him down the stairs.



I followed him down the hall.



When he crawled into the garage,

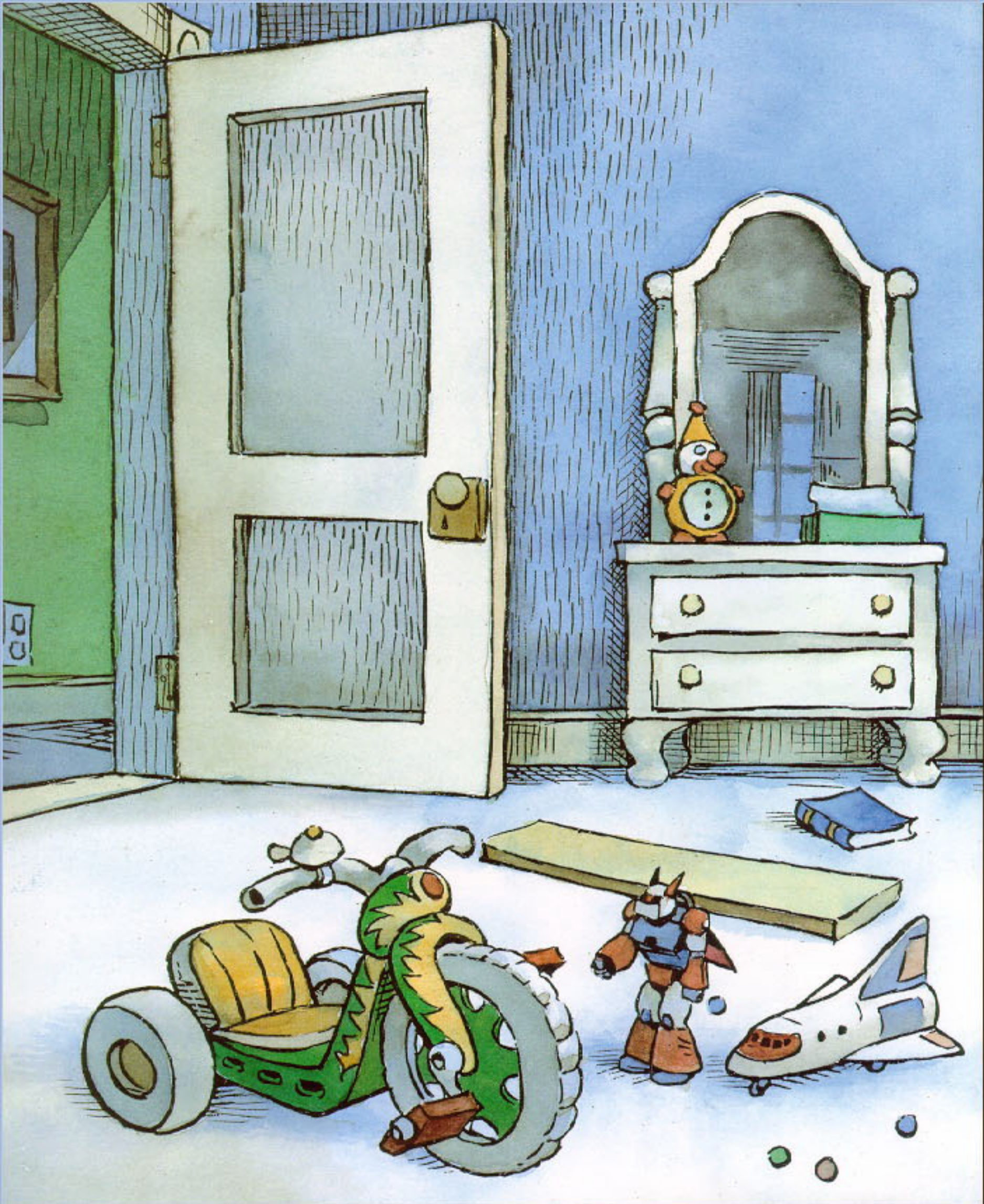


I slammed the door and locked it.

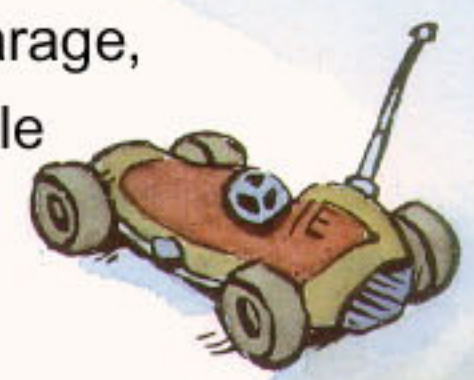


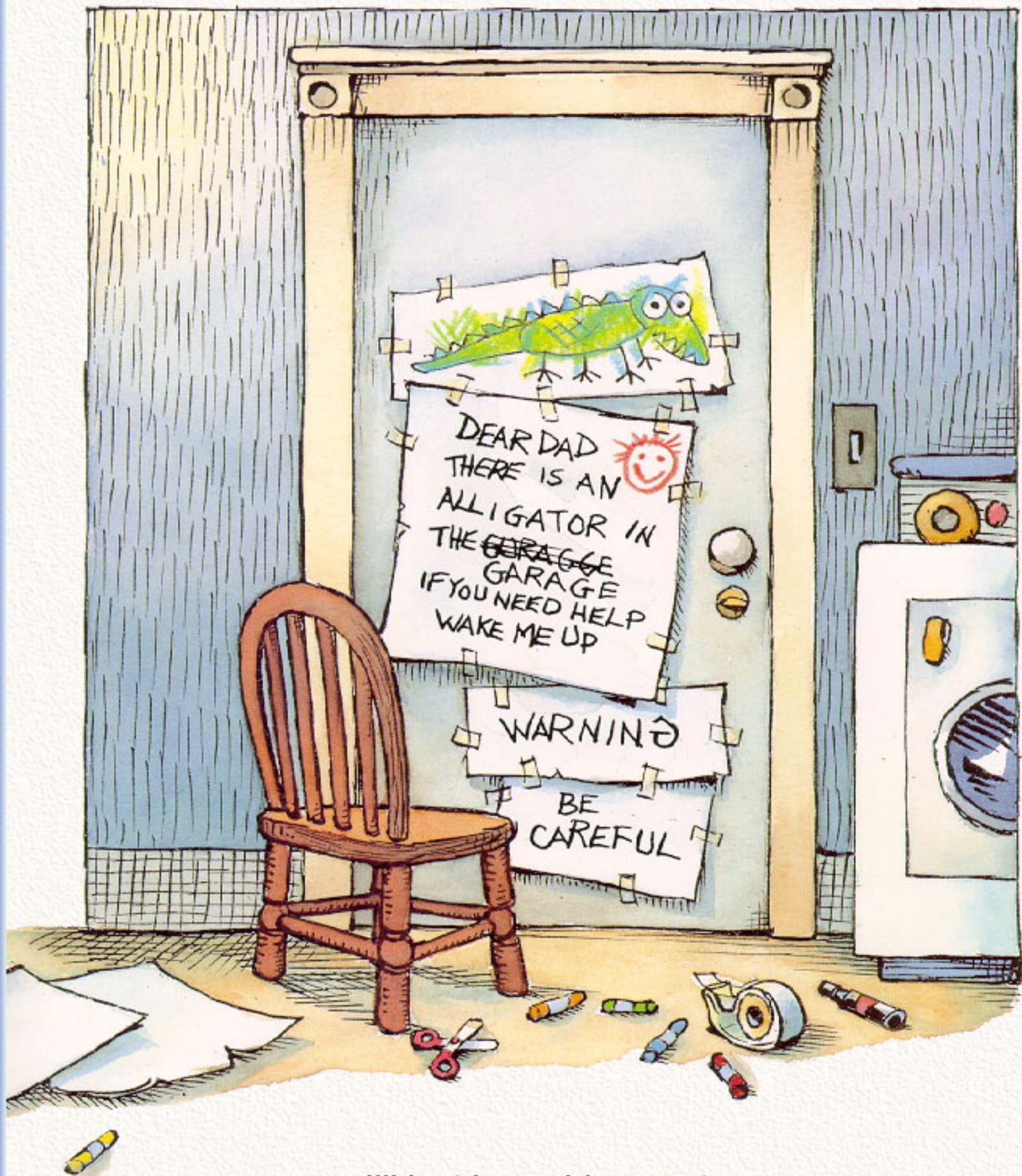
Then I went to bed.

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.