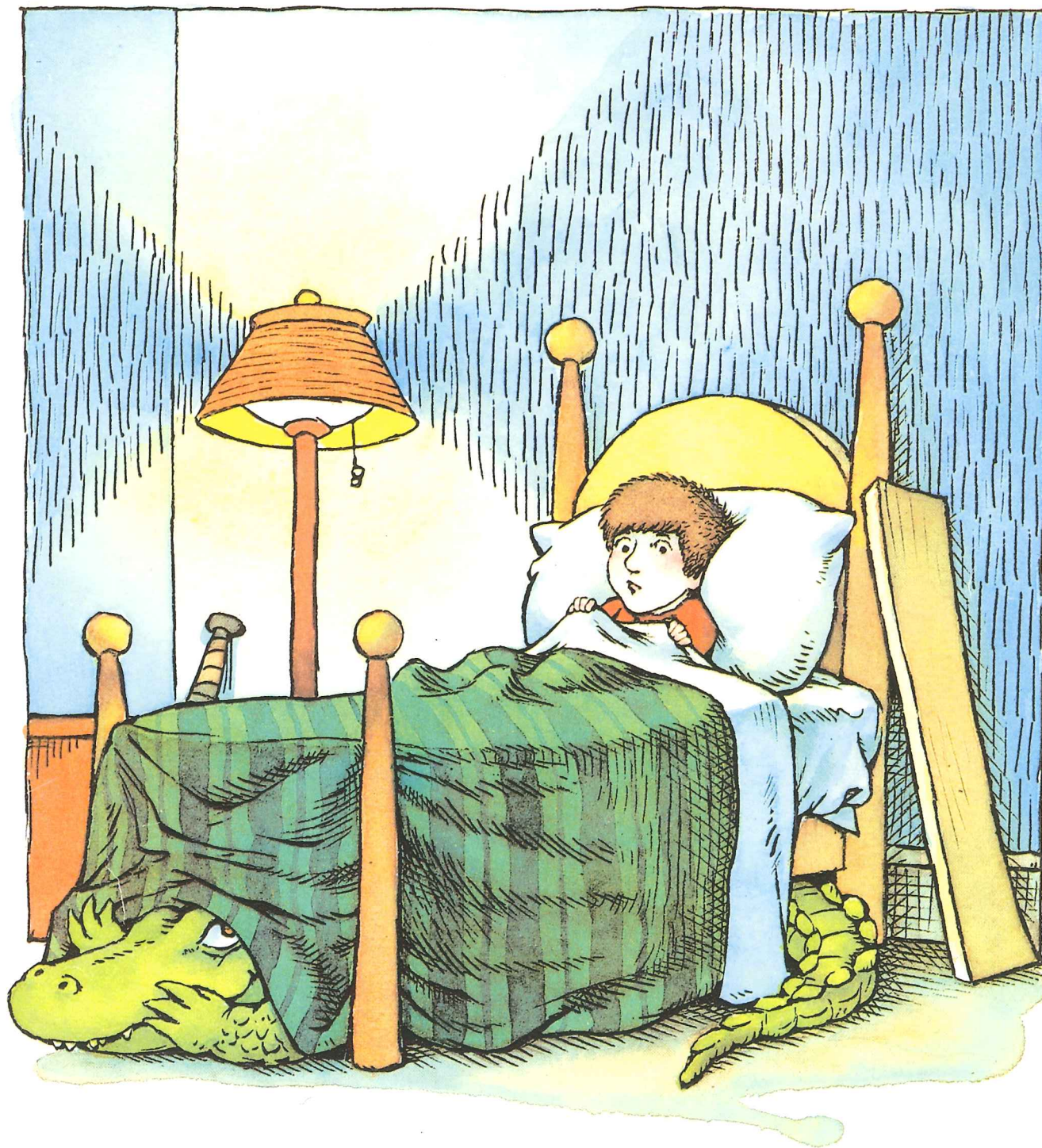


# THERE'S AN ALLIGATOR UNDER MY BED





Adapted from the original text, *There's an Alligator Under My Bed* by Mercer Mayer, Macmillan Publishers



There



used



to



be



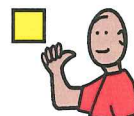
an



alligator



under

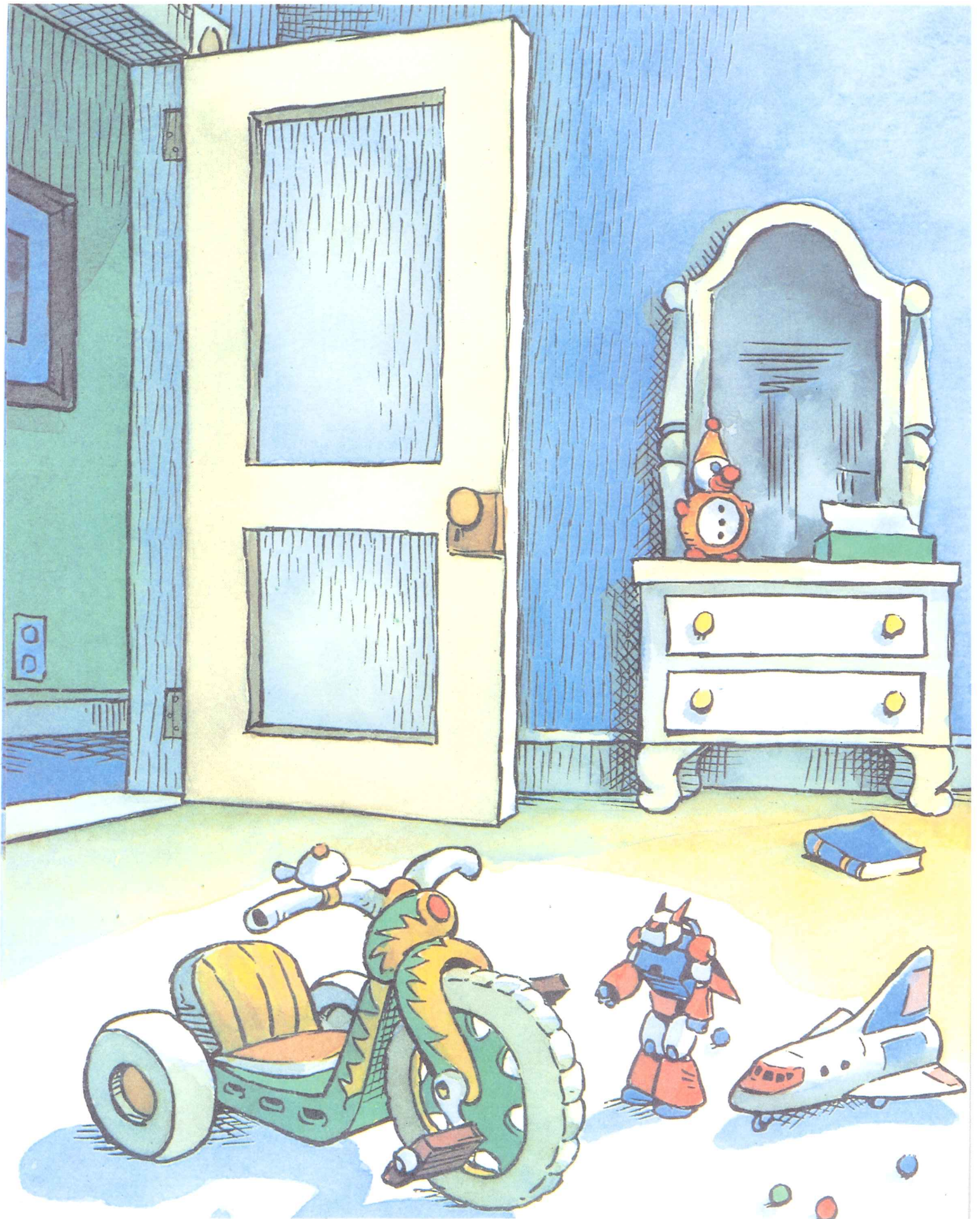


my



bed.







When



it



was



time



to



go



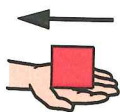
to



sleep,



I



had



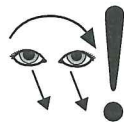
to



be

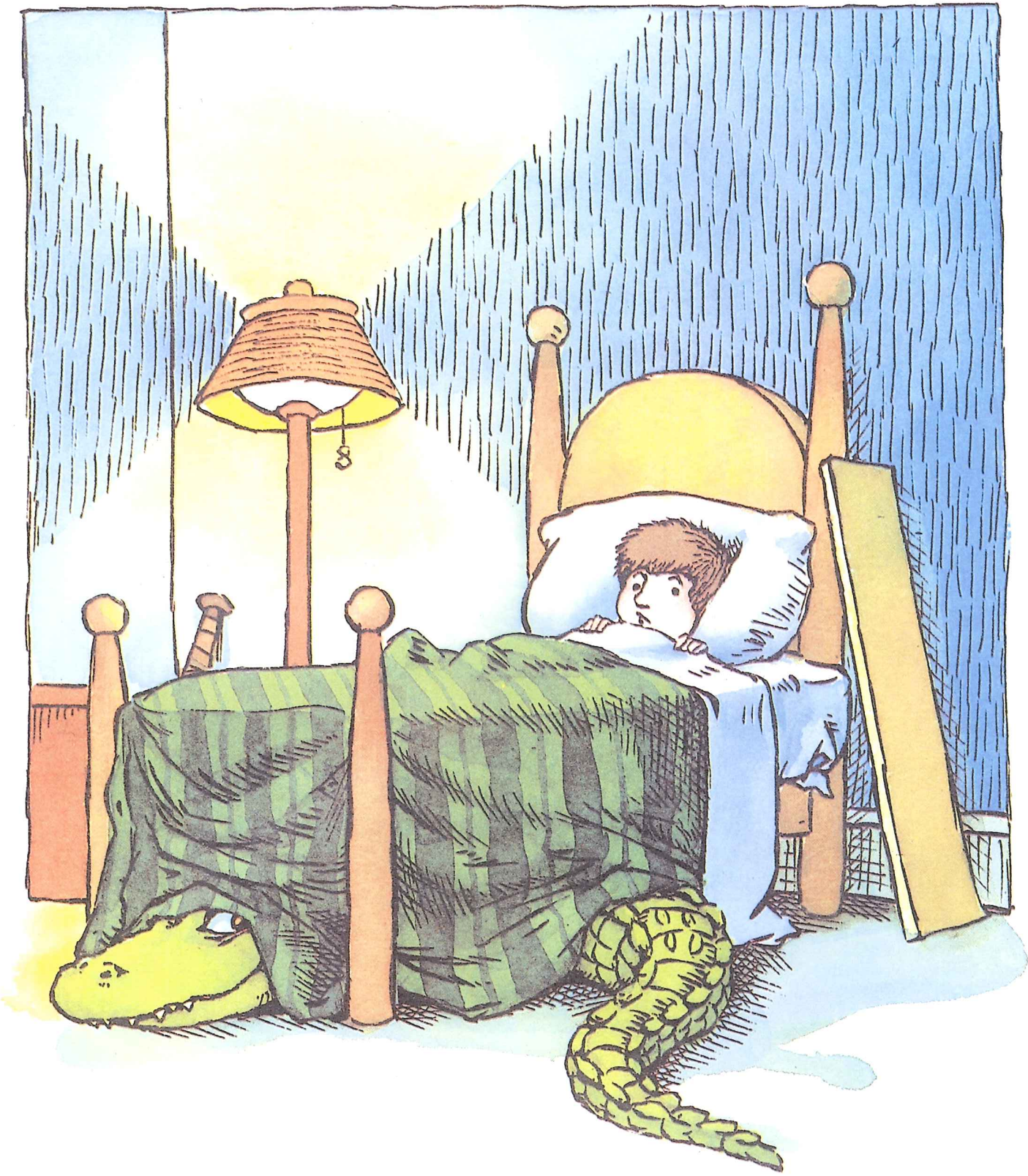


very

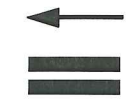
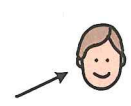


careful





because



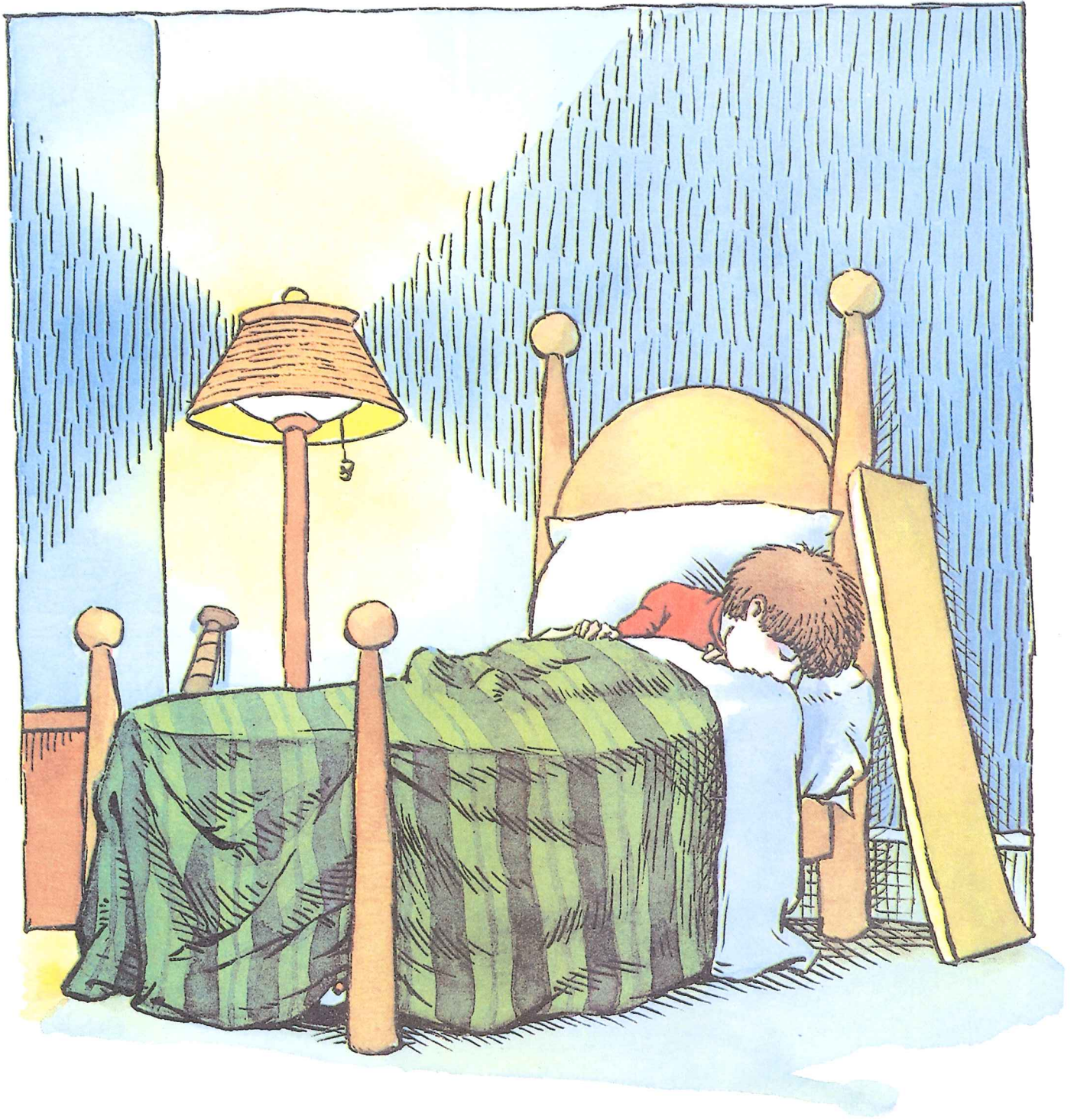
I

knew

he

was

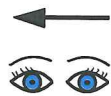
there.



But whenever



I



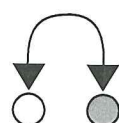
looked,



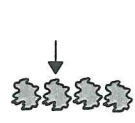
he



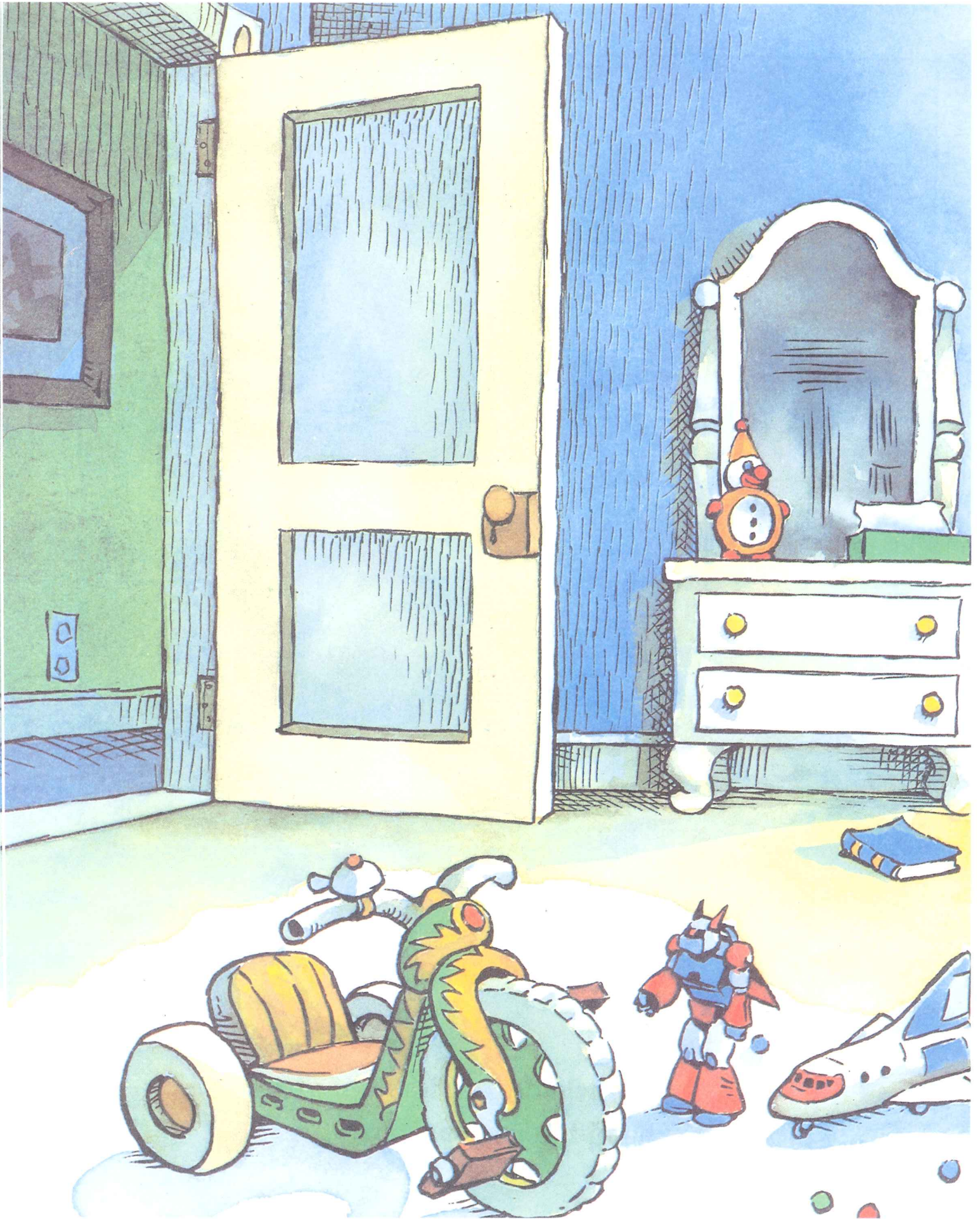
hid...



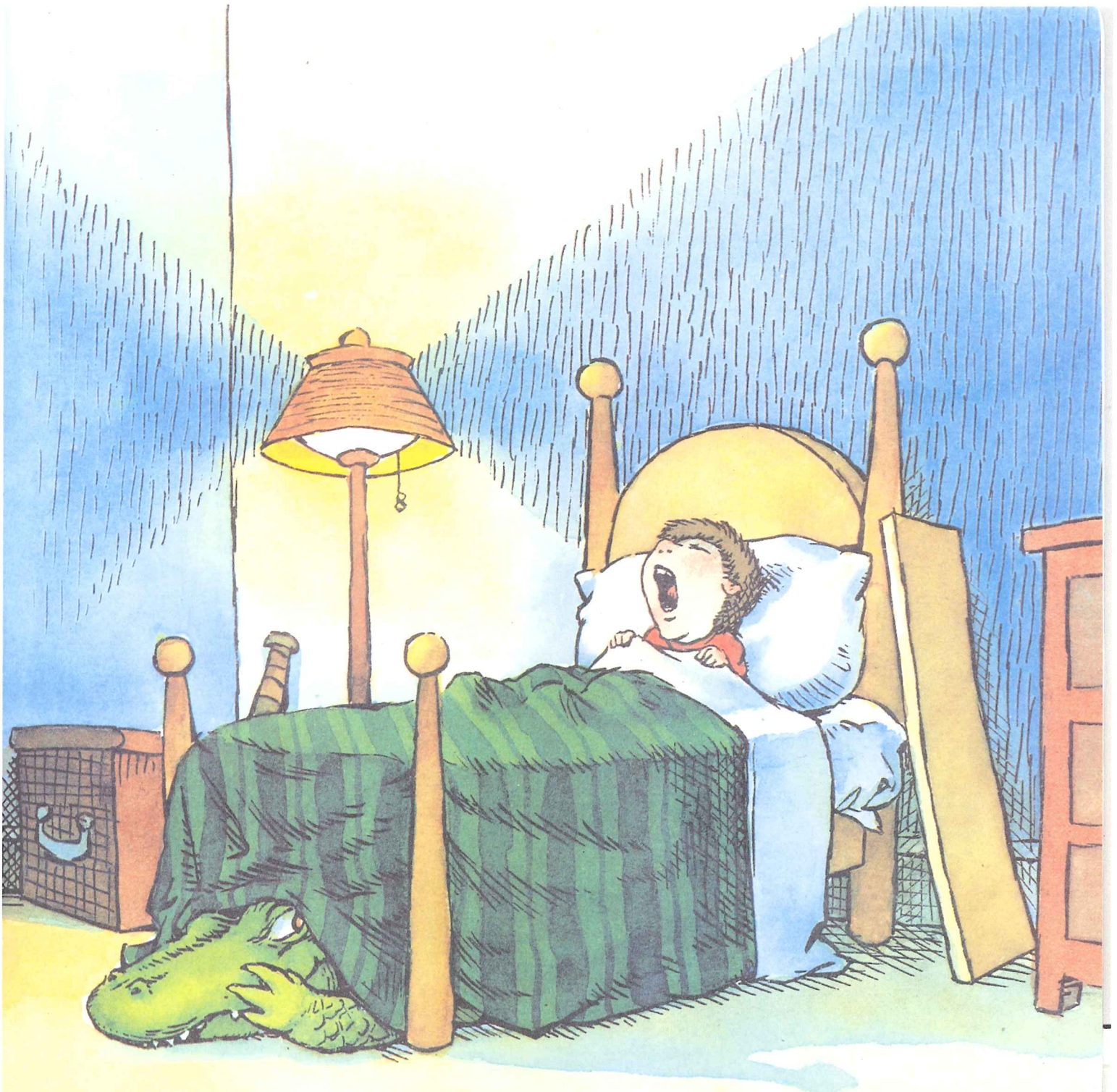
or



something.

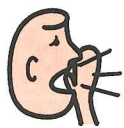






So

I'd



call



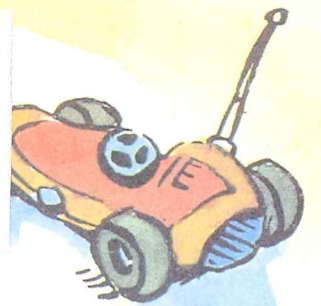
Mom

&

and

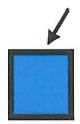
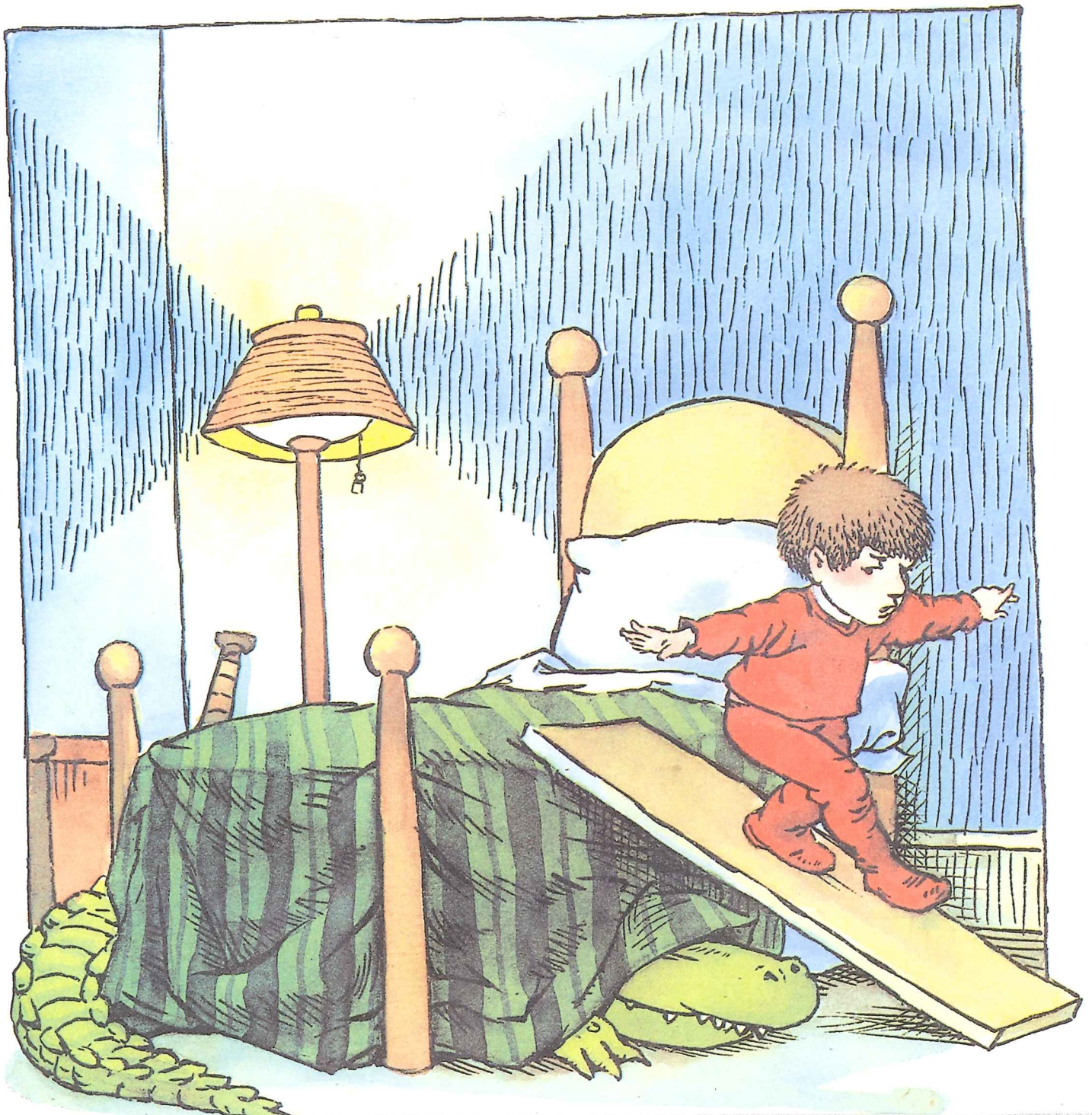


Dad.





But they never saw it.



It



was



up



to



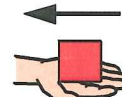
me.



I



just



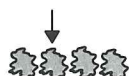
had



to



do



something



about



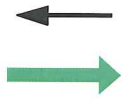
that



alligator.



So



went



to



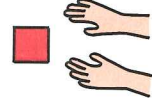
the



kitchen



to



get



some



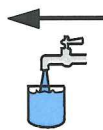
alligator



bait.



I



filled

a



paper

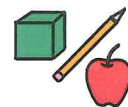


bag



full

>



of things



++

alligators



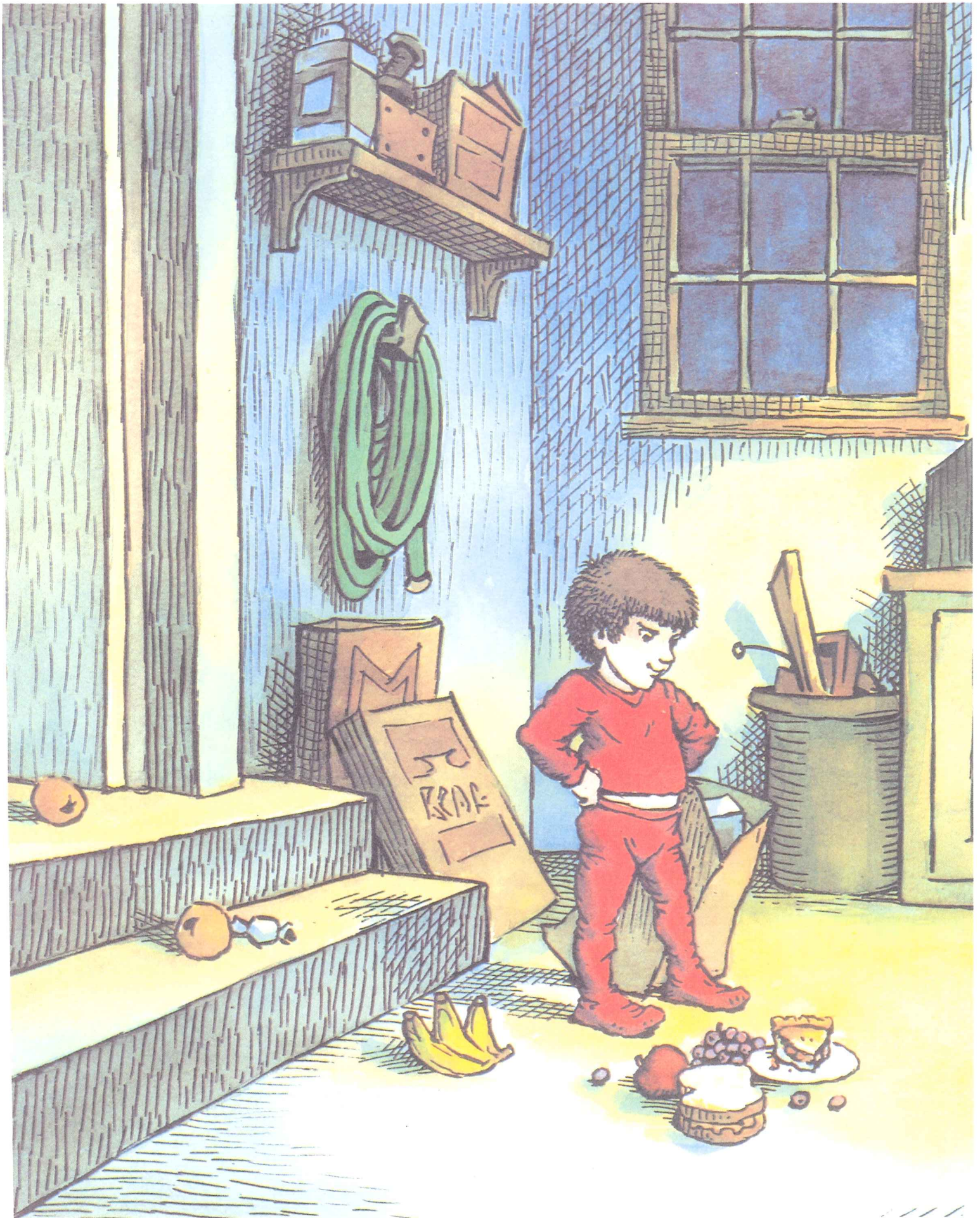
like



to



eat.





I

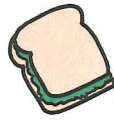


put

a



peanut butter sandwich,



some



fruit,

&

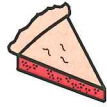
and



the



last



piece



of



pie



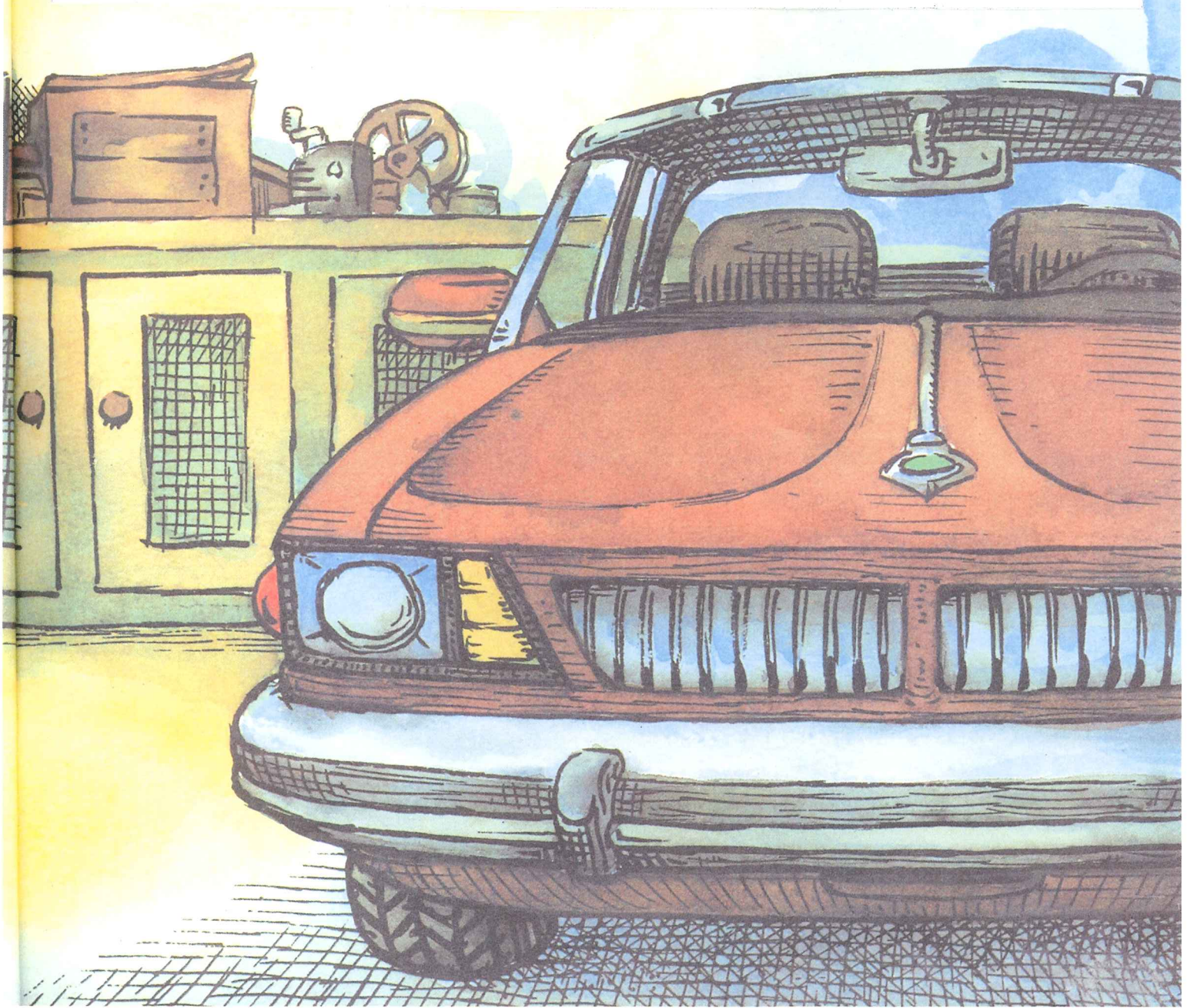
in



the



garage.

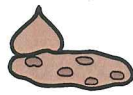




I



put



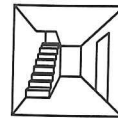
cookies



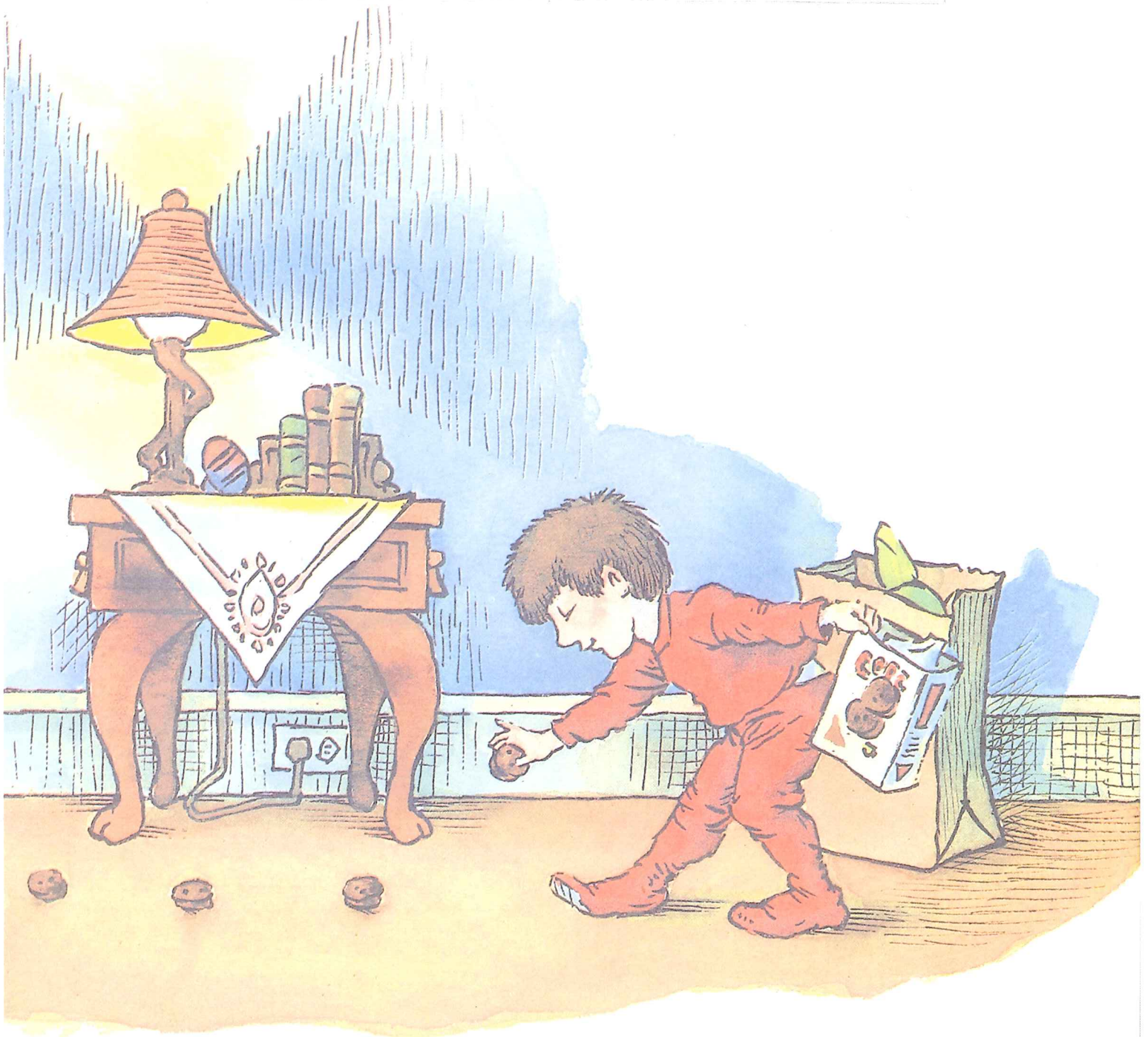
down



the



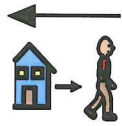
hall.



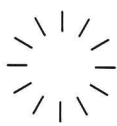




I



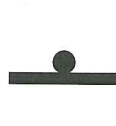
left



fresh



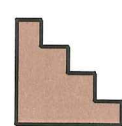
vegetables



on



the



stairs.



I



put

a

a



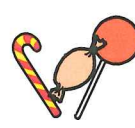
soda

&

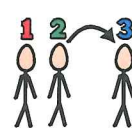
and



some



candy



next



to



my



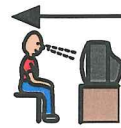
bed.



Then



I



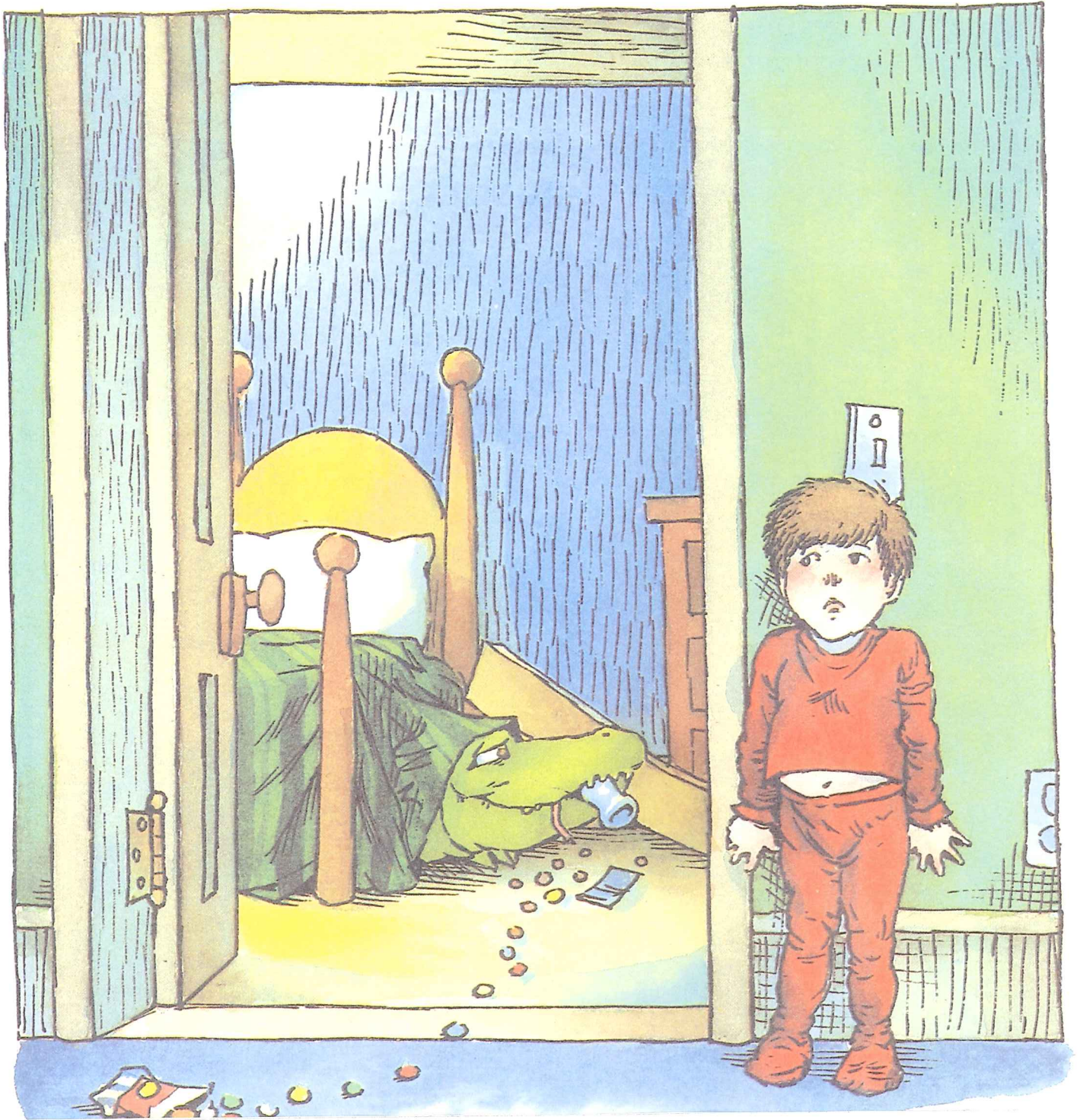
watched

&

and



waited.



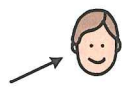
Sure



enough,



out



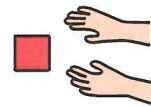
he



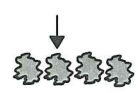
came



to



get



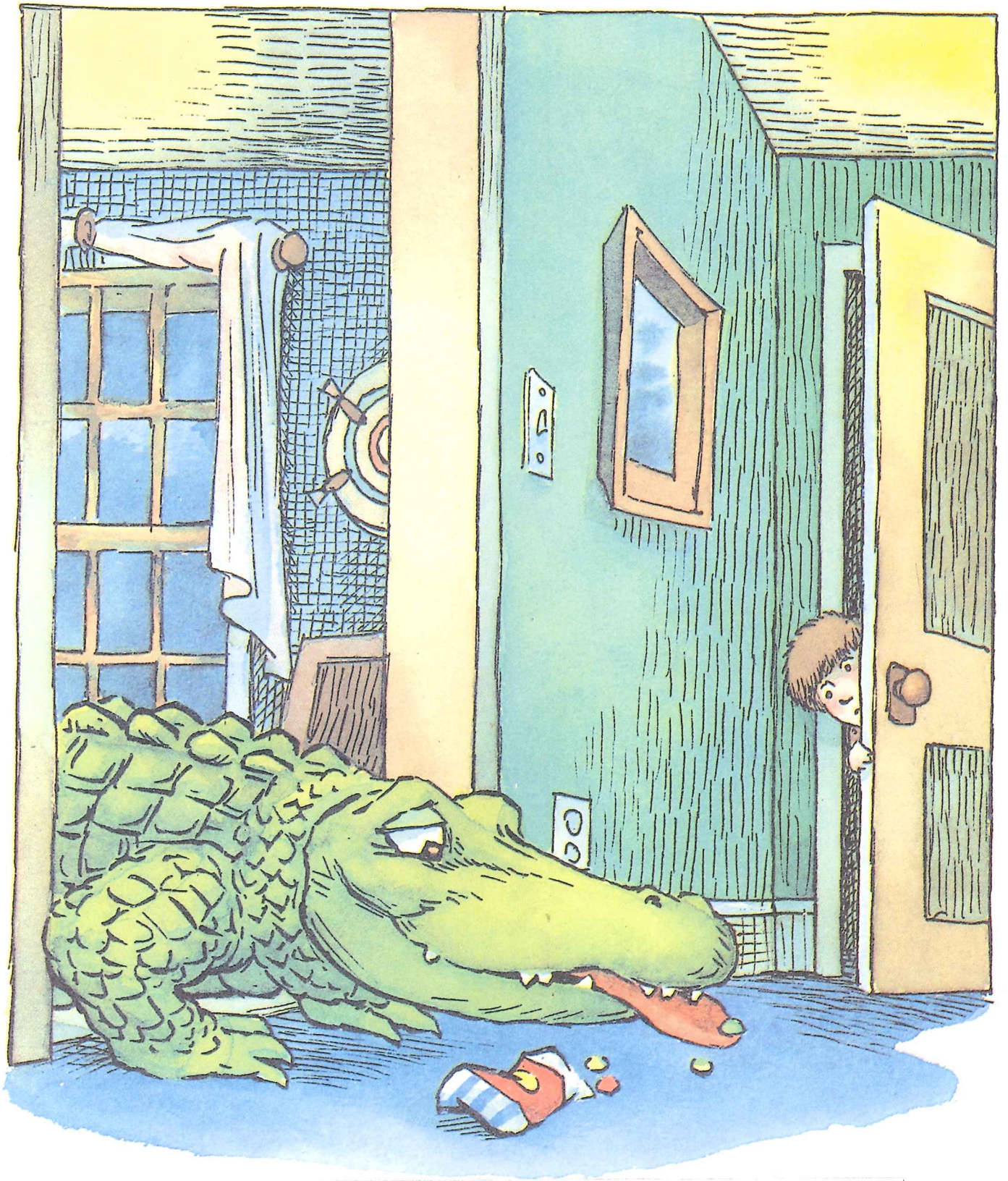
something



to



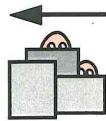
eat.



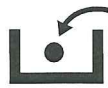
Then



I



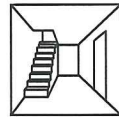
hid



in



the



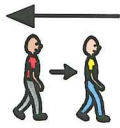
hall



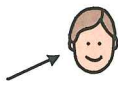
closet.



I



followed



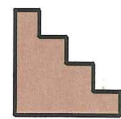
him



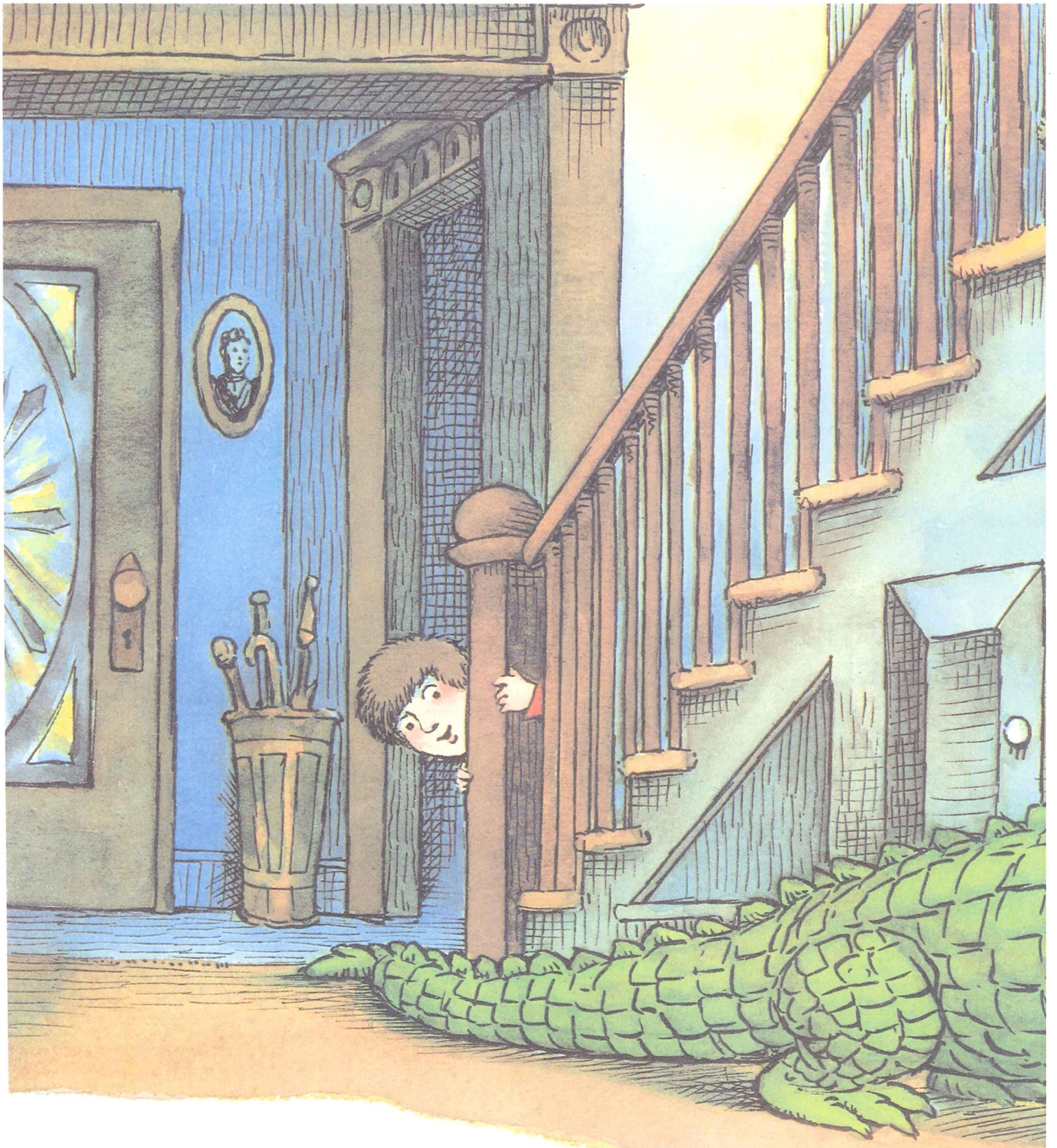
down



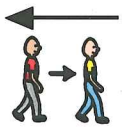
the



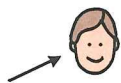
stairs.



I



followed



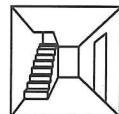
him



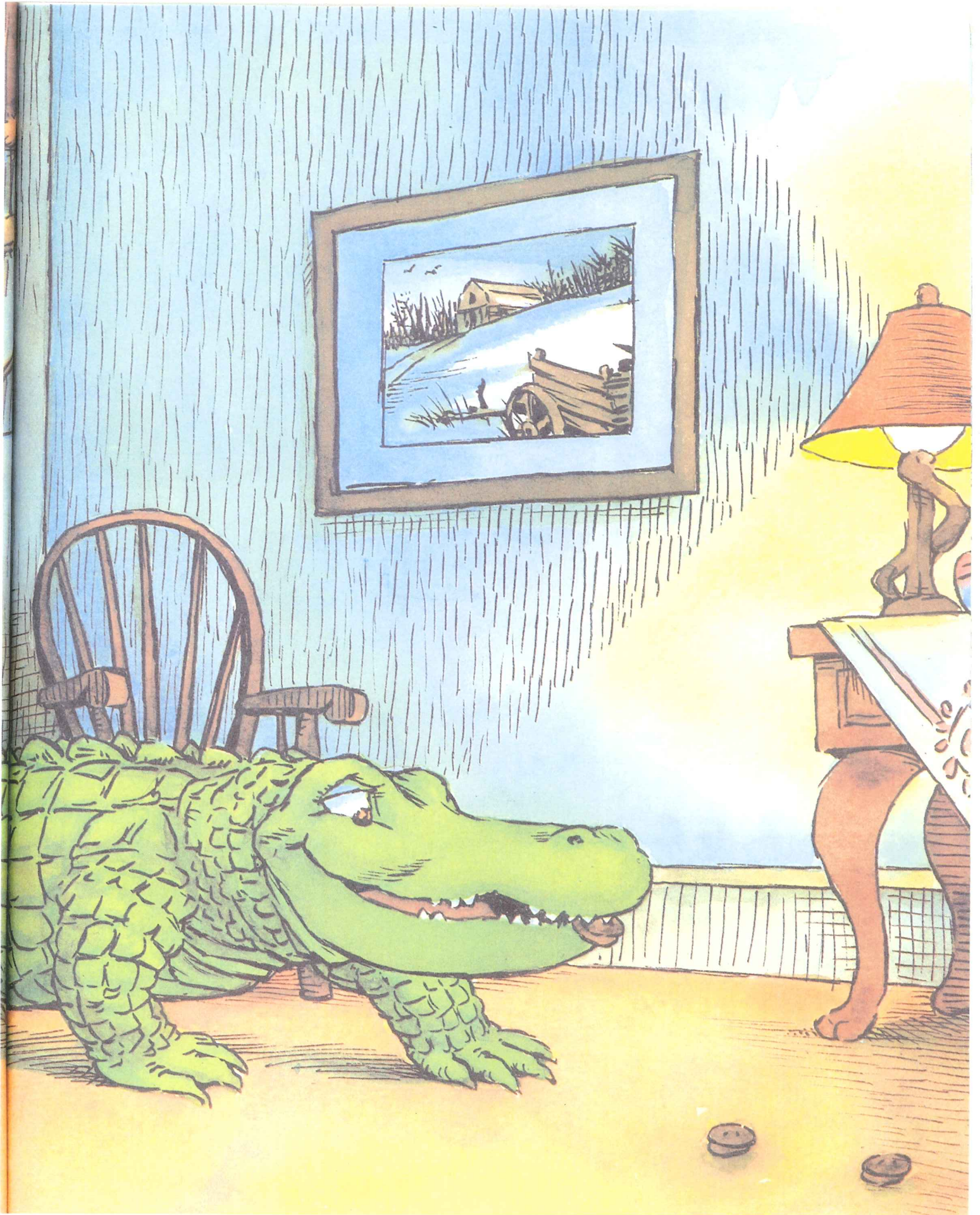
down

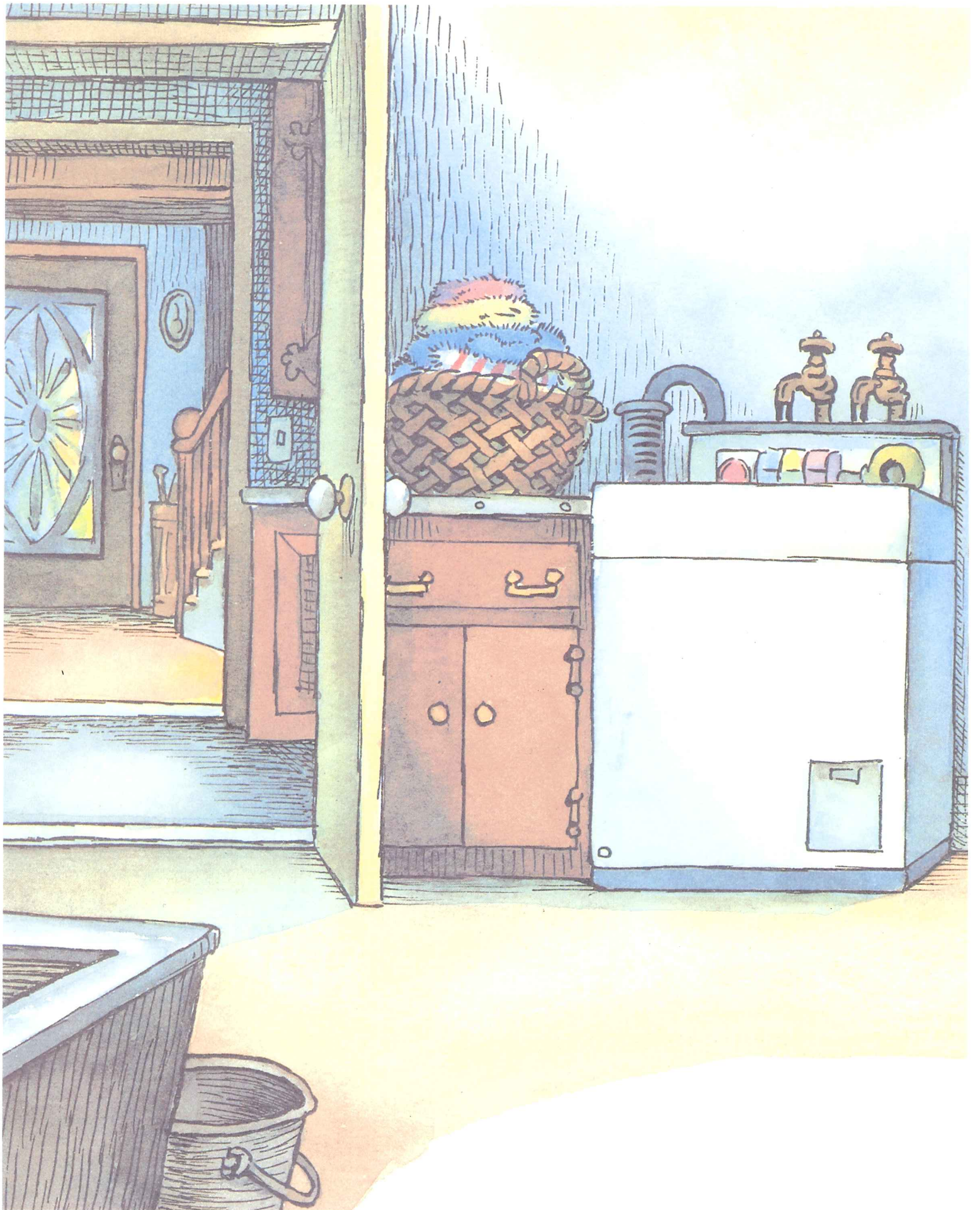


the

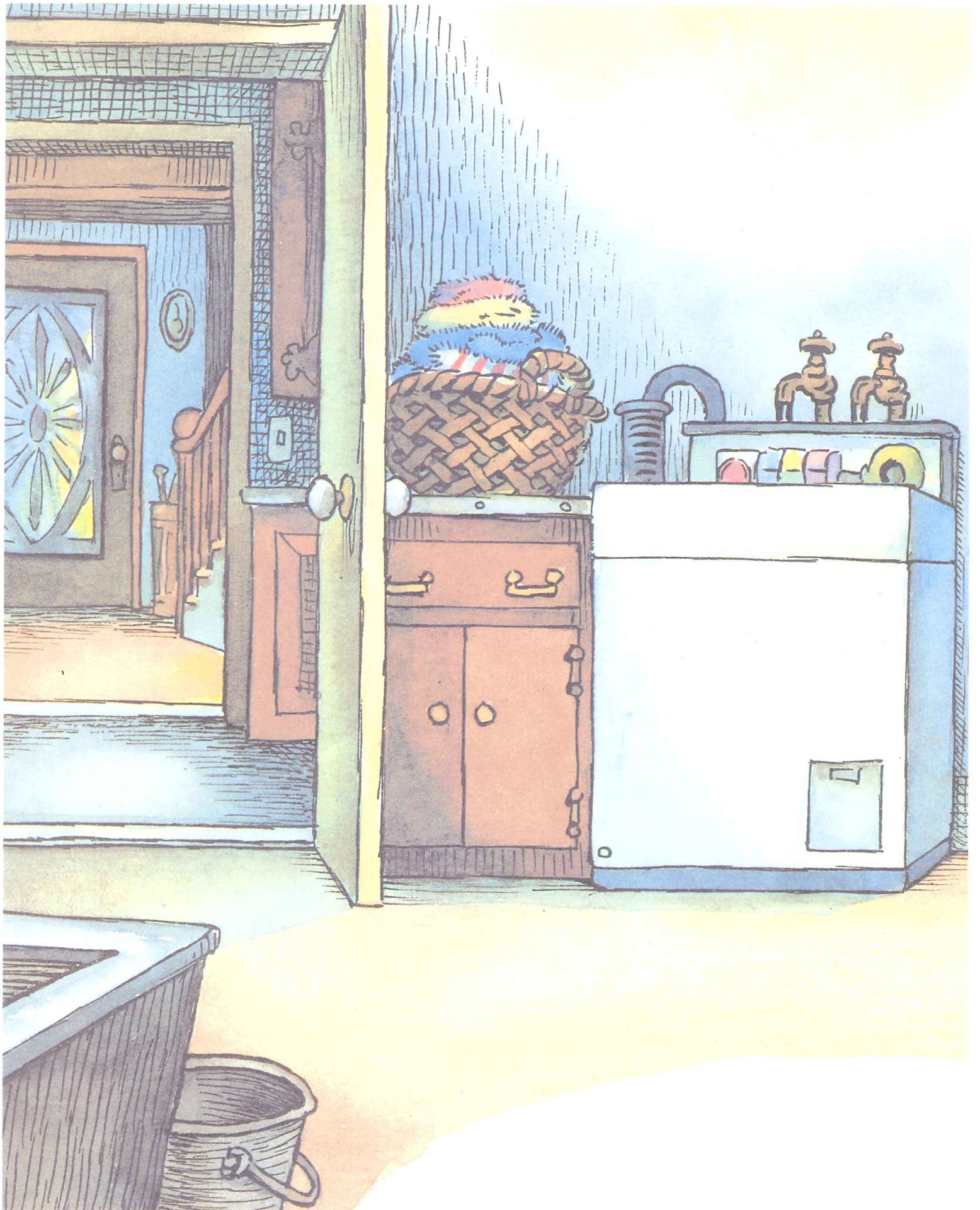


hall.



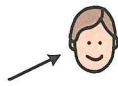








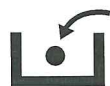
When



he



crawled



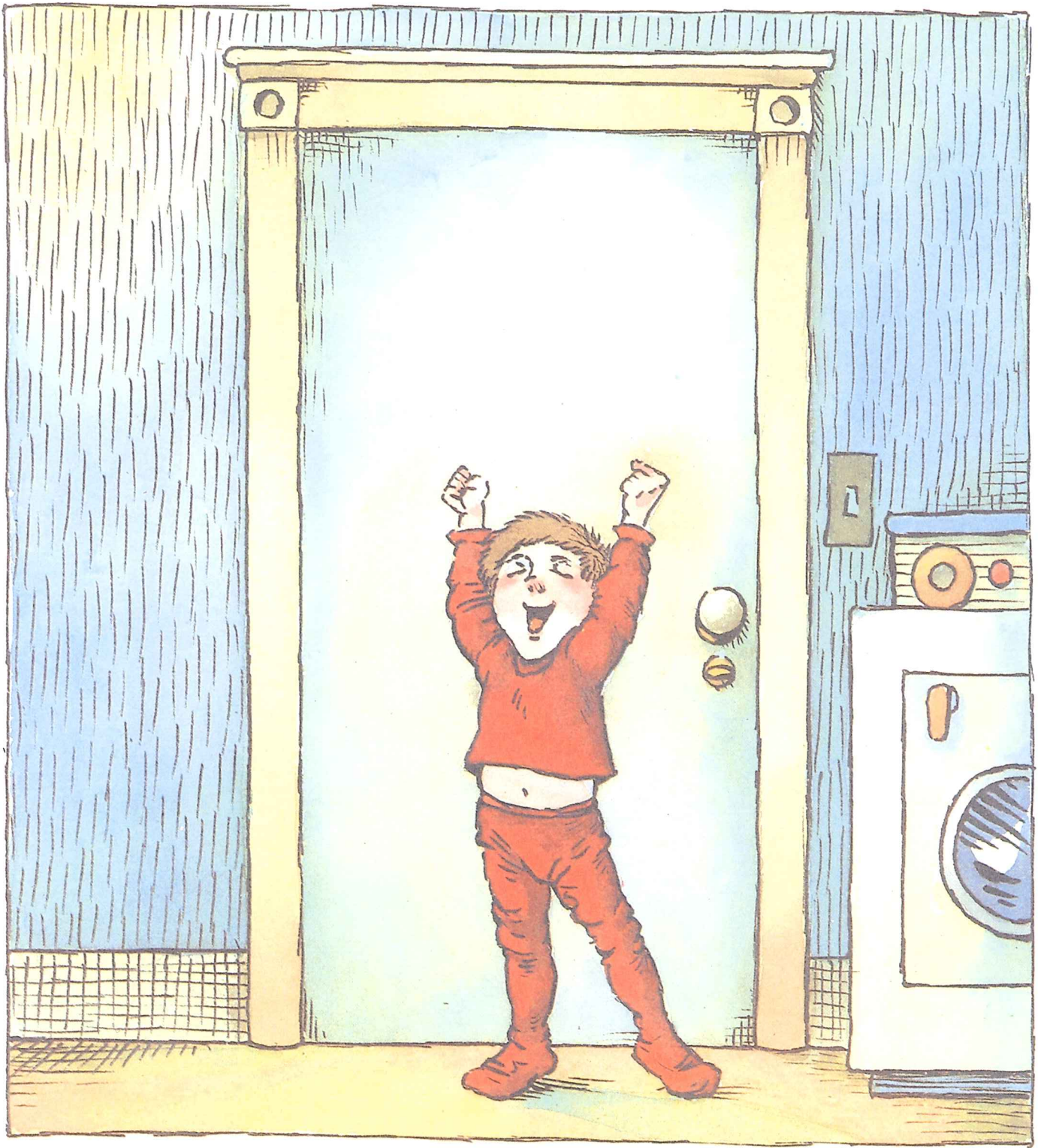
into










the



garage,



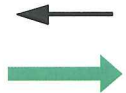
 I  slammed  the  door  and  locked  it.



Then



I



went



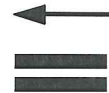
to



bed.



There



wasn't



even



any



mess



to



clean

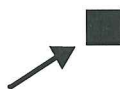


up.

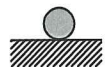




Now



that



there is



an alligator



in



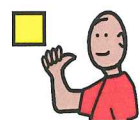
the



garage,



I wonder if



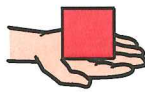
my



dad



will



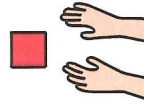
have



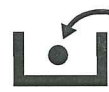
any



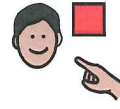
trouble



getting



in



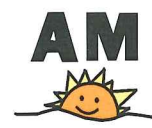
his



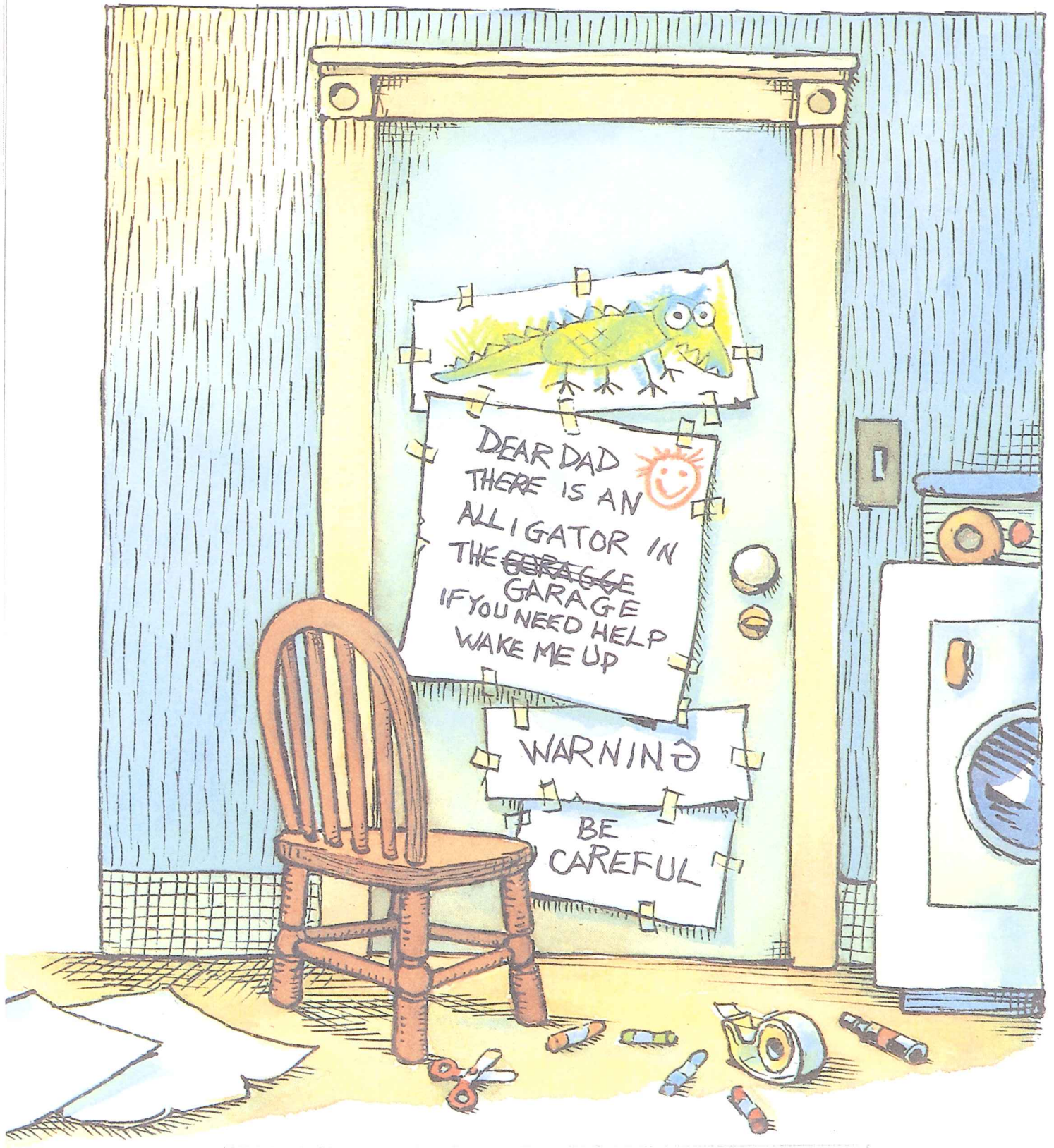
car



tomorrow



morning.



I'll just leave him a note.

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