

Monsters of Mondays

by loulou aubin



Mac hated Mondays. The weekend's fun was over, and school was looming. In the morning, the thought of the school day ahead cast a shadow over him.



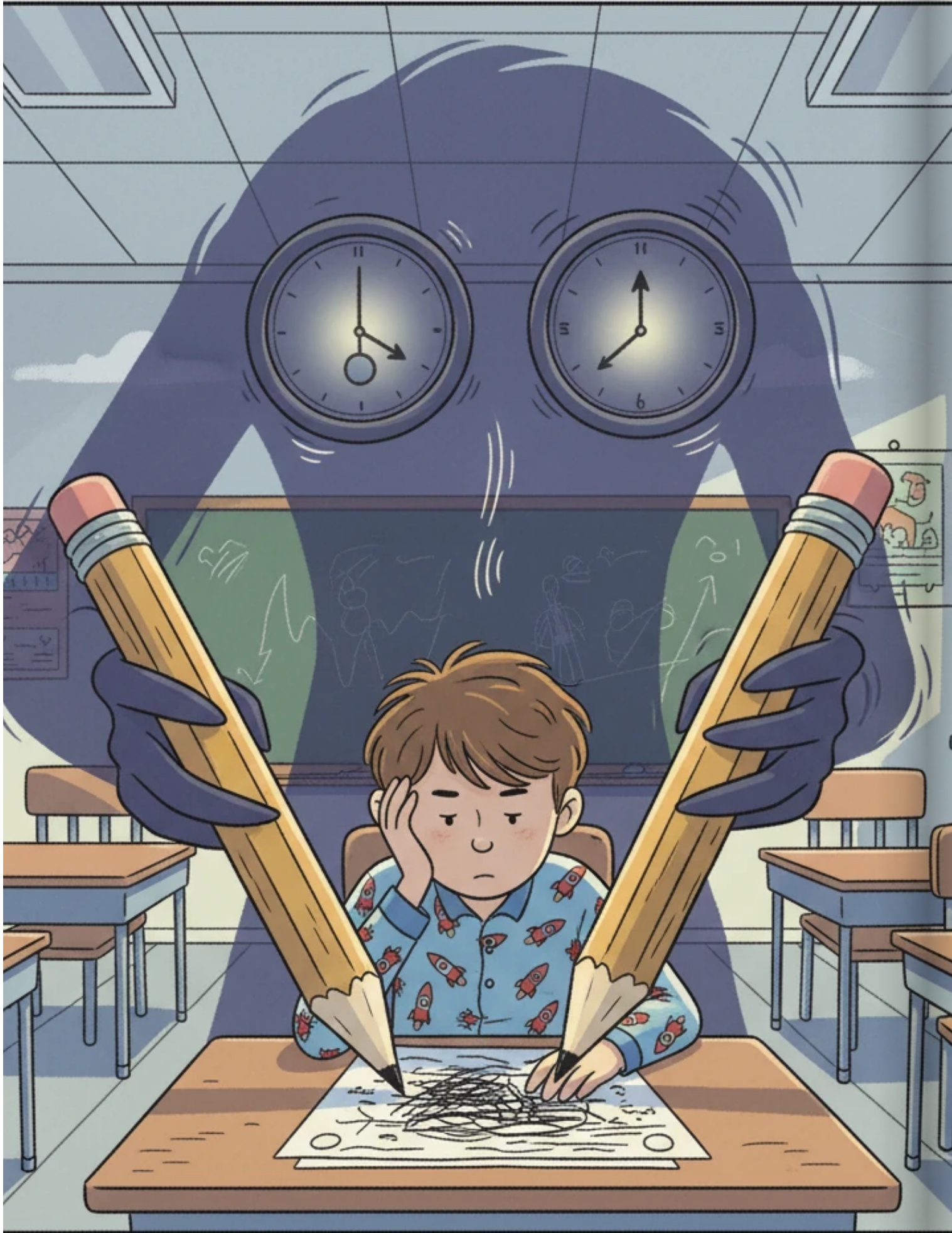
In Mac's mind, school wasn't a building with classrooms. It was a monstrous being, lurking just beyond his doorstep, ready to swallow him whole.



The Monster of Mondays growled at him every morning, its voice booming, "Get up Mac!" It only seemed to growl after the weekend, when Mac was the most reluctant to leave the house.



At recess, the monster's roar was the noise of the playground; the shouts of the children and the sound of the ball hitting the floor. It was too loud, too busy, too much for Mac.



Inside the classroom, the monster's claws were the pencils scratching on paper and the ticking clock became the monster's eyes. Each tick of the clock reminded Mac of how long the day would last.



At lunch, Mac wanted to run away. He felt trapped, but then he felt something – a gentle touch on his arm. It was a girl who asked, "What's wrong, Mac?"