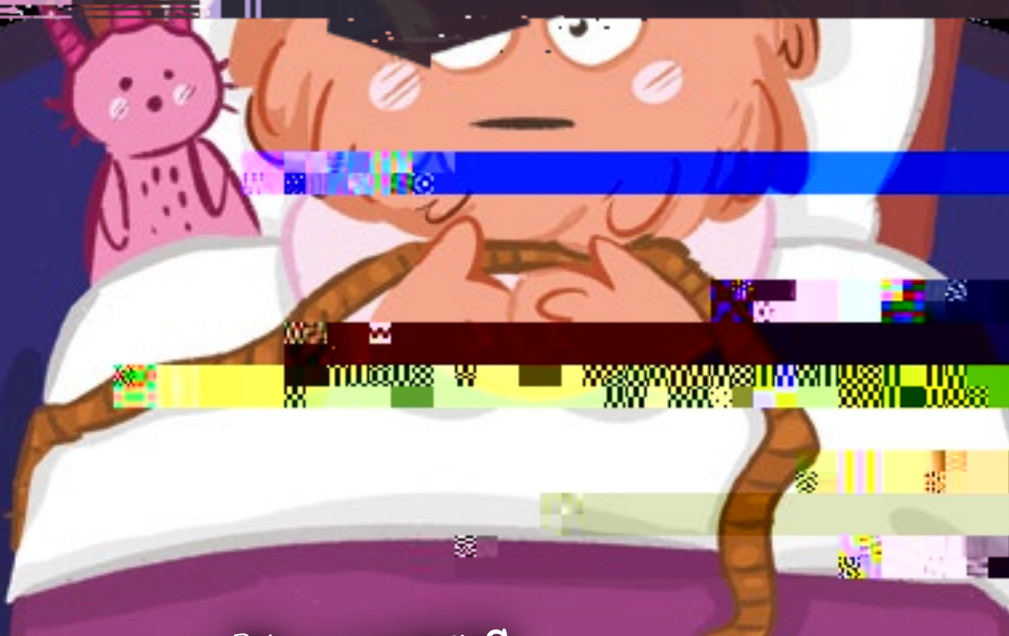


# The Human Under My Bed and King for the Day



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Illustrated By  
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The Human  
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BookLife  
Readers

The logo for BookLife Readers. The word "BookLife" is in a smaller font above "Readers". A small green heart is positioned above the letter 'o' in "Readers". Below the word "Readers" is a simple black line forming a smile.

# Helpful Hints for Reading at Home

The focus phonemes (units of sound) used throughout this series are in line with the order in which your child is taught at school. This offers a consistent approach to learning whether reading at home or in the classroom.

HERE ARE SOME COMMON WORDS THAT YOUR CHILD MIGHT FIND TRICKY:

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## TOP TIPS FOR HELPING YOUR CHILD TO READ:

- E c a e c d eada da e a e e e e e e e e .
- A c d e ab b e e e a d a e c e e .
- A e e e ab e e e a e d e a d .
- E c a e c d c a f e ea f e cab a .

# The Human Under My Bed a d King for the Day



Written by M e G a e a a Illustrated by l e e R e



# The Human Under My Bed



Written by M eG a e a a Illustrated by l e e Re

# Chapter One

Myrtle was convinced that there was a human  
under her bed. She probably shouldn't have  
stayed up late to watch that scary film with  
her sister. She probably shouldn't have  
stayed up late to watch that scary film with  
her sister. She probably shouldn't have  
stayed up late to watch that scary film with  
her sister.



It was no good. Myrtle wasn't listening. She was too busy squeezing glow sticks into her bookcase.

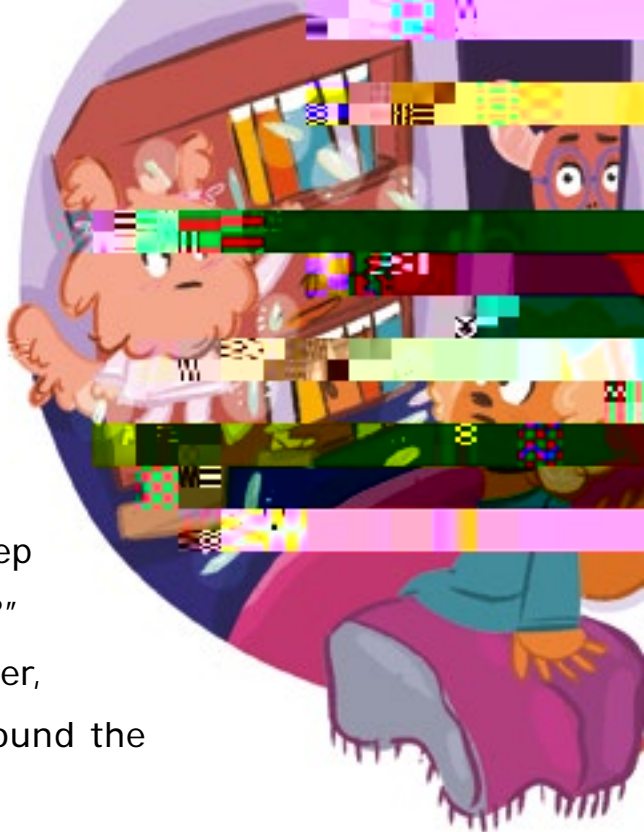
"How can you sleep with all this light?" asked Papa Monster, poking his head round the bedroom door.

"I can't sleep," said Myrtle. "But that's the plan."

She stepped back to admire her handiwork. Now she could finally climb into bed.

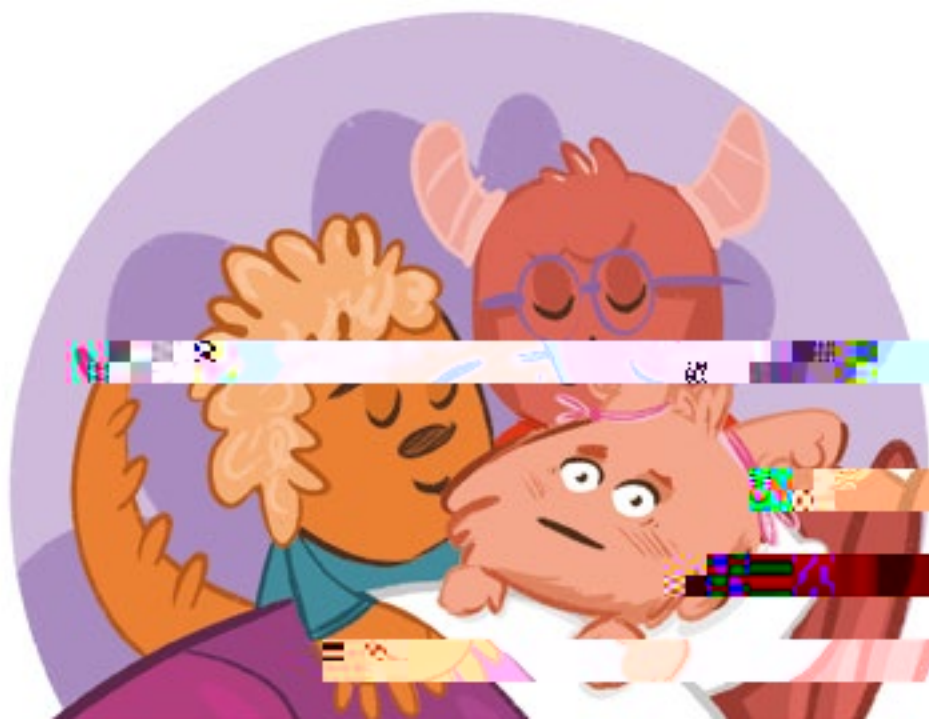
"There is absolutely nothing under your bed," said Mama. "We promise."

"There's nothing when you look now," said Myrtle. "But in the middle of the night - that's when they come out!"





“ Please get some sleep tonight, Myrtle,” said





# Chapter Two

Before she knew it, it was morning and her eyes were starting to twitch. Every little noise in the night had made her jump and she was sick of it. She hadn't slept a wink! At school, Myrtle had bags under her eyes and staying awake in lessons had become a struggle.

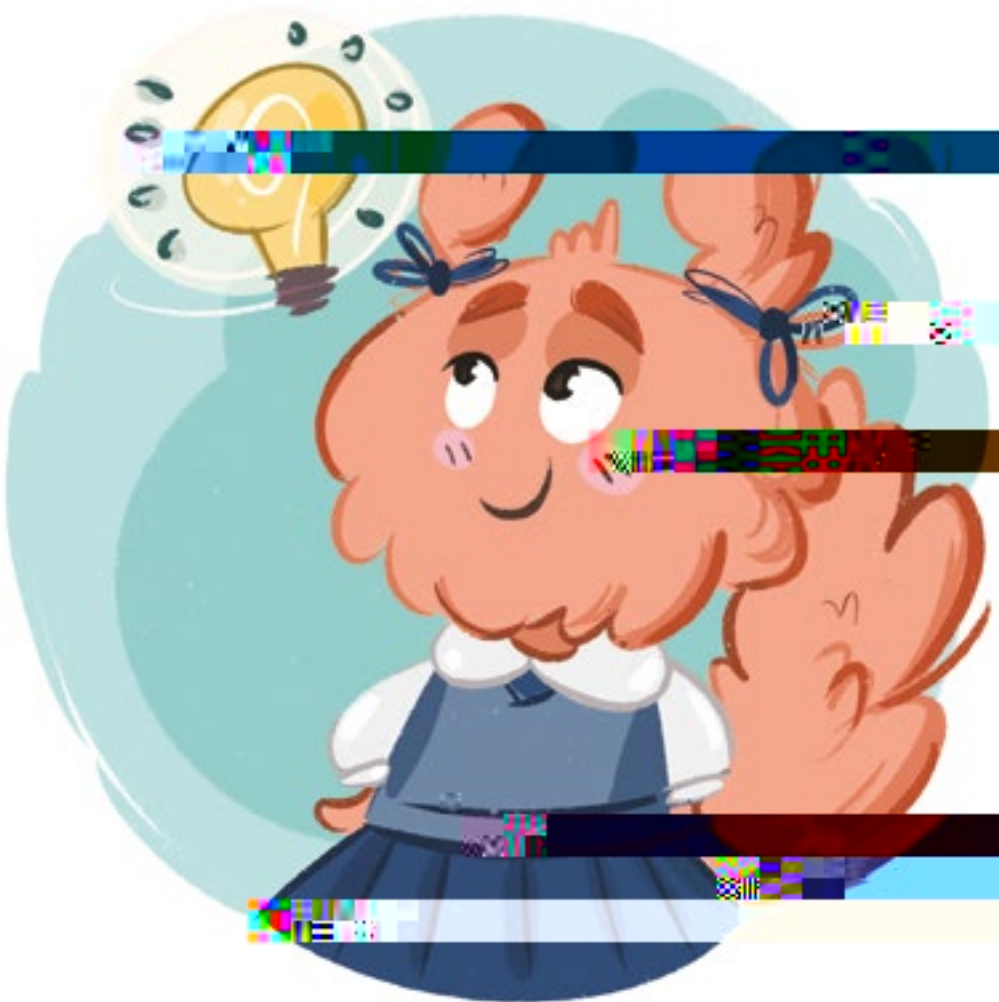


She was super grumpy, and everything her teachers said went in one ear and straight out the other. She finally ended up nodding off in the middle of her history lesson. Her teacher didn't notice, but Myrtle was fed up.



“ I am going to have to take matters into my own hands and catch this human once and for all! Then I can finally get a good night’s sleep. But how can I do that?”

Just then, an idea popped into Myrtle’s head. She knew what she had to do.



Myrtle set to work the minute she got home from school. First stop was Papa's shed, where she picked up a big bucket and some rope. Then she went to the kitchen, where she raided the snack cupboard for sweets. She had



heard that humans loved to eat sweets, so what better treat to use for her trap?



Myrtle was struggling to carry her trap materials upstairs when she dropped the bucket with a clang.

"Myrtle?" called Mama from the living room. "What are you doing?"

"Nothing!" yelled Myrtle. She knew her parents would think she was being silly. She would have to wait for them to fall asleep before she carried out her plan.



Myrtle shoved the bucket, rope and sweets into her wardrobe and sat back. She looked around her room for the last piece of her trap.

She needed something to prop up the bucket. Her eyes finally landed on her Spelling Wasp trophy.

"A-ha!" said Myrtle.

"That will do the trick!"

She was just about to pick the trophy up when she heard her parents laying the table in the dining room below her.

"Dinner's ready!" bellowed Papa from downstairs. Myrtle had been so busy preparing her trap that she had forgotten all about dinner.

"I'll be right back, human," thought Myrtle.

"Just you wait."



# Chapter Three

At the dinner table, Mama and Papa watched as Myrtle ate her food as quickly as she possibly could. She was in a hurry to get back to her room.

"Oh dear," whispered Mama, so that only Papa could hear.

"She's at breaking point," Papa whispered back.



"You don't?" asked Mama. "What about the humans?"

"I'm not worried about them anymore!" said Myrtle, her voice drifting in from the landing. The next thing Mama and Papa heard was Myrtle's bedroom door closing.

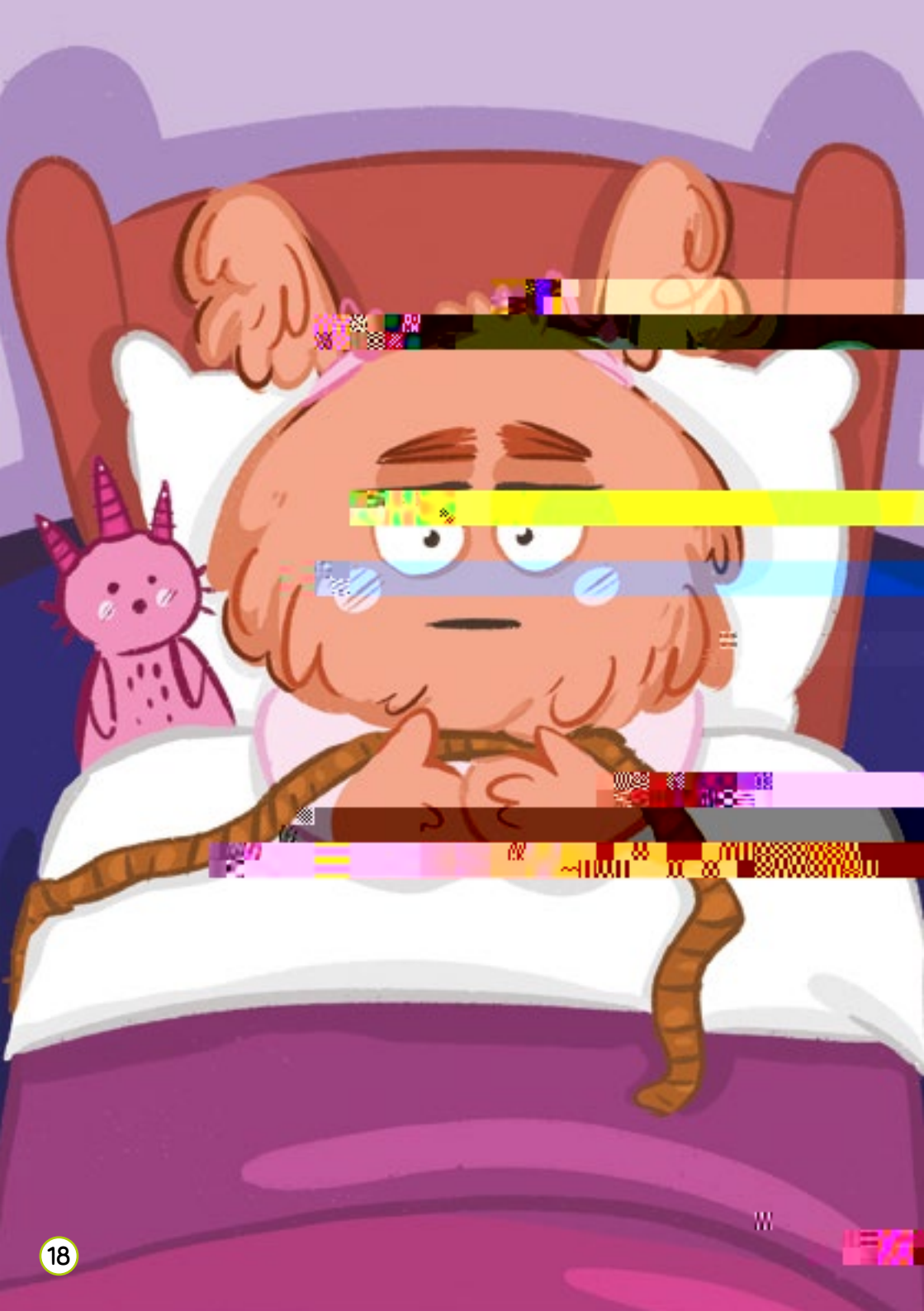
"Well," said Papa. "That wasn't weird at all."

"I hope she really means that," said Mama. "Because there is nothing under her bed!"

Back in her room, Myrtle was setting up her trap. She had tied the rope to the trophy and used it to prop the bucket up. She tossed a handful of sweets under the bucket, picked up the other end of the rope, and climbed into bed.

"And now, I wait," said Myrtle.





The hours ticked by, but there was no sign of the human.

“Come on...” mumbled Myrtle, as her eyelids grew heavier.

Her head started to droop closer to her pillow. She tried to fight it, but it wasn't long before she was fast asleep. All those sleepless nights had finally caught up with her.



# Chapter Four

When Myrtle woke up, the sweets had disappeared from her trap, but there was no human in sight!

“That pesky human!” thought Myrtle. “It got away!”

She’d get it next time. She just had to stay awake long enough!



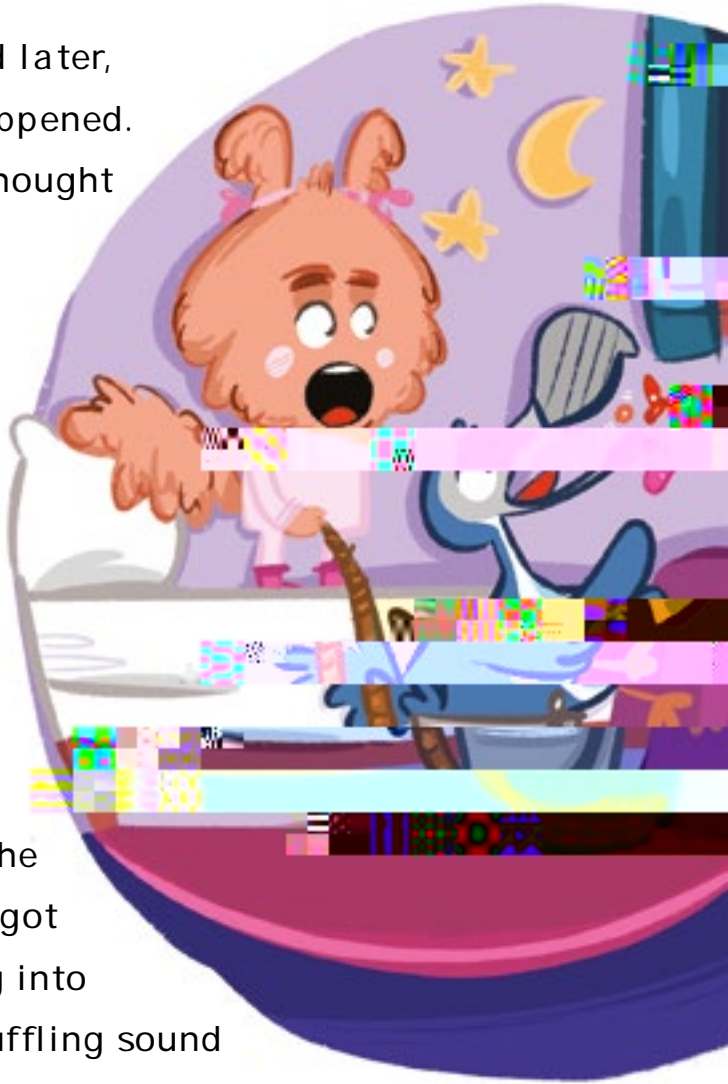
That night, Myrtle set her trap up again. And just as she'd done before, she climbed into bed and waited. But she wouldn't fall asleep this time. She had a bag of spicy crisps with her, and every time she felt sleepy, she popped one in her mouth.



It got later and later,  
but nothing happened.  
“Not again,” thought  
Myrtle.

She was nearly  
ready to give  
up when  
she heard  
a scuffling  
sound. The  
human was  
coming! She  
jumped up on  
her bed, held the  
rope tight and got  
ready to spring into  
action. The scuffling sound  
got louder and louder, until...

A dodo bird appeared from under Myrtle's  
bed! It scurried over to the sweets and started  
gobbling them up.









# The Human Under My Bed

1. W α d d M e e e e e b c a e ?

2. W α e d d M e d f f ?

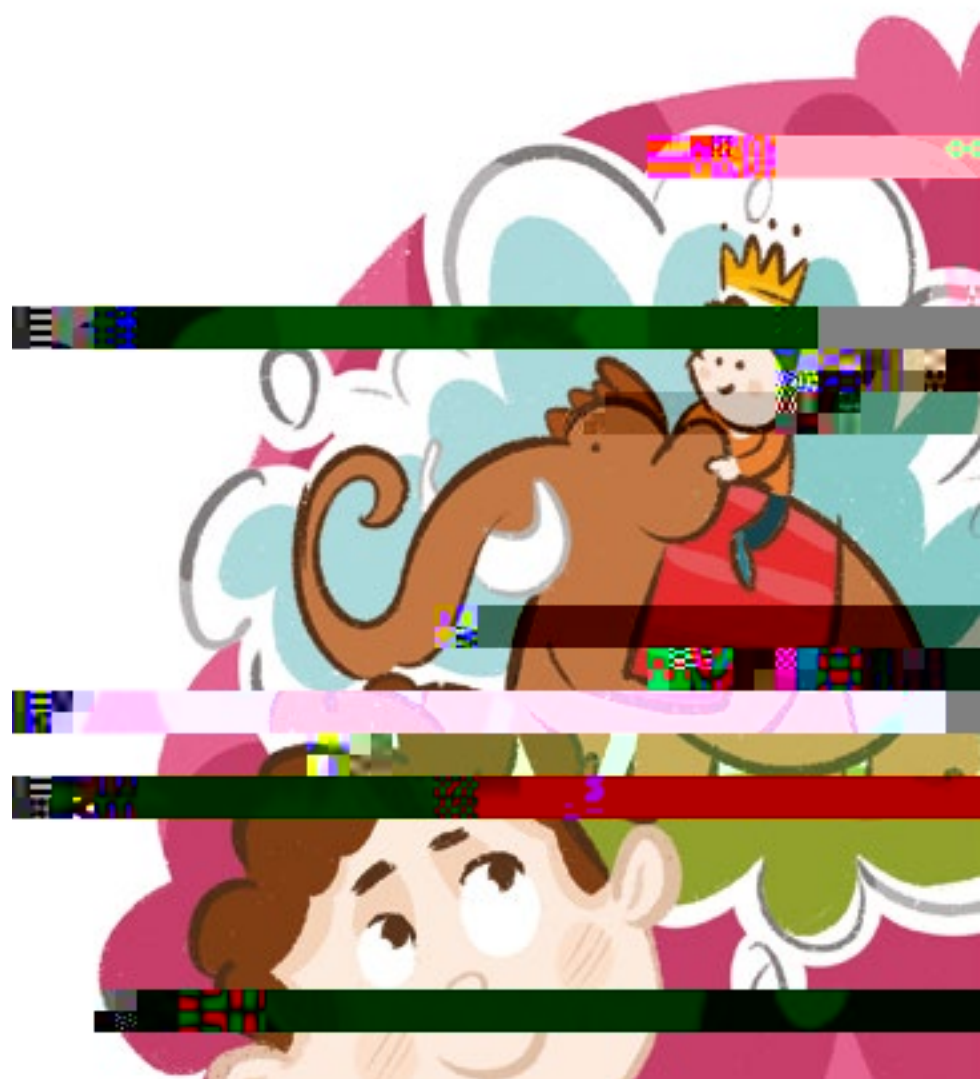
3. W α d d M e a e f P a a' e d ?

(a) A b b c e a d e e

(b) A b a d d e a

(c) A e b b





# Chapter One

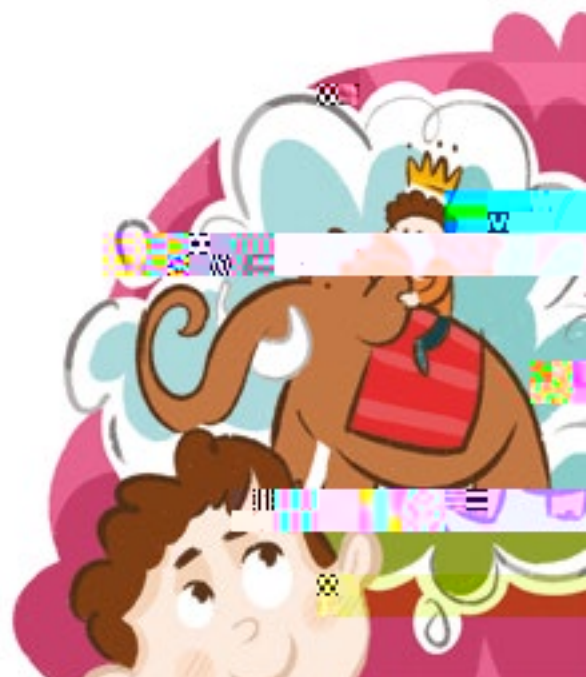
When Boris grew up, he wanted to be the king. If he were king, he would be able to do whatever he wanted, whenever he wanted. No one could tell him what to do because he would be the most powerful person around!



Kings didn't have bedtimes, or homework, and that was the kind of life Boris wanted.

At breakfast, he decided to lay out his plans for his brothers and sisters. He had already written a list of the things that he planned on doing, which he rolled out all the way down the middle of the table.



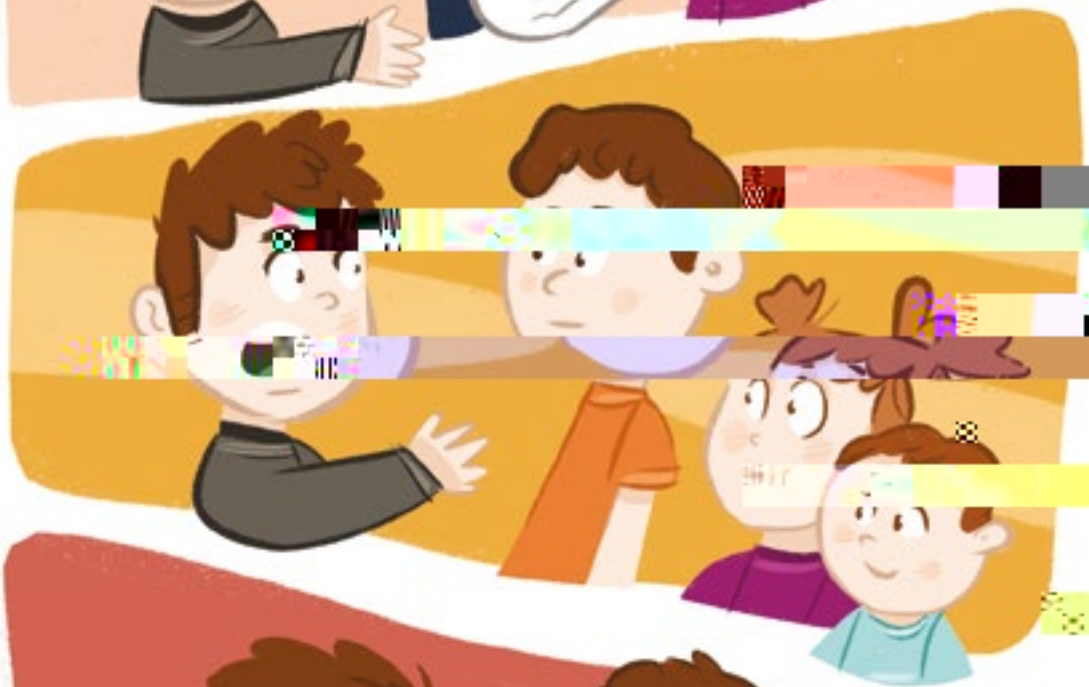






“ That doesn’ t sound healthy at all!” said Doris. Boris’ s sisters turned back to their breakfast, thinking he was finally finished. But he had just been getting started. Boris ended up going on... and on... and on... until everyone but Boris himself was very annoyed.

isThe n his older brother k r h r2 inkntrq



“ If you want to be a proper king, that’s what you’ll need to do,” said Morris. “ In fact, you should try to be king for the day, to see if you’re ready for the job.”

“ Of course I’m ready for the job!” exclaimed Boris. yu d Mb “ urcsnp tñe B d M

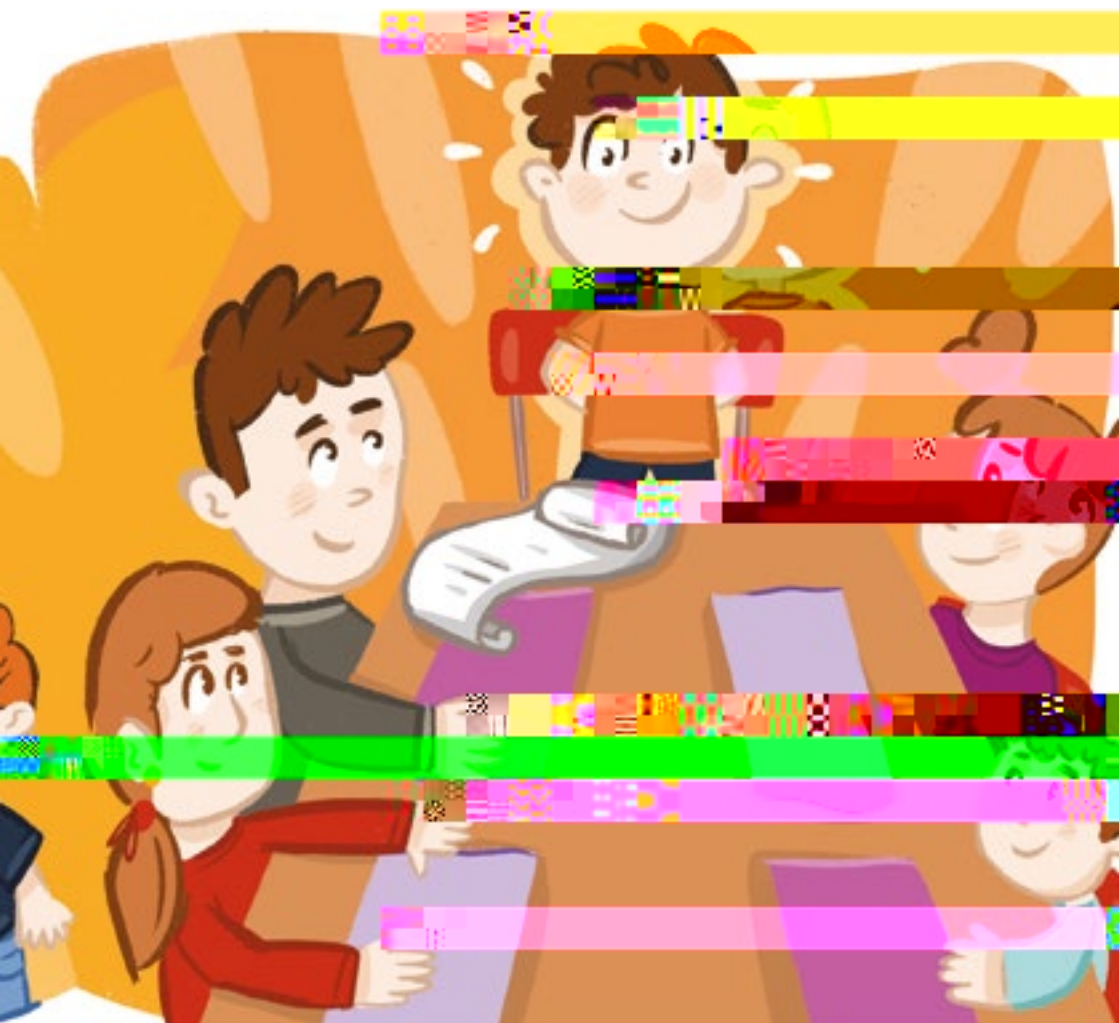


“Of course, if that’s too much for you to handle...” taunted Morris.

“No,” said Boris. “I can do it!”

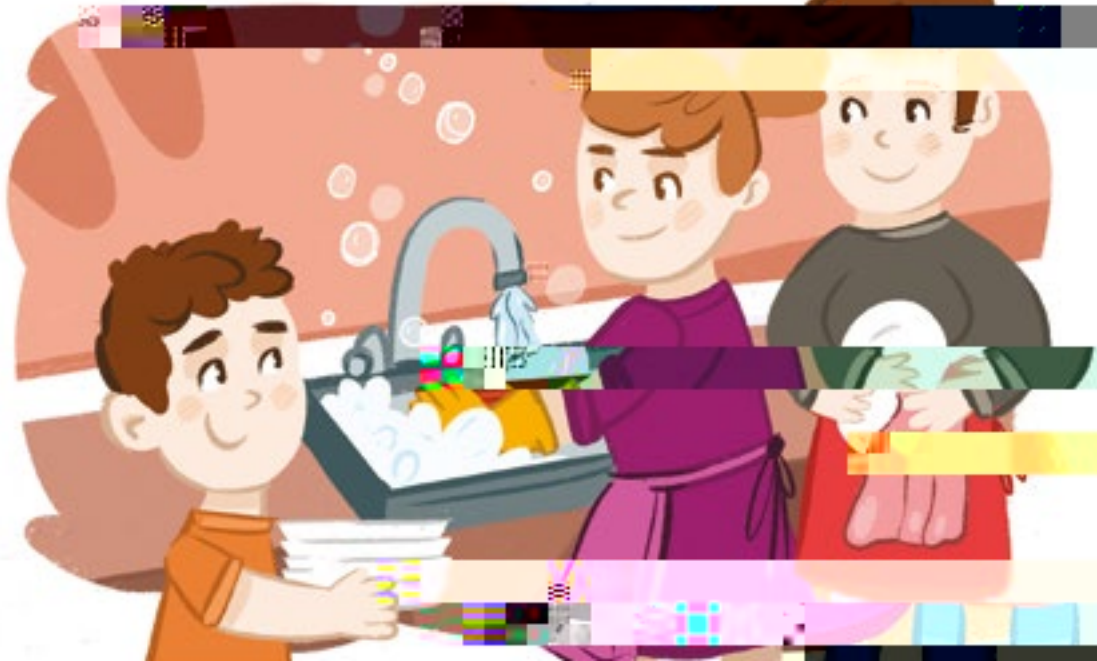
“Good,” said Morris. “Your first job is to make sure everyone here does their bit to clean up after breakfast.”

Boris looked down the ta



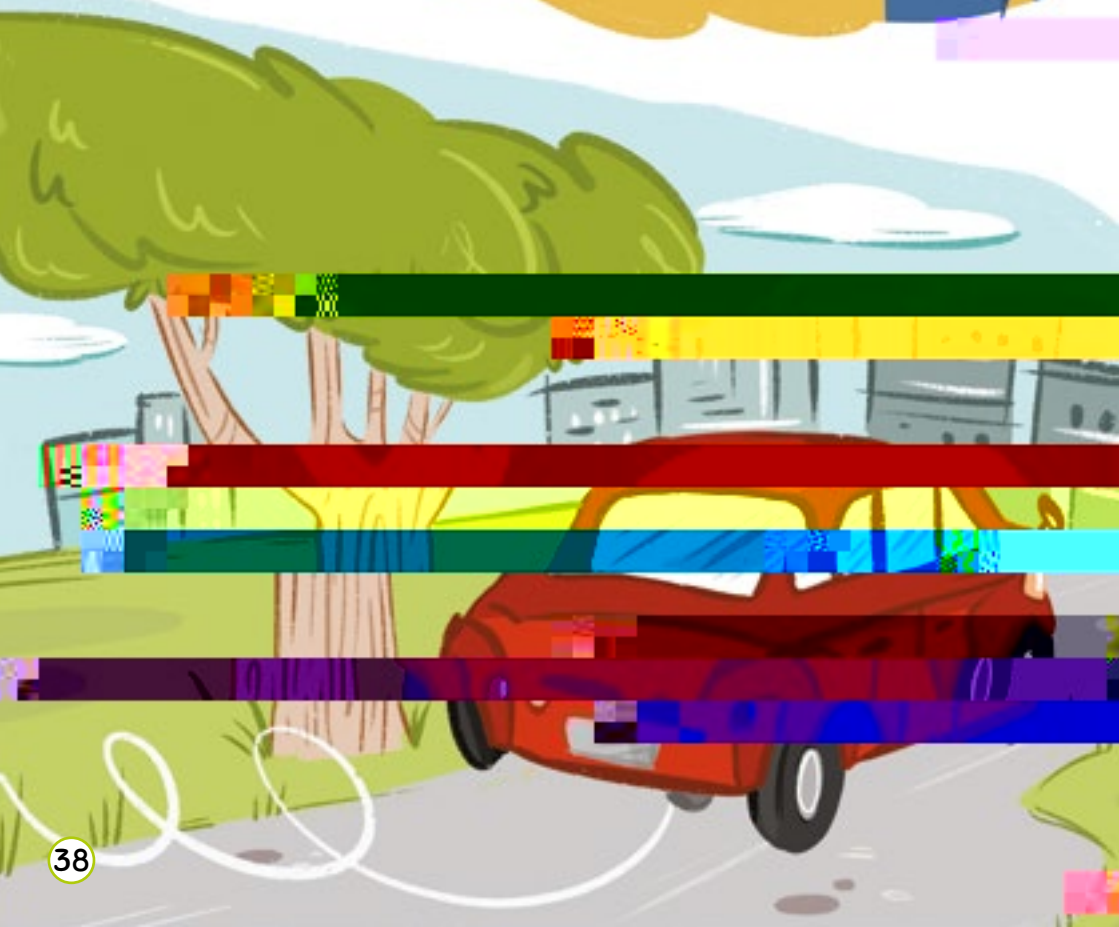
“ Um, um...” stuttered Boris. “ We need to do the washing up and wipe the table.”

“ Good,” sai



# Chapter Two

The children followed Boris's plan, until

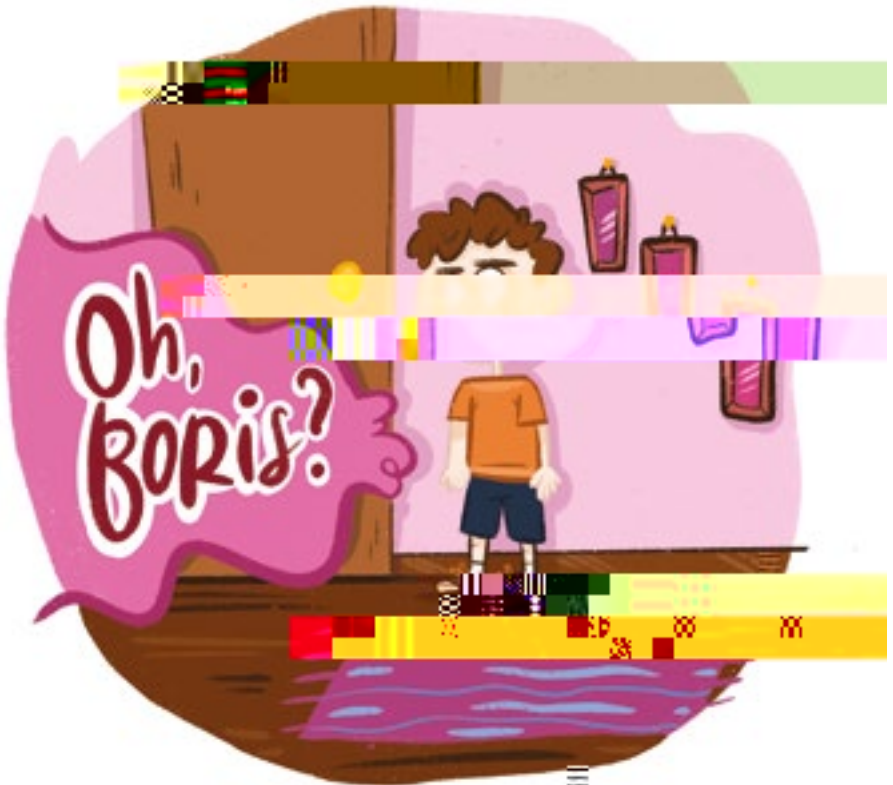






# Chapter Three

Boris couldn't wait to get into bed and rest.



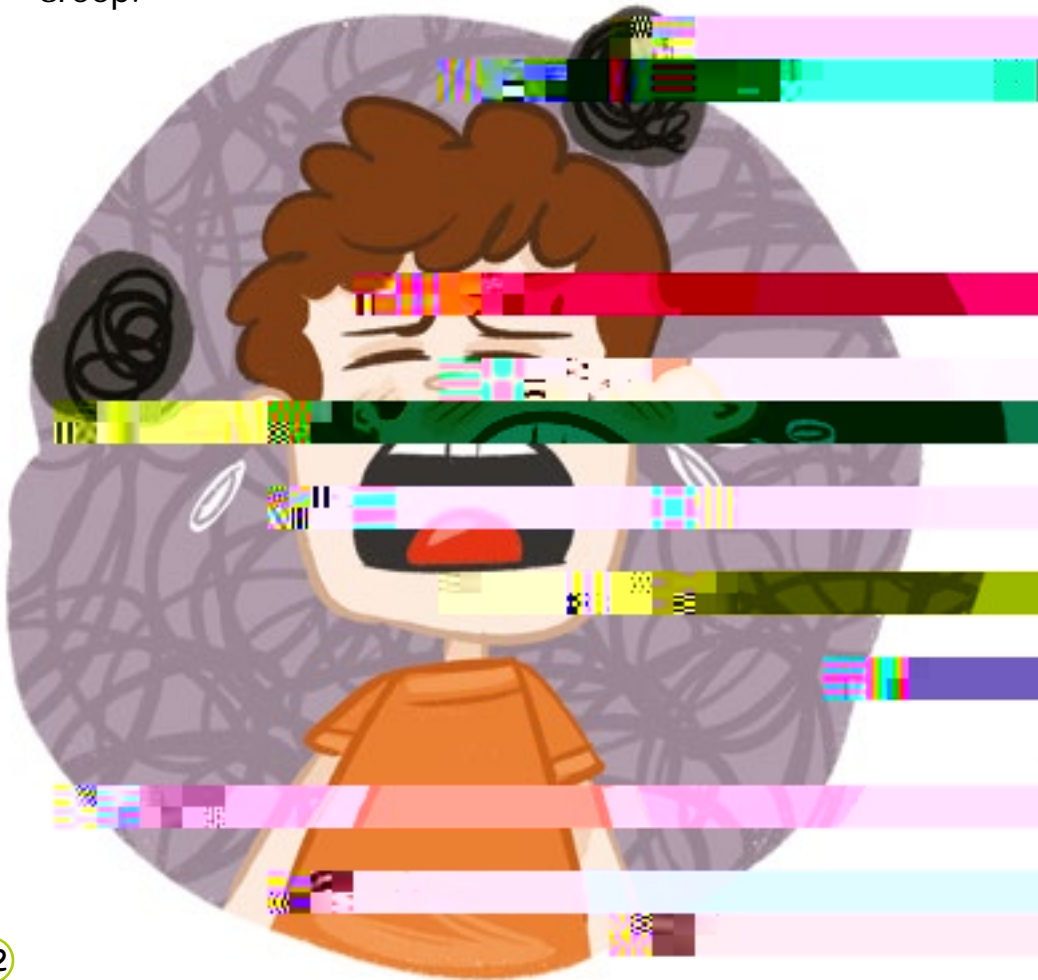


“Excellent decision,” said Morris. He handed one of the monkey’s paws to Mavis, and the other to Elvis. “While you’re here, Boris, you can do your final task of the day.”

“There’s more?” wailed Boris.

“Just one more thing, I promise,” said Morris.

“You just have to get these two to go to sleep.”



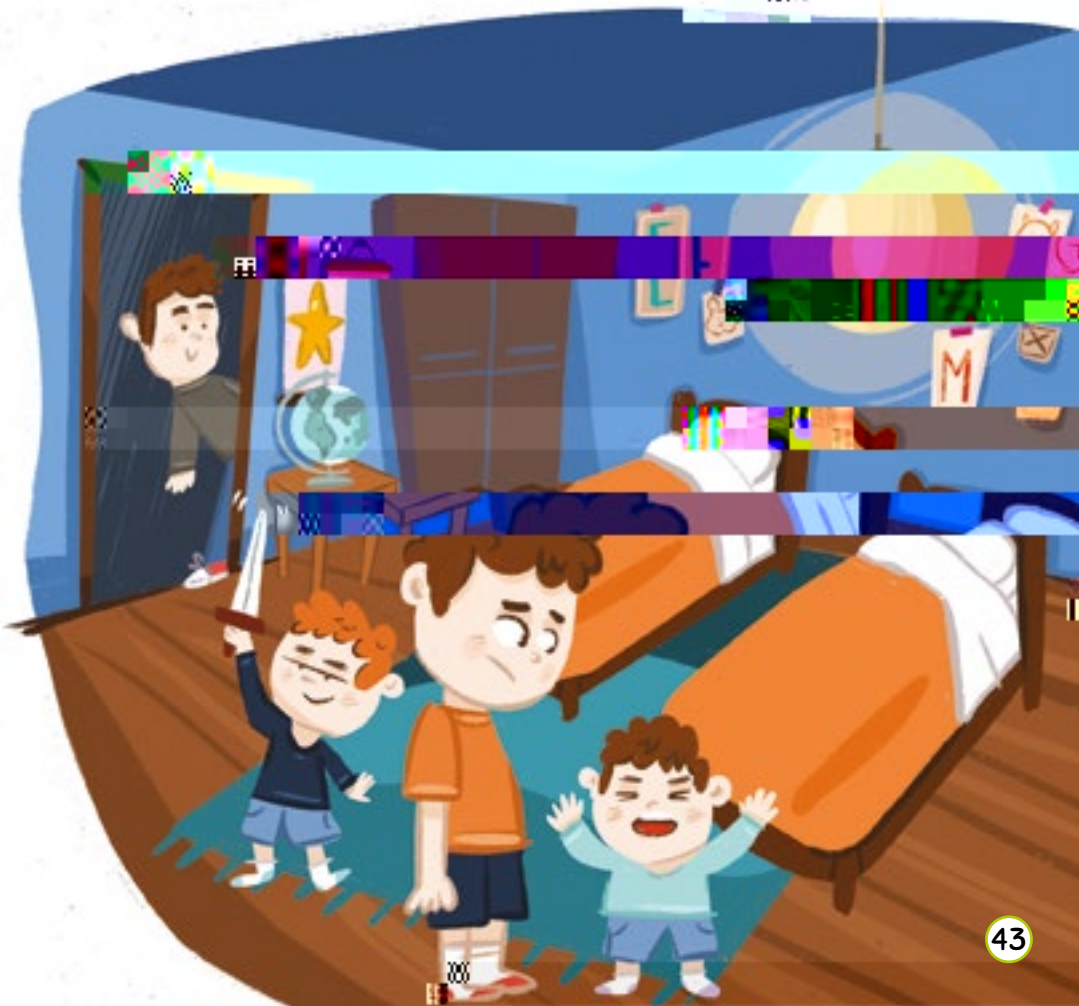
"Wait..." said Boris.

"I'm leaving you to it," said Morris as he walked out of the door. "Good luck!"

Boris turned to look at Mavis and Elvis. They were wide awake. More awake than Boris had ever seen them before.

"Get into bed," pleaded Boris.

"You have to use the magic word!" said Mavis.



“ Please?” begged Boris.

“ Alright,” said Elvis. “ But only because you asked so nicely.”

He and Mavis climbed into their beds, but they didn't lie down.

“ What are you doing?” asked Boris.



“ Go to sleep!” barked Boris, as he marched out of their bedroom. But they were still giggling! Boris slumped in front of their door. It looked like it was going to be a long night. The minutes passed and Boris was losing his mind with boredom. When Boris was finally



# King for the Day

1. W α d d B    a   e   e   e   e   a   d e   f  
a   a   c   e   ?

2. W α   e   d d B    a   ?

3. W α   a   B   '   f   j   b a   ?

4. W α d d e   e   b   a   a   a   ?

(a) A   f   f   e   e

(b) A   d   d

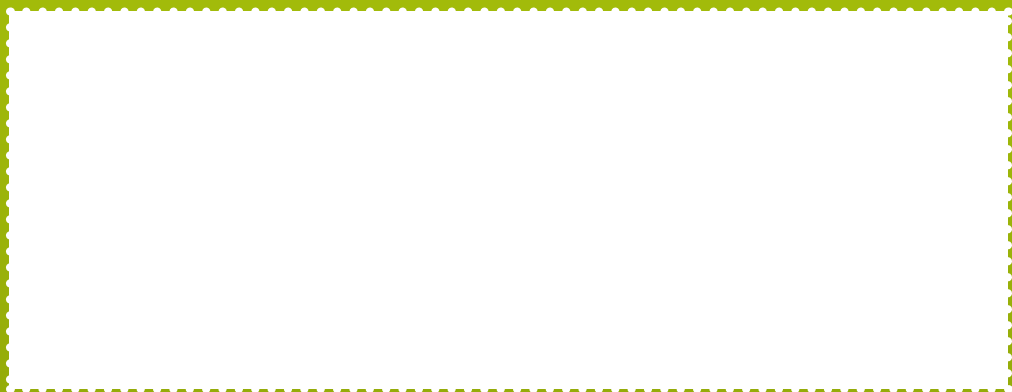
(c) A   c   d   d   b   e   a

5. H   a   B   f   e   e   a   e   e   d   f   e   d   a   ?   D

e   d   b   e   a   d   e   e   ?







Life

