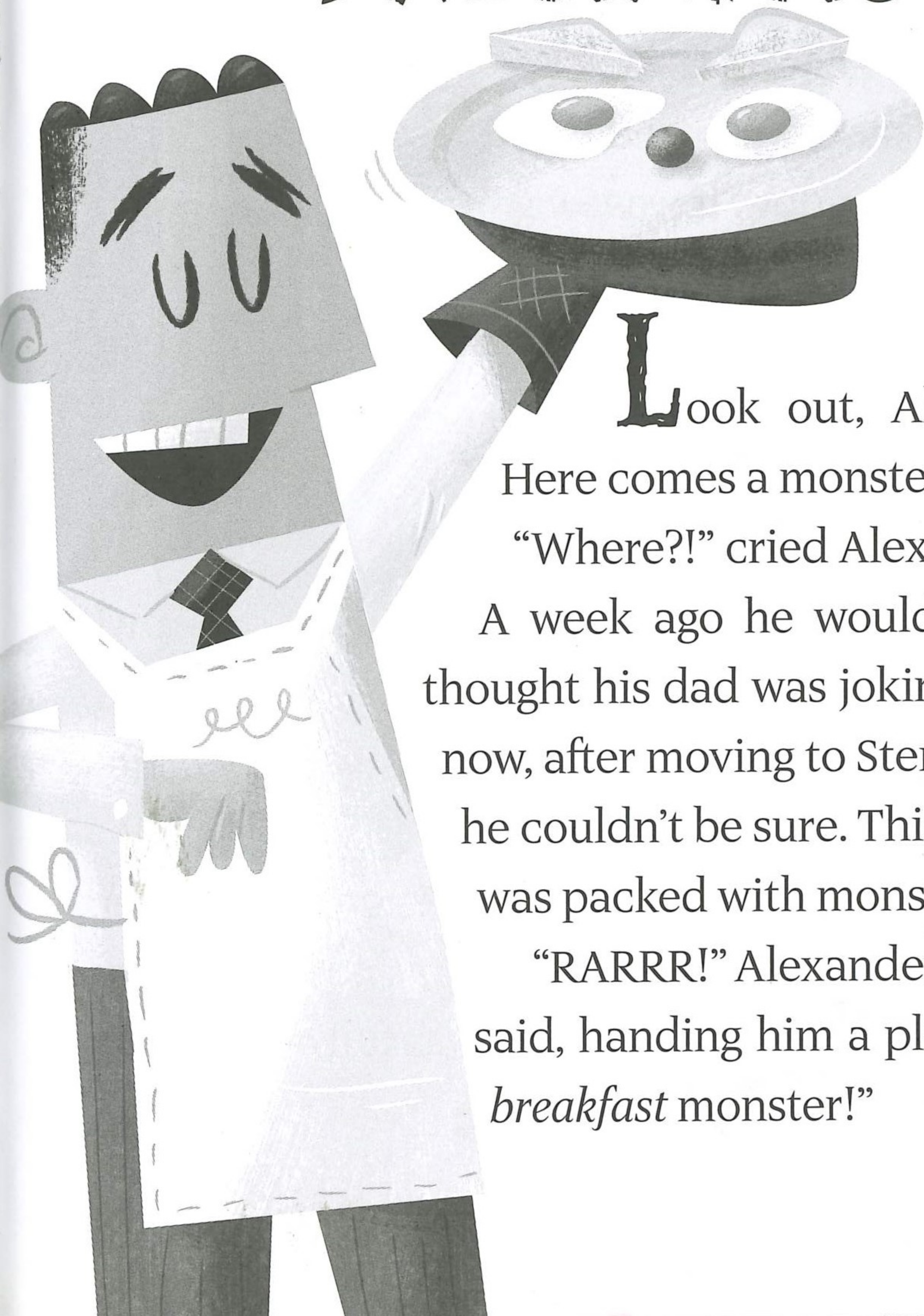


# A NICE, WORM BREAKFAST



Look out, Al. . . .

Here comes a monster!”

“Where?!” cried Alexander.

A week ago he would have thought his dad was joking. But now, after moving to Stermont, he couldn’t be sure. This town was packed with monsters.

“RARRR!” Alexander’s dad said, handing him a plate. “A *breakfast monster!*”



Alexander sighed.

“Sorry there’s no mouth on this breakfast monster, but I didn’t have any bacon,” said Alexander’s dad. “Now chow down! I have to fetch the newspaper before it floats away!”

Alexander glanced out the window. It was pouring.

**CLACK.** As soon as Alexander heard the front door close, he pulled a beat-up notebook out of his backpack.

The old notebook had a creepy-looking skull and the initials *S.S.M.P.* on the cover. Alexander had been studying this notebook ever since he’d found it. The book was full of drawings and facts about monsters.

