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“You Monster!”  
by Caterina Baldi

Edo	Spider
<p>In the schoolyard there’s a tree which everyone calls the Tree. Marta, Petra and I love climbing on its branches, for us it’s the best game ever! There’s only one problem. Spiders. Last year, Marta was bitten by one of them and her hand grew as big as a baseball mitt.</p>	<p>In the schoolyard there’s a tree which everyone calls the Tree. I live there with my friends, Little and Hairy. Little is an ace of spinning cobweb. No one spits like him. Hairy is a born explorer, he finds holes of all shapes and sizes.</p>
<p>One day, Marta sees a hole in the trunk. She sticks her finger in. “Eww.” She takes it out immediately. Guess what we found inside!</p>	<p>Yeah, we know it is dangerous down below, there are humans. But we are careful. Until Little finds the best hole ever.</p>
<p>Three hairy spiders, ugly and black. One jumps out, straight into my ear! I shake my head like a wet dog: “You two, help me!” Finally, the little weirdo falls out. We go back inside. That’s enough danger for today.</p>	<p>“It’s the coolest hole I’ve ever seen’ said Hairy. “It’s so huge!” cries Little. “It’s perfect!” I say. Too bad it is close to the ground. But we go in anyway.</p>
<p>The next day we want to climb the tree. We’re scared. “Let’s see who can throw the ball the highest.”</p>	<p>Then, suddenly, a big strange worm shoots into the new den. We’re trapped! The monster worm will squish us.</p>
<p>Throw after throw we get better and better, and the ball goes higher and higher.</p>	<p>Little squeezes through on the right. Hairy and me on the left. We spring for freedom, away from the killer worm. Through the air and away. But what’s this? Not the ground. It’s hole, all pink and soft, dripping with yellow muck. An earthquake! I shake and lose my grip.</p>
<p>Suddenly, a strong wind blows. “Our ball!” It disappears into the branches. We try to catch it, but it goes up more and more, then it disappears among</p>	<p>We climb to the top of the tree, as far as possible to the monsters tentacles. We decide not to go back to the hole</p>

<p>the branches.          "Who'll get it?" Marta cries.          "Me," I say. But when I step forward, my legs turn to jelly.          The weirdos are up there.</p> <p>I climb the first branches.          There's the ball, floating up above.          Just a little more.</p> <p>What's holding it up?          It's stuck in a cobweb. Gross.</p>	<p>NEVER AGAIN, even if we already miss it.          "Let's make a giant cobweb!" says Hairy.          It is a super idea!</p> <p>After a few hours, the cobweb is finished.          Luckily, it is very strong because the impetuous wind has left behind a human mischief, a 'ball'.</p> <p>We push and pull, but it doesn't stuck. It is very heavy! The others give up, but I don't.</p>
<p>I gasp. The weirdo is in front of me.          Why is it all the way up here?          Up close, it's not that scary. It looks frightened.          Up close it's not that scary. It's hair stands on end.          It stops, frozen in fear.          "Don't worry, monster. I won't hurt you."          I push and pull the ball. It's free.          Now I'll go back to the others, victorious.          "Thanks for your help," I say, but the beast is too far to hear me.</p>	<p>I gasp. The weirdo is in front of me.          Why is it all the way up here?          Up close, it's not that scary. It looks frightened.          Up close it's not that scary. It's hair stands on end.          It stops, frozen in fear.          "Don't worry, monster. I won't hurt you."          I push and pull the ball. It's free.          Now I'll go back to the others, victorious.          "Thanks for your help," I say, but the beast is too far to hear me.</p>