On Sunday I met a monster.
I brought him home with me.
That monster slammed doors.
He turned on the TV
and the stereo at the same time.
He roared loudly all night.
My mother said, “That monster is too noisy. Get him out of here!”
So I did.
On Monday I met a monster.
I brought him home with me.
That monster dumped jelly on the floor.
He made peanut-butter fingerprints on the walls.
He sprayed my father’s shaving cream all over the bathroom.
When my father saw that, he yelled, “That monster is too messy.
Get him out of here!”
So I did.
On Tuesday I met a monster. 
I brought him home with me. 
He brought the garden hose 
into the house. 
He gave my mother’s houseplants 
way too much water. 
And he used the hose for a skipping rope, 
right in the living room. 
My mother kept yelling, 
“Stop! Stop!” 
But that monster would not listen. 
Then my mother said, 
“That monster does not obey. 
Get him out of here!” 
So I did.
On Wednesday I met a monster.
I brought him home with me.
At lunch that monster ate all the sandwiches.
He drank all the milk, right out of the bottle.
Then he ate all the bananas, even the peelings.
My sister said, “That monster is greedy.
He does not know how to share.
Get him out of here!”
So I did.
On Thursday I met a monster.  
I brought him home with me.  
That monster tripped over the cat.  
He fell against the birdcage.  
Then he ran into the coat rack.  
The coats fell on top of my father while he was reading.  
My father said,  
“That monster does not know how to be careful.  
He never looks where he’s going.  
Get him out of here.”  
So I did.
On Friday I met a monster.
I brought him home with me.
That monster grabbed my mother’s knitting needle out of her hand to use as a toothpick.
He took her balls of yarn and tried to juggle them.
They landed in the fishbowl.
My mother said,
“That monster is not polite at all.
He takes things without asking.
Get him out of here!”
So I did.
On Saturday I met a monster. He was sitting on the steps of a school. The school was called SCHOOL FOR MONSTERS. “I would like to take this monster home,” I thought. “But my family does not like monsters.” I said good-bye to the monster and started to leave, but the monster followed me home.
He walked on tiptoe.
He was careful not to bump into things.
I gave him a candy bar.
The monster gave my mother a bite of it.
We played with my toys.
When my mother said, “Time to clean up,”
the monster helped me pick up my toys.
Then my mother said,
“I like that monster.
Why don’t you invite him to stay awhile?”
So I did.
Reading

Read-along books are designed to be enjoyed together and to foster a love of reading. These books help children build comprehension skills and learn new vocabulary. It is helpful to develop these skills in any language!