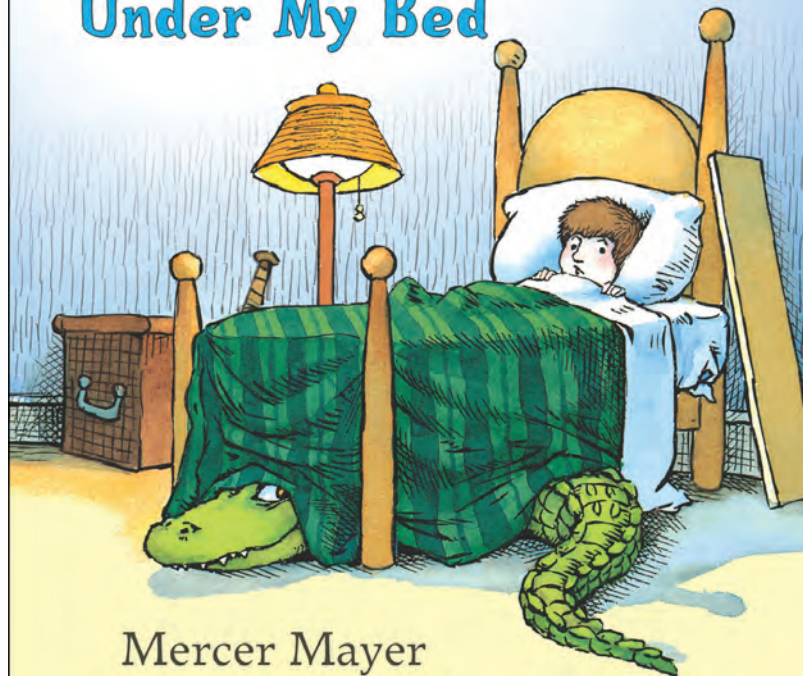


A perfect bedtime read  
for conquering fears of the dark



# There's an Alligator Under My Bed



Mercer Mayer

# THERE'S AN ALLIGATOR UNDER MY BED



written and illustrated by **MERCER MAYER**

*Dial Books for Young Readers / New York*

Published by Dial Books for Young Readers  
A division of Penguin Young Readers Group  
345 Hudson Street  
New York, New York 10014

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Design by Nancy R. Leo

Library of Congress Cataloging in Publication Data

Mayer, Mercer, 1943-  
There's an alligator under my bed.

Sequel to: There's a nightmare in my closet.

Summary: The alligator under his bed makes a boy's bedtime a hazardous operation, until he lures it out of the house and into the garage.

[1. Alligators—Fiction. 2. Bedtime—Fiction.]

I. Title. II. Title: There is an alligator under my bed.

PZ7.M462The 1987 [E] 86-19944  
eISBN 978-1-101-65051-0

*The art for each picture consists of pen, ink, and watercolor washes  
which are color-separated and reproduced in full color.*

## *To Alburn and Phillip*





**T**here used to be an alligator under my bed.



When it was time to go to sleep,  
I had to be very careful



because I knew he was there.



But whenever I looked,  
he hid...or something.



So I'd call Mom and Dad.



But they never saw it.



It was up to me.  
I just had to do something  
about that alligator.



So I went to the kitchen  
to get some alligator bait.



I filled a paper bag full  
of things alligators like to eat.



I put a peanut butter sandwich,  
some fruit, and the last piece  
of pie in the garage.

I put cookies down the hall.



I left fresh vegetables on the stairs.



I put a soda and some candy  
next to my bed.  
Then I watched and waited.



Sure enough, out he came  
to get something to eat.



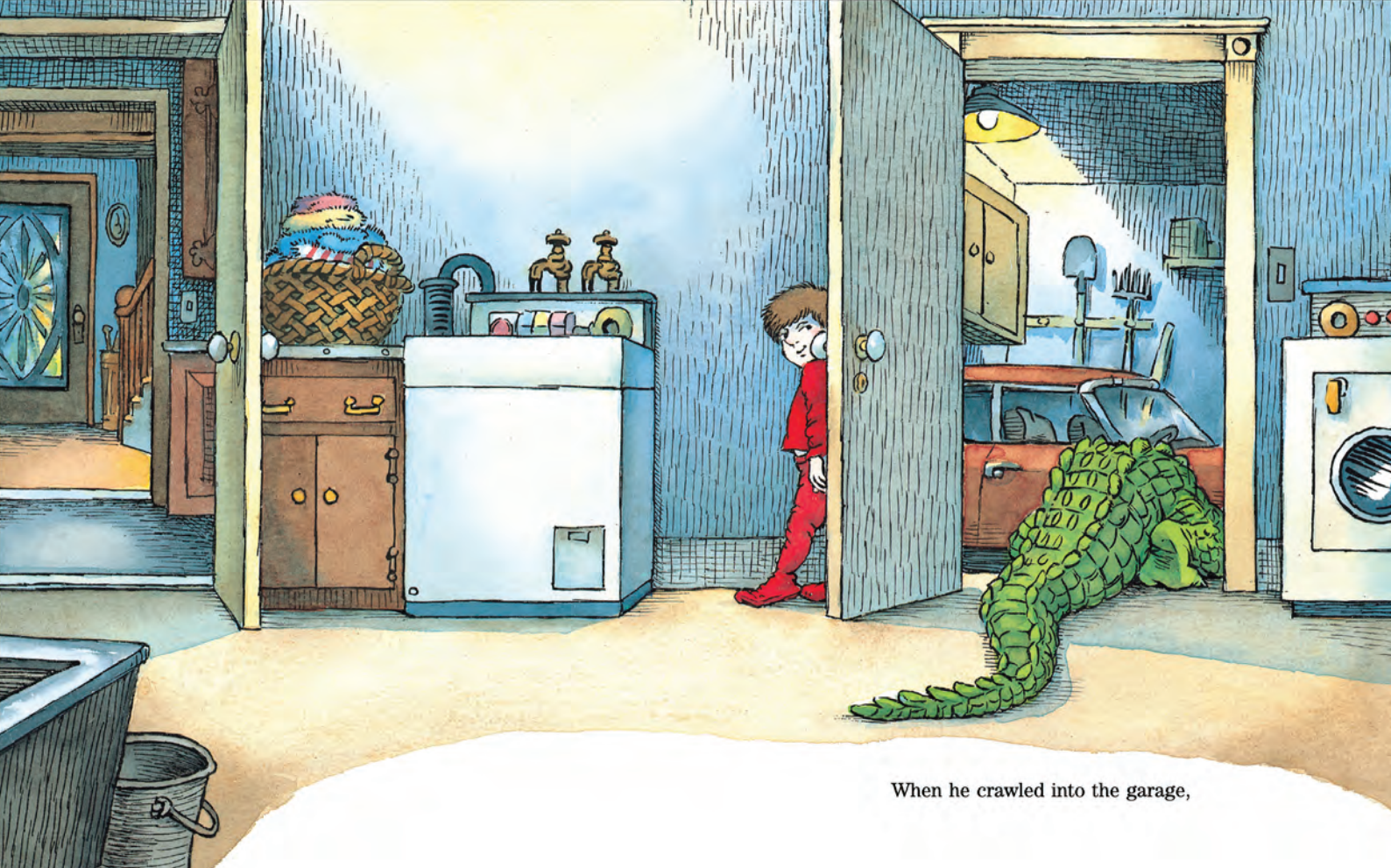
Then I hid in the hall closet.



I followed him down the stairs.



I followed him down the hall.



When he crawled into the garage,



I slammed the door and locked it.



Then I went to bed.  
There wasn't even any mess to clean up.



Now that there is an alligator in the garage,  
I wonder if my dad will have any trouble  
getting in his car tomorrow morning.





I'll just leave him a note.