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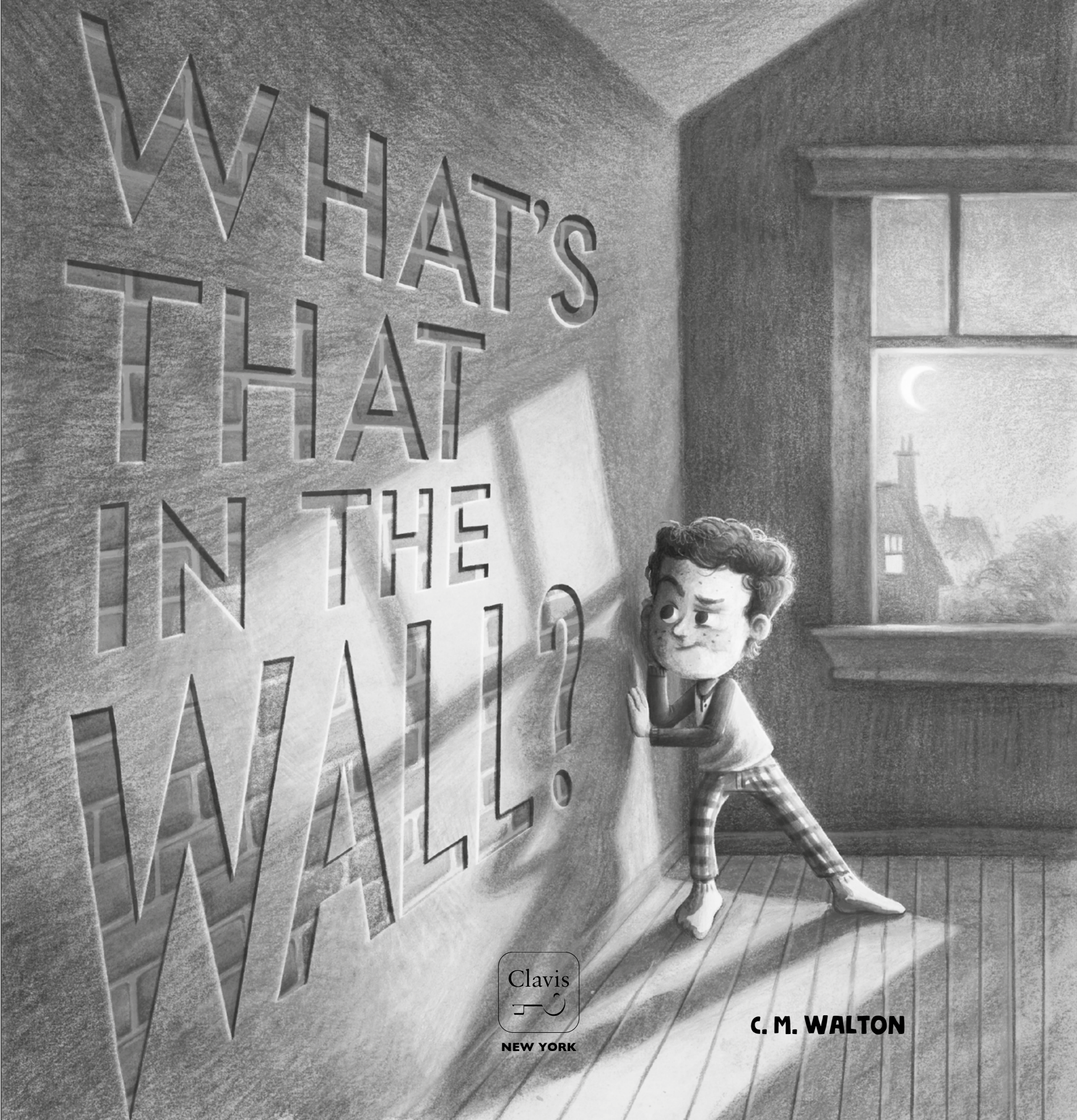
What's That in the Wall? written and illustrated by C. M. Walton

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C. M. WALTON



No one ever believes me,
but maybe you will.
When my family goes to sleep,
my walls won't be still.

Let me explain . . .

Each night I hear noises—
and I don't mean dad's snores.
My imagination takes flight,
and quickly it soars.

Sunday starts out with a

BOOM!

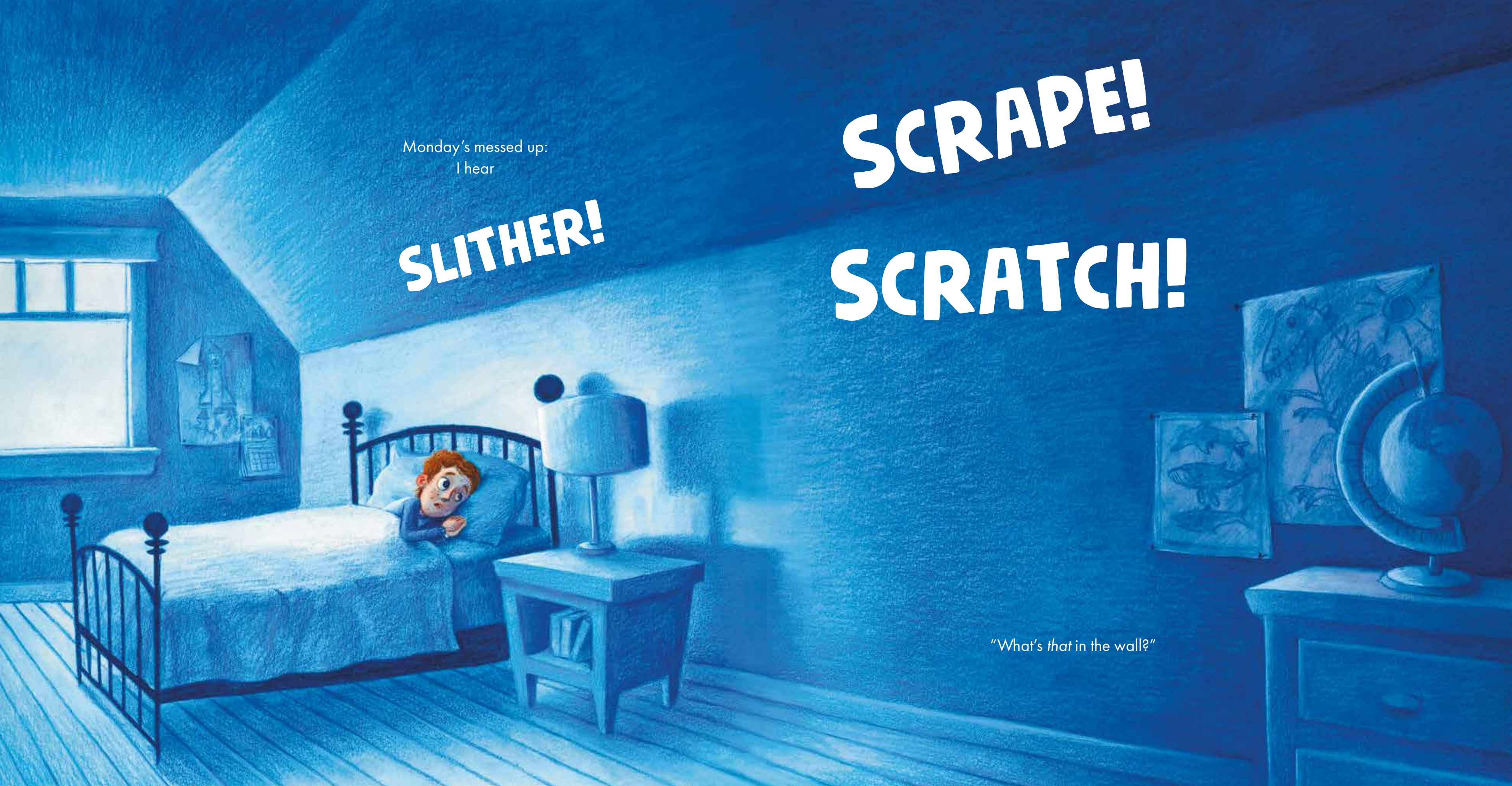
BASH!

BAM!

"What's *that* in the wall?"

It's a donkey
kicking a pan!





Monday's messed up:
I hear

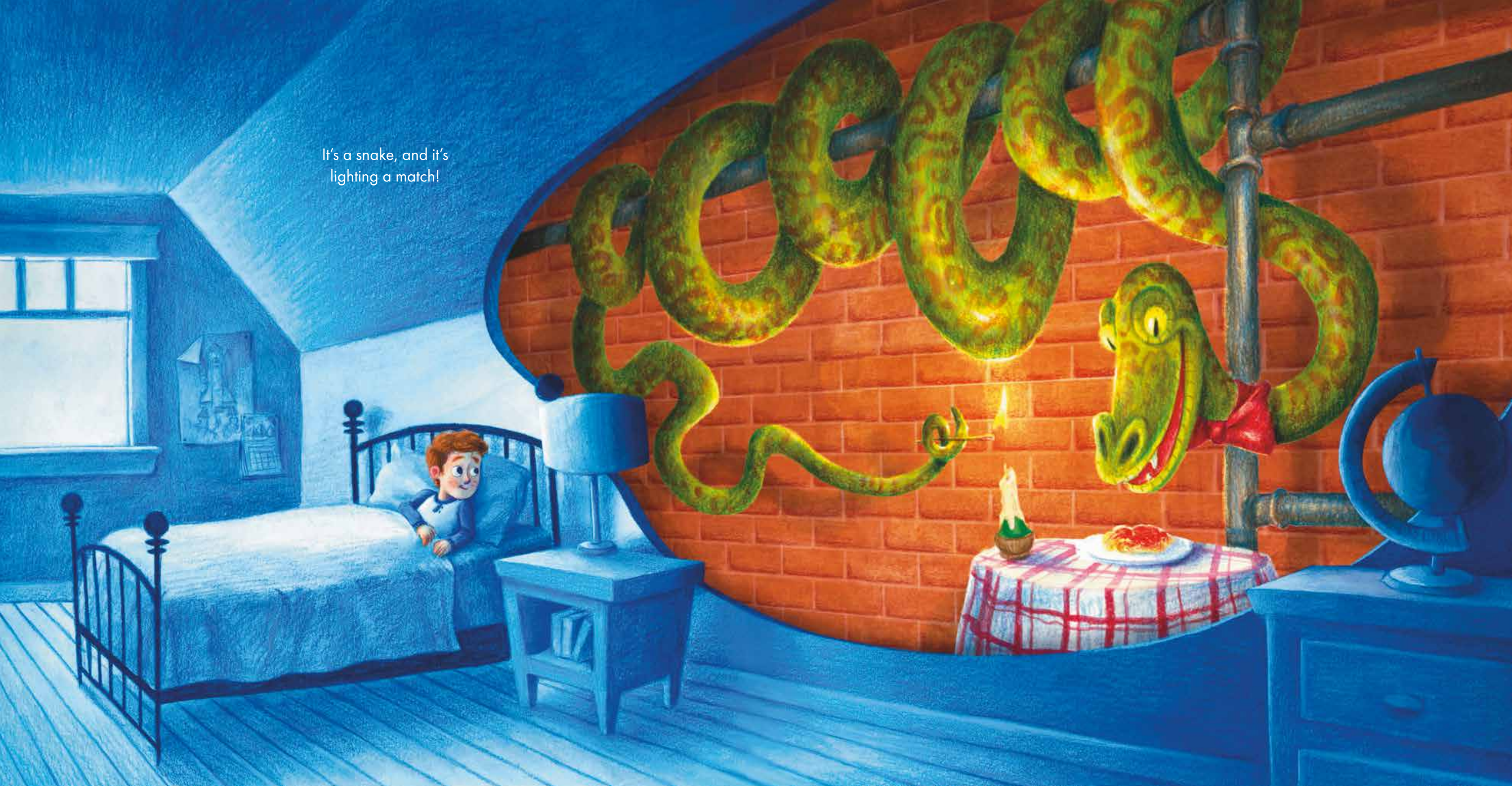
SLITHER!

SCRAPE!

SCRATCH!

"What's *that* in the wall?"

It's a snake, and it's
lighting a match!





Tuesday, I'm triggered by a

CRACK!
CLANK!
CRUNCH!

"What's *that* in the wall?"



It's a robot munching
a late-night lunch!



Wednesday, I'm woken by a

**PITTER!
PATTER!
PLUCK!**

"What's *that* in the wall?"



It's a leprechaun
dancing for luck!



Thursday, I'm thrilled by a

CLICK!
CLACK!

CLATTER!

"What's *that* in the wall?"



It's a lobster
climbing a ladder!

Friday's grand finale is a

THUMP!

THUD!

TWAAACK!

"What's *that* in the wall?"



A polo player swings

atop a camel's back!

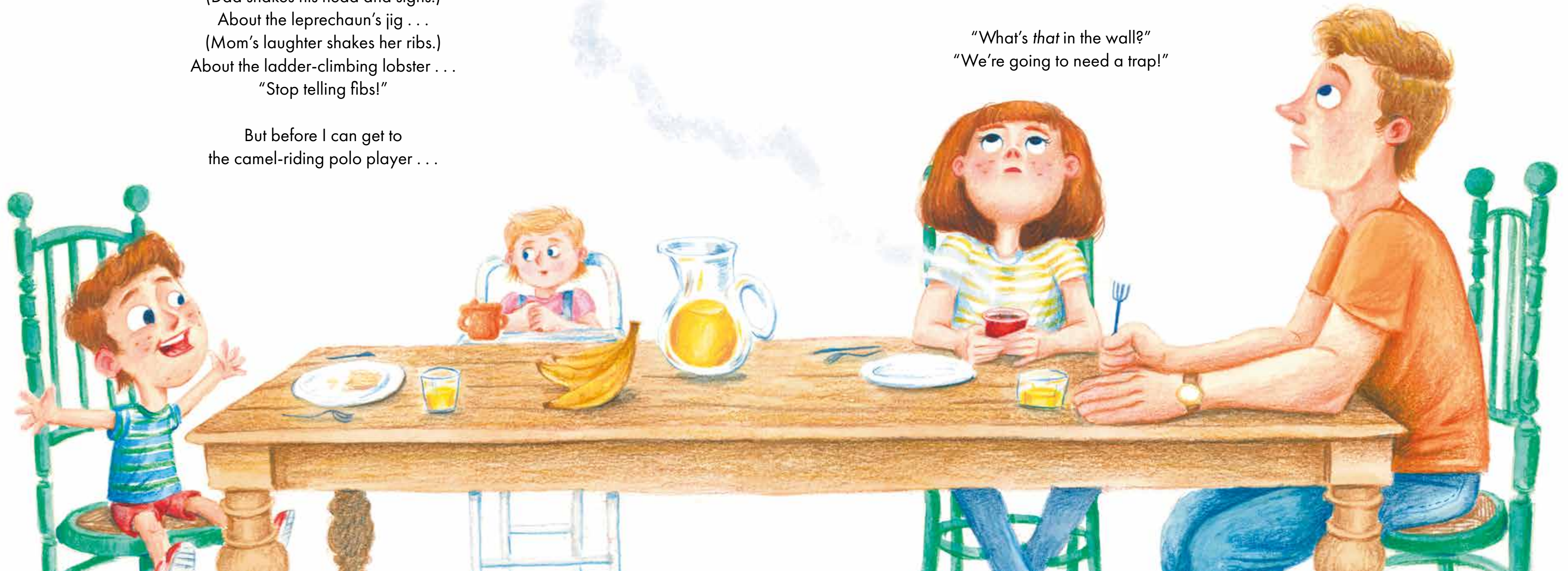


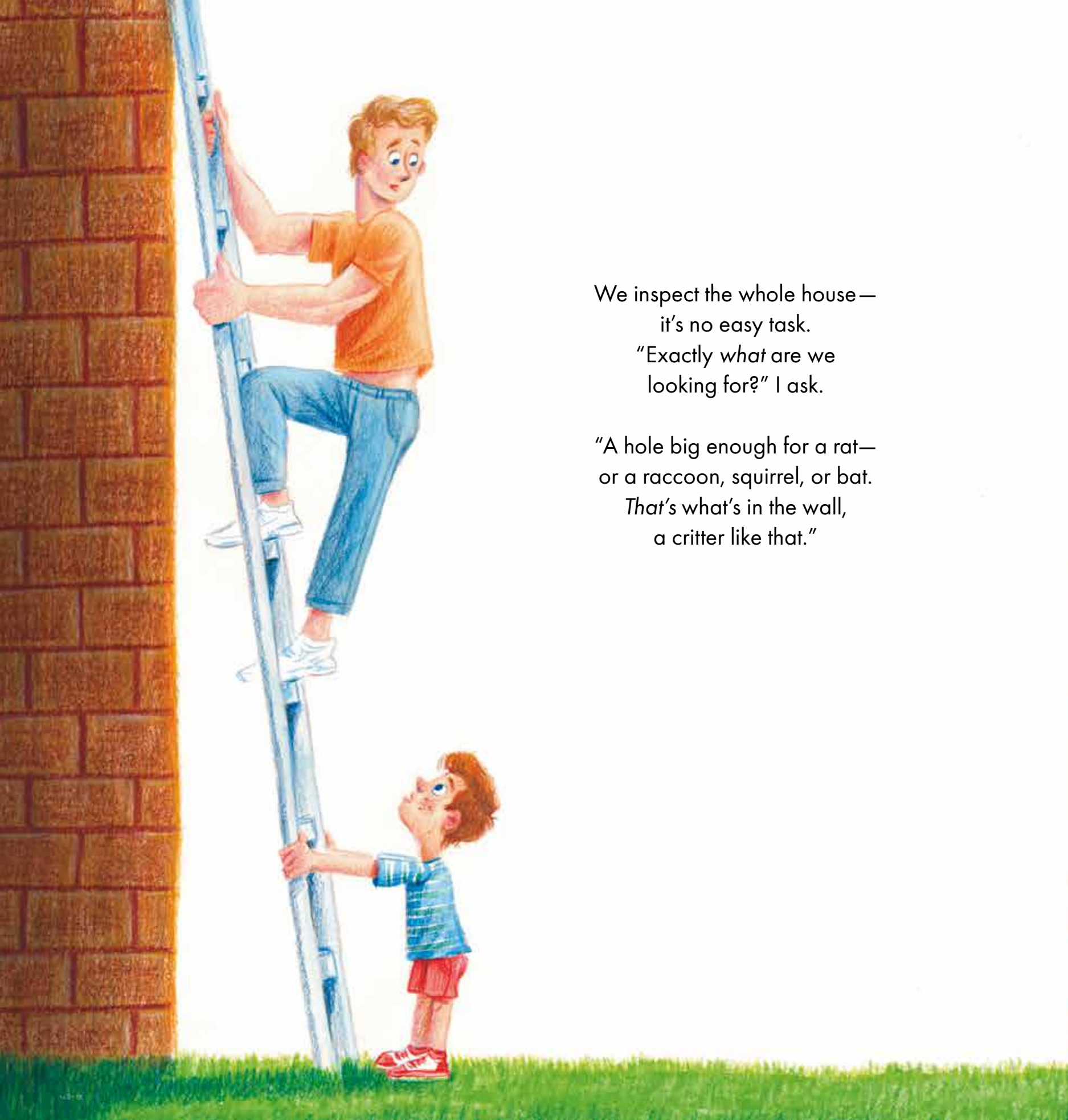
At Saturday's breakfast,
Mom asks about my week.
I know they'll think I'm crazy,
but I take a breath and speak.
I tell about the pan-kicking donkey . . .
(My sister rolls her eyes.)
About the snake with a match . . .
(Dad shakes his head and sighs.)
About the leprechaun's jig . . .
(Mom's laughter shakes her ribs.)
About the ladder-climbing lobster . . .
"Stop telling fibs!"

But before I can get to
the camel-riding polo player . . .

RUSTLE!
RUMMMMMBLE!
RA-TAT!

"What's *that* in the wall?"
"We're going to need a trap!"



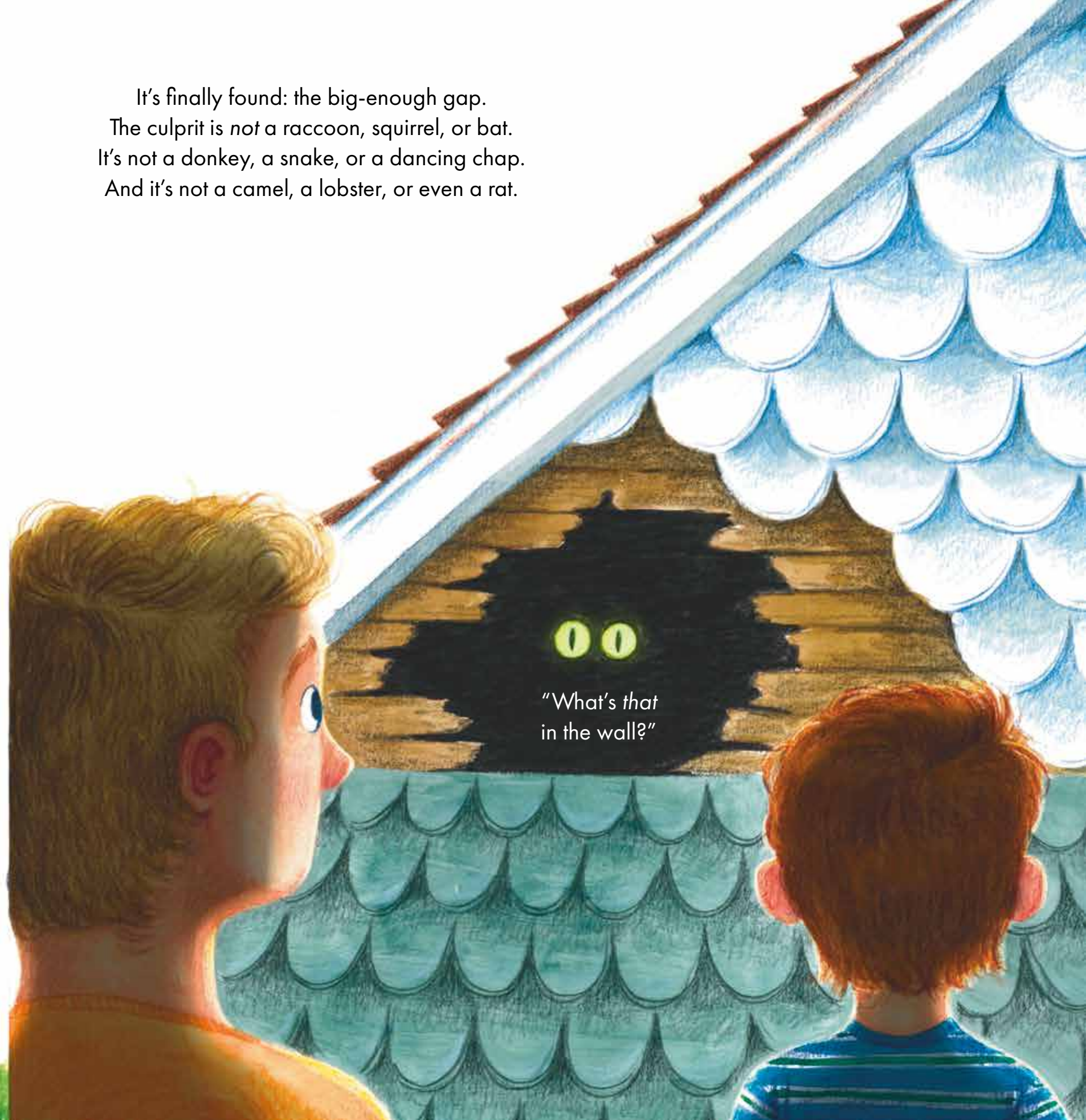


We inspect the whole house—
it's no easy task.

"Exactly *what* are we
looking for?" I ask.

"A hole big enough for a rat—
or a raccoon, squirrel, or bat.
That's what's in the wall,
a critter like that."

It's finally found: the big-enough gap.
The culprit is *not* a raccoon, squirrel, or bat.
It's not a donkey, a snake, or a dancing chap.
And it's not a camel, a lobster, or even a rat.



"What's *that*
in the wall?"

"It's a stray mother cat!"



It took some persuasion,
but the kitties came down.
I'm no longer disturbed
by mysterious sounds.

I know exactly who
makes them now . . .
My cuddly new friends,
with their fluffy, orange fur.

PRRRRR! PRRRRR! PRRRRR!





