

But later that night, as he snoozled and snored,  
Something was stirring down there on the floor.

That something was smelly,  
that something was **big**,  
That something went “snuffle”  
and “snort” like a pig.





The beast licked his lips,  
then let out a roar,  
But Johnny was fast  
and he dashed for the door.

He ran down the hall  
with the thing close behind.  
But where could he go  
that was tricky to find?





The kitchen was perfect!  
A shadowy room –  
He wouldn't be seen  
tucked away in the gloom.

But the monster thumped in  
and it sniffled the air...  
Peered under the table...  
and guess who was there?

“HARRUMPH! HARROO!” cried the vile Jumblebum.  
“You're about to end up in my fat Jumble tum!”

But Johnny was smarter  
than most other snacks,  
And had clever ways  
to avoid such attacks.





The creature leaped forward,  
its mouth open wide,  
But Johnny was quick  
and he stepped to one side.

And right in the spot  
where he'd only just been,  
Was the thing  
that would save him...

