

**Creative Writing Essay for Non-Native Speaker of English – Second Place**  
**The Green-Eyed Monster**

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It was a cold winter morning. I was nestled under my covers, so I did not hear my Grandmother enter our house and quickly climb the stairs to creep into my bedroom. She instantly woke me up from my sleep by calling out: “Your cup of tea is ready!”

“Ten more minutes please,” I yawned rubbing off every ounce of sleep from my puffy little eyes. Last night, I had repeated a dream about a green-eyed monster once again. I had lain awake quaking in my bed all night afraid to move. Only when the first rays of the dawn had begun to filter through my curtain did I drift off to sleep. I was so afraid of the green-eyed monster that I could only sleep through my days. Hoping my Grandmother would heed my words and let me sleep, I began dozing off into a deep slumber yet again... when suddenly I was startled by a splash of ice cold water pouring all over me.

“Ahhhh!!” I screamed. “Okay, okay...I’m out of bed now.” I cried wide-awake now and struggling to get up. “Why did you need to wake me up?” I asked. I am too tired to do anything today.

“The police are waiting outside at the front door,” Grandma spoke very solemnly. “They are here to get you for being a bad little girl!” She turned and left the room heading downstairs to the front door. Since I had begun to have dreams of the green-eyed monster, Grandma would play out a new prank on me each day, earnestly watching how I’d fall for her witty humour while she enjoyed a hearty laugh. She always loved being funny and I...well, I was always there to be right in the center of her every joke. It did seem to keep my mind off my nightmares.

Moments went by as I looked out the window. I did not see anyone but I suddenly heard “Open up, this is the police!” On hearing that familiar cry I knew from TV, I was left dumbstruck. The police had really come. Had they come to get me? My head began to spin. I ran as quickly as I could and hid inside the closet. I waited there for hours and hours hoping no one would find me. It was warm and cosy in the closet. I soon feel asleep. Five long hours went by and Grandma was now anxiously searching for me.

“Honeybunch! Where are you hiding?” she called out from the living room below.

“I’m here,” I stuttered. My voice was so soft and so hesitant that even I could hardly hear it.

Grandma shouted up the stairs: “If you are hiding in the closet, beware of ‘The green-eyed monster.’ Okay?”

As much as I hated to come out of my hiding place, after that, I did. Frightened, I jumped right out of the closet and shouted back down stairs: “Grandma, I’m heeeere!”

Grandma came running up stairs and entering the room, rapidly moved towards the closet exclaiming: “Oh you little rascal, I knew you were in there!” The police hadn’t come to get me, Grandma said. She was only teasing. She couldn’t really believe I took her so seriously.

I always thought Grandma to be the kindest, most loving, innocent lady out there, but actually she was always up to no good. She always wanted to cook up a new story, and every tale of hers just scared the living daylights out of me.

“Grandma, weren’t we going to the grocery store today?” I asked. After five hours in the closet I was now very hungry. “I ran out of gummy bears and I’m craving some hazelnut chocolate too! I also thought you would fancy some fruit and veggies as well.”

“I got you some already.” Grandma stated in her most serious tone. “But I left them in the closet.” I turned back and, flinging open the doors, I began to search.

“The green-eyed monster must have taken them away!” I cried after I had checked every nook and cranny.

Grandma just laughed.

I turned to look at her in shock.

With my big brown eyes, I stared at Grandma who seemed so calm about the fact that my candies were missing.

An hour later, after I had searched the whole bedroom, I decided to go back to my room and cry myself to sleep.

Downstairs, Grandma was busy putting aside all the change from her purse on the dining room table, while I lay in bed thinking hard about what happened and wondering who the green-eyed monster really was. From where did he appear? And how on earth did he find me of all the little girls? I knew I just had to get rid of him. How was I going to do that? That’s what I didn’t know. That night, I was teary-eyed and stayed awake in bed feeling miserable. “I’m going to forget about everything,” I thought to myself. The four walls of my classy red-velvet painted bedroom were now crashing down on me. I was too afraid to try to get out of bed. I began to recollect the unfailing love of my mother towards me before she had died, and was thinking to myself, is this the end of me? While she had been alive, I had never had dreams about monsters.

In came a firm clomping sound that I couldn’t believe to be true. A giant sized man, with green-eyes stomping his feet hard against my bedroom floor. He was delighted to see little me. “Hello little girl!” he said in a deep voice.

“Yikes!” I yelled! I was terrified but puzzled too. I wasn’t even close to figuring out who he was. “You really do exist!” I stated.

His eyes were filled with anger. “Of course, I do.” He cried out. “I’m here to knock you down. I’m going to huff and puff and away you’ll go,” he said.

Panicked, I carefully sought reasons to escape the horrifying reality before my eyes. I wished my mother was there but I knew she would never protect me again. Then suddenly I knew what I would do. “I’m going to call Grandma” I cried out as I jumped back and right out of the bed.

The green-eyed monster disappeared into thin air.

I thought I was dreaming. I really did. What just happened? Where had he disappeared? For the first time in a long time, I fell into a deep sleep.

The next morning, Grandma unexpectedly announced that she was going to take me to an entertainment city. I was so thrilled as this was something that was indeed very different from our everyday routine.

Cheerfully, I asked Grandma “Will I get some cotton candy today?”

“Yes, if you would like some,” she said.

“Most definitely,” I replied. The whole day went by faster than I could ever imagine. I had the time of my life. From roller coasters to see saws, I went on every single ride possible in the entertaining city that day. It felt as if I was a bird who had been trapped in a cage and was now being set free... mind, body, heart and soul. My spirit leaped with joy. I was the happiest I had been in a long time.

As I walked towards the stall where I could see delicious fluffy pink cotton candy, a little young boy came up to me and cried, “I want!” He reminded me of the day before when I asked Grandma for candies and how she told me about the horrifying green-eyed monster gobbling them all up. I knew what it felt like to be disappointed. My heart deeply knew how the child who craved for candy would feel if I treated his words as if it was gibberish. Longing to see a smile on that little face, I quickly gathered some coins from my pocket and got him some fluffy pink candy.

“Thank you!” he said, giving me a beaming smile.

Lost in the moment, I began playfully hopping along singing my favourite song. After another hour went by, it was now time to go home. Grandma waved at me from the gate and I knew I had to leave. Happily I started to run towards that gate, knowing I thoroughly enjoyed the entire day to my heart’s content.

“Did you have a fun day?” Grandma asked.

“I sure did.” I replied. I realised I did not want to go home. “Will Green-eyed monster ever die?” I asked.

“You worry too much!” Grandma patted my head. I thought for a moment and understood that she really hoped for me to forget all about the monster and that was the reason why we ended up spending the entire day at an entertainment city. We did something we had never thought we would do.

Grandma always told me about villains and scary beings. What about heroes? Why didn't they ever exist? I was, yet again, lost in deep wandering thoughts. My mother had been my hero but in the future I would need to find that courage myself. "The next time that green-eyed monster shows up, I'm going to punch him in the face" I said to myself as I mustered all the courage bottled within me. Sure enough, the following night he appeared again.

"Hey there, little child!" he said in a deep voice.

"Who are you?" I replied. "And why have you come to see me again?"

He just laughed at me.

"I hate the sight of you!" I yelled. My mother always taught me to be strong and fight my fears. She always told me to do the thing I feared the most and face my every fear boldly. This was my chance. I decided, if there wasn't going to be a hero to save me from this misery, I would save myself. I would gather every ounce of courage and smash this giant into bits and pieces. I wanted to get rid of him forever. I longed to rest my head in peace without seeing this ugly sight ever again for the rest of my life. So, I jumped up and started punching him as if he were a punching bag.

I pulled his hair and smashed his neck with all my might. Suddenly, I was overwhelmed. It felt as if I was punching a human not a monster. Could this be true? In an instant I realized I was right. Every fear began to crumble right before my eyes. There was no green-eyed monster. It was Grandma! It was Grandma decked up in a green jumper suit trying to get me to face my fears! She once again enjoyed the heartiest laugh, while I began to smile. "I would have never guessed it was you Grandma!" I said.

"Congratulations!" she said happily. "You have finally learnt to face your fears with courage!"

We exchanged loving smiles as she held me tightly in her arms and I fell asleep. I never again had bad dreams.

The End