

(3) Where the Wild Things Are

Once upon a time, there was a little boy named Max. Max was always up for everything, full of imagination and energy. He loved to play and dream of grand adventures very much.

One evening, as the sun was about to set and the shadows grew long, Max was busy playing. He made funny faces in the mirror, jumped on the sofa, and even pretended to be a fierce monster, roaring and stomping around the room. "Max, it's time for dinner," his mom called from the kitchen, with her voice gentle but firm.

But Max didn't want to stop playing. Instead, he put on his favorite wolf costume, complete with a furry hood and a tail. He screamed loudly, declaring, "I'll eat you up!" His mom just looked at him, laughed and called him a "wild thing."

Max didn't like being called a wild thing. So, he decided to show his mom just how wild he could be. He marched to his room, grabbed his trusty toy boat, and declared, "I'm sailing away to Where the Wild Things Are!"

With that, Max set sail on a grand adventure, crossing oceans of imagination to a distant land where the wild things roamed. The wild things were funny-looking creatures, with big teeth, sharp claws, and loud roars. But Max wasn't afraid. He stood tall and faced them bravely.

"I am Max, the king of all wild things!" said Max proudly. The wild things stopped and stared at Max. Their leader, a creature with a crown made of bottle caps, looked Max up and down. "King, huh?" He boomed in a surprisingly deep voice.

"Yep!" Max puffed out his chest. "I'm strong, I'm brave, and I can roar the loudest roar you've ever heard!"

The wild things burst into laughter. Max was confused, so he looked around at all the smiles and asked "What's so funny?" The bottle-cap king chuckled. "A king who roars? We have a wild rumpus every night, filled with the craziest games and the

loudest howls ever! You think you can handle that?"

Max grinned. "A wild rumpus? Now that sounds like something a king can get behind!" Max jumped in and joined the rumpus with the silly creatures. They all bounced and spun around together, having a great time!

They swung from vines, chased each other in circles, and howled at the moon. For a moment, Max forgot all about being a king. He was just a wild thing, reveling in the freedom of the moment.

But then, he thought of his home and missed his mom's warm dinners and cozy bedtime stories. "I must go back to where I belong," Max said sadly. The wild things were sad when they knew that Max was leaving. They hugged him tight and wished him well on his journey home. Max sailed back across the sea of imagination, with the wild things waving goodbye from the shore.

When Max arrived home, he found his supper waiting for him, still warm and delicious. His mom gave him a big and warm hug, listening patiently as he told her all about his wild adventure.

As Max snuggled into bed that night, he knew that even though adventures were fun, there was no place like home. And as he drifted off to sleep, he dreamed of more wild adventures yet to come.