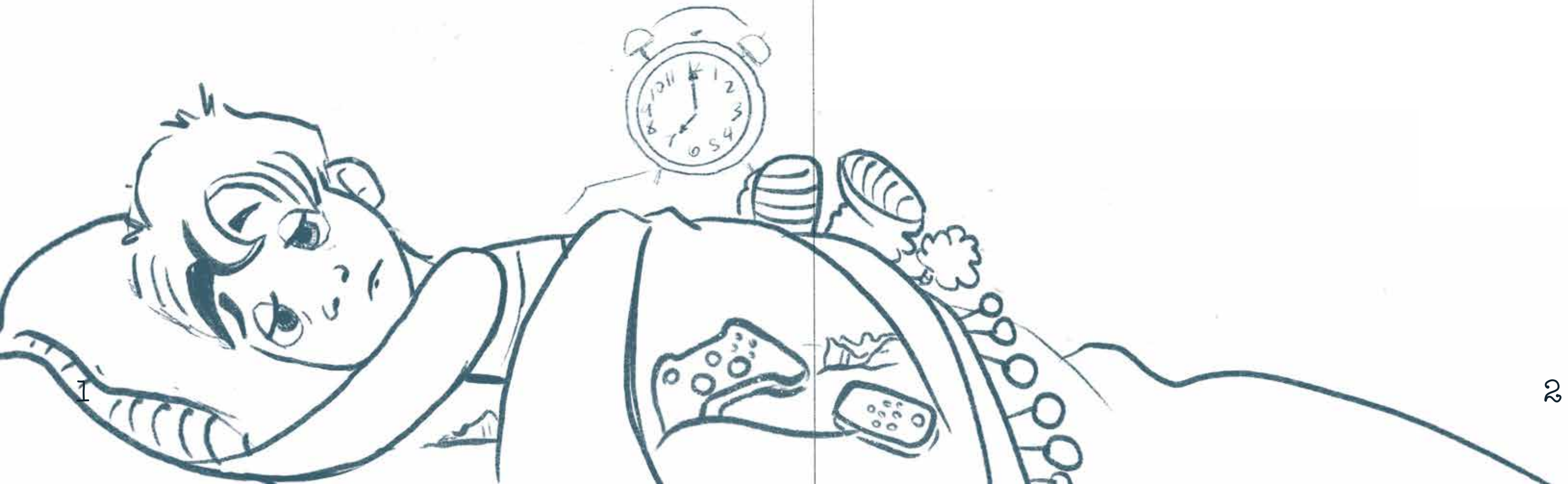


Walter didn't sleep
very well last night.

He tossed and turned
and turned and tossed.

And when he got up and
looked in the mirror, he saw...





...a monster.

“Who are you?”

Walter said.

“My name’s Retlaw.
Horrible to meet you!”

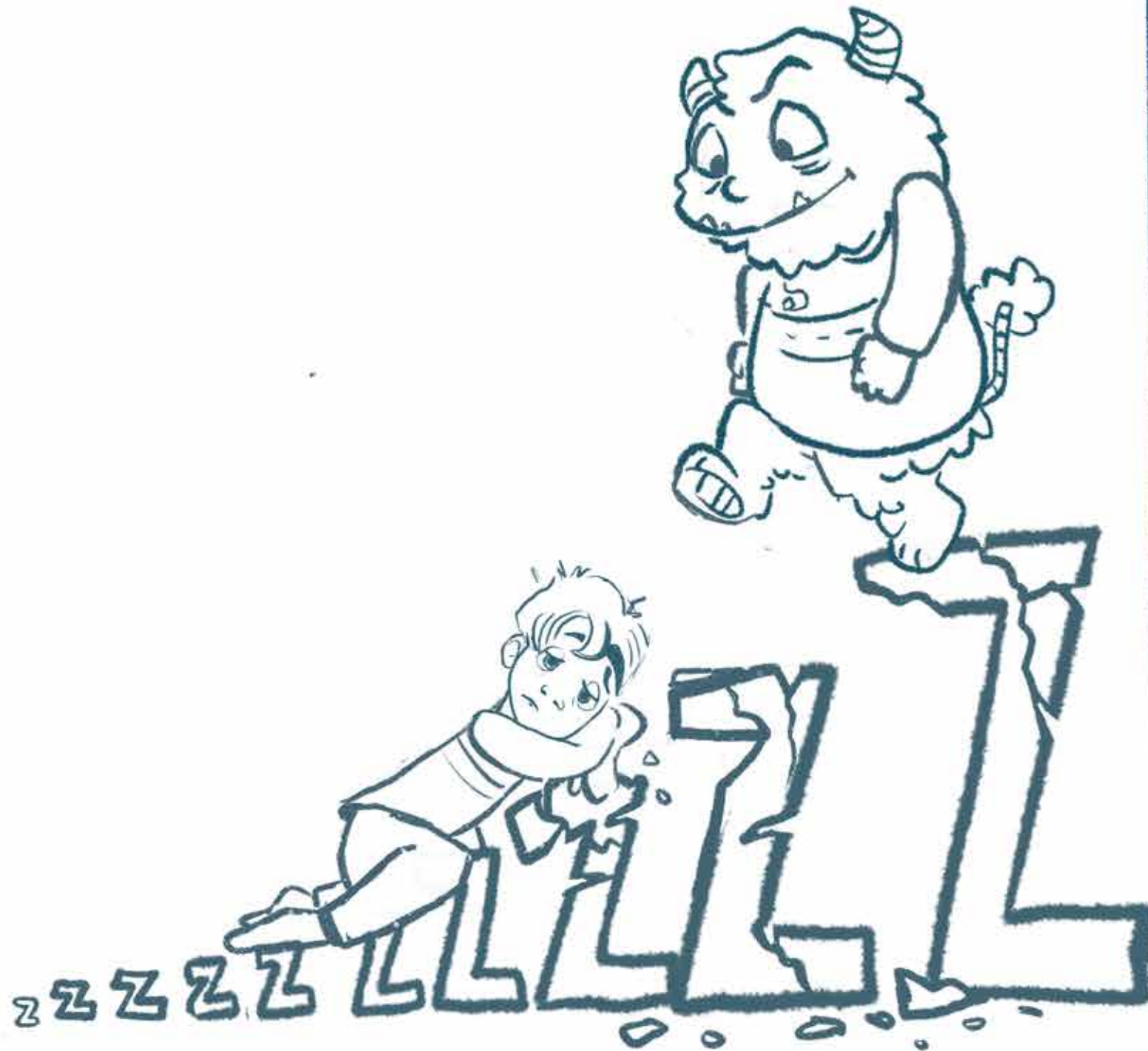
“I need sleep,”
said Walter, rubbing his eyes.

“No you don’t,”
said Retlaw, as he
jumped out of the mirror.
“That would be very bad for me.”

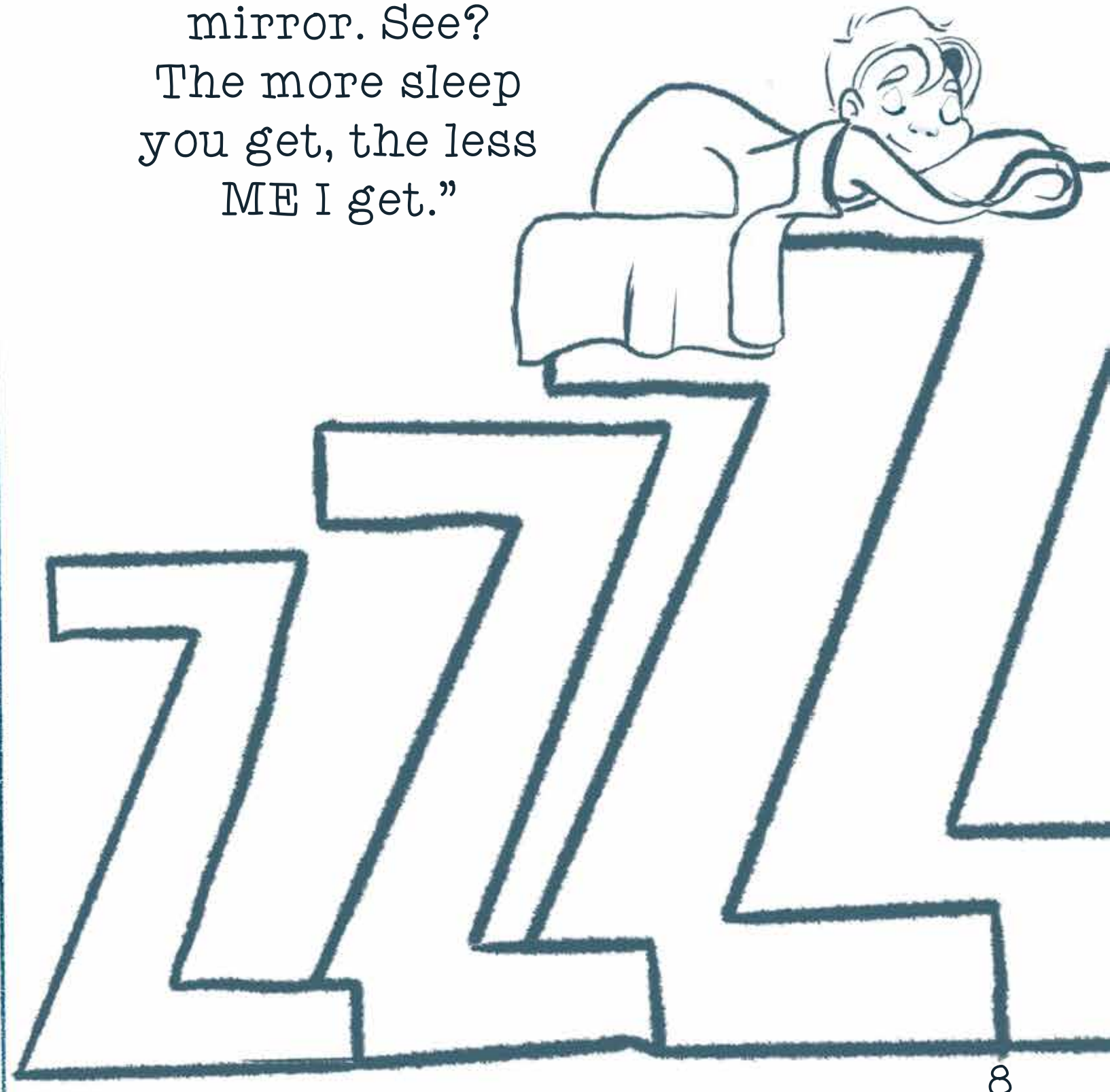
“Why?”
asked Walter.



Retlaw flipped the mirror
over and showed Walter why.



“Look in the
mirror. See?
The more sleep
you get, the less
ME I get.”



WALTER WAS
CONFUSED.



Retlaw explained,
“I’m your Inner Monster.
I let you know when it’s
time for fun.

C’mon, I’ll show you!”

[Retlaw non-chalantly throwing a ball in
the air while Walter gets yogurt out of the refrigerator]

“I’m hungry,”
Walter said, and he went to grab
some fruit and yogurt.

“WHAT?!”
Just skip it, or better yet...
HAVE SOME CAKE!
The less good food
you eat, the more
rotten I feel.”



Now Walter was CONFUSED
and HIS TUMMY HURT.

(And he had tiny little bits
of candy in his teeth.)



I'm gonna brush my
teeth and wash up.

EW, that
breath!

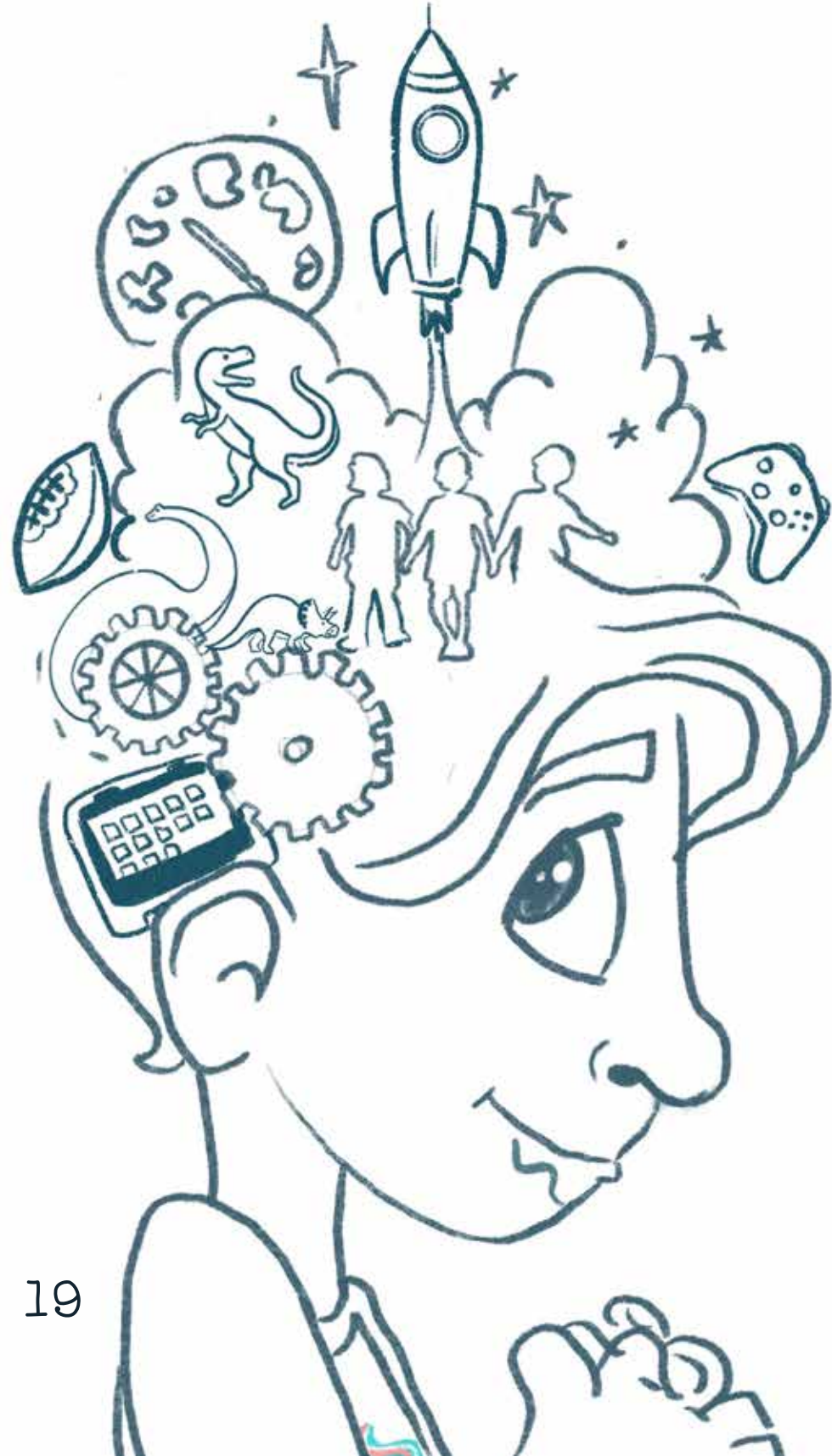
And get rid of all that lovely dirt?
Are you crazy? You know what
happens when you get rid of dirt?
You look like you!
And who wants that? Just look.

Walter put down
his toothbrush.

Now Walter was CONFUSED,
HIS TUMMY HURT,
and he had STINKY BREATH.

And he knew the school
bus would be there any minute.

"I gotta get my books and
get ready for school."
he said hesitantly.



"School?"
said Retlaw,
"Stay home
and goof off.
If you go to school,
you'll learn things.
And be able to
do more for yourself.
Look at the
awful things
that happen
when you
open books."



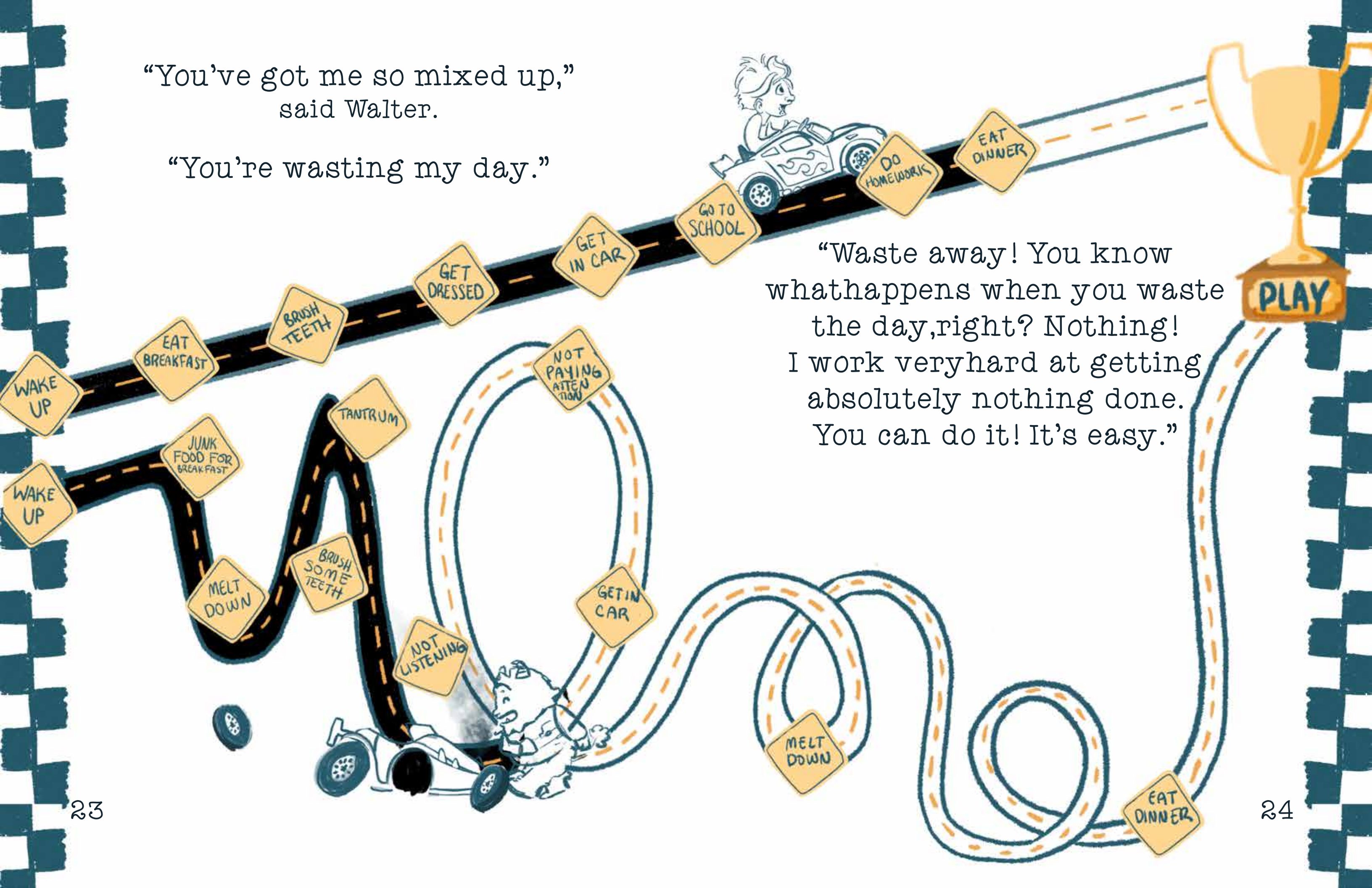
Walter put his books away.

Now Walter was CONFUSED,
HIS TUMMY HURT,
he had STINKY BREATH,
AND HE WASN'T GOING
TO SEE HIS
FRIENDS AT SCHOOL.

"You've got me so mixed up,"
said Walter.

"You're wasting my day."

"Waste away! You know
whathappens when you waste
the day, right? Nothing!
I work veryhard at getting
absolutely nothing done.
You can do it! It's easy."



So Walter sat down and did nothing.

Now Walter was CONFUSED,
HIS TUMMY HURT,
he had STINKY BREATH,
HE WASN'T GOING TO SEE HIS
FRIENDS AT SCHOOL,
and he was BORED.

...and more bored.

[Walter in various positions of being bored: lounging on a couch,
upside down, yawning, fingers tapping]

Walter got up to get dressed.

“Don’t do that!”
said Retlaw.

“I’d rather be lazy. I like lazy.
See what happens when you
don’t get exercise. Everything
builds up in you like a volcano.
Instead of using your energy in
a crazy good way, you get to let
it build up inside you.

Until...here’s the best
part...you get to
explode...and
wreck things!”



SO MUCH FUN
INSIDE

[Illustration of chaos with a smiling retlaw doing a cartwheel (and a confused walter)
at the center of it all]

No. This was not fun.

Walter was CONFUSED,
HIS TUMMY HURT, HE HAD
STINKY BREATH,
WASN'T GOING TO SEE HIS
FRIENDS AT SCHOOL, BORED,
and now he was AGITATED.



Walter wanted to scream.

“Good idea!”
said Retlaw.

“The louder you scream
the less you accomplish.
Much better than using words
that might help you out.
It’s music to my ears.”



But now, Walter didn't
want to scream.

“Enough”
he said calmly and took
Retlaw's hand.

[Close-up of Walter reaching for Retlaw's hand]



For a moment, Walter did nothing but take one
loooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooong
breath in. And let another
loooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooong
breath out.

Take a deep breath: breathe in the
Take a deep breath: breathe in the pizza, blow
Take a deep breath: breathe in the pizza, blow out to cool it down





“Are you sure you don’t
want to shout at me?”
asked Retlaw.

“No,” said Walter.

And he said it in a voice not at all sough or gritty or
even scratchy. But warm and comfy and soft and nice.

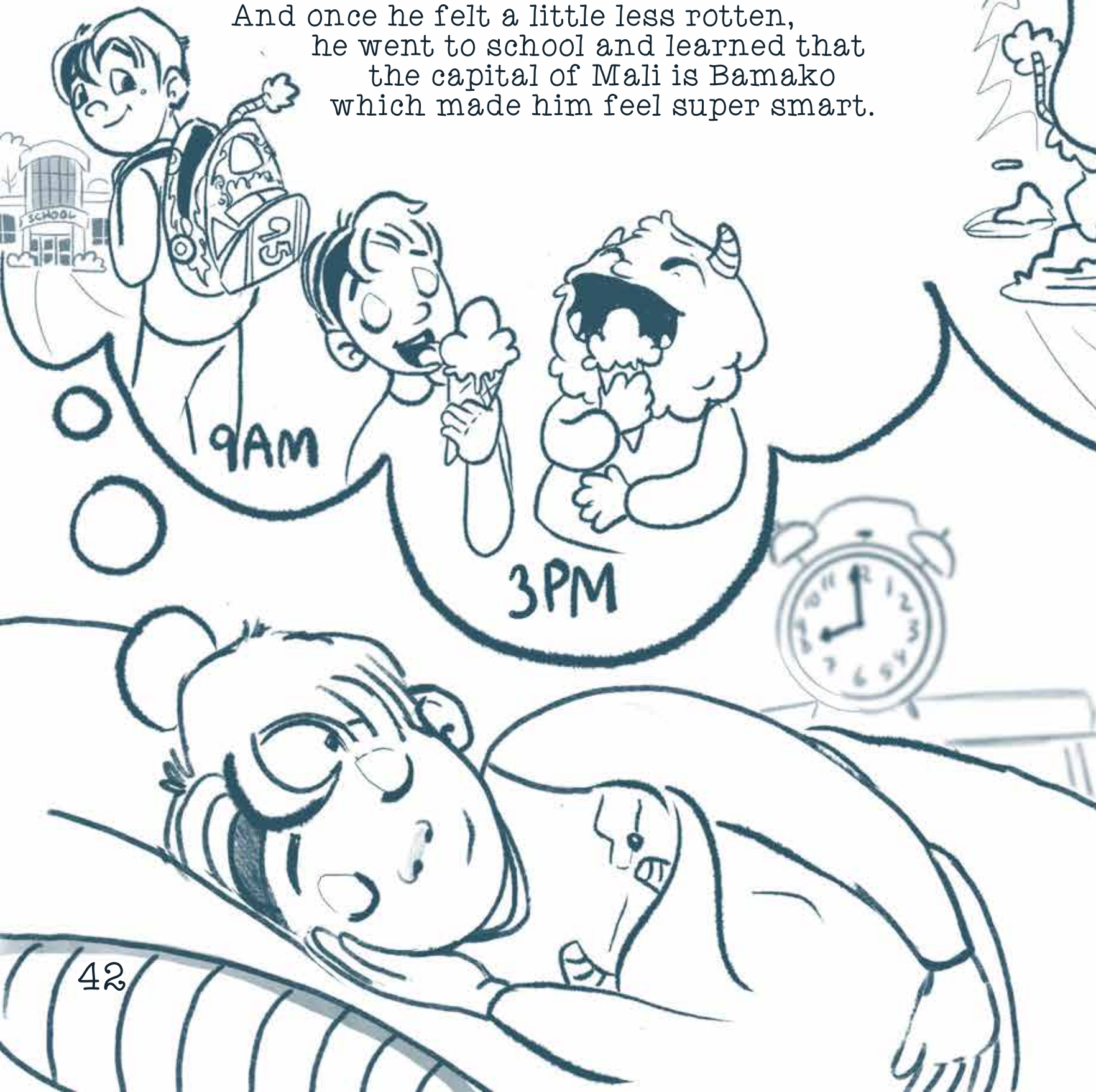
Walter’s voice was so nice, in fact, that Retlaw
felt something warm in the pit of his stomach.
And he hated warmth.



With that, Walter brushed his teeth.
Washed up. And got dressed.

He had a nice big healthy breakfast.

And once he felt a little less rotten,
he went to school and learned that
the capital of Mali is Bamako
which made him feel super smart.

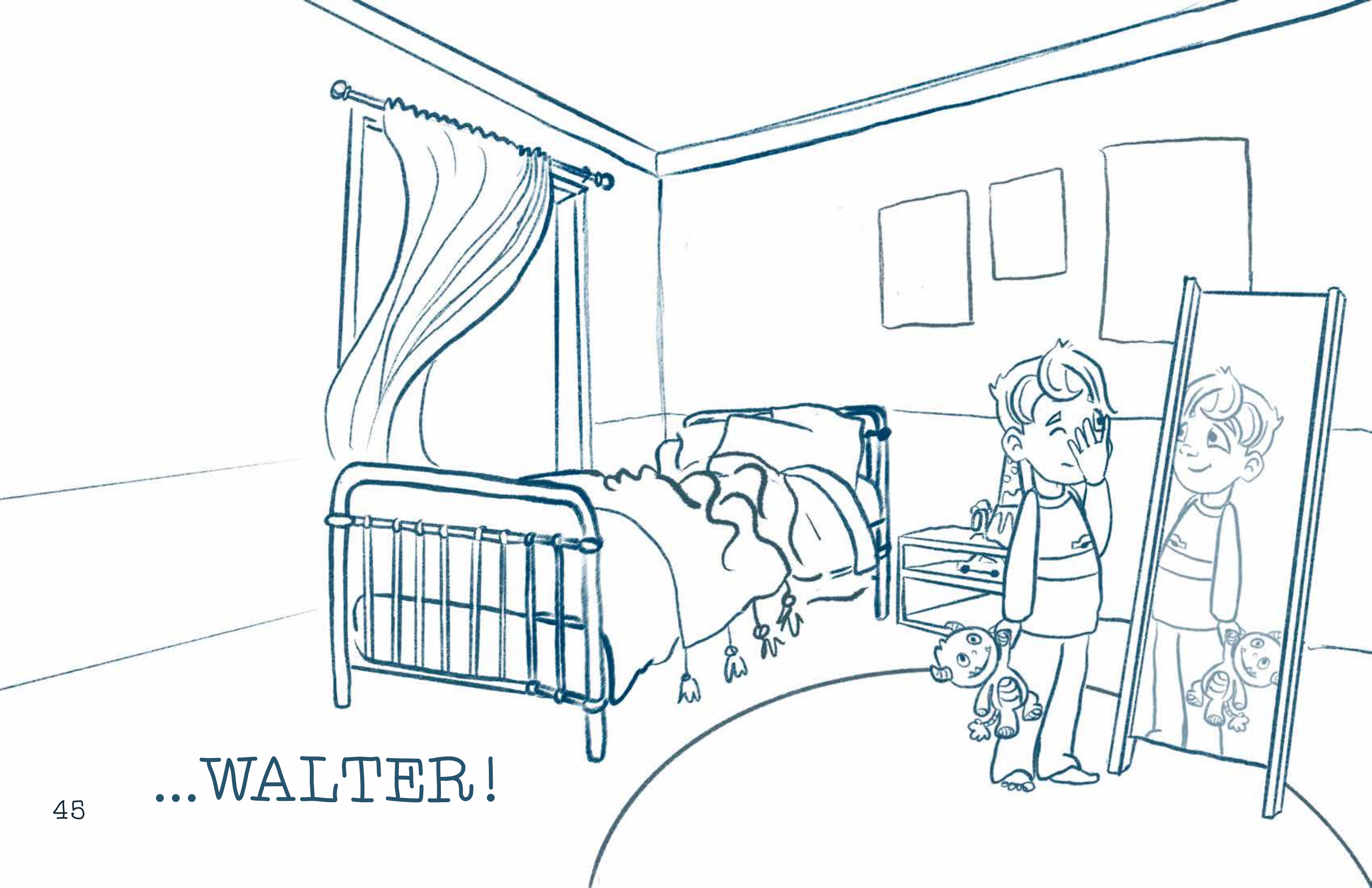


He had a good lunch and came home and did
his homework when he was supposed to and
went outside and played too.

After dinner he played games, watched TV,
put on his PJs, went to bed and fell asleep.

So when Walter got up the next morning,
he looked in the mirror.

And the only one looking back at him was...



...WALTER!