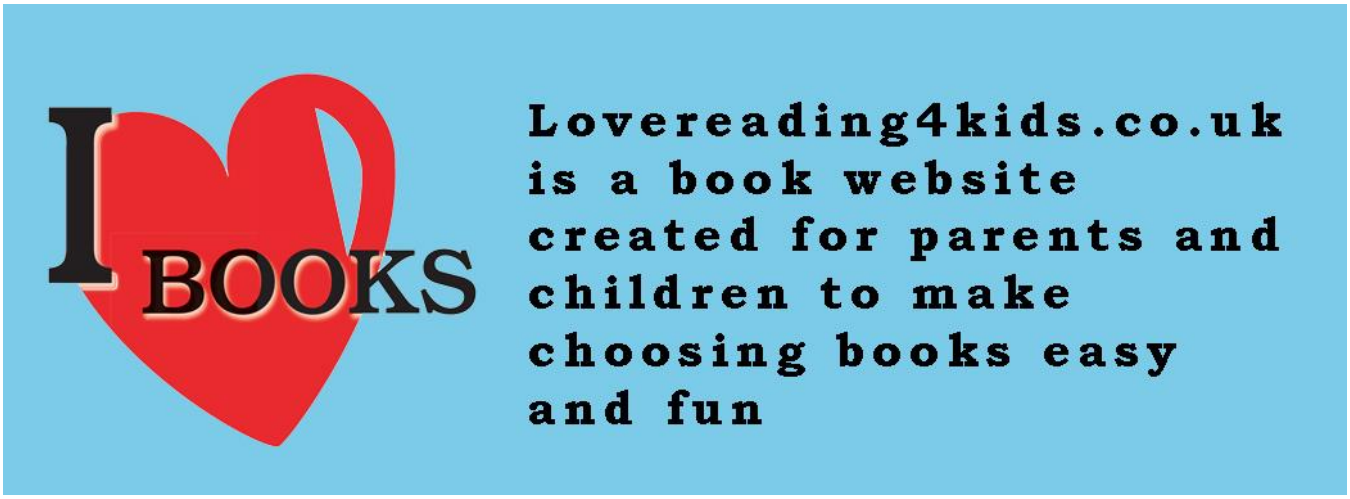


Opening extract from

Storytime: Sleep, Little Pup

Written & Illustrated by

Jo Parry

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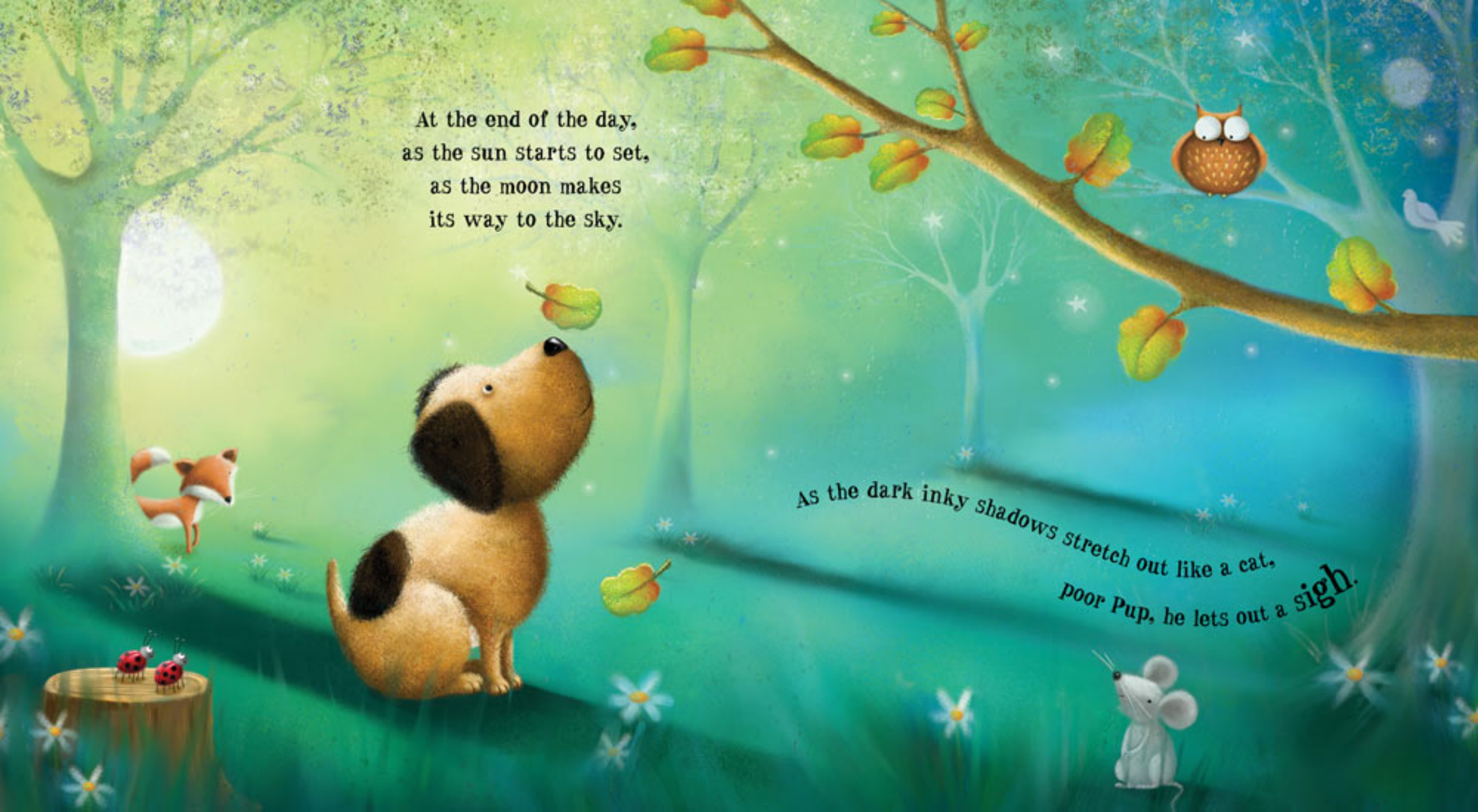
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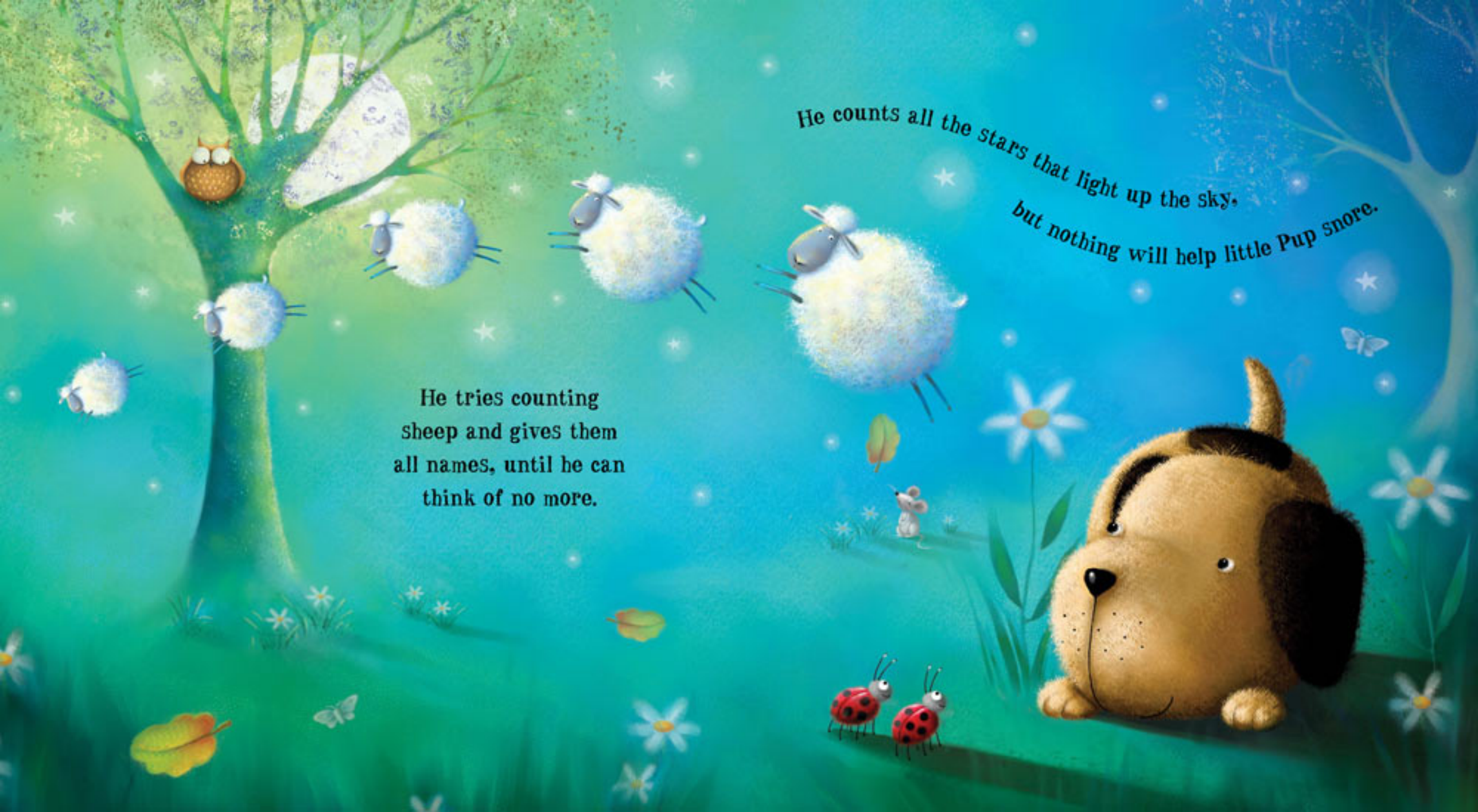
Sleep, Little Pup



Jo Parry

QED


At the end of the day,
as the sun starts to set,
as the moon makes
its way to the sky.
As the dark inky shadows stretch out like a cat,
poor Pup, he lets out a sigh.


He tries counting sheep and gives them all names, until he can think of no more.
He counts all the stars that light up the sky,
but nothing will help little Pup snore.

He chases his tail and chews on a bone.





He plays with the mice in the hall.

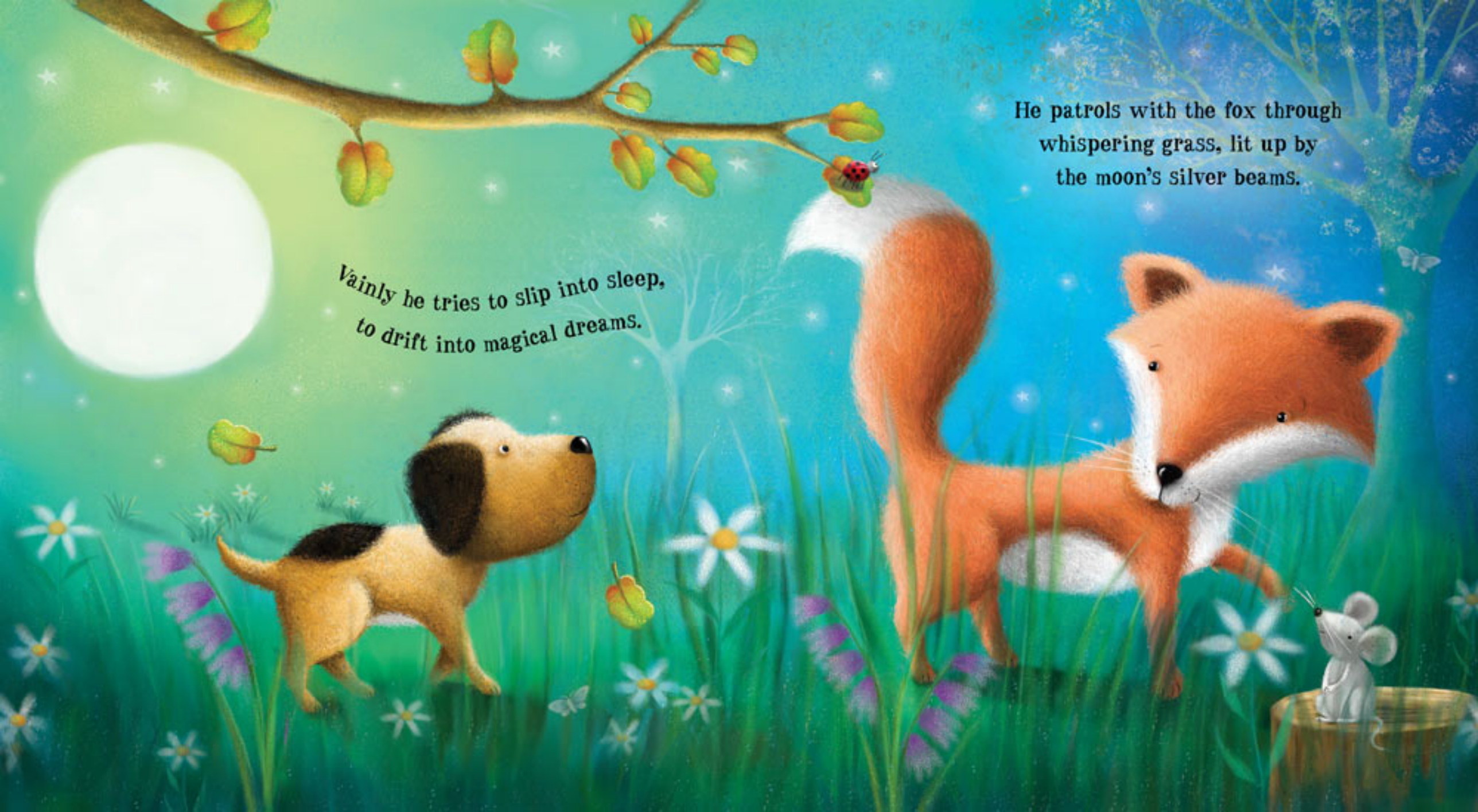


He rolls like a hedgehog and howls at the moon,
but poor Pup cannot rest at all.

The night shift begins for the beetles and bugs,
as they march from their beds by the log.

The moths and
the fireflies
dance through
the night
and sing
"*go to* sleep, little *dog!*"




He patrols with the fox through
whispering grass, lit up by
the moon's silver beams.
Vainly he tries to slip into sleep,
to drift into magical dreams.