That night Liam put his hippo family
– the mammy hippo, the daddy hippo and
the two little hippos – beside his bed so that
he could see them and they could see him.
"I thought there were three little hippos," said Mammy.

"No," said Liam. "Only two."



"Are you sure?" asked Mammy, holding up a crocodile
with the baby hippo sticking out of its mouth.
"What about this baby hippo?"
"Oh!" said Liam. "That baby hippo got lost and the big crocodile
with enormous teeth gobbled him all up –

SNAP! CRUNCH! GULP!

"Poor Baby Hippo," sighed Mammy.
"Night-night. Sleep tight. Don't
let the bedbugs bite."




But Liam didn't sleep tight.
He had a bad dream.