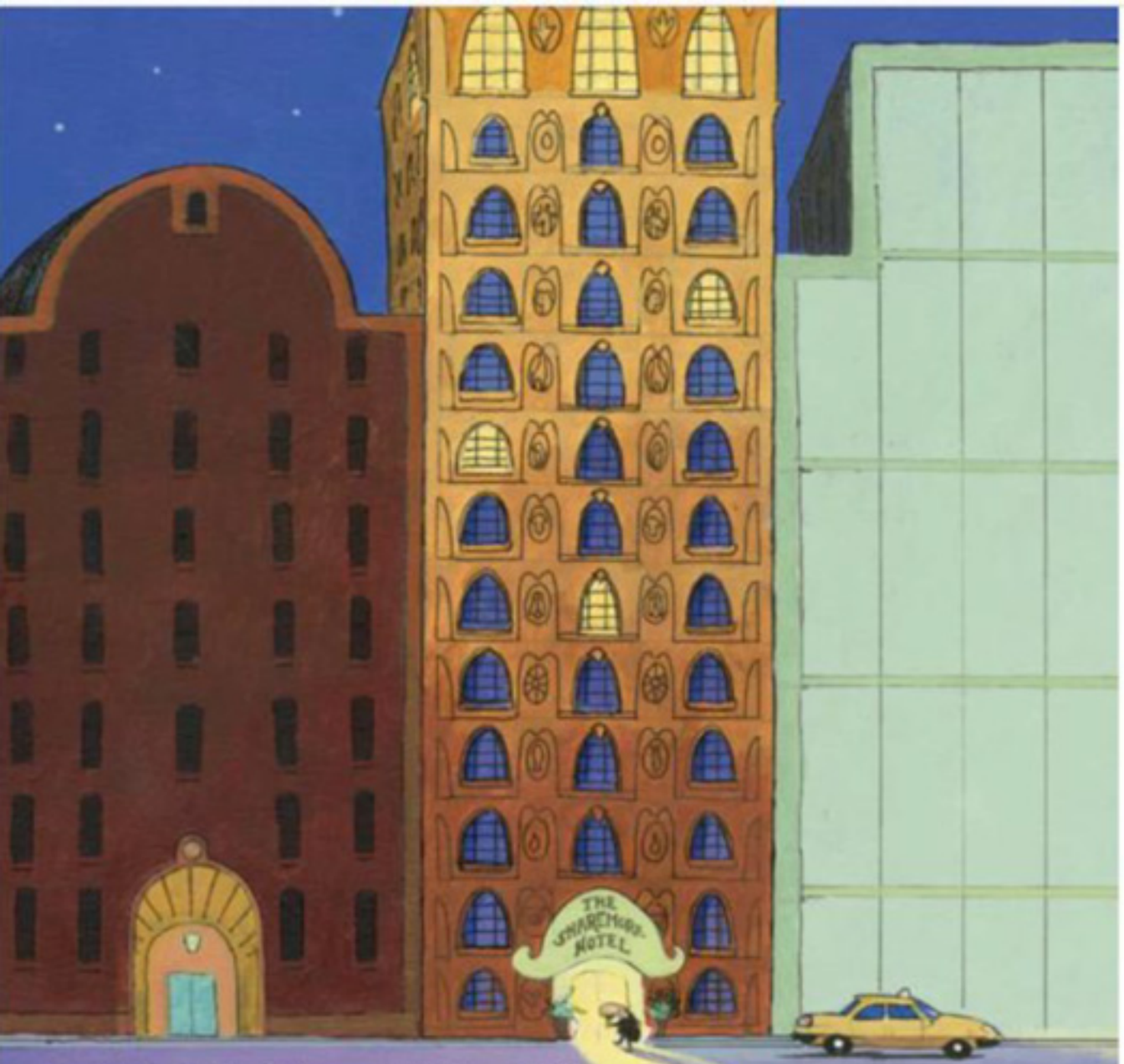


For Cheri—W. B. To Ammon and Chloe—K. H.

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THERE'S A DINOSAUR ON THE 13TH FLOOR



Wade Bradford ~ illustrated by Kevin Hawkes

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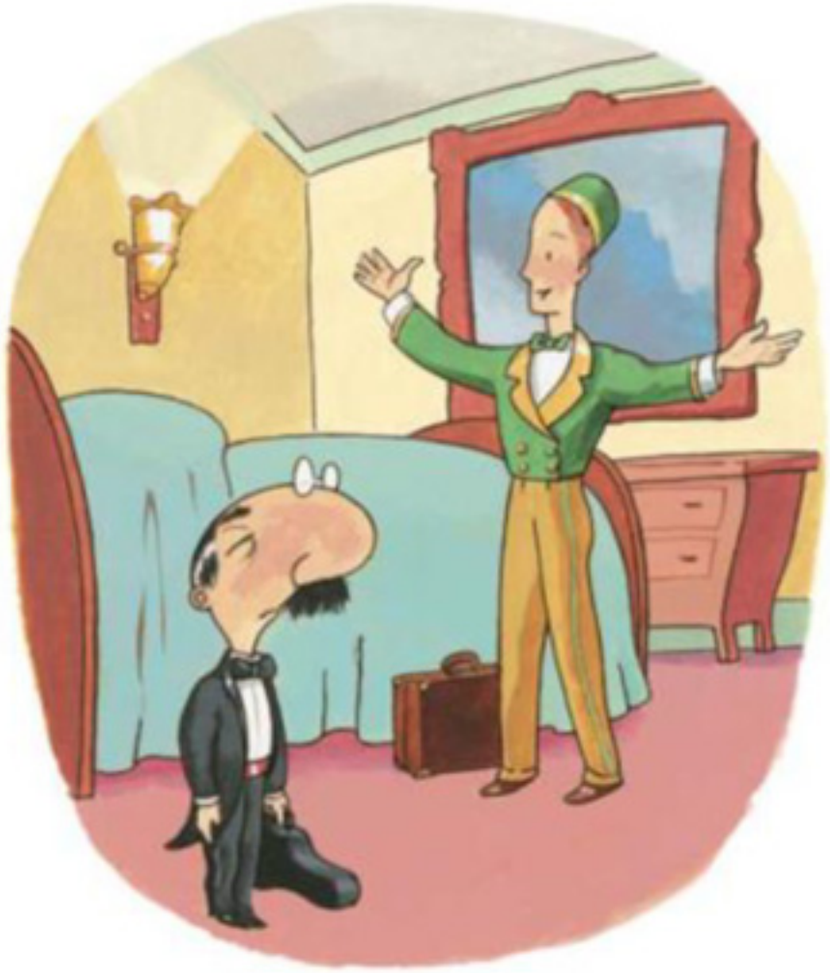
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"Welcome to the Sharemore Hotel," said the bellhop.
"You must be Mr. Snore. Let me show you to your room."

"The sooner the better," said Mr. Snore.
"I am very"—YAWN—"sleepy."

"Here you are," said the bellhop. "Room 104.
Sweet dreams, Mr. Snore."



Mr. Snore thanked the bellhop, got ready for bed,
crawled under the covers, and switched off the light.

But as he was about to lay his head upon the pillow,
he heard a squeaking sound.

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"Hello, front desk? This is Mr. Snore in room 104.
Somebody is sleeping on my pillow."



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"Yes, that would be the mouse," said the bellhop.
"I believe he has had a very long day."



"So have I," grumbled Mr. Snore. "And I do not wish
to share a room with a mouse!"

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So the bellhop led Mr. Snore to a room on the second floor.
"Sleep tight, Mr. Snore."



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Mr. Snore crawled into bed and switched off the light,
but just as he was falling asleep, he felt a rush of cold air.