Little Owl's Bedtime

Debi Gliori

illustrated by
Alison Brown

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For Rebecca and Joshua, with all my love – D.G.

For Auntie Barbara, one of the Bangor Night Owls! xx – A.B.

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Little Owl was snuggled up with Mummy Owl
sharing a bedtime story. It was late o'clock.

"Then all the little bunnies closed their eyes and
fell fast asleep. The end," said Mummy.
"Now it's your turn, Little Owl. Close your eyes and . . ."

"NO," said Little Owl.

"NO,

NO,

NO!"

"No?" said Mummy Owl.

"NO," said Little Owl.
"I don't want to close my eyes. I don't
want to fall asleep. I don't want The End.
I want another story."

Mummy Owl blinked.
"IF I read you one more story," she said,
"promise me you'll snuggle down and go to sleep.
It is VERY late for little owls."
Little Owl nodded.

Mummy Owl read Little Owl another story.

"Then all the little field mice closed their eyes and fell fast asleep. The end. Goodnight, Little Owl," Mummy whispered, "sweet dreams."

"Sweet dreams," said Little Owl.

But . . .

Little Owl's pillow
was too lumpy.

Little Owl's quilt
was too hot.

Little Owl's eyes
refused to stay shut.