

Little Owl's Bedtime

Debi Gliori

illustrated by
Alison Brown



BLOOMSBURY





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

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



BLOOMSBURY CHILDREN'S BOOKS
Bloomsbury Publishing Plc
50 Bedford Square, London, WC1B 3DP, UK

BLOOMSBURY, BLOOMSBURY CHILDREN'S BOOKS and the Diana logo are trademarks of Bloomsbury Publishing Plc

First published in Great Britain 2020 by Bloomsbury Publishing Plc

Text copyright © Debi Gliori 2020
Illustrations copyright © Alison Brown 2020

Debi Gliori and Alison Brown have asserted their rights under the Copyright, Design and Patents Act, 1988,
to be identified as the Author and Illustrator of this work.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical,
including photocopying, recording, or any information storage or retrieval system, without prior permission in writing from the publishers

A catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library

ISBN 978 1 5266 0349 4 (HB)
ISBN 978 1 5266 0348 7 (PB)
ISBN 978 1 5266 0347 0 (eBook)

2 4 6 8 10 9 7 5 3 1

Printed in China by Leo Paper Products, Heshan, Guangdong

All papers used by Bloomsbury Publishing Plc are natural, recyclable products from
wood grown in well managed forests. The manufacturing processes conform to
the environmental regulations of the country of origin.

To find out more about our authors and books visit www.bloomsbury.com and sign up for our newsletters

Little Owl's Bedtime



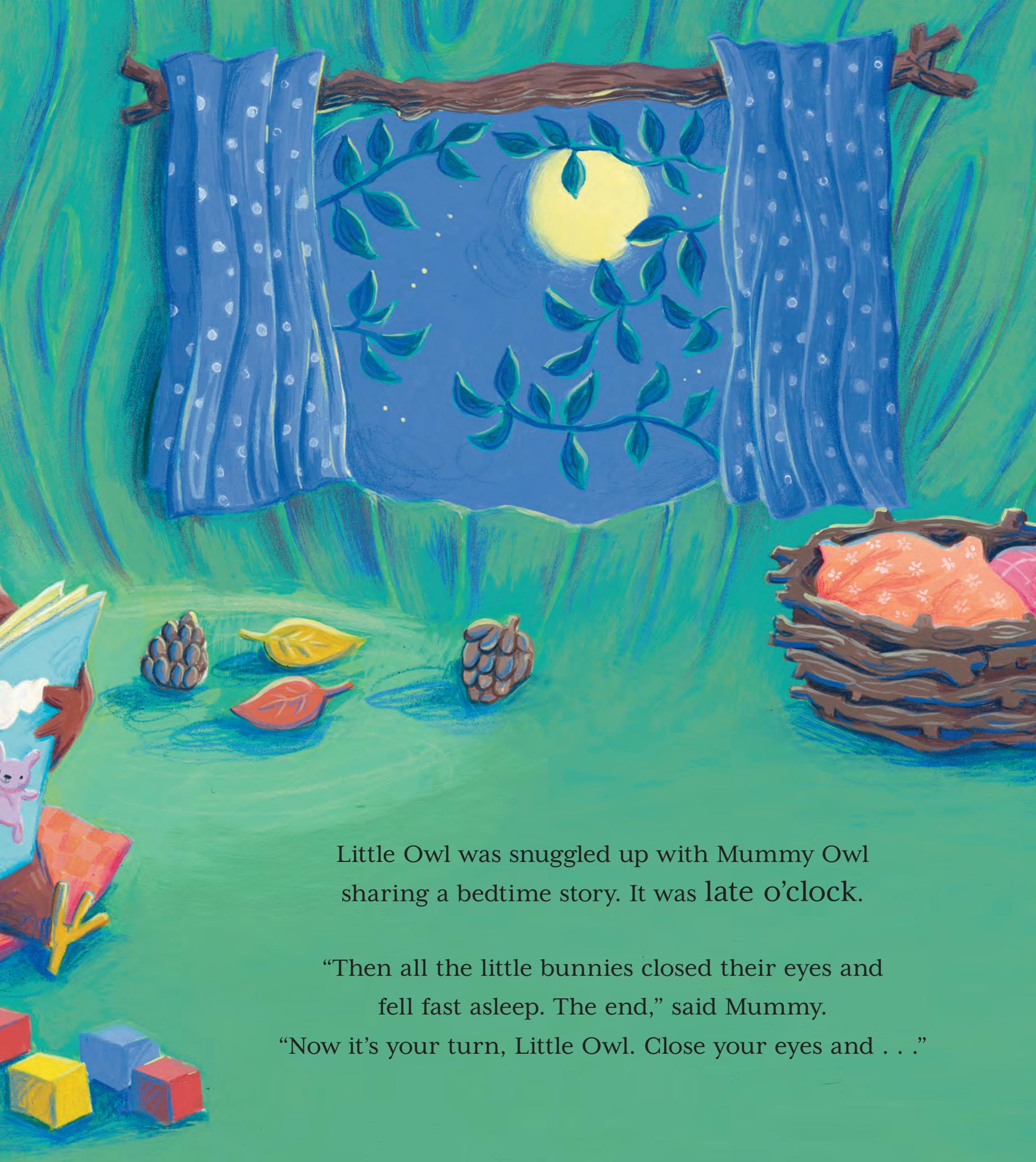
Debi Gliori

Alison Brown

BLOOMSBURY
CHILDREN'S BOOKS

LONDON OXFORD NEW YORK NEW DELHI SYDNEY





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.

