

★ ★ ★ Tell Me a Story, Mummy ★ ★ ★

It was bed time. But Salsa the little goat couldn't sleep.

The birds in the tree were fast asleep, but not Salsa.

"Meeh!" she bleated, trying to wake them up. She wanted someone to play with. But the birds didn't wake up.



The ducks were fast asleep, but not Salsa.

"Meeh!" she bleated, but they didn't wake up.

The cows were fast asleep, but not Salsa.

"Meeh!" she bleated, but they didn't wake up.



Even the moon looked asleep in the sky.

"Meeehhhhh!" Salsa bleated.

But the moon didn't wake up either.

Salsa was tired of bleating so much for nothing. So she trotted round the field to find a different place to sleep.

"That trough looks good," she thought.

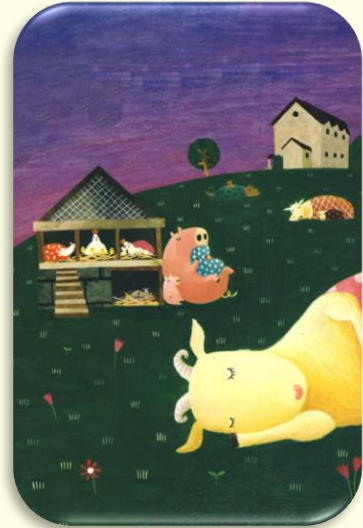
She wriggled this way... and that...

But it was no good. She couldn't get comfy at all.

Just then Salsa saw her friend, Cork, the sheep.

"Hello, Cork!" she said. "I can't get to sleep. Will you help me?"

"Sorry, Salsa, but I have to go to bed now, too," said Cork.



"But Mummy says you fall asleep really quickly if you watch a sheep jump over a fence," said Salsa. "Will you jump over that fence for me before you go?"

Cork took a good long run-up...

Galloped as fast as he could, and... screeched to a halt!

"Sorry, Salsa, but I'm scared," he said. "I'm only a little sheep, and the fence is ever so high!"

Salsa sighed. "Well, if Cork can't help me get to sleep, there's only one thing left to do. I'll have to wake up Mummy."

Salsa's mummy was cross to be woken up.

"What do you want, Salsa?" she said.

"Tell me a story, Mummy. Please tell me a story to help me to go to sleep."

"Oh, all right, Salsa," said Mummy. "Just one story. Now sit down and listen quietly."

Salsa's mummy began:

"Once upon a time there was a little goat who dreamed of being a princess. She put on a crown, and..."

"Not that story, Mummy. That one's too exciting!"

So Salsa's mummy started again:

"Once upon a time there was a great big bear! When he danced he went...

Boom! Boom! Boom!"

"Not that story, Mummy. That one's too funny!"

So Salsa's mummy started again:



"Once upon a time there was a nasty old wolf. Every morning he ate a little goat in a sandwich for breakfast, and..."

"Not that story, Mummy. That one's too scary."

Now Salsa's mummy was really cross.

"I've had enough of this, Salsa. What kind of story do you want?"

"I want a sweet, gentle story to send me to sleep," said Salsa. "A story as sweet as grass... as sweet as flowers... and as sweet as the evening sky. A story as gentle as you, and..."

Salsa stopped talking and her eyes closed. Her mummy held her close.

"Goodnight, sweet Salsa," she whispered. Then her eyes closed, too.

And Salsa and her mummy both slept soundly until morning.



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Tell Me a Story, Mummy
London, Macmillan Children's books, 2002