



The Baby who wouldn't go to bed

"Bedtime!" said the Mother.

"No!" said the Baby, playing in his car. "It's still light."

"But it's summer," said the Mother.

A little bit later...

"Bedtime!" said the Mother.

"No!" said the Baby, playing in his car. "I'm going to stay up all night."

"Oh, no you're not!" said the Mother.

But the Baby revved up his car... vrrruumm-chugga-chug... then drove away as fast as he could, and the Mother couldn't catch him.



Well, he hadn't driven very far before he met a tiger.

"Let's play at roaring," said the Baby.



But the tiger was too tired. “Night time is for snoring, not roaring” yawned the tiger. “Come back in the morning. I’ll play with you then.”

So off went the Baby... vrrruuumm-chugga-chug ... till he met a troop of soldiers.

“Let’s march,” said the Baby. But the soldiers were too sleepy.

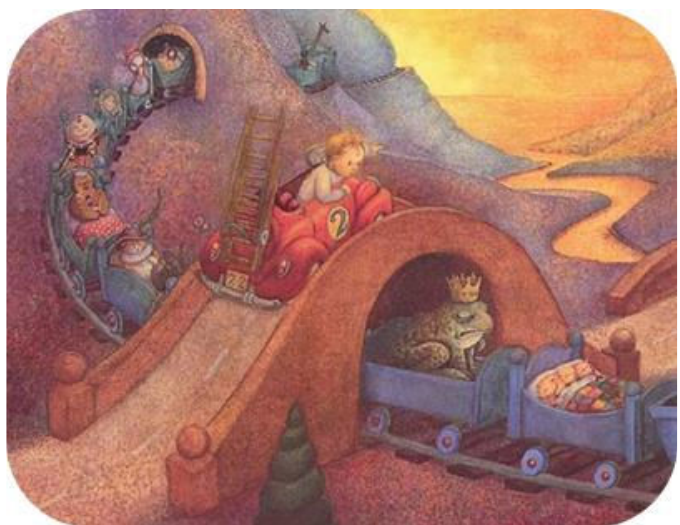
“Night time is for dreaming, not parading,” said the captain. “We’re going back to our castle. And so should you.”

But the Baby didn’t want to. He trundled away in his car... vrrruuumm-chugga-chug ... as fast as he could.



Next he came across a little train. “Race you to the station for a jolly good smash-up,” said the Baby.

But the train was too tired. “Night time is for resting, not racing,” said the train. “I’m going home to my depot, and so should you.”

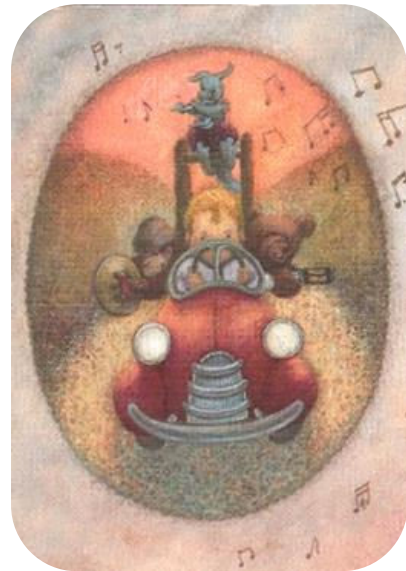
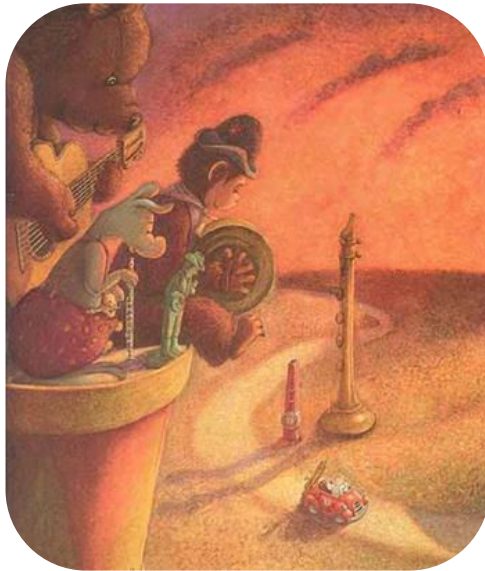


But still the Baby rumbled along the road... vrrruuumm-chugga-chug... till he met some musicians.

“Let’s have a party and dance all night,” said the Baby.

But the musicians were too drowsy. “We’re really, really tired,” they said. “But give us a lift home, and we’ll play you a lullaby instead.”

The musicians played such a sweet tune that the sun was lulled to sleep and the moon came out.



The little car went slower... and slower ... and slower...
...and soon the musicians nodded off...
then the little car stopped... IT had fallen asleep too.



The Baby looked up at the moon. “Can’t we have a midnight feast?” he wailed.

“It’s bedtime,” sighed the moon drowsily.

And even the moon closed her eyes and dozed off.

Now the Baby had to push the car in the dusky dark.

It was hard work.

And soon he’d gone as far as he could. So, he stood quite still, all alone, with the sleeping world around him.

But there was someone else who was not asleep. Someone who was looking for the Baby...

...and getting nearer

and nearer... and nearer all the time.



Someone who was ever so weary, but couldn't go to bed until the Baby did.

It was the Mother.

And the Baby hugged her.

Then the Mother lifted up the Baby with one arm and pushed the car with the other... (She was a very strong Mother.)



And she trundled and bundled them all the way home.

“Bedtime?” said the Baby sleepily.

“No,” whispered the Mother. “You said you were staying up all night!”

“Y-a-w-n.” said the Baby.

“Alright then,” said the Mother.

“Good night.”

