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Opening extract from
Storytime: Sleep, Little Pup

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Jo Parry

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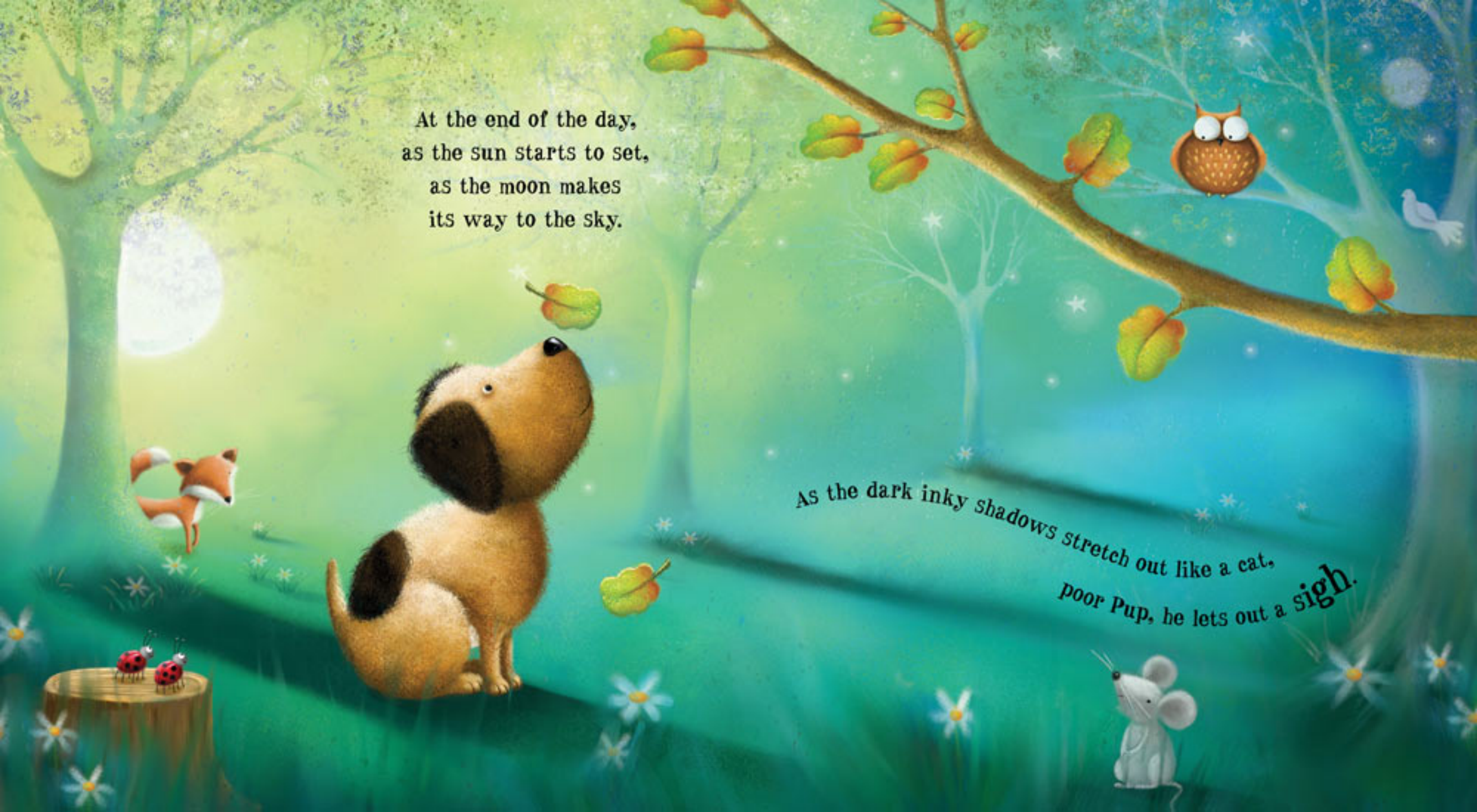
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Sleep, Little Pup



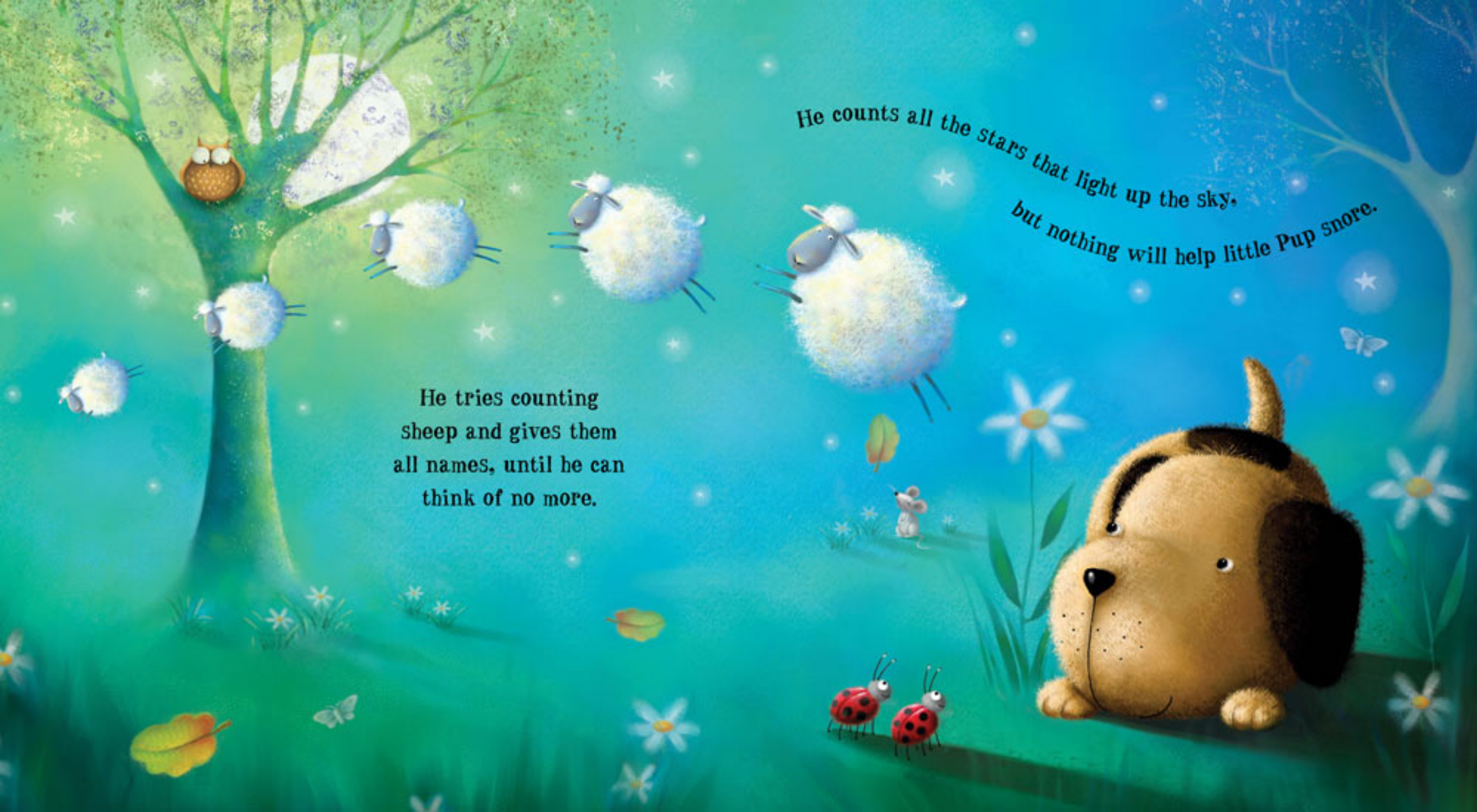
Jo Parry





At the end of the day,
as the sun starts to set,
as the moon makes
its way to the sky.

As the dark inky shadows stretch out like a cat,
poor Pup, he lets out a sigh.



He counts all the stars that light up the sky,
but nothing will help little Pup snore.

He tries counting
sheep and gives them
all names, until he can
think of no more.

He chases his tail and chews on a bone.



He plays with the mice in the hall.



He rolls like a hedgehog and howls at the moon,
but poor Pup cannot rest at all.

The night shift begins for the beetles and bugs,
as they march from their beds by the log.

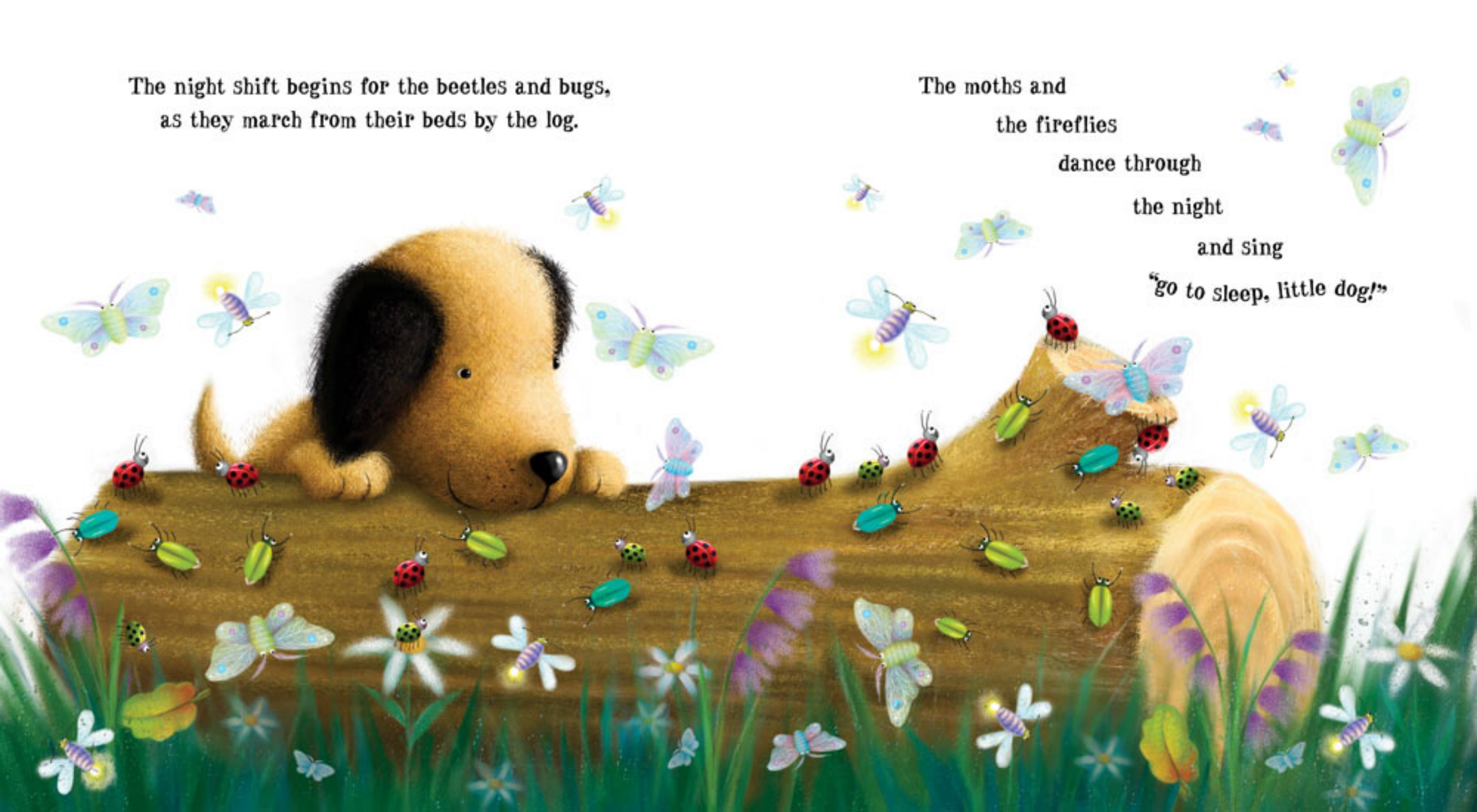
The moths and
the fireflies

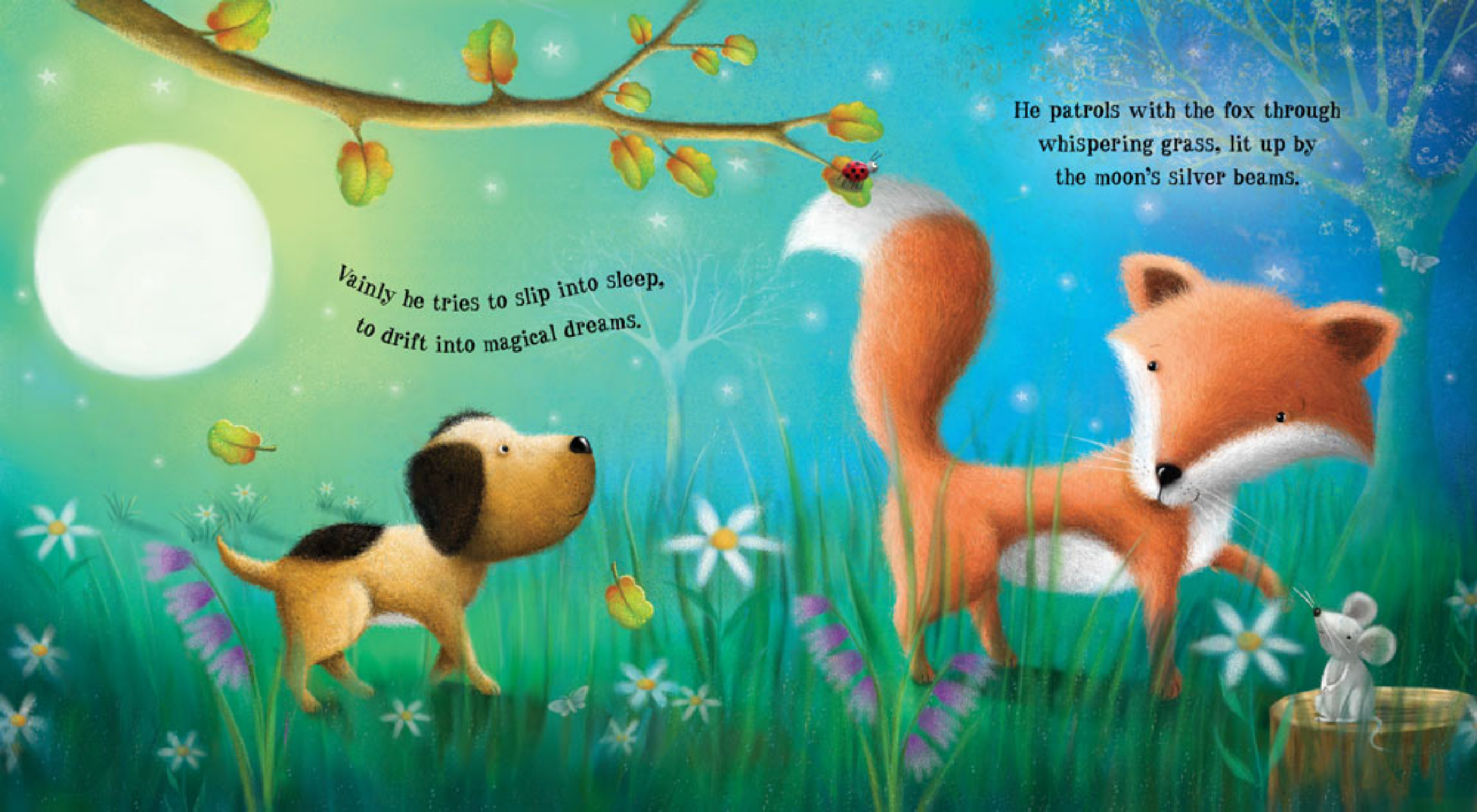
dance through

the night

and sing

“go to sleep, little dog!”





He patrols with the fox through
whispering grass, lit up by
the moon's silver beams.

Vainly he tries to slip into sleep,
to drift into magical dreams.