

Sleep Tight!

'Can we do something special at the weekend?' asked Conor.

'Yes!' said Dad. 'Let's do something special. What would you like to do?'

'Would you like to go to the beach?' asked Dad. 'Would you like to go on a train ... or a bus? Would you like to have a picnic? Or would you like to go to the funfair?'



'No thanks, Dad,' said Conor. 'I would really like to go ...'

... camping!

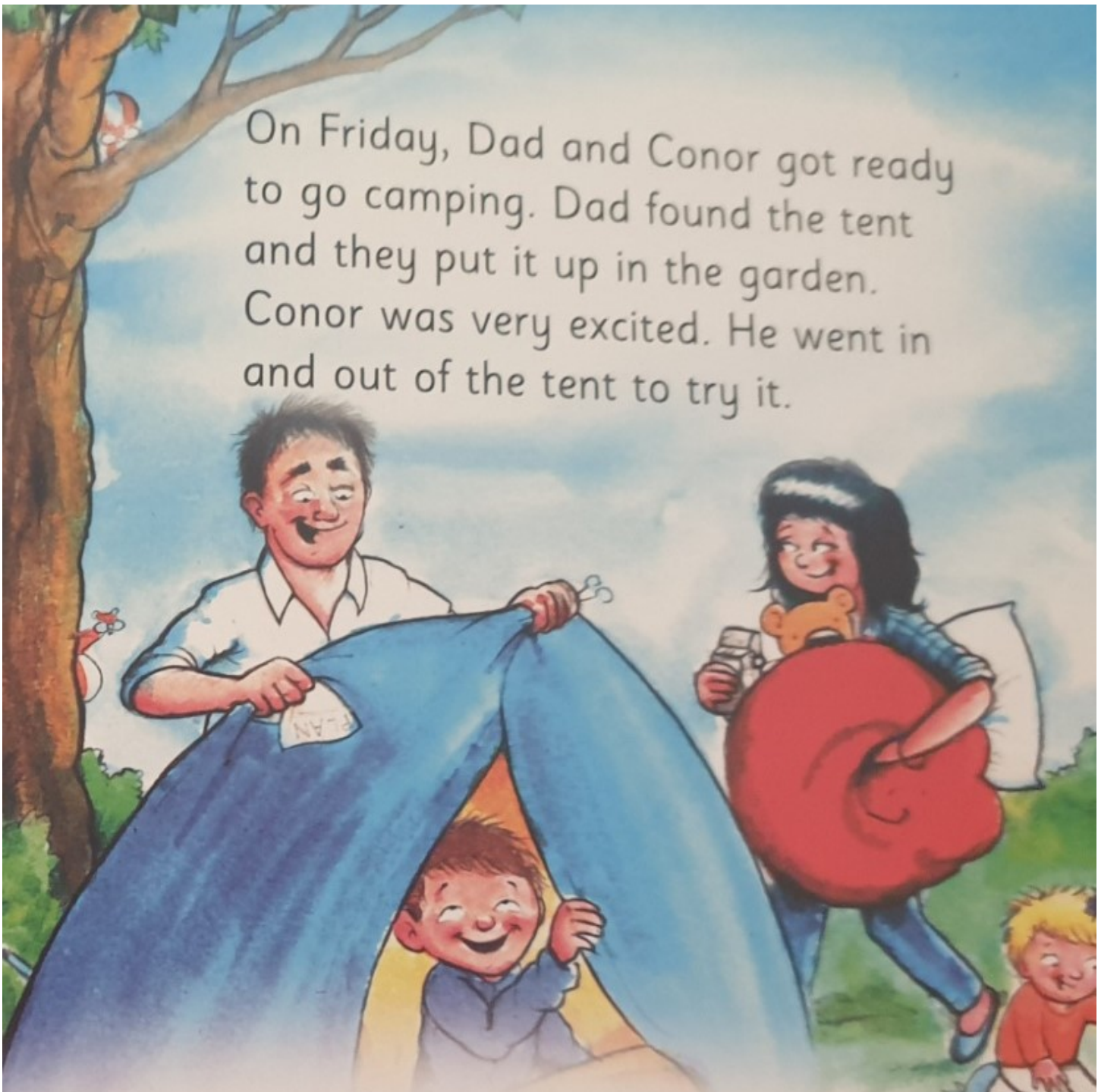
'Oh!' said Dad. 'Now, that is a good idea. Camping would be great fun. We have a tent. We can put it up in the garden. It will be fun to sleep under the stars!'

'Will you and Eva come too, Mum?' asked Conor.

Mum laughed.

'No, we won't go camping,' she said. 'Eva is not big enough. But we will help you to get ready.'





On Friday, Dad and Conor got ready to go camping. Dad found the tent and they put it up in the garden. Conor was very excited. He went in and out of the tent to try it.

Later on, Mum helped him to get all the things that he would need. They got his sleeping bag and some of his favourite toys and put them into the tent. Soon everything was ready.

They all had dinner in the garden and then they waited for the sun to go down. Soon the stars were out and it was time to say goodnight.

'Goodnight,' said Mum. 'Sleep tight!'

Conor and Dad went off to the tent. They got ready to go to sleep under the stars.

'Goodnight, Conor,' said Dad. 'Sleep tight!'

'Goodnight, Dad,' said Conor.



Soon Dad was snoring.

He made funny noises. 'Zzzzzzzzzz'

Conor was not snoring. He could not sleep.

'I cannot sleep,' he said, and he twisted and turned in his sleeping bag. Suddenly he heard a noise. It was a scary noise.

'Snuffle, snuffle, snuffle.'

'Dad! Dad! Get up, Dad!' said Conor.

'There is something scary in the garden.'





Dad got up and went out to have a look.

‘Don’t be scared, Conor,’ said Dad. ‘It is just a little hedgehog out in the garden.’



‘Oh, that is okay then. I like hedgehogs,’ said Conor.

Now try to go to sleep,’ said Dad. ‘Goodnight, Conor. Sleep tight!’

‘Goodnight, Dad,’ said Conor.

Soon Dad was snoring again. *'Zzzzzzzzz'*
Conor was not snoring. He still could not
sleep. He twisted and turned in his
sleeping bag. Then he heard another noise.
It was a very scary noise.

'Squeak, squeak, squeak.'

'Dad! Dad! Get up, Dad!' said Conor.
'I heard another scary noise.'



Dad got up again. He went out to have a look.

'Don't be scared, Conor,' said Dad. 'It is just Mr Newman playing the violin.'

Conor laughed. He liked Mr Newman and he liked the violin.

'Now try to go to sleep,' said Dad.



'Goodnight, Conor. Sleep tight!'

'Goodnight, Dad,' said Conor.

Soon Dad was snoring again. 'Zzzzzzzzzz'

But Conor was not snoring. He still could not sleep. Then he heard another noise. It was a scary noise again.

'Tap, tap, tap.'

Tap!

The noise got louder and louder.

'TAP, TAP, TAP.'

Tap!



Conor was really scared this time. He shouted at Dad. 'Dad! Dad! Get up, Dad! What is that scary noise?'

Dad got a shock. He jumped up.

'Don't be scared, Conor,' he said. 'It is just the noise of the rain on our tent. The rain cannot come in. We are safe in here. Now, *please* try to go to sleep, Conor.'

'Yes, Dad,' said Conor. 'It is time to go to sleep now.'

'Goodnight, Conor. Sleep tight!'

'Goodnight, Dad,' said Conor.





Soon Dad was snoring again. 'Zzzzzzzzz'

The rain fell on the tent. The dogs barked, the birds sang and the milkman whistled.

Conor was very, very tired now. He did not twist and turn. Soon he was snoring too. He made funny noises just like Dad.

'Zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz'

Later Dad heard a noise. It was not a scary noise. It was not a hedgehog. It was not a violin. It was not the rain or the dogs or the birds or the milkman. And it was not Conor. It was Mum.

'Wakey, wakey!' said Mum. 'The sun is up and it is time for you to get up too. Was it great fun camping in the garden?' she asked.

'*Zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz*,' said Dad.

'*Zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz*,' said Conor.

Mum laughed. 'You are lucky it is the weekend. Sleep tight!' she said.

