

Peace at Last

JILL MURPHY



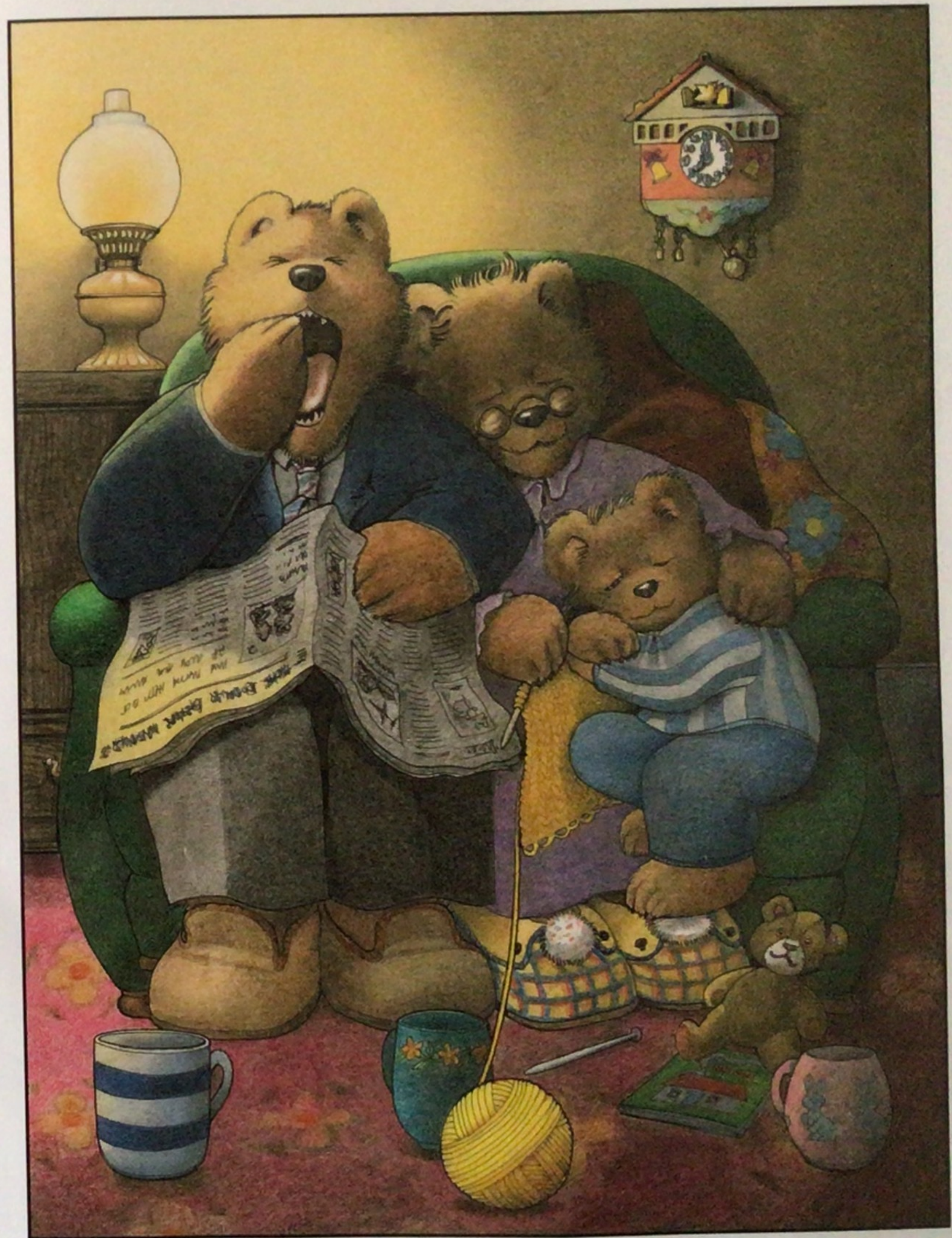
'THE BIG BEDTIME READ'
Ballyclare Nursery School
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The hour was late.

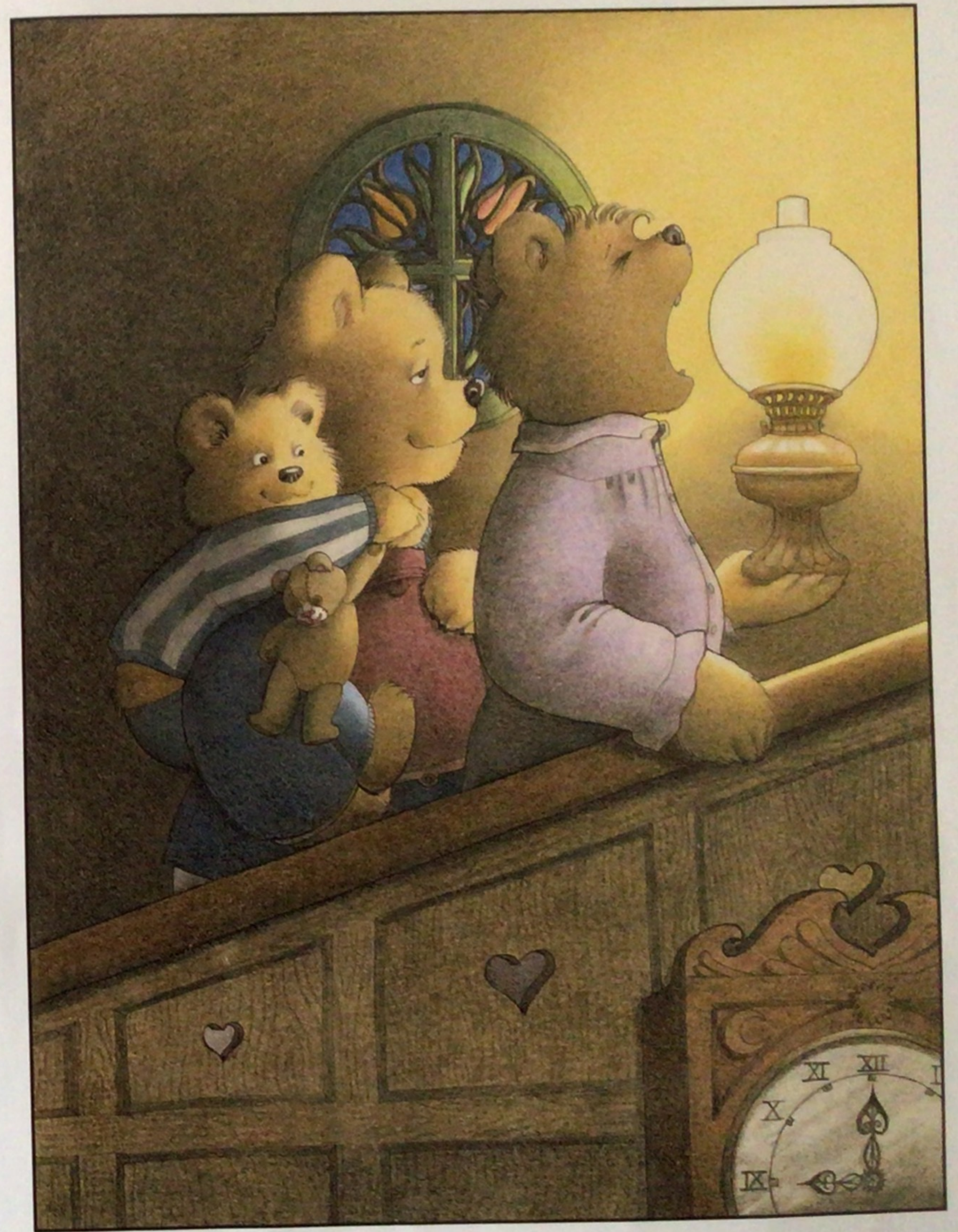


Mr Bear was tired,
Mrs Bear was tired
and
Baby Bear was tired . . .

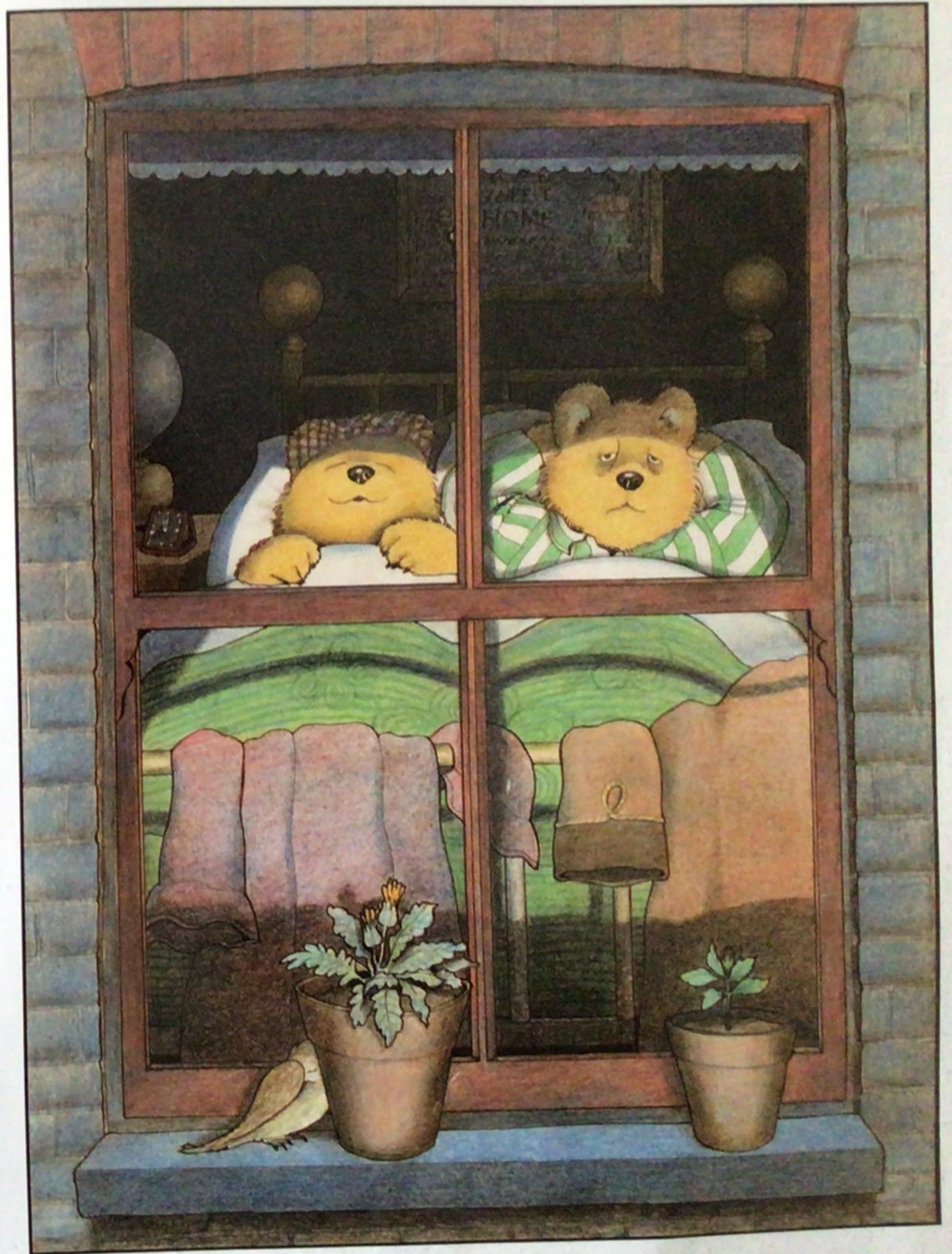


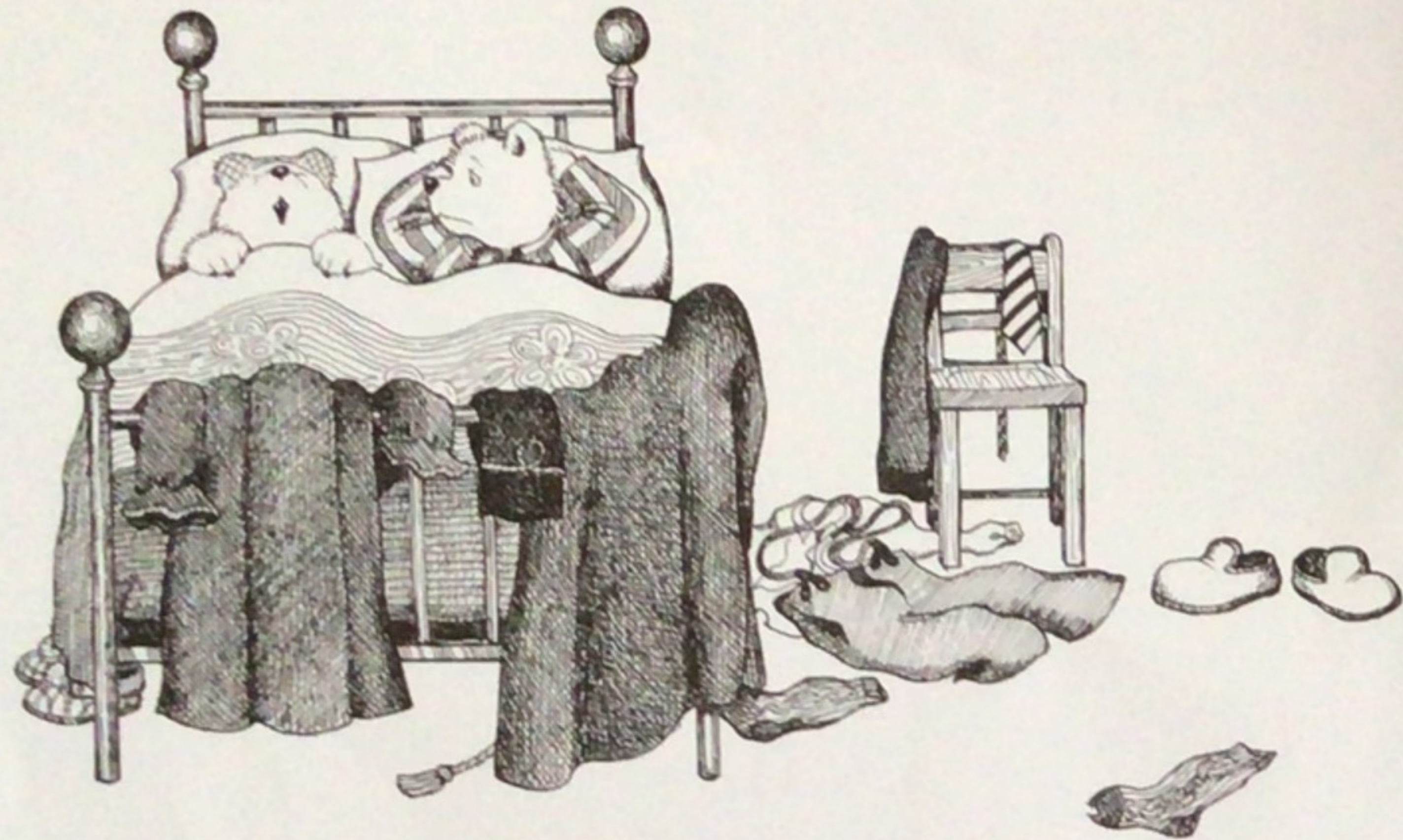


... so they all went to bed.

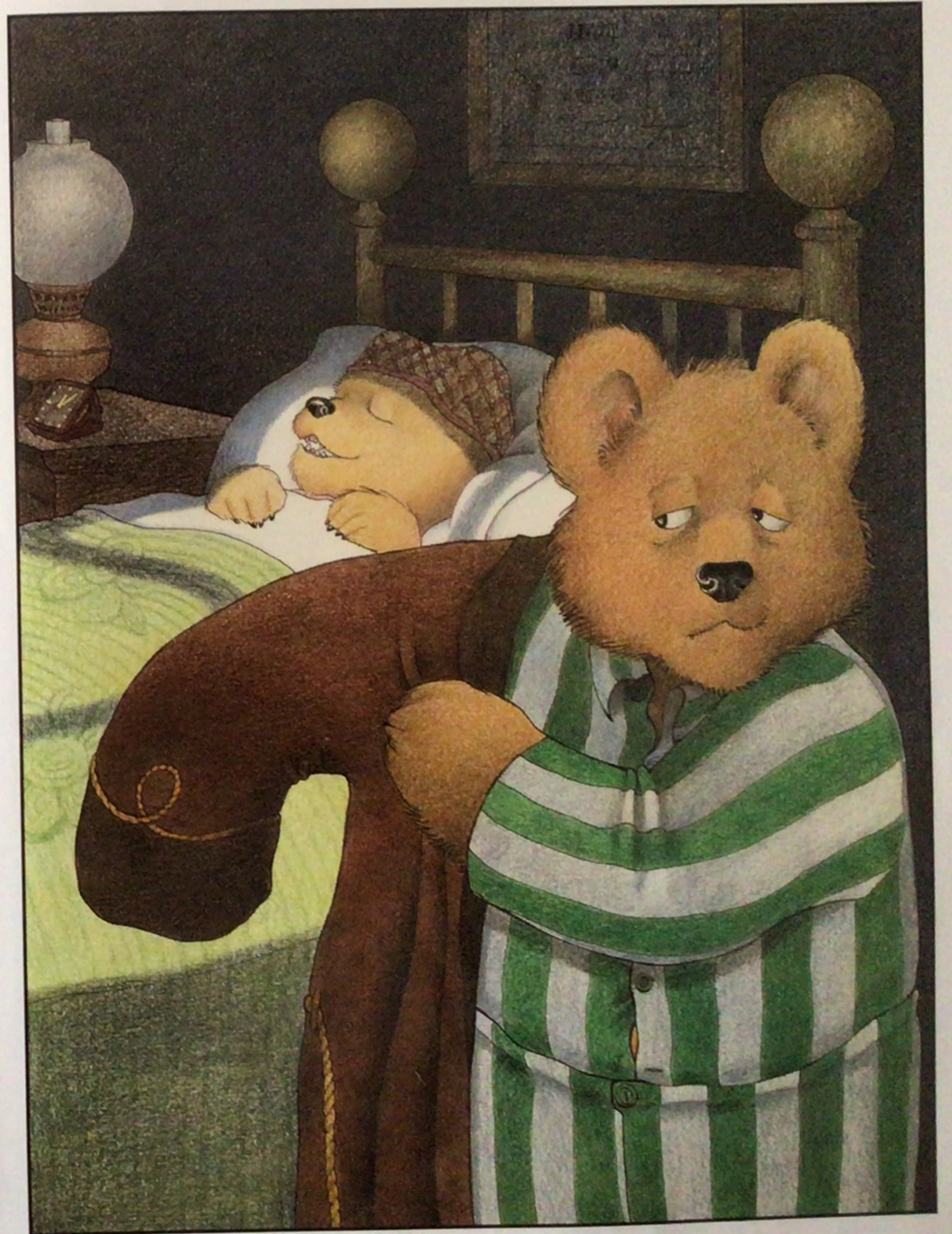


Mrs Bear fell asleep.
Mr Bear didn't.





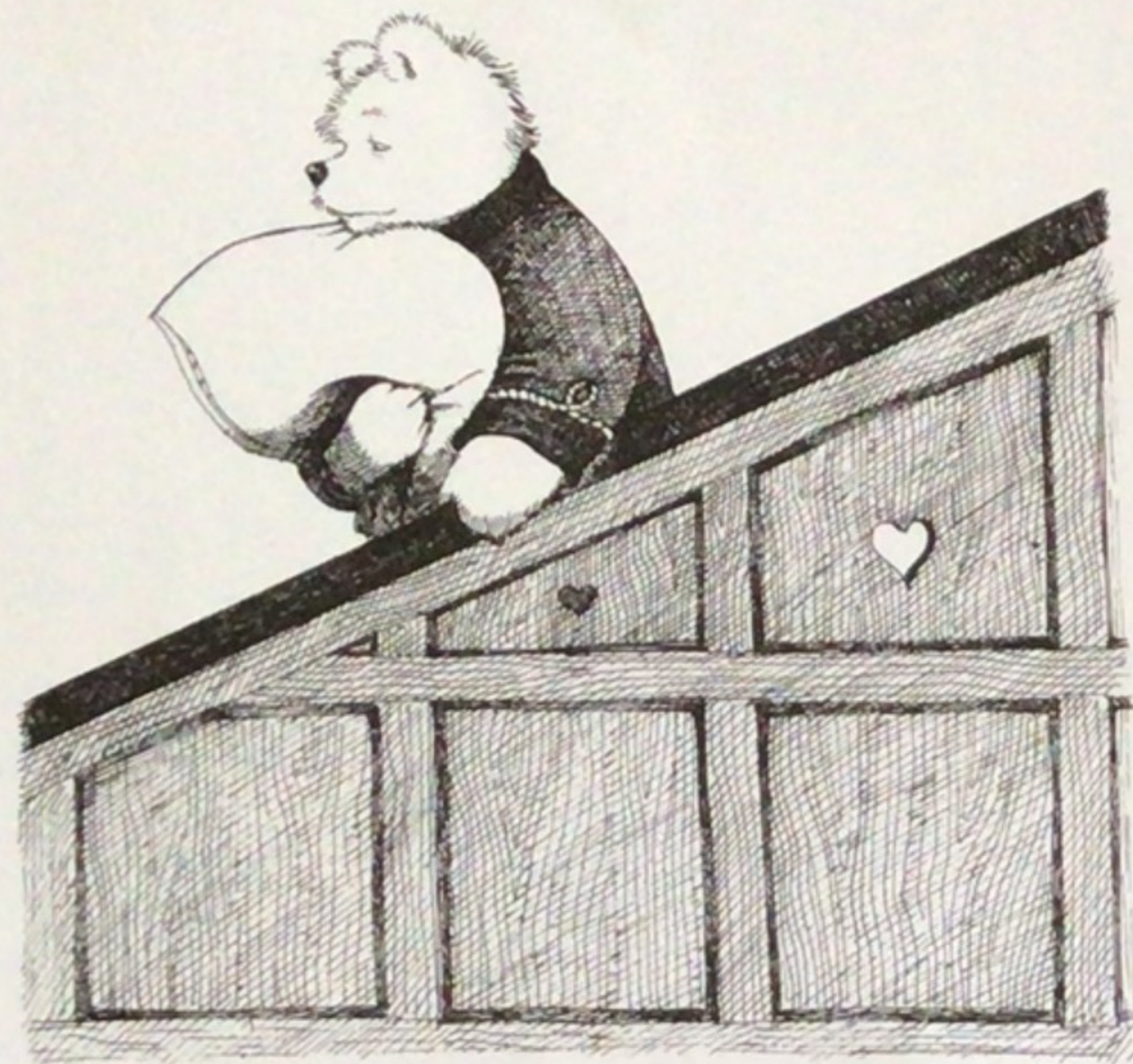
Mrs Bear began to snore.
“SNORE,” went Mrs Bear,
“SNORE, SNORE, SNORE.”
“Oh NO!” said Mr Bear,
“I can’t stand THIS.”
So he got up and went to
sleep in Baby Bear’s room.





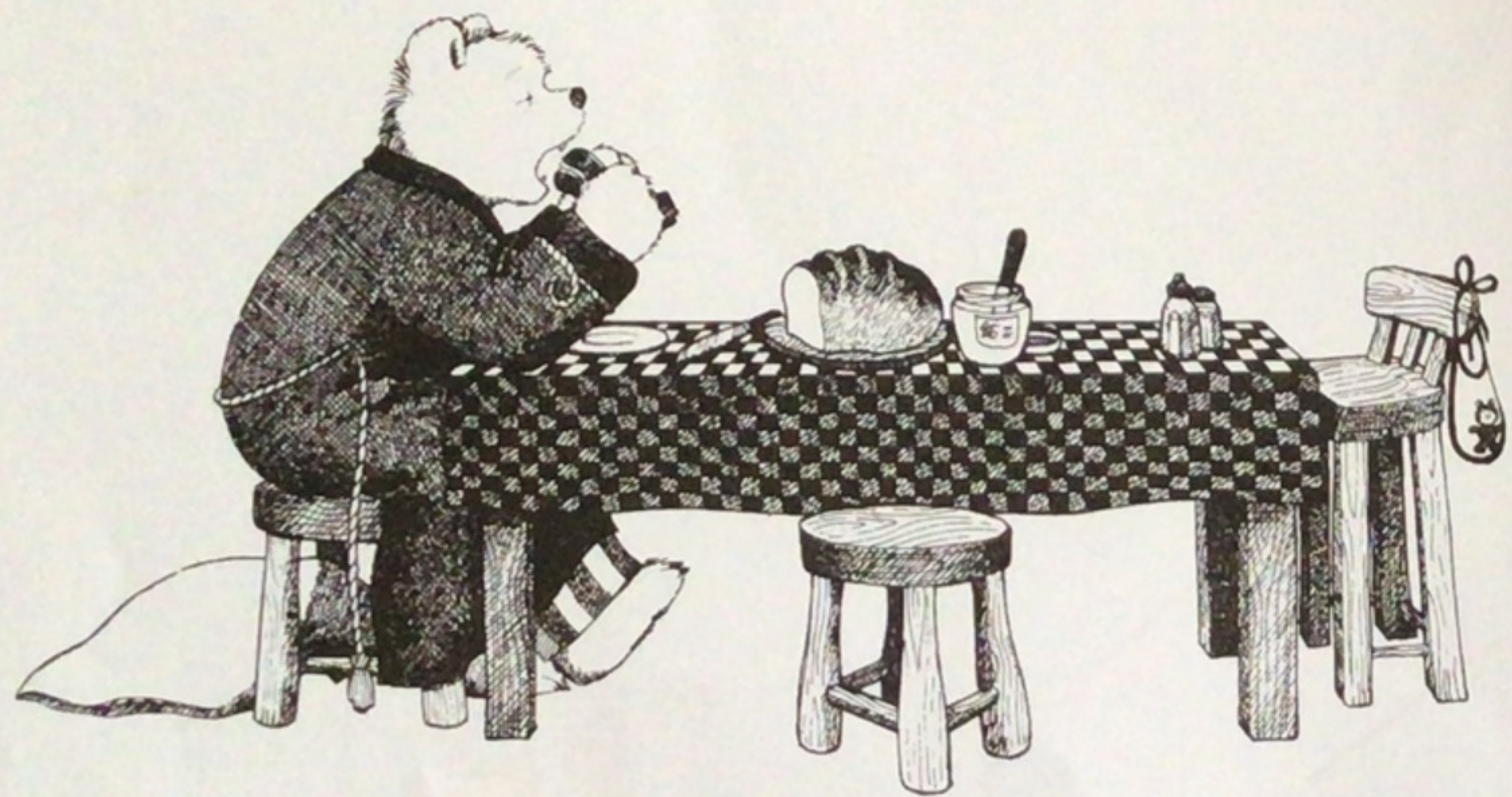
Baby Bear was not asleep either.
He was lying in bed pretending
to be an aeroplane.
“NYAAOW!” went Baby Bear,
“NYAAOW! NYAAOW!”
“Oh NO!” said Mr Bear,
“I can’t stand THIS.”
So he got up
and went to sleep in the living room.





TICK-TOCK . . . went the living room
clock . . . TICK-TOCK, TICK-TOCK.
CUCKOO! CUCKOO!
“Oh NO!” said Mr Bear,
“I can’t stand THIS!”
So he went off to sleep in the kitchen.

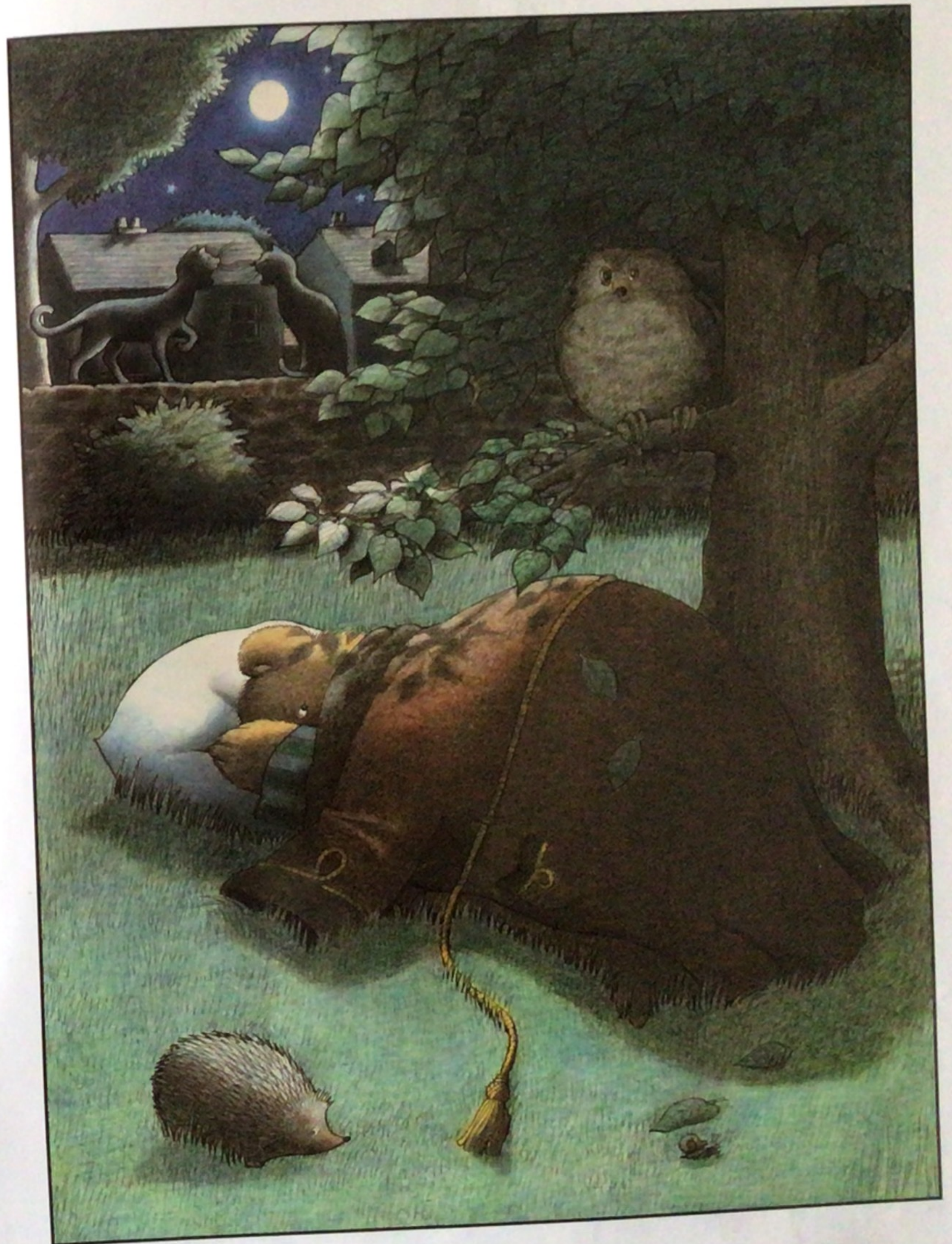




DRIP, DRIP . . . went the leaky
kitchen tap.
HMMMMMMMMMMM . . .
went the refrigerator.
“Oh NO,” said Mr Bear,
“I can’t stand THIS.”
So he got up
and went to sleep in the garden.

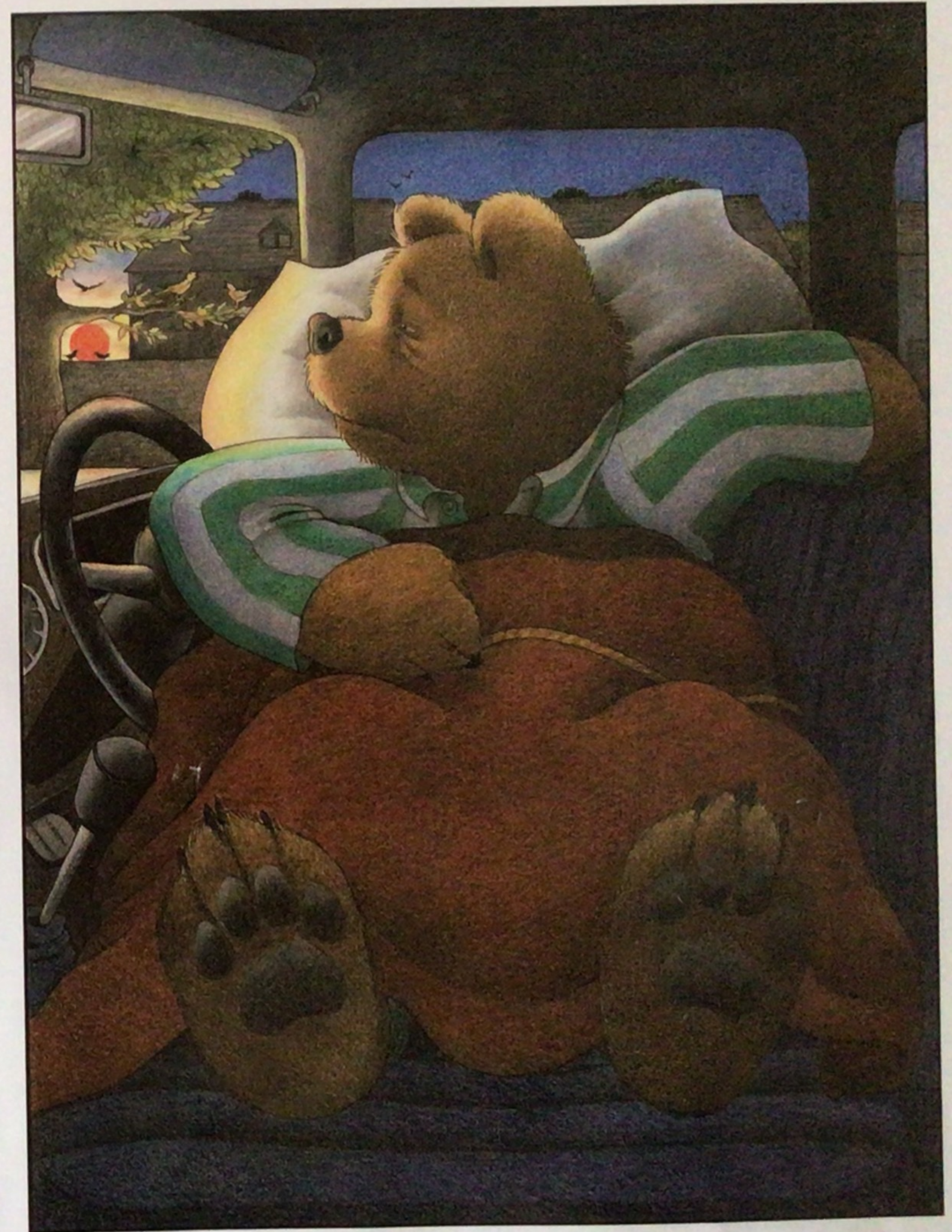
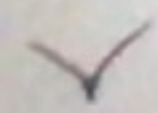


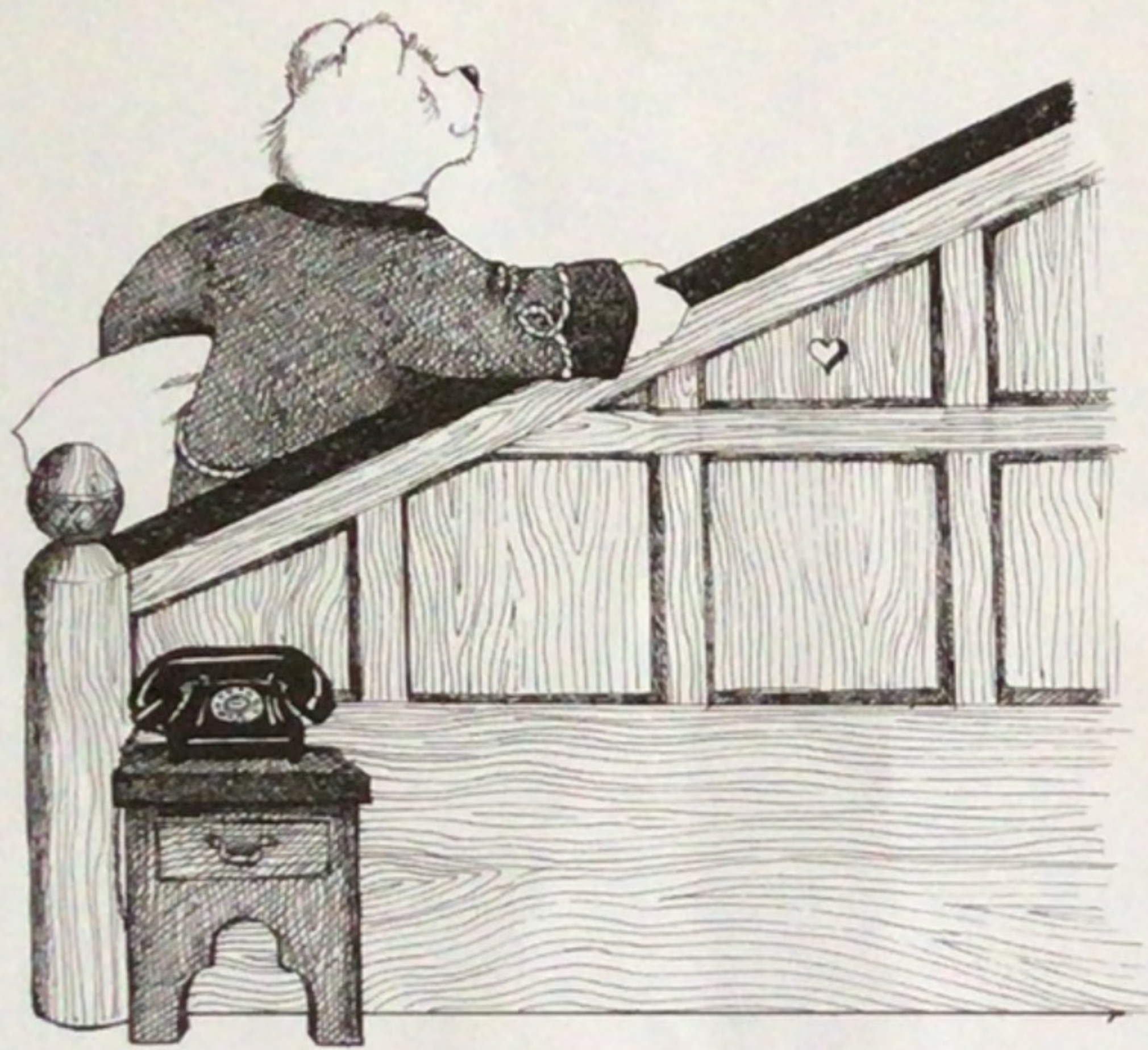
Well, you would not believe
what noises there are in
the garden at night.
“TOO-WHIT-TOO-WHOO!”
went the owl.
“SNUFFLE, SNUFFLE,”
went the hedgehog.
“MIAAAOW!” sang the cats
on the wall.
“Oh NO!” said Mr Bear,
“I can’t stand THIS.”
So he went off to sleep in the car.



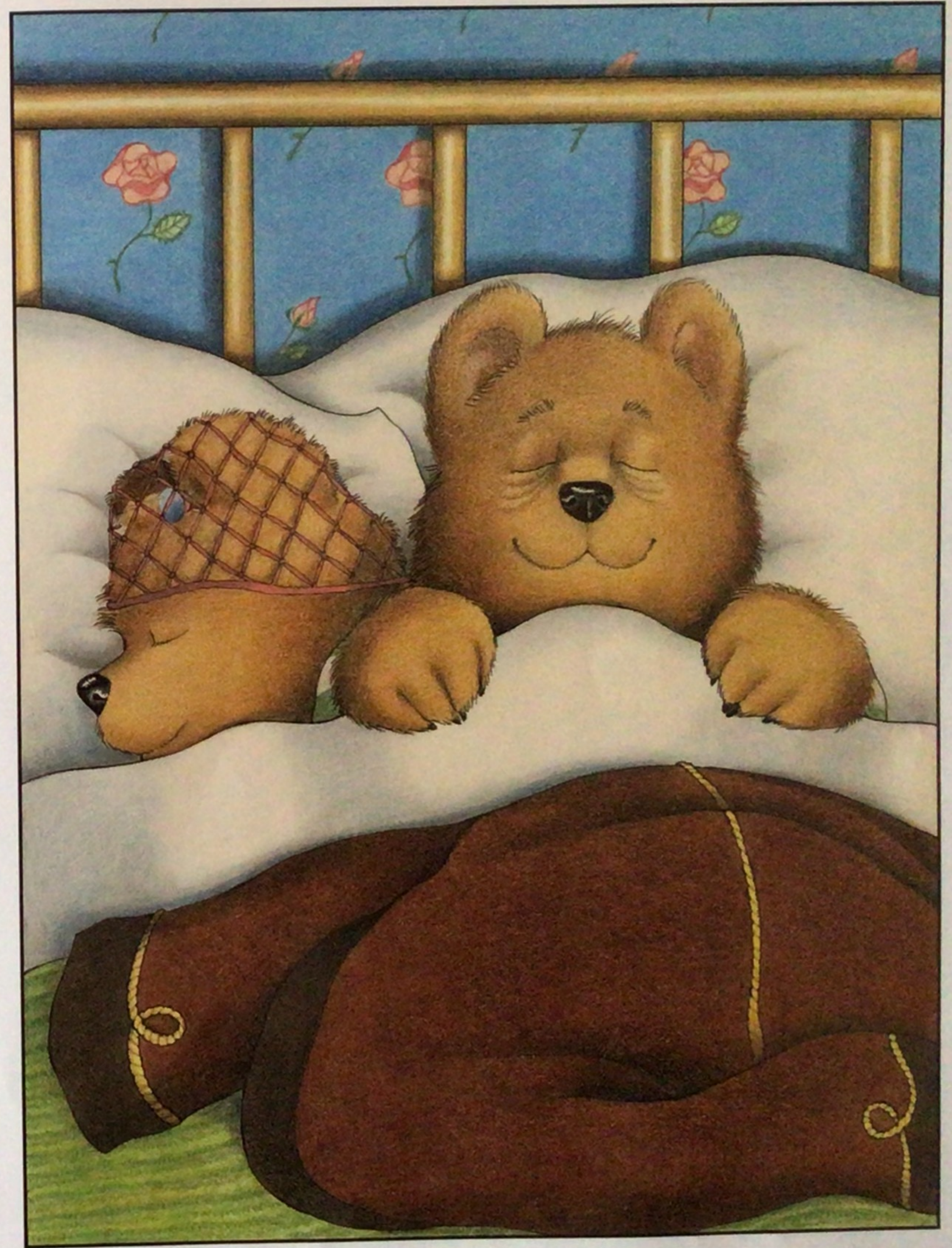


It was cold in the car and uncomfortable, but Mr Bear was so tired that he didn't notice. He was just falling asleep when all the birds started to sing and the sun peeped in at the window. "TWEET TWEET!" went the birds. SHINE, SHINE . . . went the sun. "Oh NO!" said Mr Bear, "I can't stand THIS." So he got up and went back into the house.



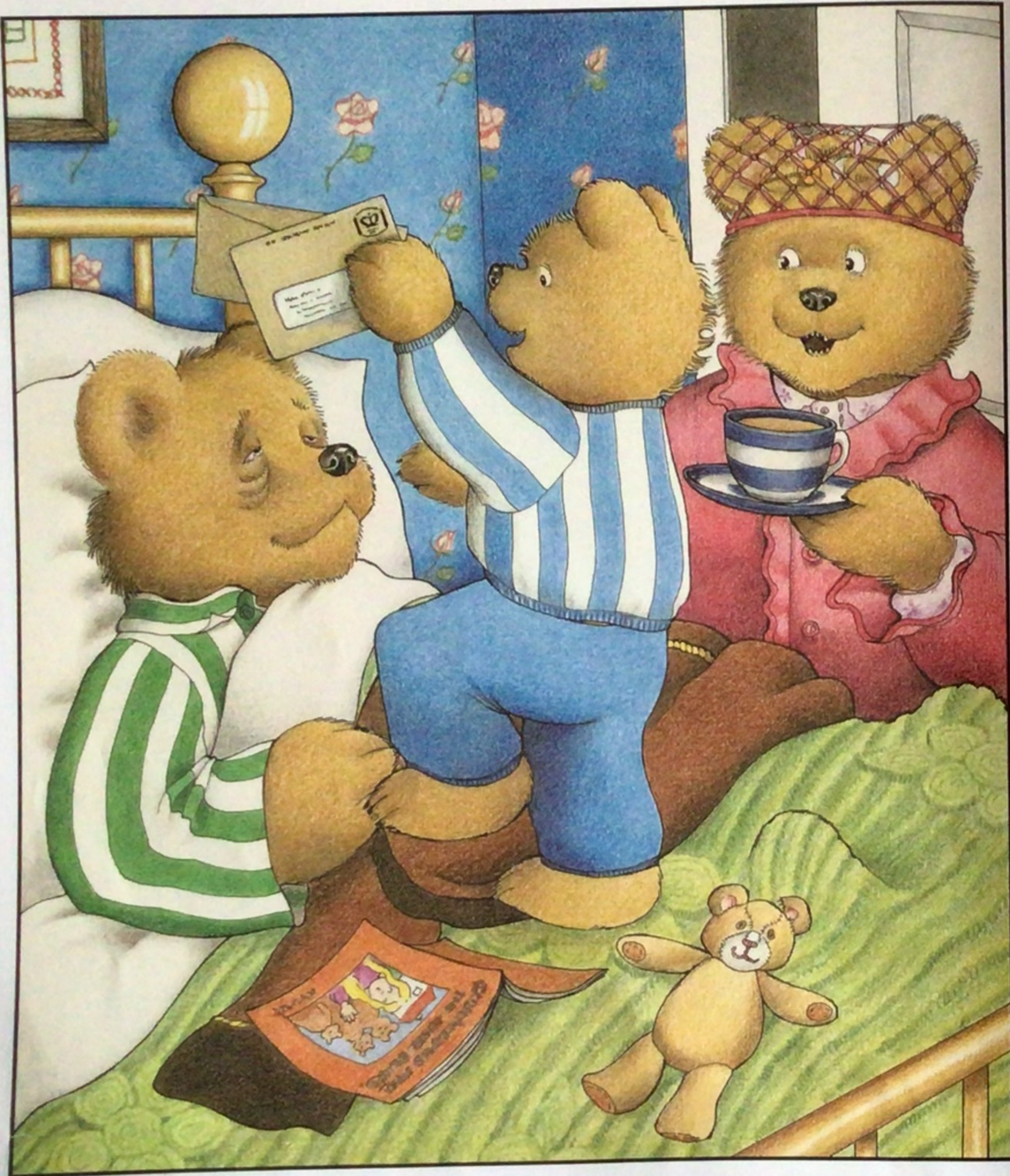


In the house, Baby Bear was fast asleep, and Mrs Bear had turned over and wasn't snoring any more. Mr Bear got into bed and closed his eyes. "Peace at last," he said to himself.



BRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR! went the alarm clock, BRRRRRR!
Mrs Bear sat up and rubbed her eyes.
“Good morning, dear,” she said.
“Did you sleep well?”
“Not VERY well, dear,” yawned Mr Bear.
“Never mind,” said Mrs Bear.
“I’ll bring you a nice cup of tea.”





And she did.

The hour was late and Mr Bear was tired.
But he could not sleep – however he tried and
wherever he tried.

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