



GO BACK To BED!

BY GINGER FOGLESONG GUY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES BERNARDIN

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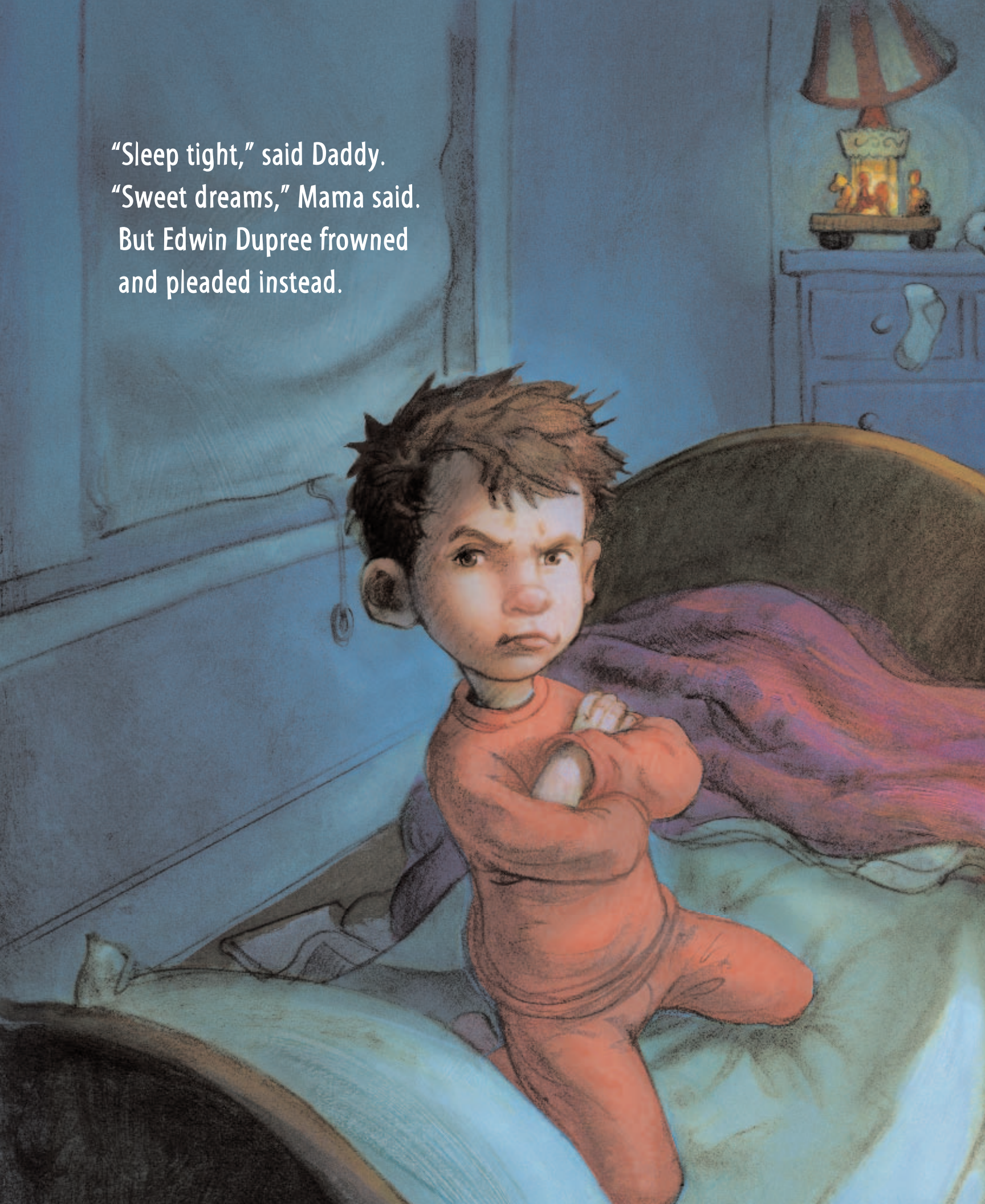
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*For my nieces and nephews:
the big ones, the little ones
—G.F.G.*

*To my two Edwins,
Wyeth and Bryson, with love
—J.B.*

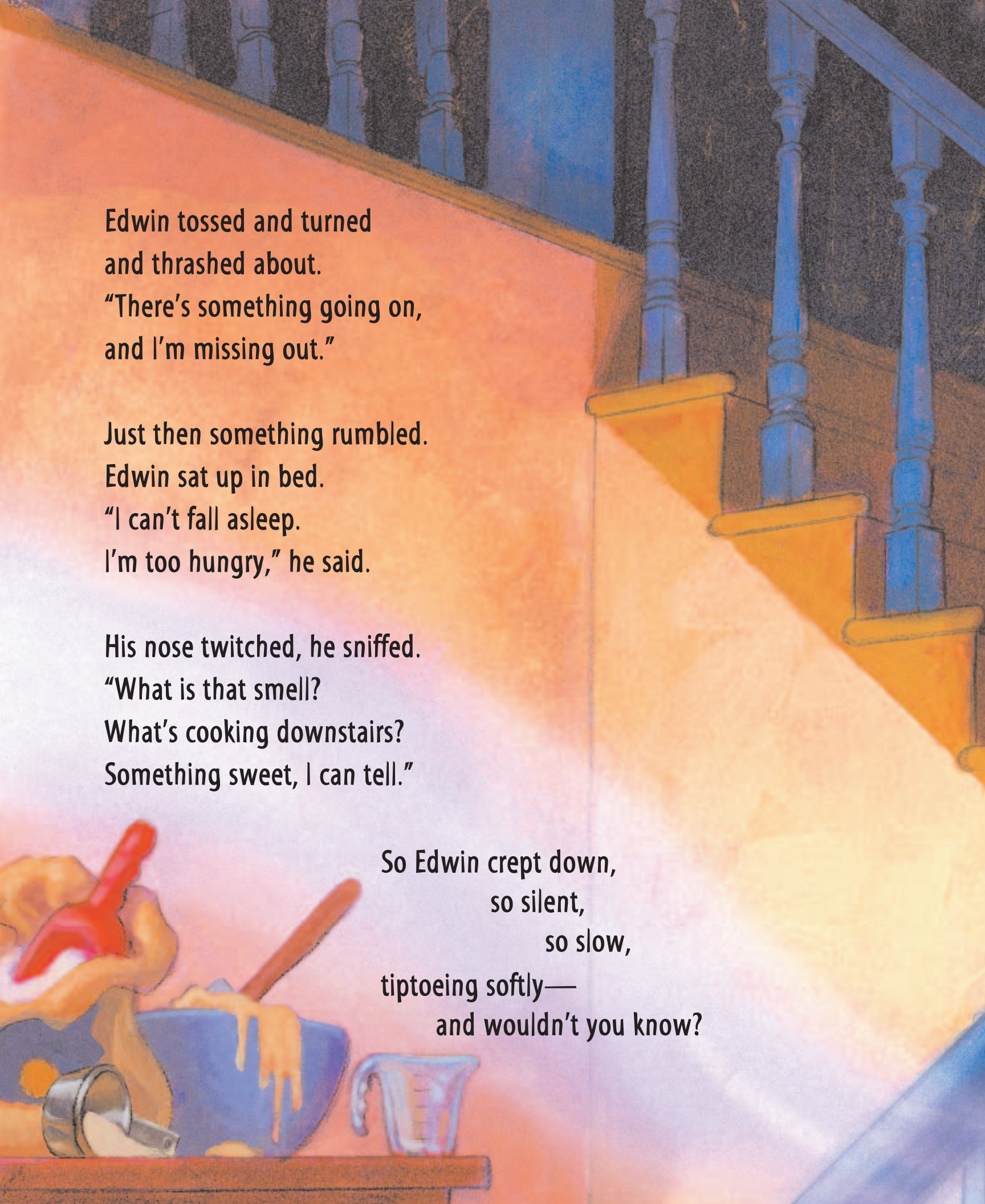
"Sleep tight," said Daddy.
"Sweet dreams," Mama said.
But Edwin Dupree frowned
and pleaded instead.



A child's bedroom at night. A bed with a wooden headboard and a blue blanket is in the foreground. A dresser with a stuffed dog on top is on the left. A door is open on the right, with a hand turning the handle. Toys like a car and a plane are on the floor. A painting hangs on the wall.

"Can't I stay up?
Just a little bit more?"

"NO, Edwin," said Mama,
closing the door.

The background of the page is a painting of a child's bedroom at night. A bed with a white sheet and a blue blanket is on the right. A staircase with blue railings and yellow steps leads up from the bed. The wall is a warm orange color.

Edwin tossed and turned
and thrashed about.

"There's something going on,
and I'm missing out."

Just then something rumbled.

Edwin sat up in bed.

"I can't fall asleep.


I'm too hungry," he said.

His nose twitched, he sniffed.

"What is that smell?

What's cooking downstairs?

Something sweet, I can tell."

In the bottom left corner, there is a painting of a kitchen counter. It features a blue bowl with yellow liquid inside, a red measuring cup, and a small glass measuring cup.

So Edwin crept down,
so silent,
so slow,
tiptoeing softly—
and wouldn't you know?



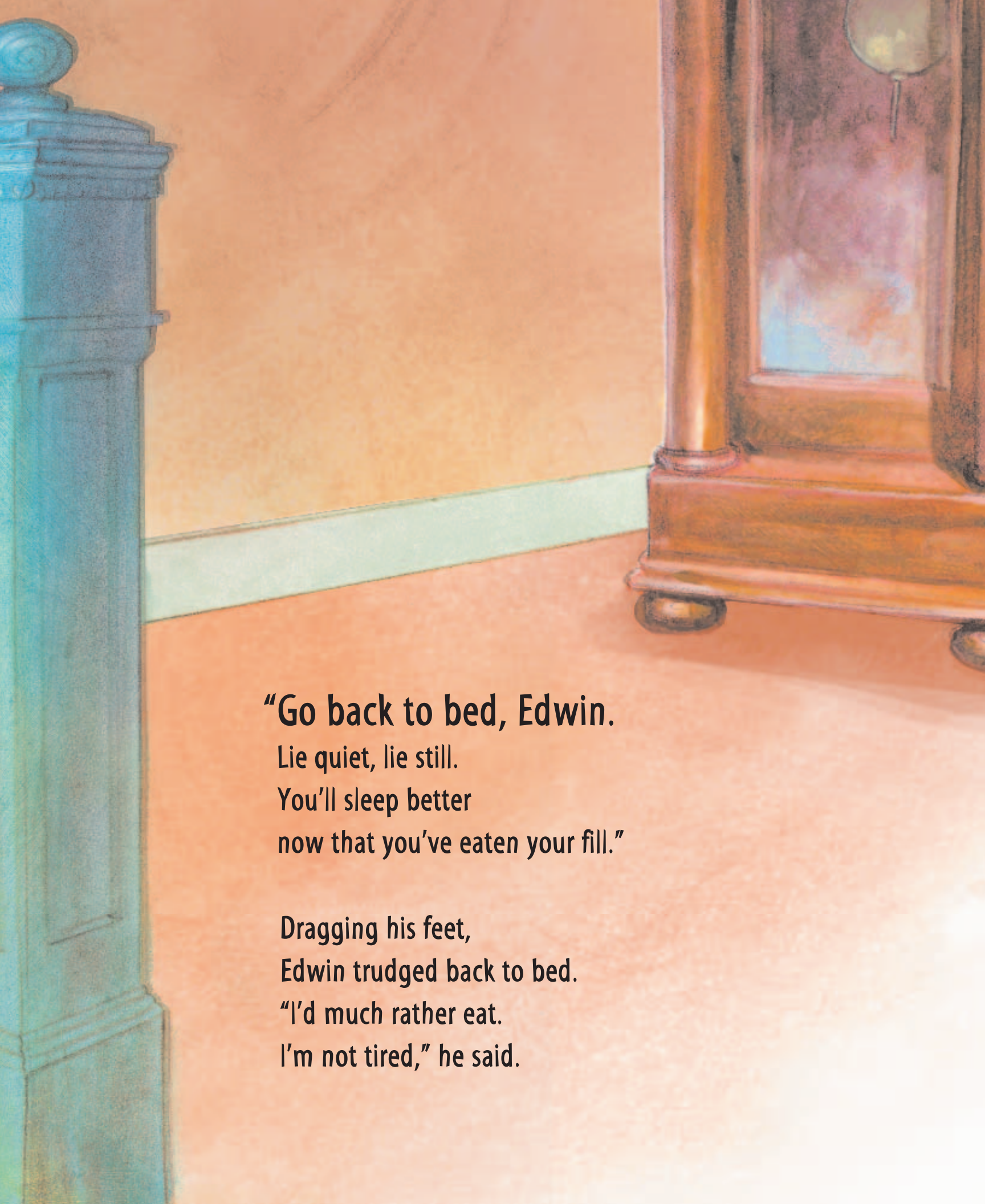
Strawberry cream puffs, tarts, and pies,
cakes and cookies and chocolate surprise!

"This cake tastes delicious! This pudding's just right!
Let's eat sugar cookies and stay up all night!"








An illustration of a room corner. On the left is a tall, green, ornate pillar. On the right is a large, dark wooden grandfather clock with a pendulum. The wall is a warm, orange-brown color, and the floor is a lighter, peachy-orange color. A green baseboard runs along the bottom of the wall.

**"Go back to bed, Edwin.
Lie quiet, lie still.
You'll sleep better
now that you've eaten your fill."**

**Dragging his feet,
Edwin trudged back to bed.
"I'd much rather eat.
I'm not tired," he said.**



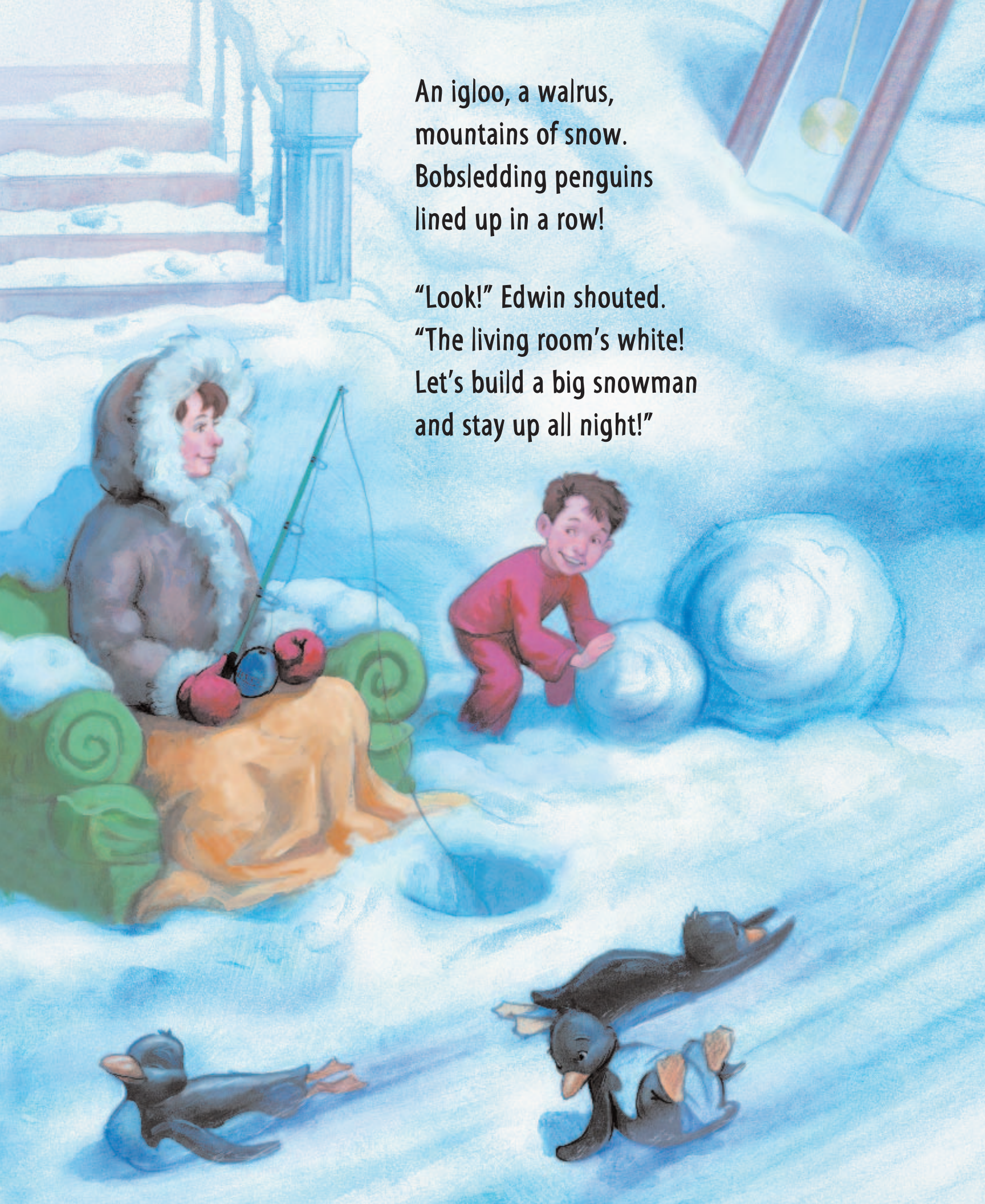


Under the covers,
he lay wide awake.
“I can’t wait till morning.
How long will it take?”

He pulled off his blanket
and sat up in bed.
“I can’t fall asleep.
It’s too stuffy,” he said.

From somewhere downstairs
came a cool, gentle breeze.
“I’m roasting up here.
I’d much rather freeze.”

So Edwin crept down,
so silent,
so slow,
tiptoeing softly—
and wouldn’t you know?

A whimsical winter scene. On the left, a boy in a brown parka with a white fur hood is sitting on a yellow blanket, fishing through a hole in the ice. He has red apples and a blue ball on the blanket. In the center, another boy in a red jumpsuit is rolling a large snowball. To the right, there are two more large snowballs. In the foreground, three penguins are on the ice. In the background, there's a wooden fence and a swing set.

An igloo, a walrus,
mountains of snow.
Bobsledding penguins
lined up in a row!

"Look!" Edwin shouted.
"The living room's white!
Let's build a big snowman
and stay up all night!"

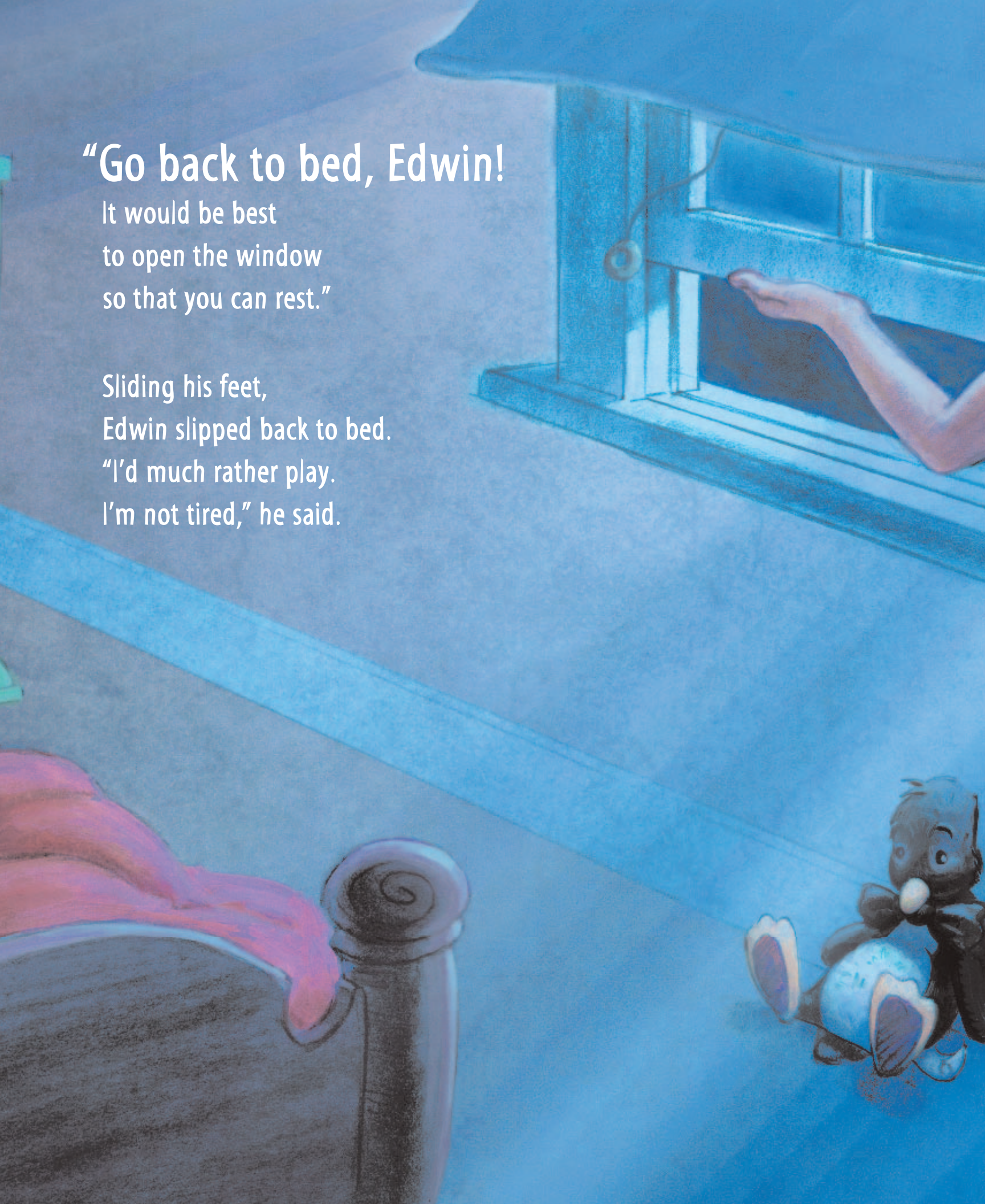





"Go back to bed, Edwin!"

It would be best
to open the window
so that you can rest."

Sliding his feet,
Edwin slipped back to bed.
"I'd much rather play.
I'm not tired," he said.



The background of the page is a painting. The top half shows a light blue sky with soft, white clouds. The bottom half shows a wooden floor with vertical planks in shades of orange and brown. In the bottom right corner, there is a small, irregular puddle of blue liquid.

Edwin tossed and turned and thrashed about.
“There’s something going on, and I’m missing out.”

He coughed a few times and sat up in bed.
“I can’t fall asleep. I’m too thirsty,” he said.

“What’s gurgling? What’s splashing? A fountain, I think.
I’ll just go downstairs and get something to drink.”

So Edwin crept down,
 so silent,
 so slow,
tiptoeing softly—
 and wouldn’t you know?





Whirlpools and waterfalls, rapids that roar,
rushing and gushing and splashing the floor!

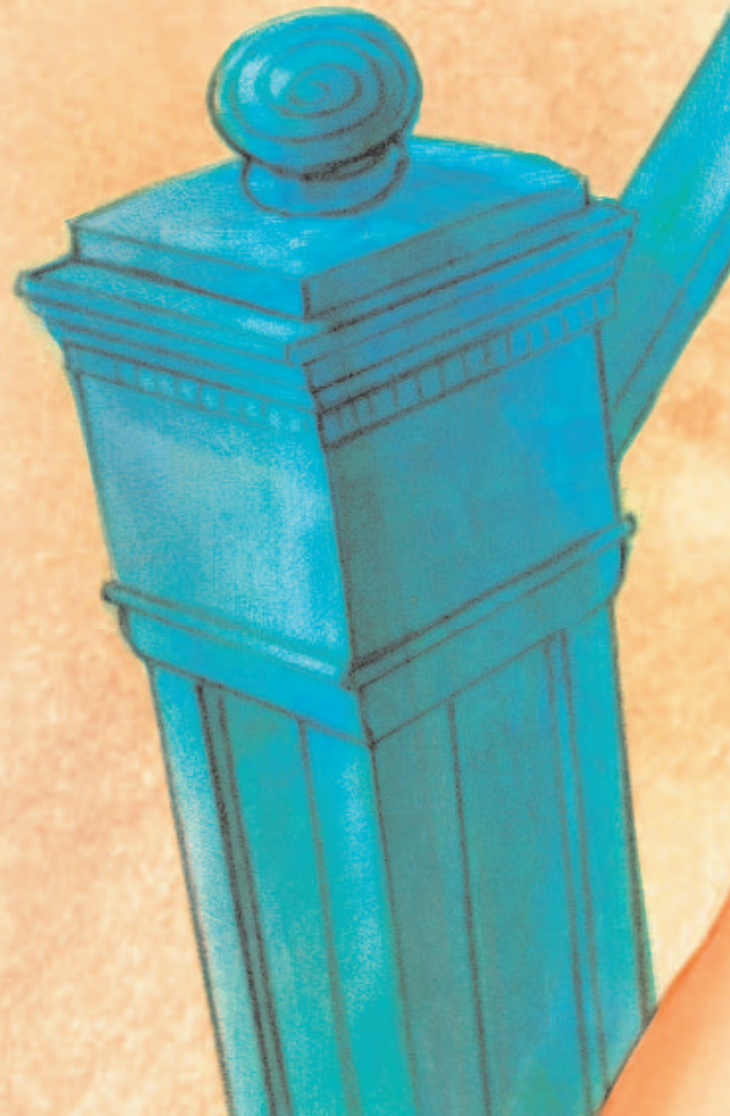
"Jump into my raft and hold on tight!
Let's drink lemonade and stay up all night!"



"GO BACK TO BED, EDWIN!"

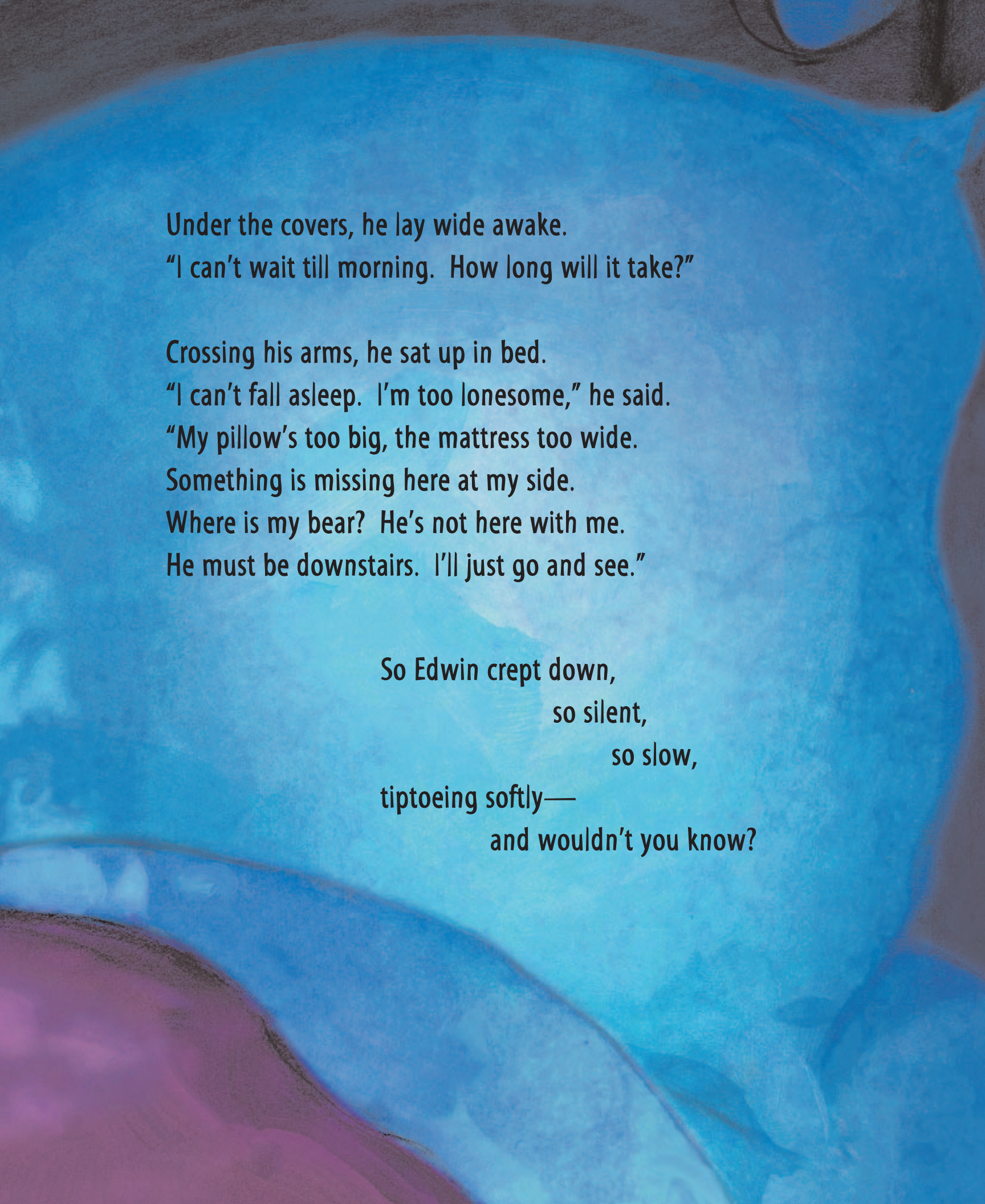
Your thirst must be quenched.
And change your pajamas,
now that they're drenched."

Then sloshing his feet,
he splashed back to bed.
"I'd much rather swim.
I'm not tired," he said.









Under the covers, he lay wide awake.

"I can't wait till morning. How long will it take?"

Crossing his arms, he sat up in bed.

"I can't fall asleep. I'm too lonesome," he said.

"My pillow's too big, the mattress too wide.

Something is missing here at my side.

Where is my bear? He's not here with me.

He must be downstairs. I'll just go and see."

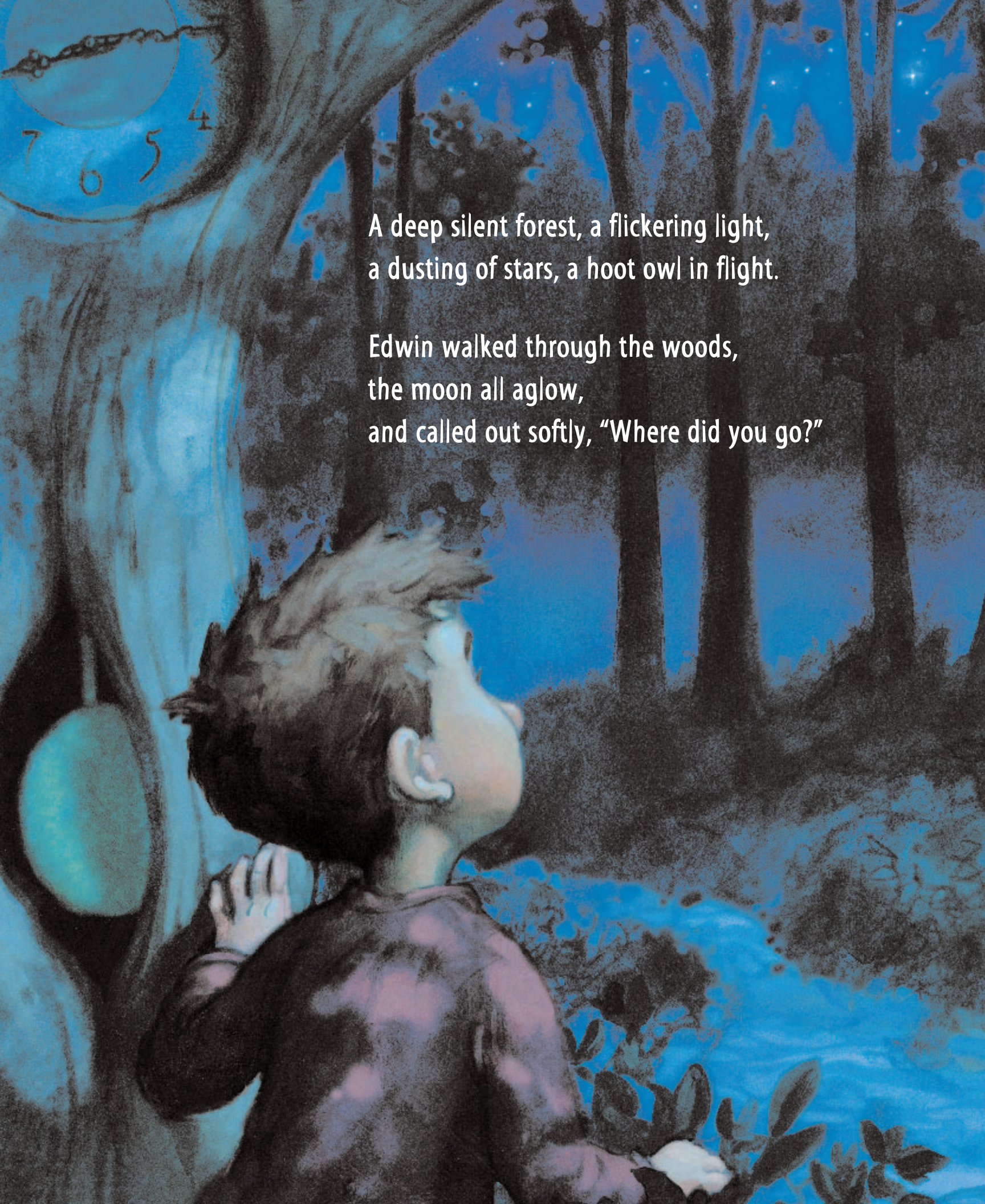
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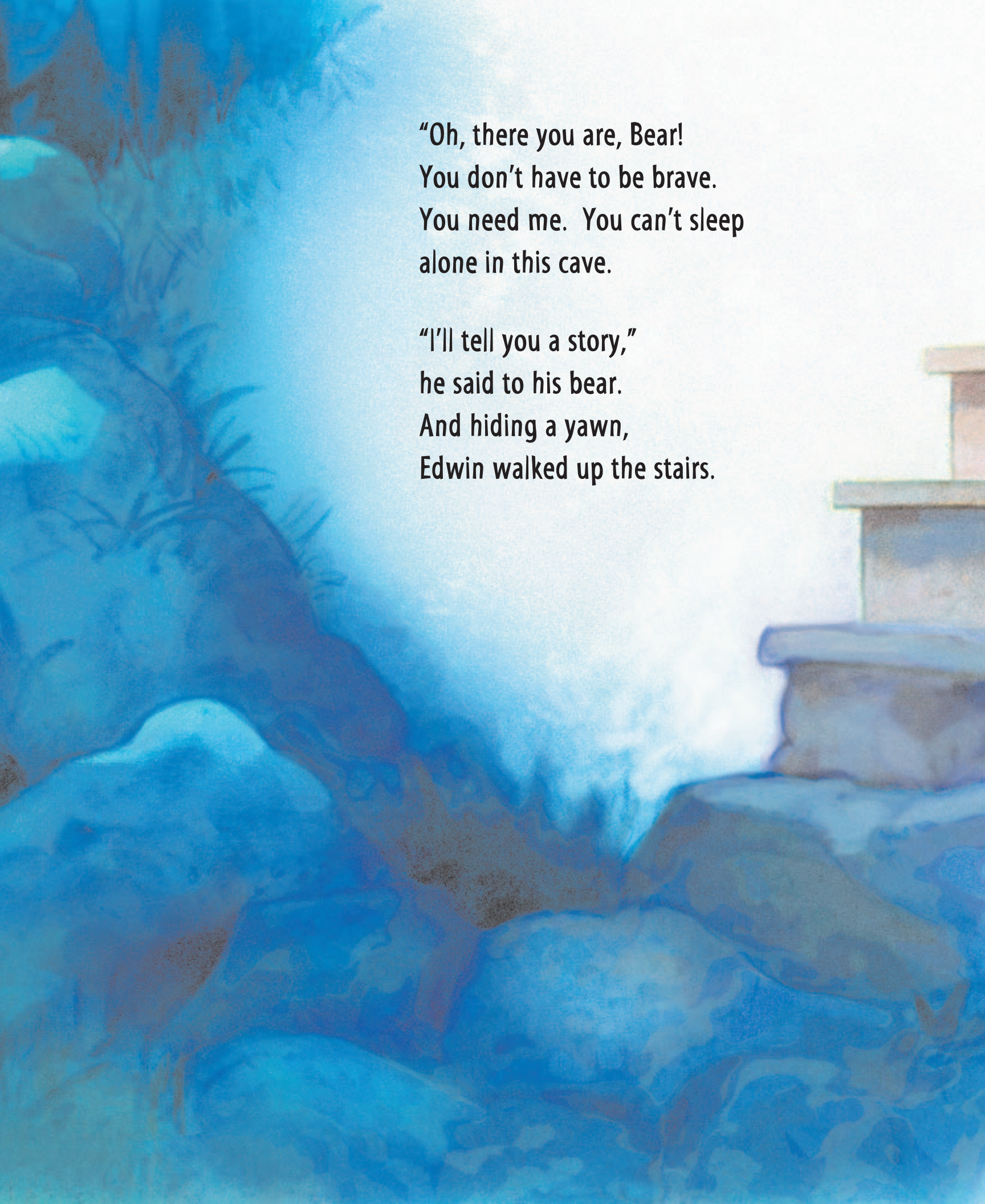
A young boy with dark, spiky hair is shown from the back, looking up at a large tree trunk. He is wearing a dark, patterned shirt. The tree has a large, glowing yellow moon-like shape on its trunk. The background is a dark forest at night, with a large, glowing yellow moon in the sky and a few stars visible. The scene is illuminated by a soft, yellow light, creating a magical atmosphere.

A deep silent forest, a flickering light,
a dusting of stars, a hoot owl in flight.

Edwin walked through the woods,
the moon all aglow,
and called out softly, "Where did you go?"







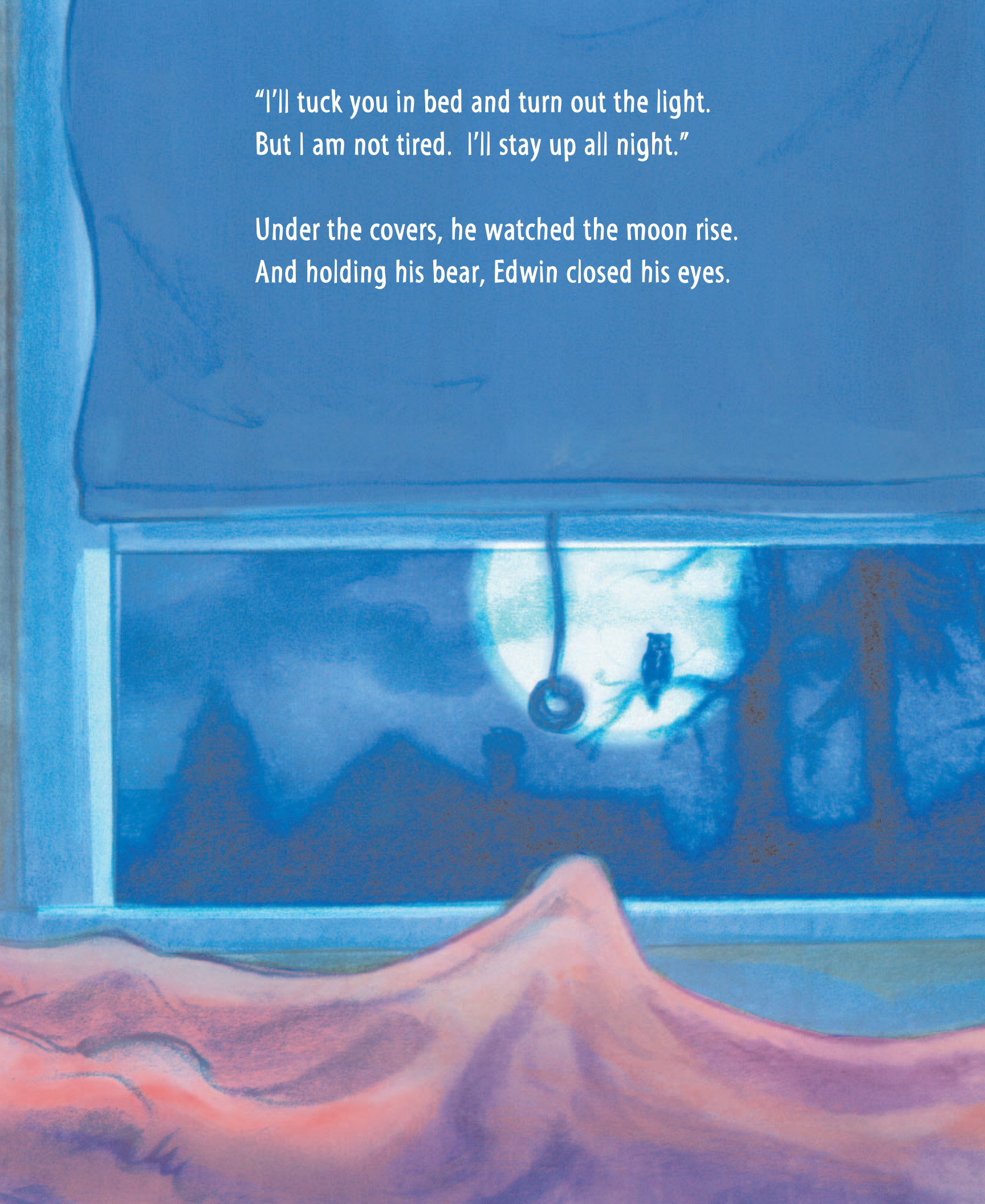
"Oh, there you are, Bear!
You don't have to be brave.
You need me. You can't sleep
alone in this cave.

"I'll tell you a story,"
he said to his bear.
And hiding a yawn,
Edwin walked up the stairs.



"I'll tuck you in bed and turn out the light.
But I am not tired. I'll stay up all night."

Under the covers, he watched the moon rise.
And holding his bear, Edwin closed his eyes.



"Sleep tight," whispered Daddy.
"Sweet dreams," Mama said
to Edwin Dupree, fast asleep in his bed.

