

Peace at Last

Jill Murphy

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." 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!" said Baby Bear, "NYAAOW! NYAAOW!"

"Oh no," said Mr Bear, "I can't stand THIS." 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." He got up and went off to sleep in the car.





It was cold in the car but Mr Bear was so tired that he just 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." 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.

BRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR! went the alarm clock. BRRRRRRR!

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.

