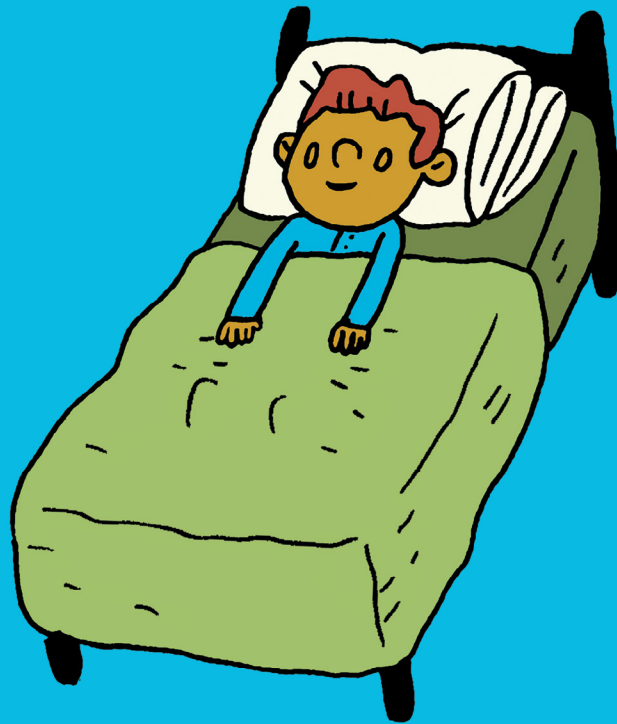
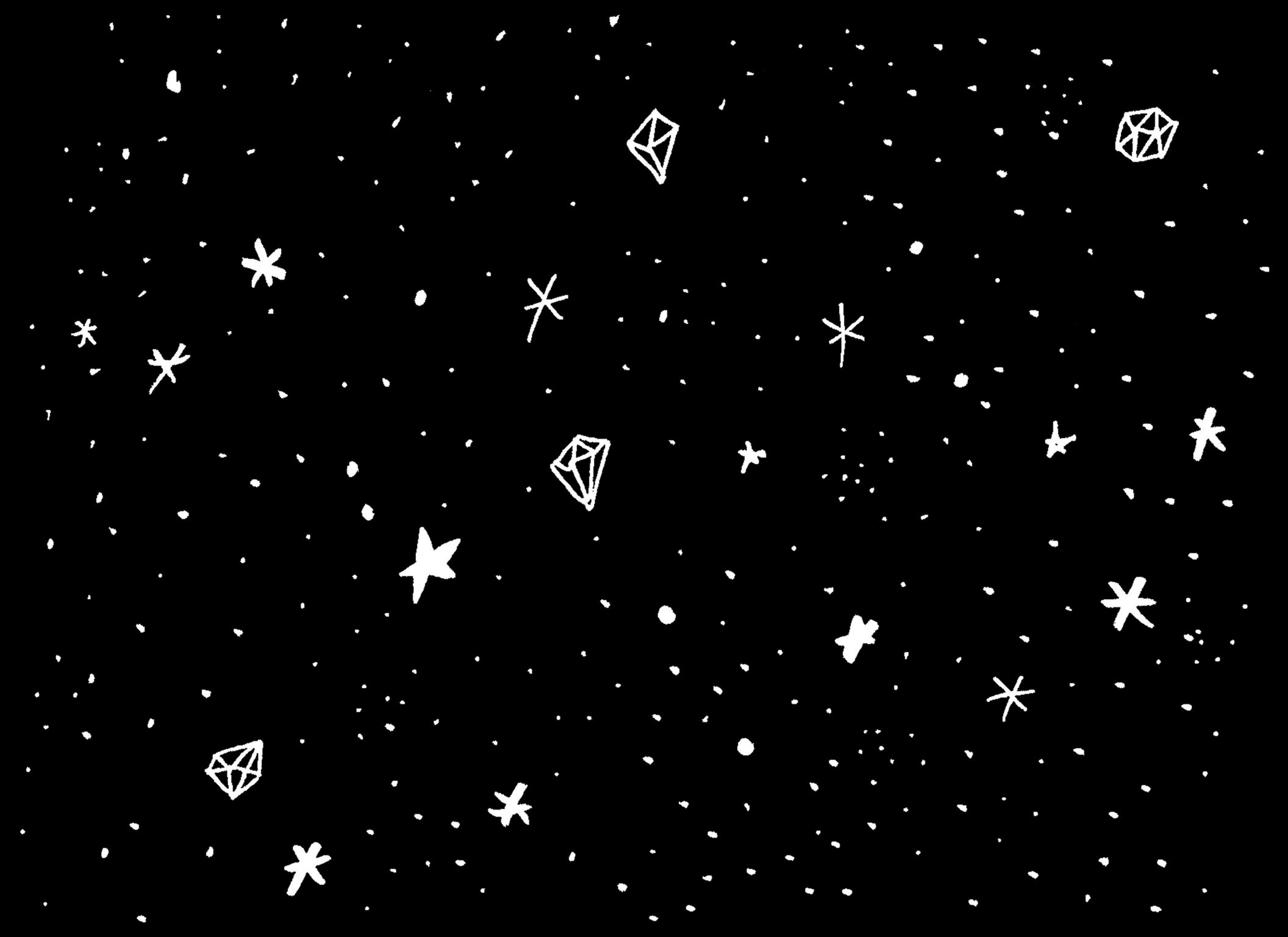


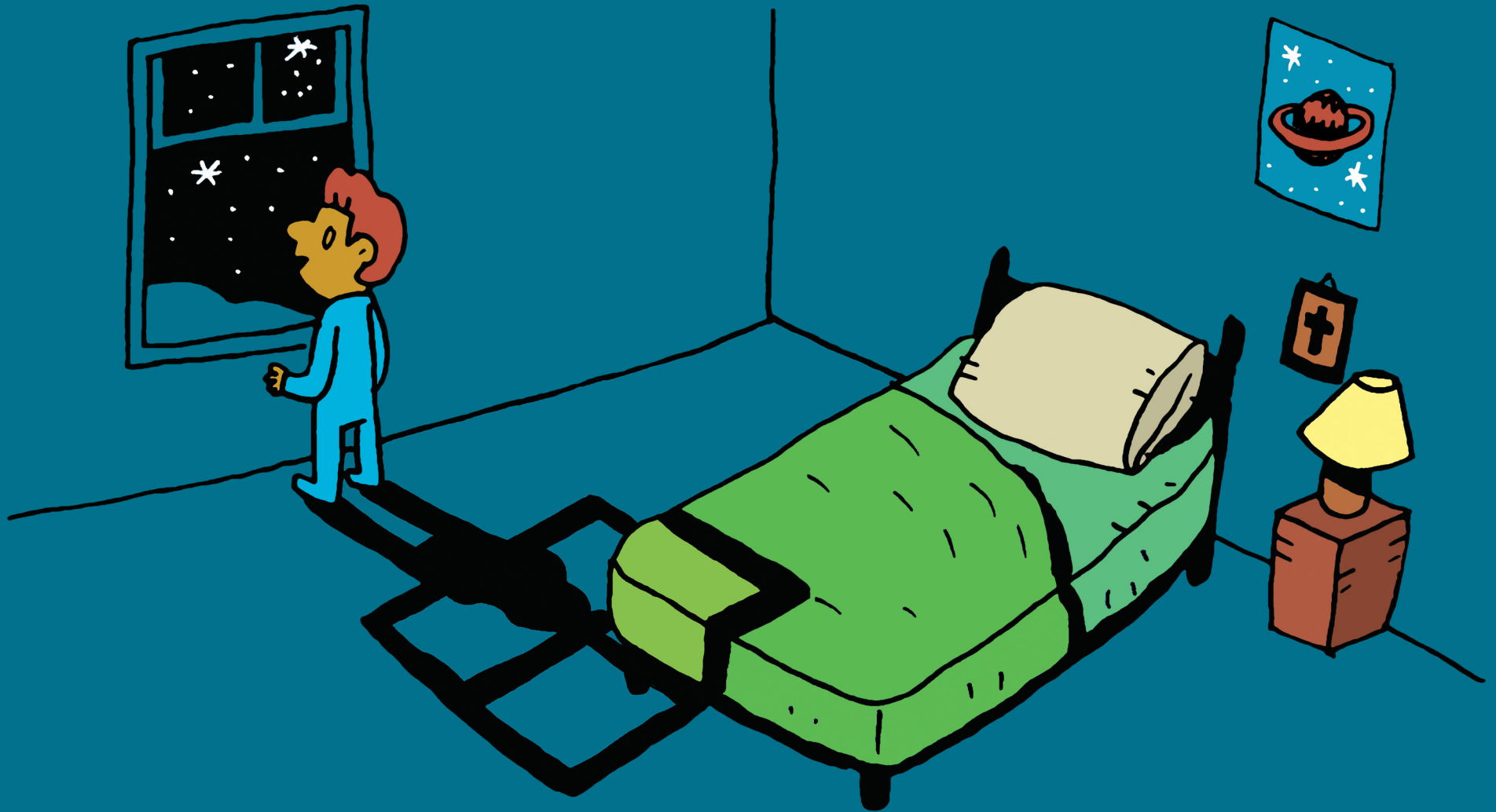
little FRANCIS falls ASLEEP

by Pip Craighead





One night, little Francis could not sleep, so he got up and looked out the window at the starlit mountains beyond his backyard.

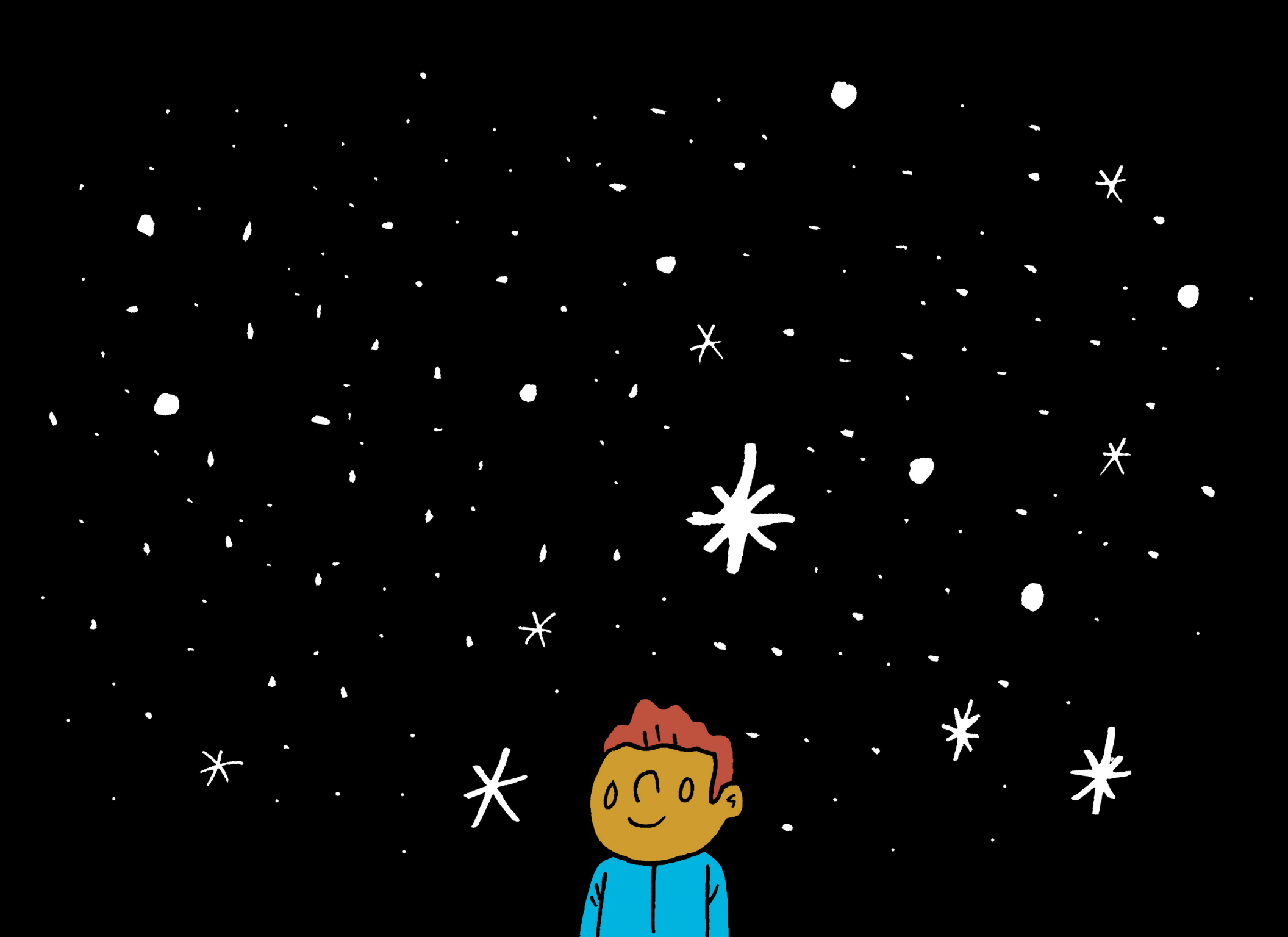


Looking out into the night, little Francis did not feel sleepy at all, and the evening air felt cool and inviting. So Francis climbed out the window and began to walk toward the far-off mountains.



Crickets sang softly all around Francis, and the stars twinkled quietly above him.





All of a sudden, Francis heard a deep voice say “Good evening” quite loudly. Francis turned to see a nearby tree looking at him with friendly eyes.

“Hello, little boy,” said the tree, in a kind voice that sounded like the rustling of leaves.

