

Book at Bedtime

My
Very Funny Friends
go to the
MOON



By Sarah Henry



About the Author

Sarah Henry was 10 years old when she wrote this story and is from County Londonderry, Northern Ireland.

The oldest of three, Sarah enjoys reading and writing and would one day like to be a famous author. Her favourite story is Angel Cake by Cathy Cassidy. Sarah's other hobbies include playing Hockey for her local team.

As one of 2,000 entrants to Silentnight's fourth 'Book at Bedtime' competition, Sarah's outstanding achievement speaks for itself. The competition encourages children aged 7 to 12 to write their own bedtime story and the winner's book will be illustrated and published.

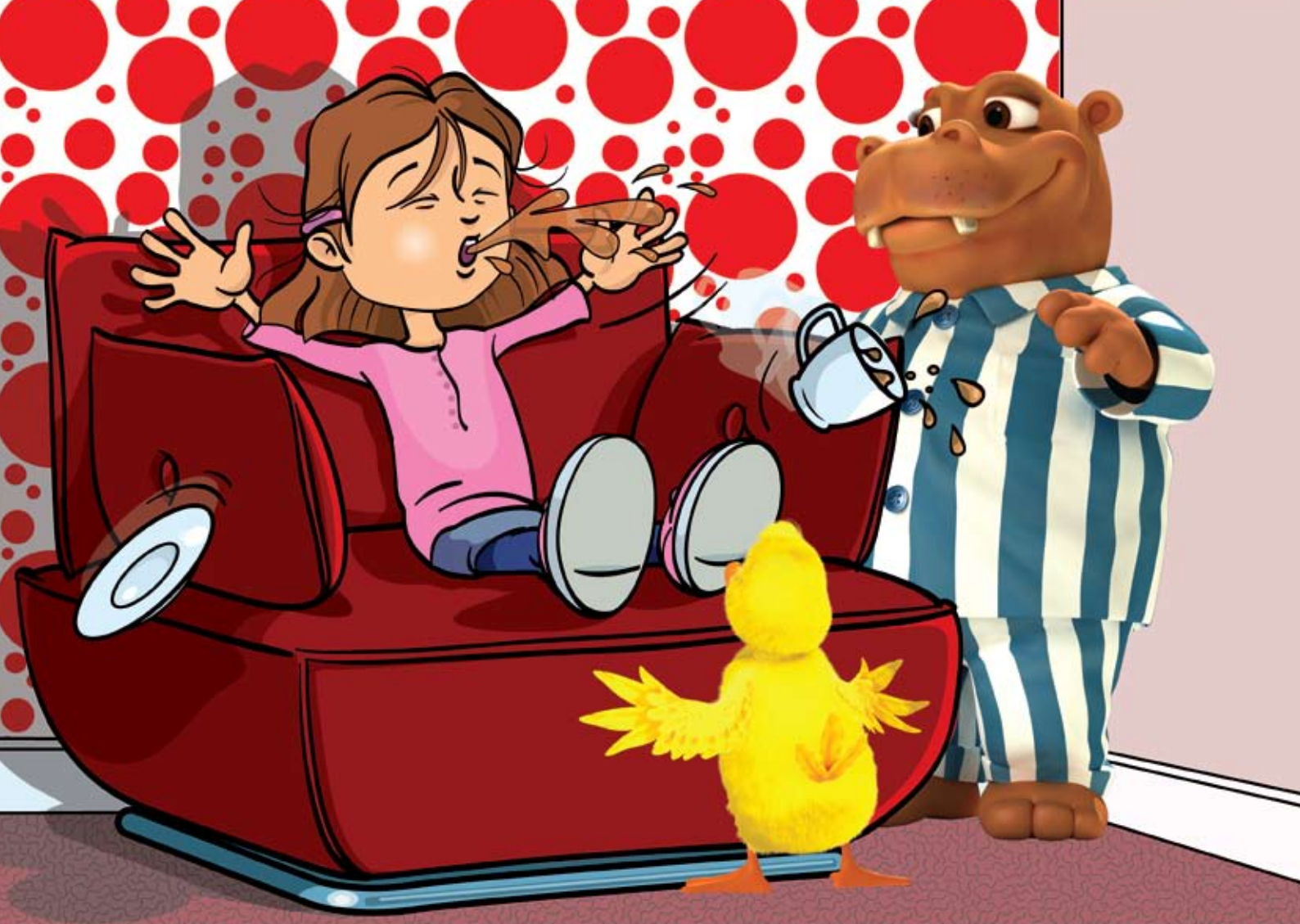
The competition is run from start to finish online, from entrants uploading their stories to the website, to the top ten being recorded by Jeremy Strong and broadcast online for the nation to hear. Britain then had the chance to listen to all ten runners up and vote online for their favourite story.

Book at Bedtime

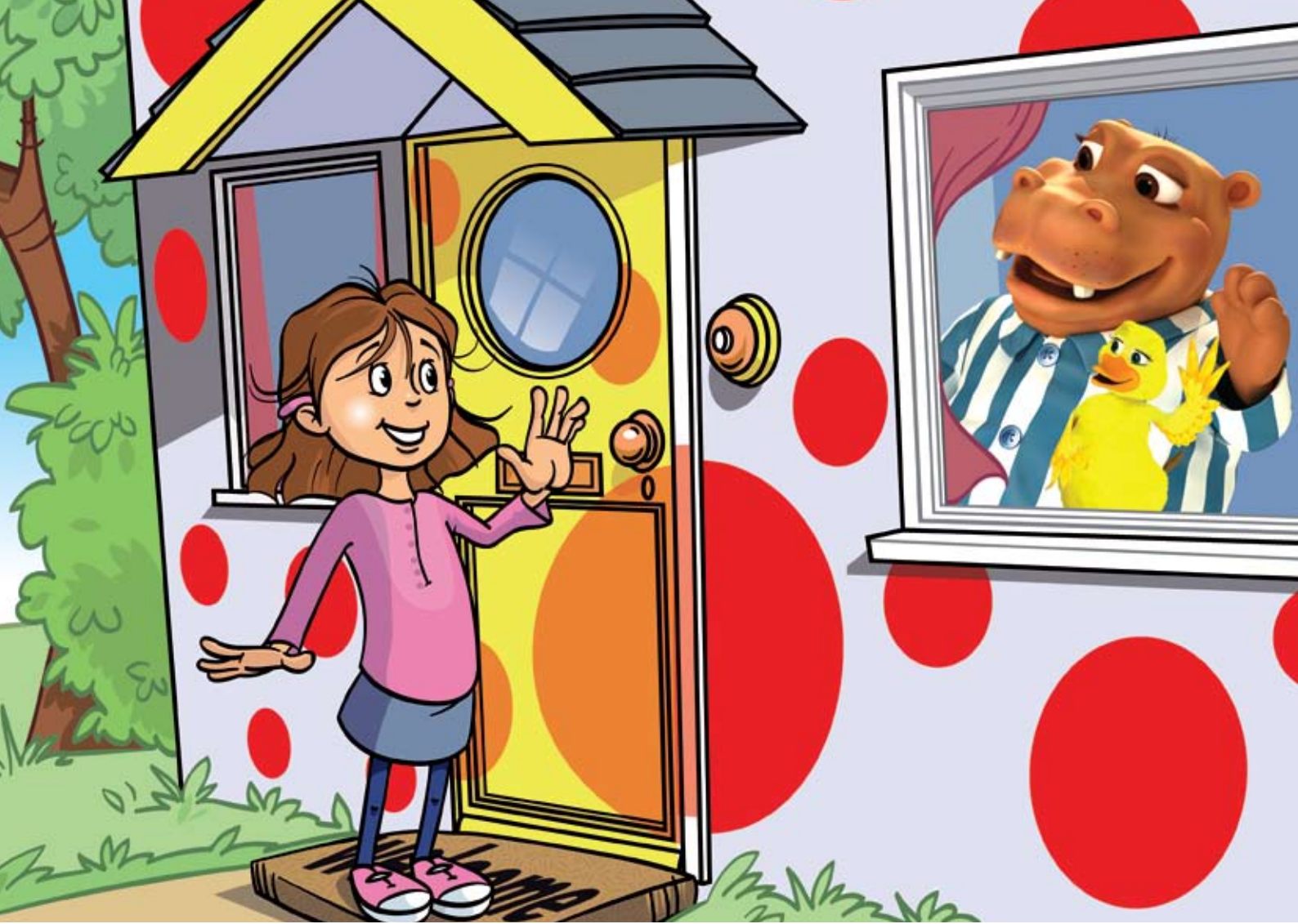
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Meet Hippo and Duck. They're always clowning around. Just last week I went to their house for a cup of coffee and as soon as I had drank half of it Duck told me that he couldn't find any milk so he had to make do with whipped cream-that-was-out-of-date. I spurted it out and poor hippo got it all over him.



Then there was yesterday. I knocked on the polka-dot door of their polka-dot house when they suddenly got hold of my jumper and pulled me in and tied me to the TV! I tried to protest but Hippo put his big sweaty hand over my mouth. There was silence, and Duck climbed (or rather flew) up on to a stage that I had never seen before.

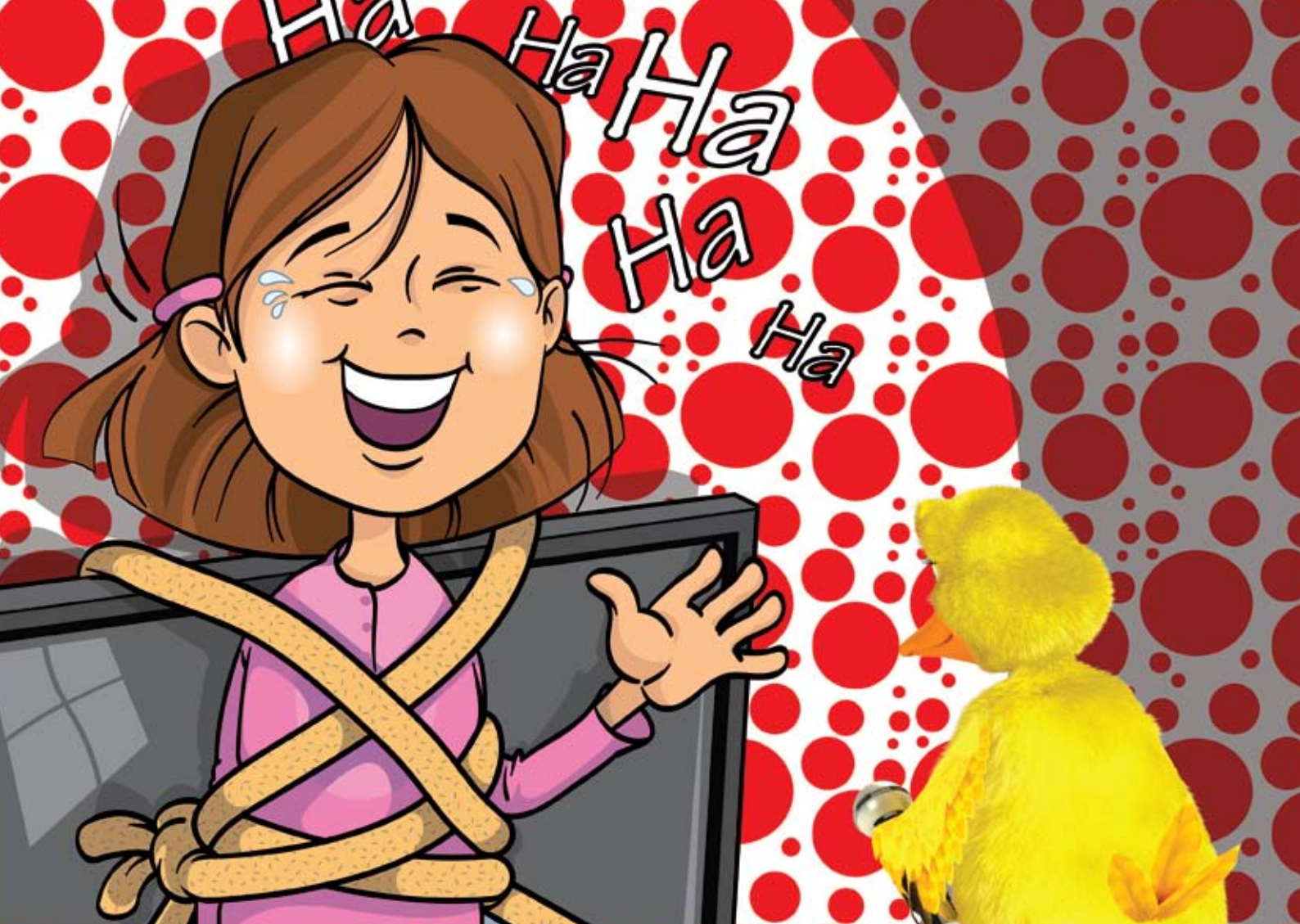
Giggle Giggle
Giggle He He He



He put a mike up to his beak and said, very seriously,
“Do you, Isadora Lennox, promise that you will always stay our friends no
matter what?”

I nodded my head.

“Well Hippo and I should like to say goodbye, because we are going to go to
the moon, weather permitting of course.”



I tried to hold it in, I really did. First they were just muffled laughs, but then they were howls of hyenas.



Duck and Hippo weren't happy, and quietly untied me, put me on the porch of their house and shut the door on me, I mean literally, they shut the door on my finger, but they let it go again.



I was just about to go home, but then the earth started quaking, the polka-dot house started jumping and I started running, for there in front of me I saw with my very own eyes, the roof of the polka-dot house that my friends lived in, opening! And you'll never, never guess what came out of the roof of my friends' polka dot house, a ROCKET!!!



Duck and Hippo were staring out the window waving goodbye at me.
“Bye!” I shouted. “See you soon!”



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