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IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

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Little Sleepyhead

On an early morning, when the sun was just climbing over the hills and all the clouds were still pink, a little child was sleeping in his bed.

"Wake up, wake up," the Clock on the mantle ticked.

"Wake up, wake up," but the little child didn't hear the Clock and continued sleeping peacefully.

"I'll wake him up," said a Bird, who lived in a tree near the window. "He throws crumbs for me every day and I will wake him up with a song." The Bird sang, "Wake up, little sweetie, wake up, little sweetie," until all the birds in the garden woke up and sang along. But the little child continued sleeping in his bed.

The child was still asleep when the Southern Wind blew through the garden. "I know this little child," said the Southern Wind. "I spun his windmill for him yesterday, and I will blow through the window and wake him up with a kiss." So the Southern Wind blew through the window and kissed the child on both cheeks. The wind blew his curls around his face, but the little child didn't move in his bed and continued sleeping peacefully.

"He's waiting for me to call him," said the Rooster in the yard. "Nobody knows him as well as I do, because I belong to him, and I will wake him up." So the Rooster went up on the fence, flapped his wings, and crowed:

"Cock-a-doodle-doo, cock-a-doodle-doo. I call you to wake up, wake up! Cock-a-doodle-doo, cock-a-doodle-doo."

He woke up the yellow chickens, the doves in the pigeon house, and the red calf in the barn. Even the lambs in the meadow heard his call. He crowed until he was hoarse, but the little child didn't wake up and continued sleeping peacefully in his bed.

Meanwhile, the sun was shining brightly in the sky and over the land. The sun was also shining on the farmyard where the noisy rooster crowed, and in the garden where the birds sang. And the sun shone through the window right on the face of the little child. And then the little child opened his eyes! "Mama, Mama," he called out.

His mother came in right away. "Who, oh who, woke up my little sweet child?" she asked, but no one answered. Because even Little Sleepyhead himself didn't know that the sun had woken him up.

