

IN THE HOUSE ON THE HILL

by

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On a hill
With a trail
That's long and steep,
There's a house
With a boy
Who's ready to sleep.

He drinks his cocoa,
Climbs in bed.
He fluffs the pillows beneath his head.
Then burrows down for a nice long nap . . .
But wakes to the sound of a
tap tap tap

"Excuse me, but I've lost my way.
I'm cold and tired. May I please stay?"

(e.g., Eastern chipmunk)

The boy says, “Yes,
I’ll scooch a bit.
There’s room for two—
I’m sure we’ll fit.”
The two climb in and curl up tight.
They Y A W N and say:
“Goodnight.”
“Goodnight.”

(boy)

(animal)

It’s quiet—just the clock’s *tick tock*.
But, wait—what’s that?—a
knock knock knock

“Oh, what a lovely, cozy place!
Could you spare a smidge of space?”

(e.g., *hedgehog*)

The boy says, “Yes,
We’ll scooch a bit.
There’s room for three—
I’m sure we’ll fit.”
The three climb in and curl up tight.
They Y A W N and say:
“Goodnight.”
“Goodnight.”

(boy)

(animals)

It’s peaceful in the sleepy room—
until, that is, the
BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

“It’s freezing out. I’m turning blue!
Okay if I come in with you?”

(e.g., groundhog/woodchuck)

The boy says, “Yes,
We’ll scooch a bit.
There’s room for four—
I’m sure we’ll fit.”
The four climb in and curl up tight.
They Y A W N and say:
“Goodnight.”
“Goodnight.”

PING! PING! PING!

Could that be rain?
No—pebbles on the windowpane.

“May I come in? I need some rest.
I promise, I’m a perfect guest.”

*(e.g., raccoon in tree outside
window)*

The boy says, “Yes,
We’ll scooch a bit.
There’s room for five—
I’m sure we’ll fit.”
The five climb in and curl up tight.
They Y A W N and say:
“Goodnight.”
“Goodnight.”

The sound of breathing, soft and low,
then—***C R R R U N C H !***—some footsteps in the snow.

A note is slipped beneath the door:

Do you have room for just one more?

“I’d rather not.”

(Animals weigh in—not boy)

“Too squished.”

“No space.”

“They’ll have to find another place.”

“We don’t have room.”

“Too hard to fit.”

“No way—we can’t consider it.”

The boy says, “If it’s someone small—
It won’t be so hard at all.”

He tugs the door to see who’s there.

“Uh, oh.”

“Oh, my.”

“What now?”

A . . .

BEAR!!

“I saw your light on through the trees.

I’m lonely. May I join you please?”

Bear shivers in the falling snow.

“I see . . .

No room . . .

That’s fine . . .

I’ll go.”

They all say, “Wait!
We’ll scooch a bit.
There’s room for six—
Somehow we’ll fit.”
The six climb in and curl up tight.
They Y A W N and say:
“Goodnight.”
“Goodnight.”

Goodnight.
Sleep tight.
We’ll see you in the warm spring light.