



Evie fetches a bucket,
a jam jar, a broom,



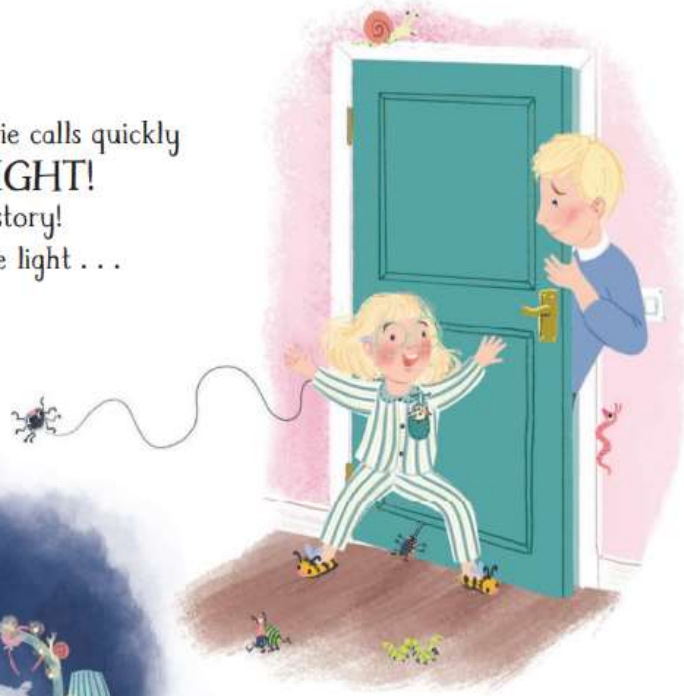
Collecting up insects
to take to her room.



They go under the floorboards,
next to her books,
Into her cupboard
and cosy, dark nooks.

There are ants in her drawers
and weevils in socks,
A family of woodlice
under the clock.

At bed time, Evie calls quickly
"GOOD NIGHT!
No need for a story!
I'll turn out the light . . .



Don't tuck me in,
I'm snug as a bug!"
Then she quietly whispers
"Sweet dreams" to a slug.



Smiling, she feels
her bugs tiptoe along . . .



"I'm so happy," she thinks.
"What could possibly go wrong?"