

*John Burningham*

# The Magic Bed





‘That bed is far too small for you now, Georgie.  
Why don’t you and Frank go down to the shopping  
centre to buy a new one?’

On the way to the shopping centre, Georgie saw a shop that sold old furniture. 'Look, Frank,' said Georgie. 'Maybe they'll have a bed in there.'



They parked the car and went inside.

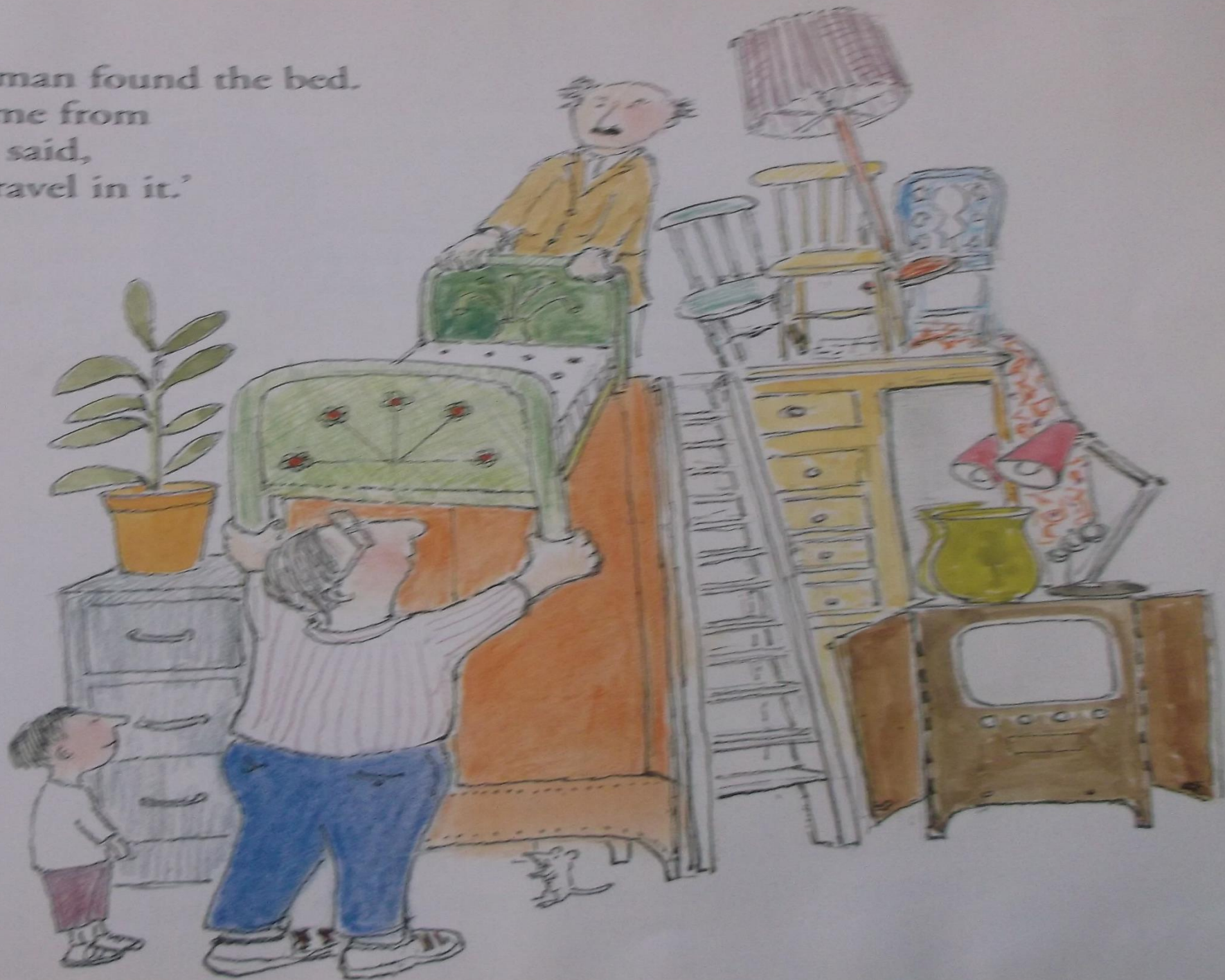


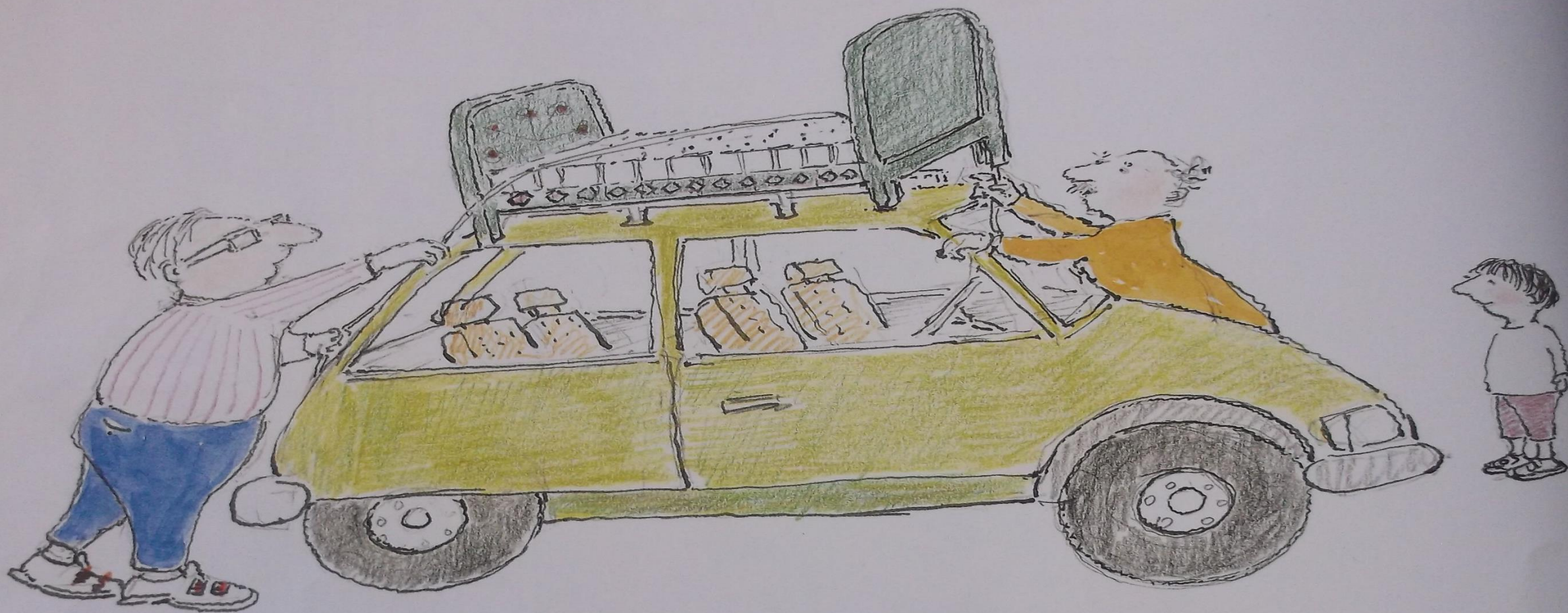


‘Do you have a bed that would be right for this boy?’ said Frank.

‘Beds . . . beds . . . yes, I do have a little old bed somewhere,’ said the man.

After some time, the man found the bed.  
'The lady this bed came from  
said it was magic,' he said,  
'and that you could travel in it.'





Frank and Georgie bought the bed.  
They tied the bed to the top of the car and took it home.

Georgie and Frank cleaned the bed all over.  
'Look, Georgie,' said Frank, 'there's some writing here. It's very faint.'  
'What does it say?' said Georgie.  
'It says: "In this bed you will travel far.  
First say your prayers and then say . . ."  
I can't read the last word. It says M, something, something,  
something, Y.'





‘What on earth have you got there?’ said Georgie’s granny.  
‘Why did you get that awful old bed? Why didn’t you go  
to the shopping centre and buy a new one?’  
‘It’s a lovely bed,’ said Georgie, ‘and it’s magic. You can travel in it.’



That evening, Georgie got ready for bed early.



He said his prayers and then tried to say the magic word.  
He tried: *money, matey, mummy, murky, molly, mandy,*  
*milky, messy, minty, mousy . . .*  
But nothing happened and Georgie went to sleep.



‘How did you get on last night in your magic bed?  
Did you go to the moon or up the Amazon?’

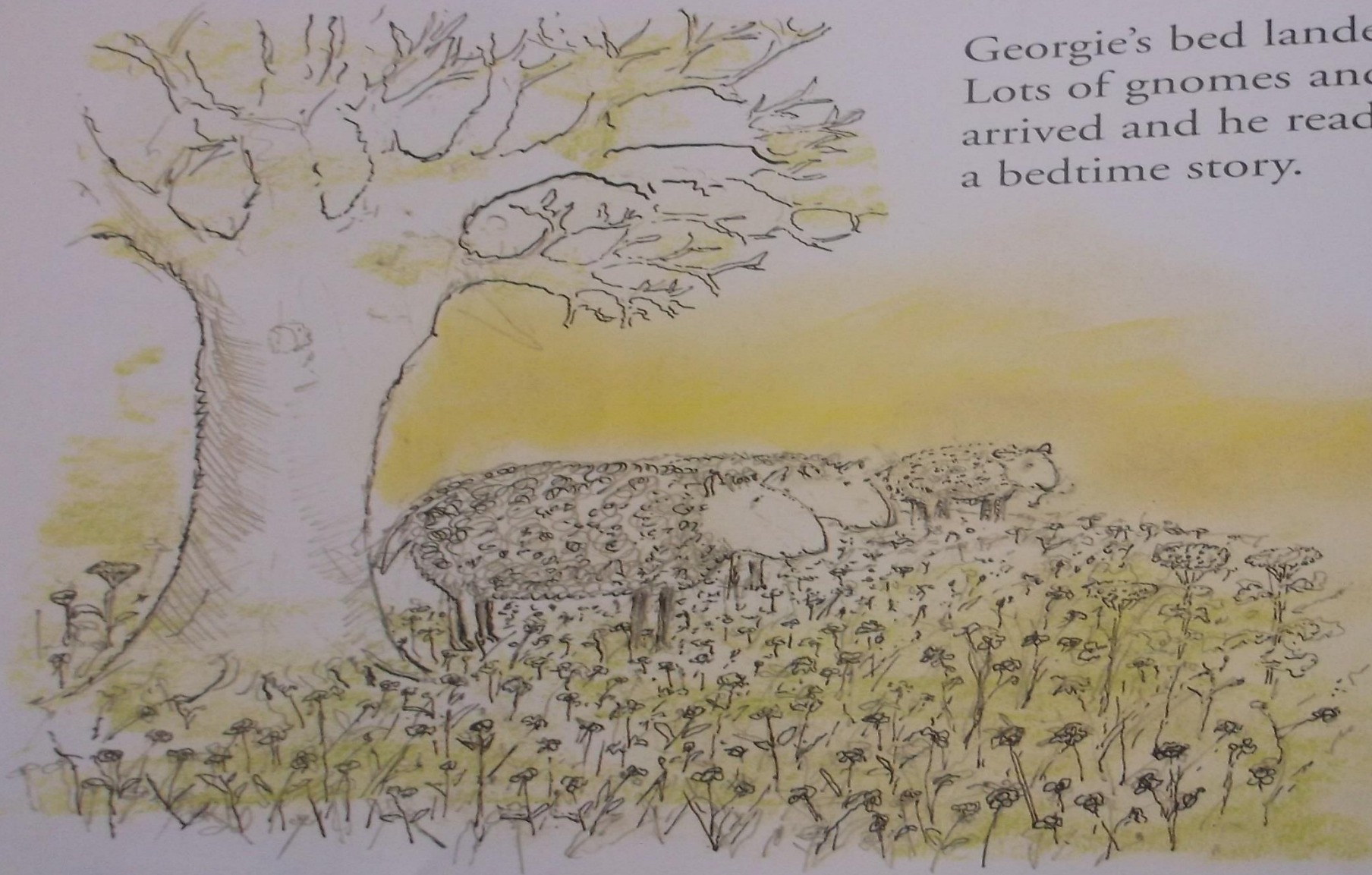


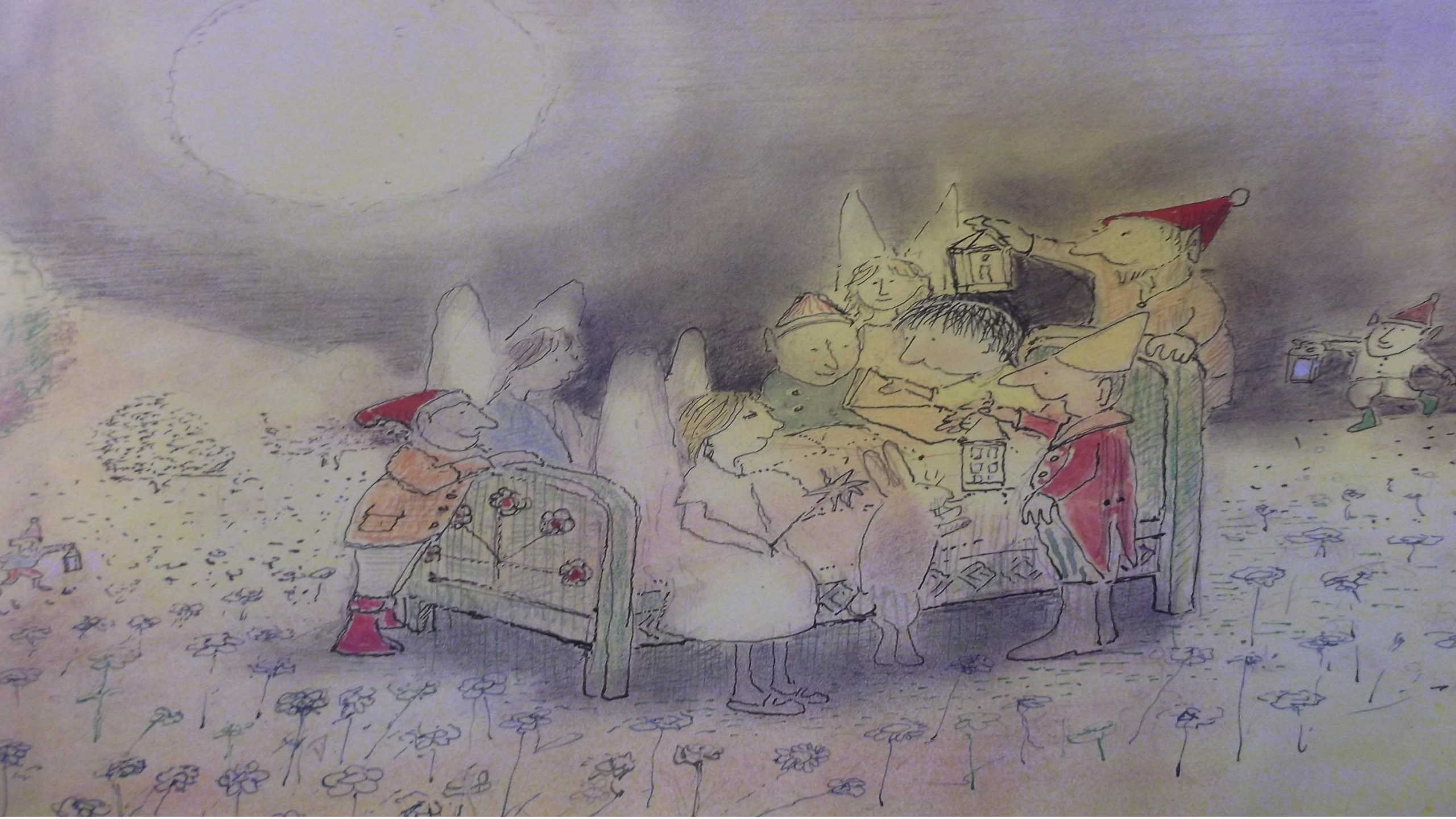
That night Georgie went to bed early again and tried to guess the magic word. He must have got it right because suddenly . . .

he was travelling way over the city.



Georgie's bed landed in a field.  
Lots of gnomes and fairies  
arrived and he read them  
a bedtime story.





At breakfast the next day, Georgie decided not to tell anyone about where he had been during the night.



That evening Georgie was off again.  
This time he was travelling over the jungle.





Georgie came across a young tiger that was lost.  
It had wandered away from its parents and didn't  
know how to get back home.

He took the young tiger back to its mother and father, who were very pleased that Georgie had found their child.

