



A Lesson for Bedtime

by Vicki Huntington

Once upon a time, there was a beautiful little girl named Ariel. Ariel was about seven years old. Not too big, she made up for her lack in size with her big smile. She had an older sister, Renee, whom she loved dearly. She also thought that Mommy and Daddy were pretty wonderful too. Every night they would tuck her in her little Sesame Street sheets (which she thought she was beyond now) and kiss her goodnight. This was only after Mom or Dad had told her a bedtime story or read from one of her favorite books.

One night she woke up and had to go to the bathroom. Ariel wasn't completely afraid of the dark because of her pal, the blue lighthouse. It always came on at night, the magic blue protection light. Mommy and Daddy had great faith in it. Too, she had her buddy the striped baby blanket which she appropriately called "Blankie." Ariel knew that only very bad little girls were afraid to go to the bathroom and so potty in their beds. Bert and Ernie wouldn't like it very much if I did that, she thought. So bravely she pulled back the blankets and started toward the hallway. It seemed like a long way to the bathroom.

She heard a noise. . . It's probably Boston. He was their black terrier. Since he was small too, they got along very well. As she went farther she saw a hairy shape at the mirror in the bathroom. Daddy? But Daddy's not that big. Maybe he makes funny sounds like that at night; Mommy says he snores. But the light wasn't on, so she really couldn't see. The shape turned and it wasn't Daddy, but something far, far worse—a BATHROOM MONSTER! And it was after Ariel!

The next morning they found her striped blanket in shreds by the bathroom door. But no sign of Ariel. She was never seen again.

The moral of the story: Don't drink iced tea before you go to bed.