

Sam and the Rocket Glow

Tale & Teddy

For the family of Sam

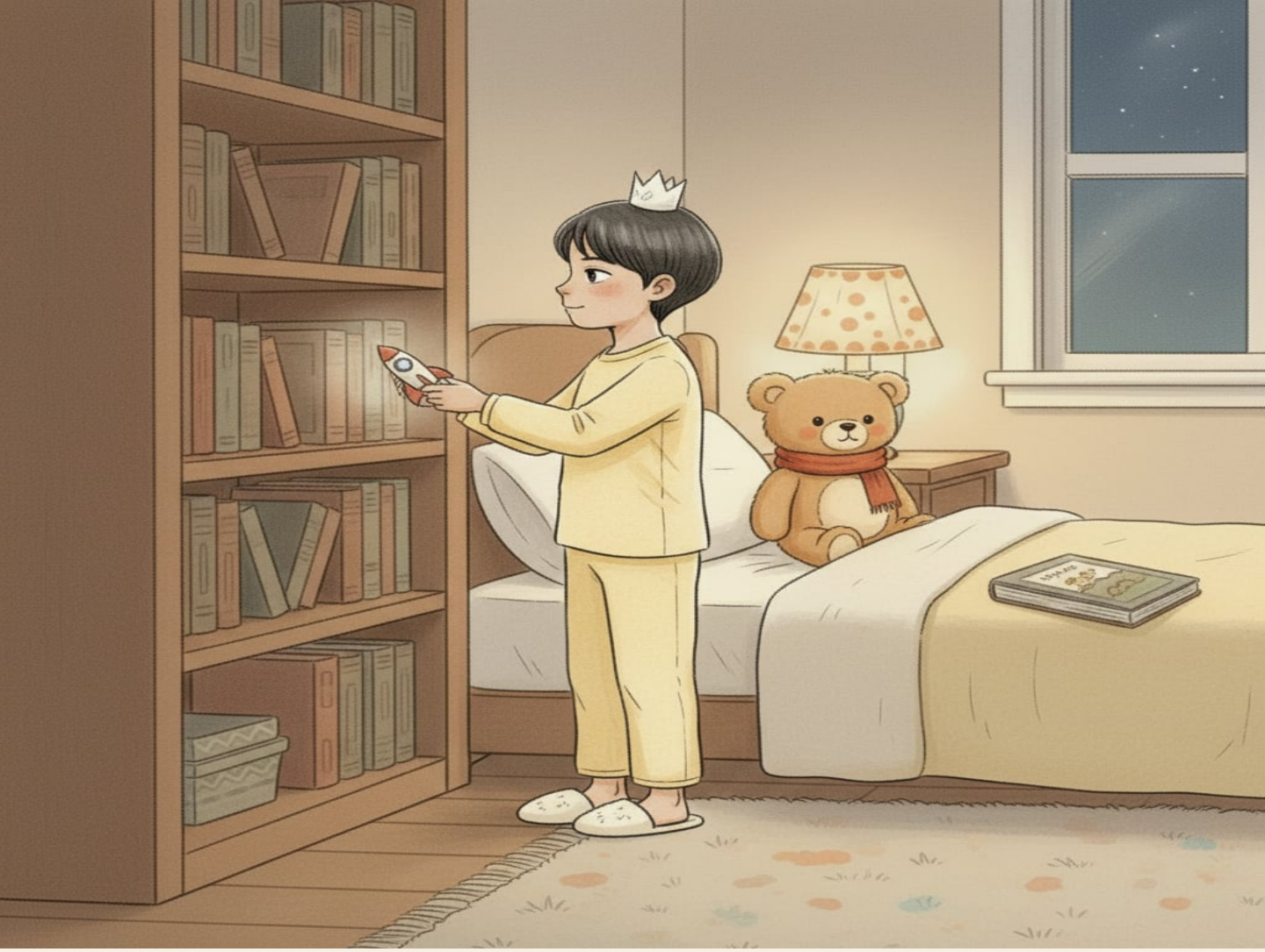
For Sam's eighth birthday.

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Sam lay under the duvet, with Bramble tucked hard under his arm. On the shelf, a new rocket toy shone through its little window. Above his bed, a pale patch of light wobbled over the wall.



He climbed out, cold feet on the floorboards, and turned the rocket toy toward the bookcase. Then he slipped back under the duvet, but the glow still gleamed from the shiny window. “The day can wait, Sam,” he said.



Sam reached for his dinosaur book, which smelled of new paper and birthday wrapping. He propped it in front of the rocket toy and tucked himself in again. But the book tipped sideways, and the light peeped round the edge.



This time Sam set the dinosaur book up again and leaned Bramble against it. He sat belly first, like a very serious guard. Bramble’s soft weight held for one second, t hen slumped, and the glow slid out once more. “The day can wait, Sam,” said Sam, a bit more firmly.



By the chair sat the crinkly birthday pile, with ribbons and a box lid. On top lay a folded space blanket, shining like a fish. Sam padded over and picked it up, and it whispered with a soft, silver crackle.



He carried back the space blanket and draped it gently over the rocket toy. The dinosaur book got covered too, and at once the bright patch faded. The room went dim and silver, and the shelf gave only a quiet little hush.



Sam gave the rockets one last look, then put both hands under the duvet. The floorboards were still. The cake on the shelf sat round and waiting, and Bramble rested warm beneath Sam’s chin.



Sam is in bed, and Bramble is tucked under his arm. It is night, his eyes are closing, and warm sleep comes softly.

The end

Sleep tight, Sam.