

Amy's Bed

Written by Robin Klein

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Illustrated by Coral Tulloch

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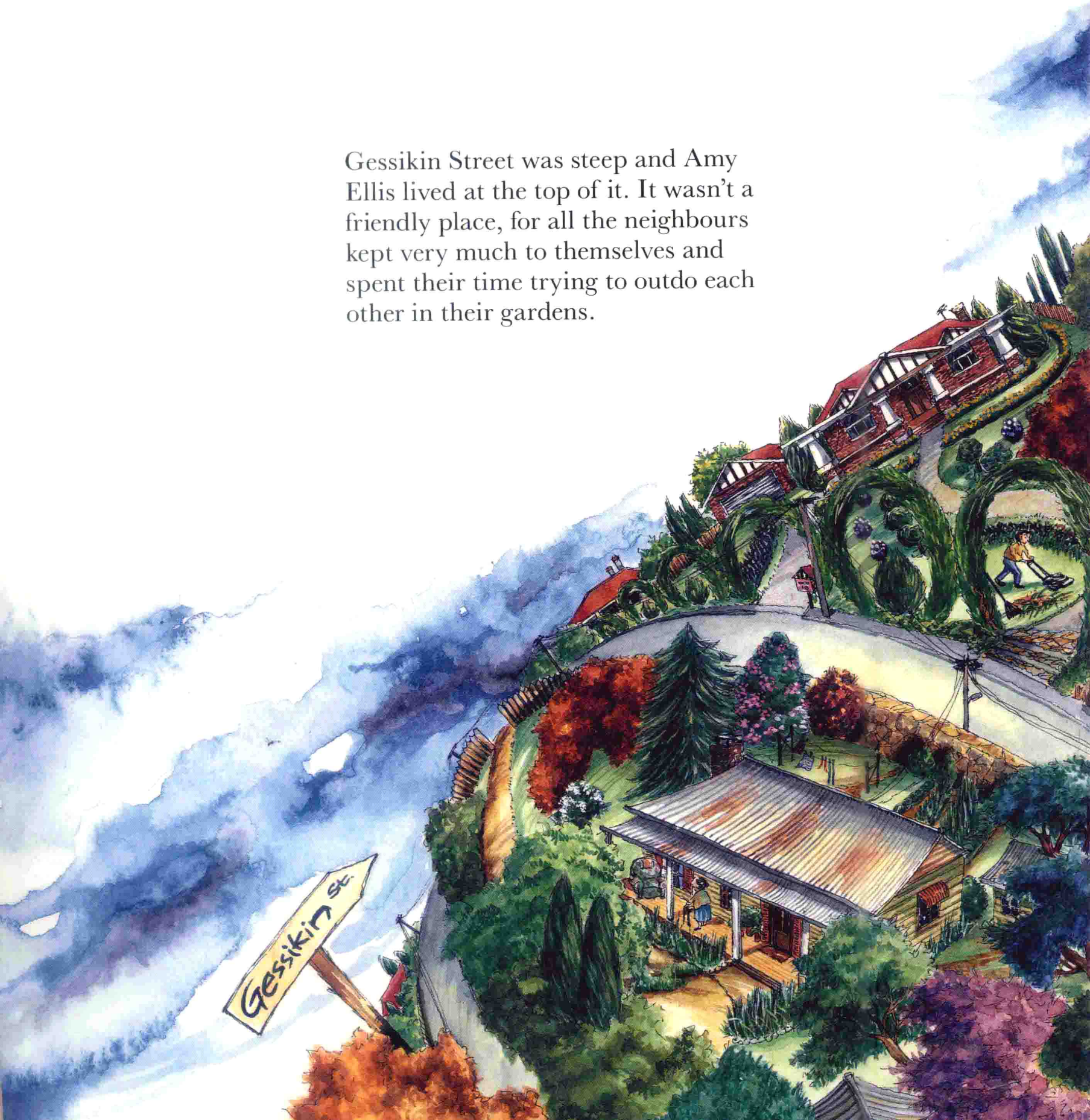


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Omnibus Books

Gessikin Street was steep and Amy Ellis lived at the top of it. It wasn't a friendly place, for all the neighbours kept very much to themselves and spent their time trying to outdo each other in their gardens.







One grey day when even the sky looked sorry for itself, Amy found an old bed dumped on the vacant block next to her house. Because she was so bored, Amy decorated the bed like a float in a parade. Then she sat on the wire springs and played a trumpet march, bouncing up and down.

The bed bounced up and down as though it was bored, too, and knew that a parade had to be going somewhere. "We'll go down Gessikin Street!" Amy said. She pushed the bed to the pavement and hopped on. The bed started to roll down the hill.



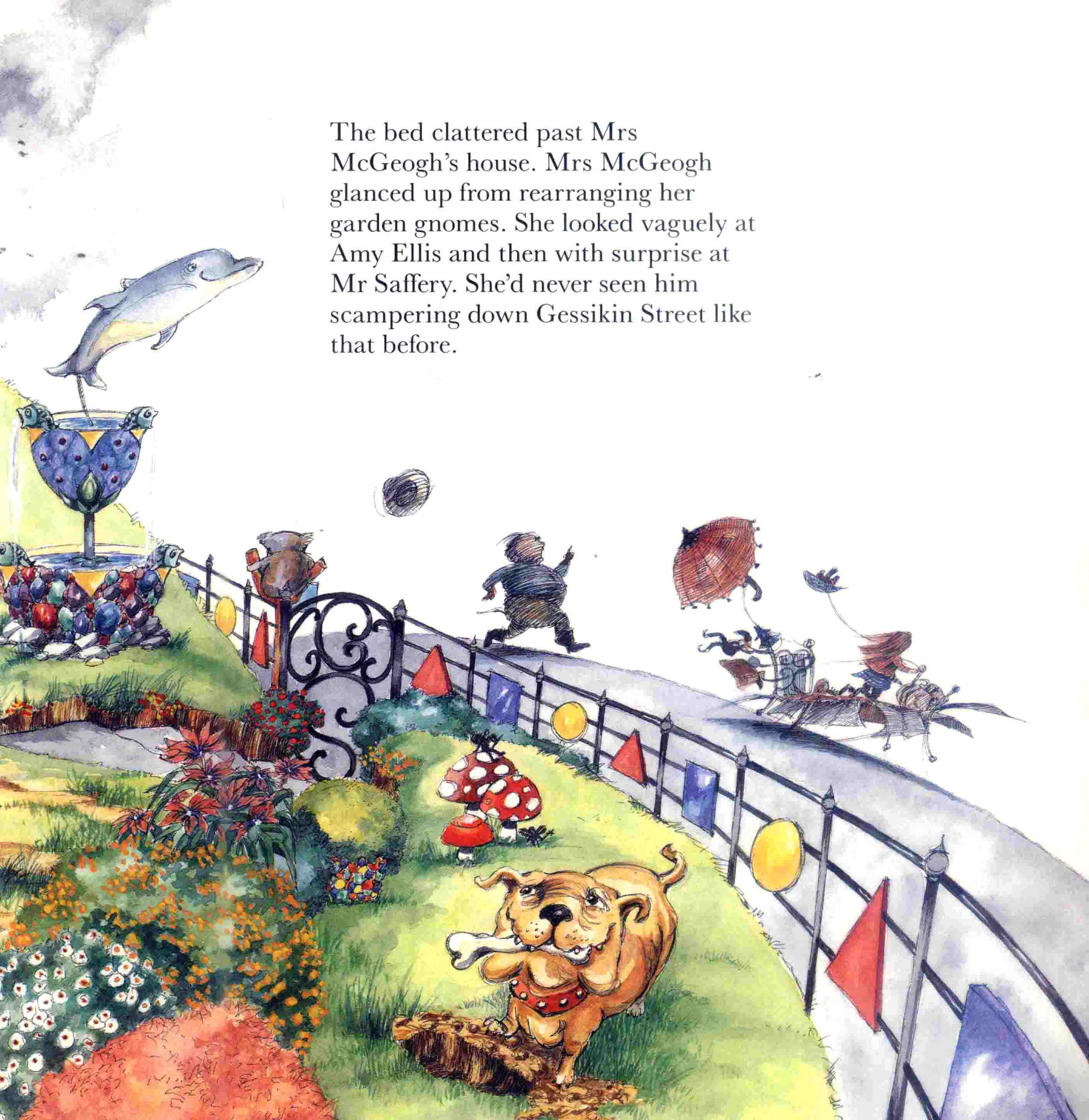
Mr Saffery, who was as round as a brussels sprout, looked up from trimming his hedge. "You'd better get off that; it looks dangerous," he said, but Amy just waved grandly in passing like a Mayor. Mr Saffery hesitated, then ran after the bed, although he hadn't hurried anywhere for years.







The bed clattered past Mrs McGeogh's house. Mrs McGeogh glanced up from rearranging her garden gnomes. She looked vaguely at Amy Ellis and then with surprise at Mr Saffery. She'd never seen him scampering down Gessikin Street like that before.



“Wheeee!” Amy Ellis yelled as she passed.

Mrs McGeogh blinked under her garden hat. “Gracious!” she said doubtfully. “I really don’t think you should be doing that. It doesn’t look very safe.”

“That’s why I’m trying to stop her!” Mr Saffery panted, doing his best to catch up, without much success. Mrs McGeogh hesitated, then ran after the bed, too, though she wasn’t sure what she could do to help.

“Yippee!” shouted Amy Ellis. Then she changed it to “Help! Help!” because they seemed to expect her to be frightened. (She wasn’t, at all. She was having a marvellous time bouncing on the springs, and so was Mrs McGeogh’s dog, Florette, who had jumped up beside her.)



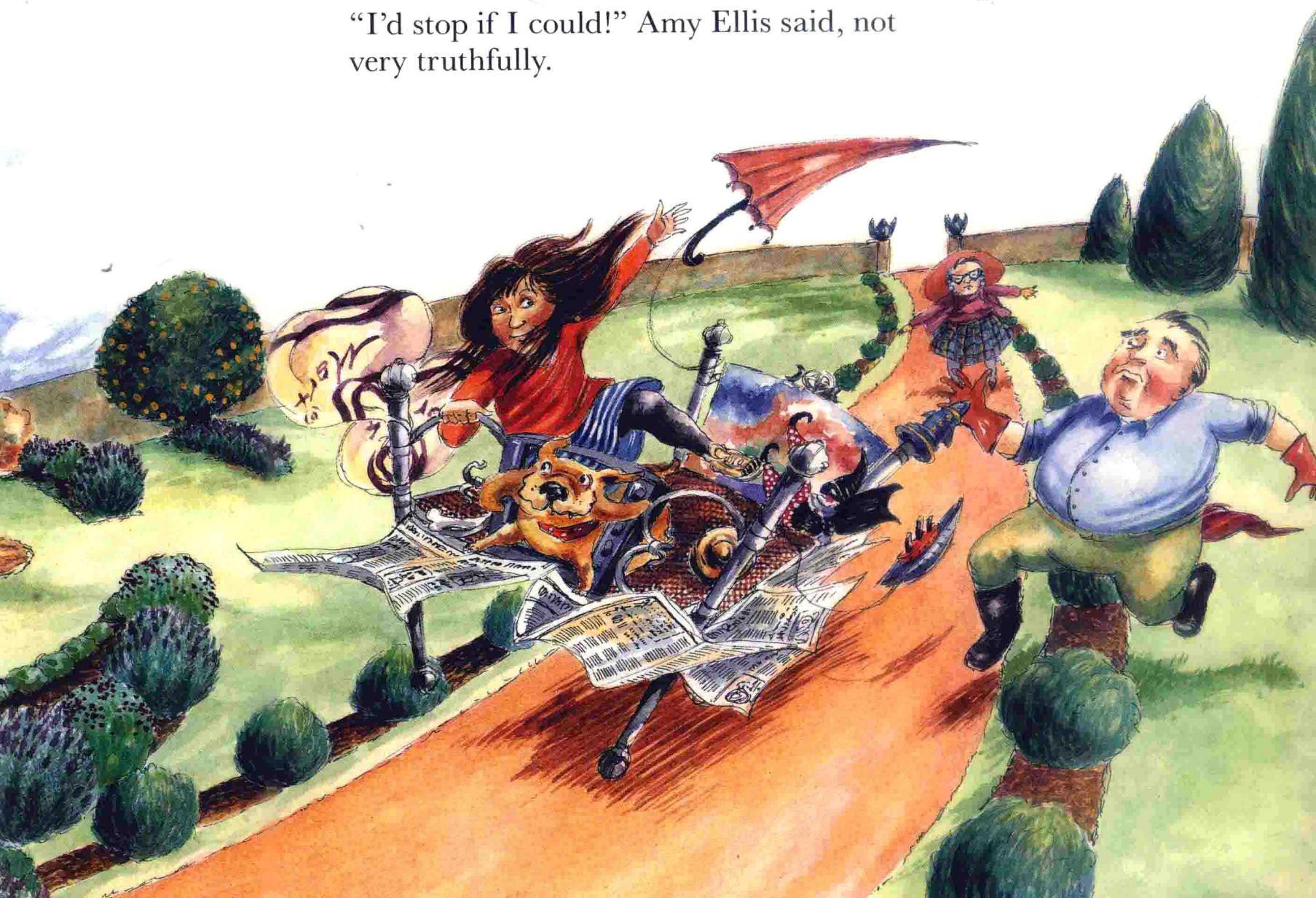




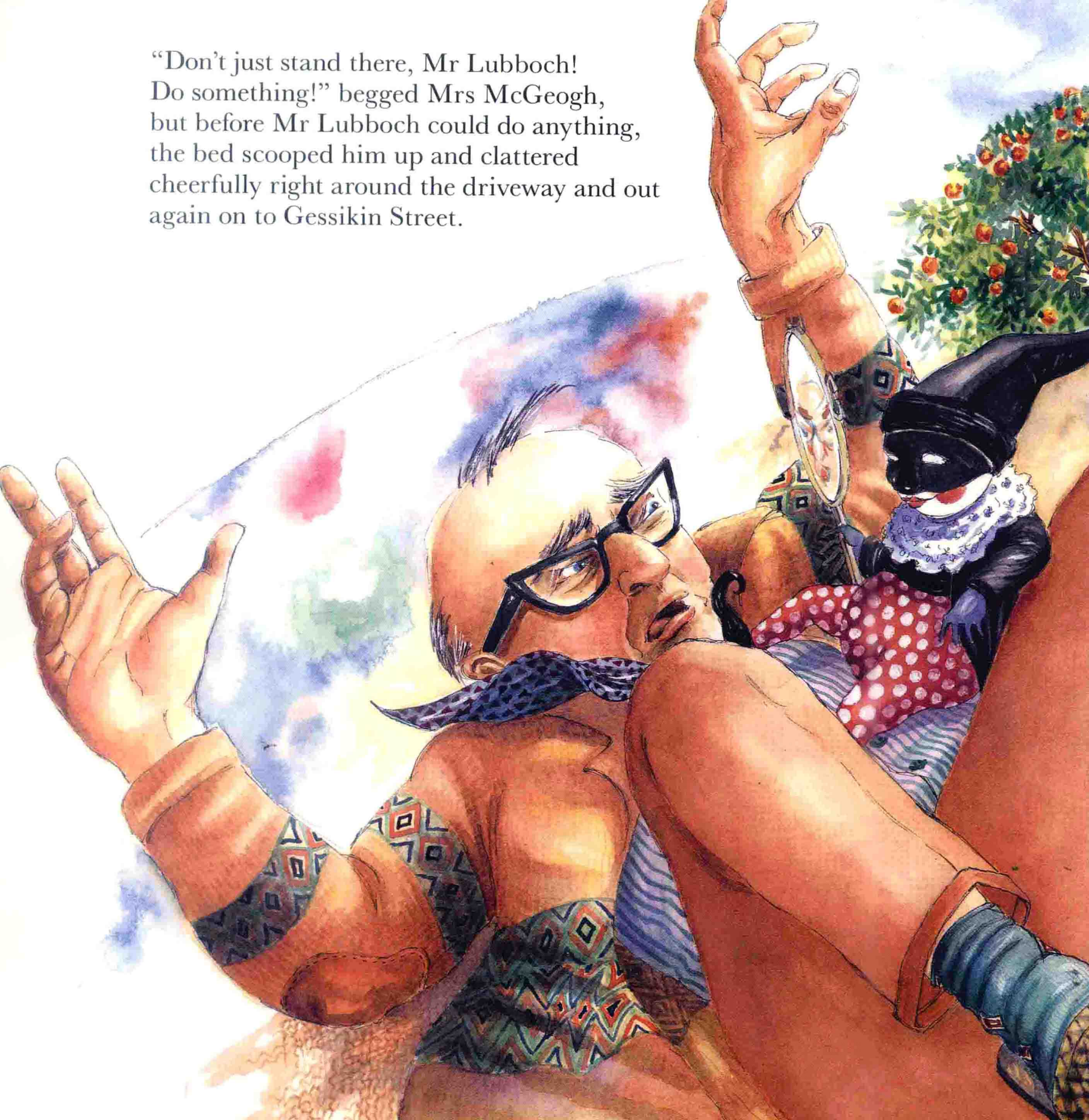
The bed detoured into Mr Lubboch's circular driveway. He was proud of his driveway and wasn't impressed to see an old bed rattling towards him with people running after it. He stared down from the trellis he was mending.

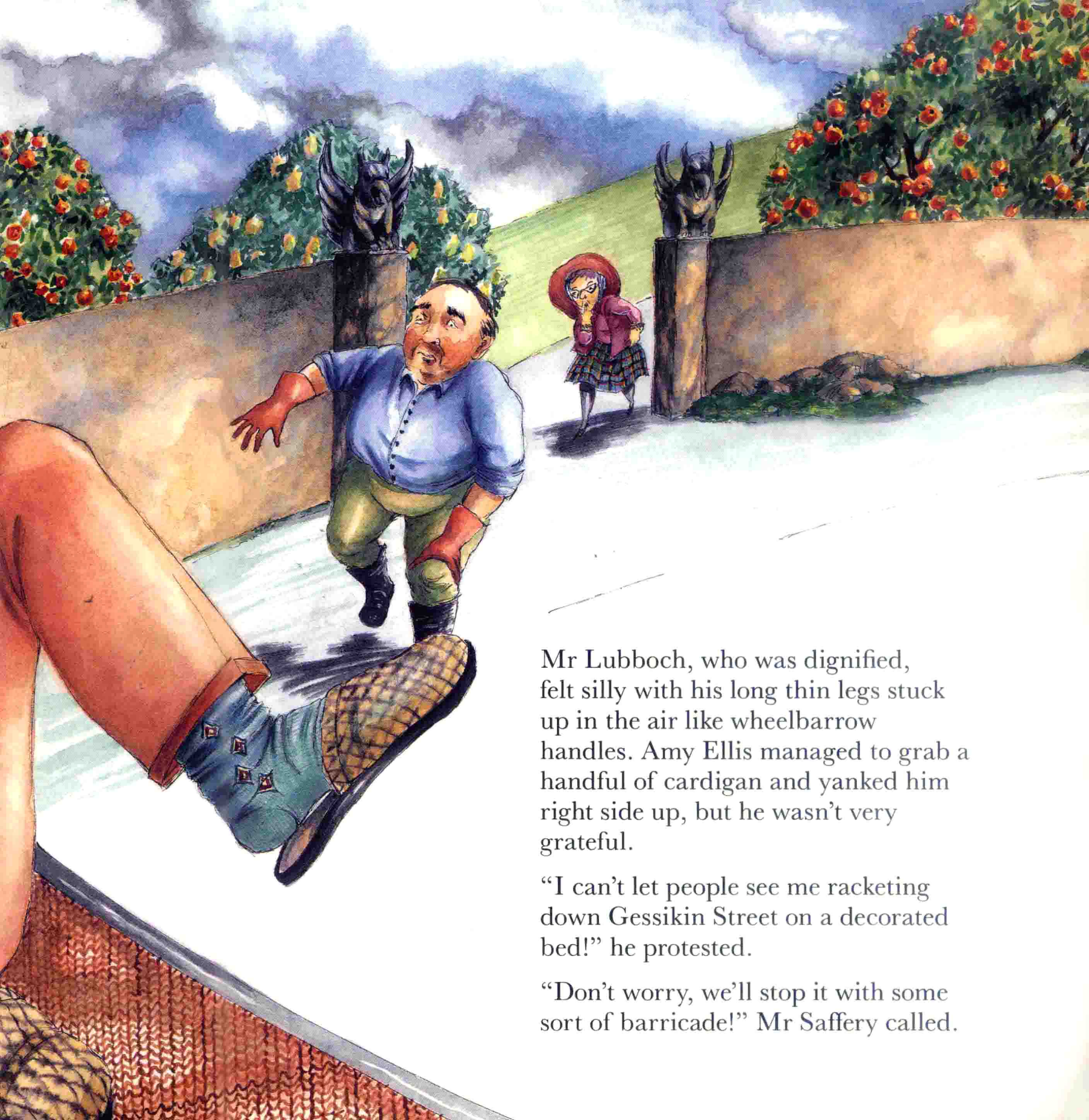
"Now then!" he scolded. "I think you'd better stop racing that contraption around my property!"

"I'd stop if I could!" Amy Ellis said, not very truthfully.



“Don’t just stand there, Mr Lubboch!
Do something!” begged Mrs McGeogh,
but before Mr Lubboch could do anything,
the bed scooped him up and clattered
cheerfully right around the driveway and out
again on to Gessikin Street.





Mr Lubboch, who was dignified, felt silly with his long thin legs stuck up in the air like wheelbarrow handles. Amy Ellis managed to grab a handful of cardigan and yanked him right side up, but he wasn't very grateful.

"I can't let people see me racketing down Gessikin Street on a decorated bed!" he protested.

"Don't worry, we'll stop it with some sort of barricade!" Mr Saffery called.

