

Jack and Waffles' Backwards Bedtime



On a cozy Tuesday evening, Jack was getting ready for bed when something very silly happened. Waffles the dog—who was supposed to be napping in his basket—had gotten his head stuck in Jack's pillowcase. Not all the way stuck, just enough that he was stumbling around the bedroom going "Boof! Boof!" and bumping into everything like a fluffy, four-legged ghost.

"Waffles, hold still!" giggled Jack, trying to help. But Waffles thought it was a wonderful game. He spun in circles, tangled his leash around Jack's bedpost, and somehow knocked Jack's slippers clear across the room. One landed in the toy box. The other landed on top of the dresser. How it got up there, nobody knew.

"Okay, okay," said Jack, catching his breath. "Let's do this properly." He gently wiggled the pillowcase off Waffles' head. Out popped one floppy ear, then the other, then Waffles' whole happy face. The dog's tail wagged so hard that he knocked over Jack's water glass—but luckily it was empty.

Then Jack realized something was backwards. His pajama top was on inside-out. His socks didn't match—one was striped, one had little moons on it. And somehow, his bedroom door was open when it should have been closed. "Did you do all this, Waffles?" asked Jack. Waffles barked once, as if to say, "Maybe!"

Together, they fixed everything. Jack put on his pajamas the right way round. He found his matching socks (well, close enough). He gently led Waffles back to his cozy basket and tucked a blanket around him. Waffles yawned the biggest, silliest yawn, his tongue flopping out sideways.

Jack climbed into bed, his heart still giggling from all the silliness. The room grew quieter. Softer. The nightlight cast a gentle glow across the walls. From his basket, Waffles let out a contented snore—a tiny, rumbling sound like distant thunder.

Jack's eyes grew heavy. He could see the stars through his window, twinkling like tiny lanterns. "Goodnight, Waffles," he whispered. And Waffles' tail gave one last sleepy wag. Jack snuggled deep into his blankets, warm and safe, his silliest friend right there beside him. Tomorrow would bring new adventures, but tonight, all was calm and cozy.

The End · Sweet dreams, Jack

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