

The Bedbug's Tale

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Once upon a time there was a bed. The bed was big. It was bigger than big and bigger than that. **IT WAS HUGE!!!**

One day Bigbody lay on the bed. He snored and he snored. ‘Ssnooorrrrr-pf-pf-pf-f-f-fffff...’ he snored, over and over again.

No one paid attention to the snoring ... at first. Then it became annoying.

‘Ssnooorrrrr-pf-pf-pf-f-f-f-fffff...’ snored Bigbody, shaking the universe.

“Who will shut him up?” everyone asked, but nobody wanted to go—the Bigbody man was too big and they were afraid.

“I will,” said Bedbug at last. “He’s driving me crazy. I am so small he will never find me even if he looks.”

So Bedbug went to keep Bigbody quiet. He hopped onto the bed. He found that the whole bed shook. The noise was terrible.

Bedbug bit Bigbody. He bit and he bit and he bit and at last the Bigbody man awoke and scratched himself.

“Hurray!” cried everybody. “Hurray for Bedbug!”

And to this day bedbugs bite—but only if you are snoring, otherwise they leave you alone.

Promise.