

## Jack-in-the-box

David jumped up and down on his bed.

“Look at me, Dad,” he said. “I’m Jack-in-the-box.”

“Don’t jump on your bed,” said Dad.

“It’s not a bed, it’s a box,” said David.

“And I’m not David – I’m Jack.

I go /      up      down      up      down      up ...”

**Bang! Crash!**

Down fell the bed, and down fell David.

The bed was broken. All the blankets came off.

“What did I tell you?” said Dad.

David got up.

“I can’t sleep here,” he said. “My bed is broken.”

Dad said,

“But you said you were Jack. You don’t want a bed –you want a box.

Go and find a box to sleep in.”

David went off and found a big box. He put his blankets in it, and got in.

But he couldn’t get to sleep.

Dad came in.

“Hey!” said Dad.

“What’s all this about?”

“You said I had to sleep in a box,” said David, in a wee voice.

“You said you were *Jack*,” laughed Dad.

“Jack sleeps in a box. But *David* can sleep with Mum and me. In you get.”