





The Great Race to Dreamland

A Little House of Hush bedtime story



TONIGHT'S LITTLE CAST

Who's racing to dreamland?



Leo the Leveret



Harriet the Hare



Freddie the Fox



Mabel the Mouse



Monty the Mouse



Basil the Badger

For every little dreamer, and the grown-ups who tuck them in.



PART ONE

The lights go down

When the bath is done and the stories are read, and the last kiss has been planted on a warm, sleepy head, the light by the bed clicks off.

For a moment, the room is very still.

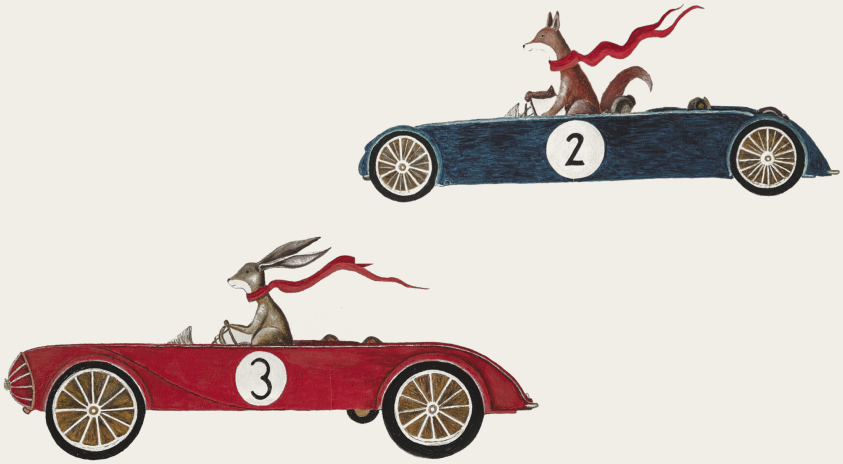
Then, high on the wall, something stirs. A red scarf flutters. A tiny engine purrs. A propeller begins to turn, slowly, slowly.

Because every night, when the lights go down, the characters on the walls set off on the greatest adventure of all.

The race to dreamland.

Shh. Can you hear them getting ready?





PART TWO

The great race

Above the door, three little racing cars line up beneath the stars.

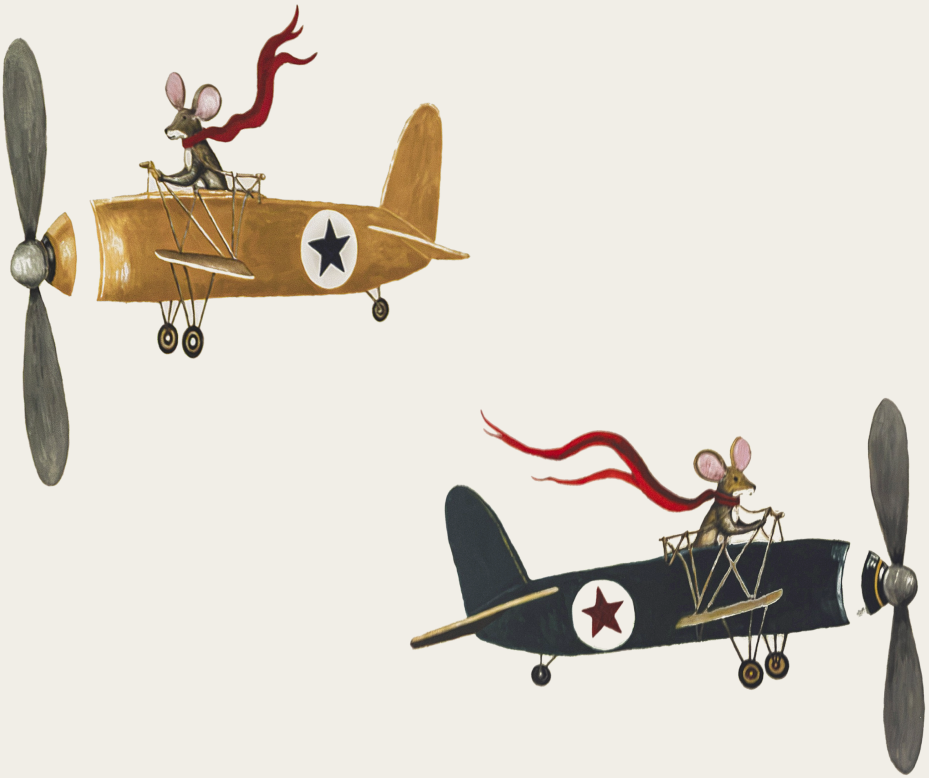
In car number two sits Freddie the Fox, his red scarf tucked neatly under his chin. Freddie is never in a hurry. “The best dreams,” he likes to say, “are worth taking slowly.”

In car number three sits Harriet the Hare, ears back, scarf streaming, quite certain that tonight is the night she will win.

And in car number one, the smallest car of all, sits Leo the Leveret. Leo won last night’s race, which is why he wears the green scarf. He may be little, but he is mighty.

“Ready?” whispers the moon.
“Steady?” twinkle the stars.
“*Dream!*”

And off they go, zooming gently along the wall, past the window, round the corner and up, up into the night.



PART THREE

The night flyers

High above the racers, a little yellow aeroplane hums across the sky. That's Mabel the Mouse, who flies the night mail to dreamland.

Tucked aboard her plane is a sack of sweet dreams, one for every sleepy head. She drops them softly as she goes: a dream of the seaside here, a dream of birthday cake there, and a dream about flying, just for you.

Close behind comes Monty the Mouse in his dark green plane. Monty can't help himself. Whoosh! He loops the loop. Whee! He chases a shooting star.

"Monty!" calls Mabel. "Slowly now. Little ones are sleeping."

So Monty takes a long, deep breath and flies beside her, slowly, slowly, as quiet as a feather.



PART FOUR

The golden star

Down below, the race is nearly over.

Harriet is catching up. Freddie is taking it slowly, humming to himself and enjoying the view. And Leo, little Leo, is just about to pass the only golden star on the wall.

Now, everybody knows that if you pass the golden star, you get to make a wish.

Leo's little red car zooms past the golden star, and as it does, the star twinkles just for him. Leo closes his eyes and makes his wish.

"I wish," he whispers, "for the sweetest dreams for the little one sleeping below."

The golden star glows brighter, and brighter, and brighter, and a sprinkle of gold drifts softly down towards your bed.

Then, with his green scarf flying, Leo crosses the finish line. First again! The smallest racer is still the mightiest.

Harriet zooms in just behind him, laughing. "Tomorrow," she says, "tomorrow is my night."

And last of all comes Freddie, taking it slowly, as always. "Did you see the view?" he smiles. "Best in the whole sky."





PART FIVE

The Land of Nod

At the edge of dreamland, where the painted waves roll softly in, a little wooden boat is waiting.

Basil the Badger stands at the helm, his red scarf lifting in the breeze. Every night, Basil sails his friends across the sleepy sea to the Land of Nod, and keeps watch over the waves until morning comes.

Leo climbs aboard. Then Harriet. Then Freddie. Mabel and Monty land their planes gently on the deck.

“All aboard,” says Basil softly. “Time to rest.”

The sails fill. The waves rock the boat, gently, gently, to and fro.

Leo yawns. Harriet yawns. Freddie yawns the biggest yawn of all.

And you, little one, are you yawning too?

Close your eyes. The stars are shining. Basil is keeping watch.

Shh. You’re nearly there.

Goodnight.





SWEET DREAMS

With love from House of Hush

Every character in this story was painted by hand onto a child's bedroom wall. If your little one would love characters of their very own, we'd love to dream them up together.

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