

*What Happens When I'm*  
**Asleep?**

DEBORAH MACKALL





For those who question.

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As always, I thank my parents for their ongoing love and support,  
and my brother, Greg, for all he is and does.

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as I went through the process of writing and illustrating this book.

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whose support helped immensely to give me  
the kick in the pants I needed when I needed it!

*With Love and Gratitude*

Jean and Gary Mackall

Coreen and Doug Havron

The Campbell Family

Jill, Greg, Sarah and Daniel

Tekki Lomnicki

Bernice Polowy

Ellen Sharpe

Aidan Corbacioglu

Patty Sprenger, Pure in Form, Graylake

Brian Flynn

The Newells

David Chiesa

Andrea and Mark Sullivan

Julie & Judy Bugos

William Chiesa

Maggie & Charlie Wilkins

Fran Kalantzis

All that we see and seem  
is but a dream within a dream

—Edgar Allen Poe

Chuck and Karen North

Lois Kraus

Sissy and Pat Wood

Sandy Ford

Anne Morris

Maureen Lilleeng, Kumon of McHenry

Jeff and Val Gee

Marge & Jim Orchard

Pat, Terry, Christy & Michael Anthony



This I wonder as I lay down to sleep,  
What goes on in the darkness, do I dare peek?

While I'm sleeping, snug in my bed,  
Are my cats asleep on top of the spread?  
Do they slumber and dream, cozy with me,  
Are they running around awake as can be?



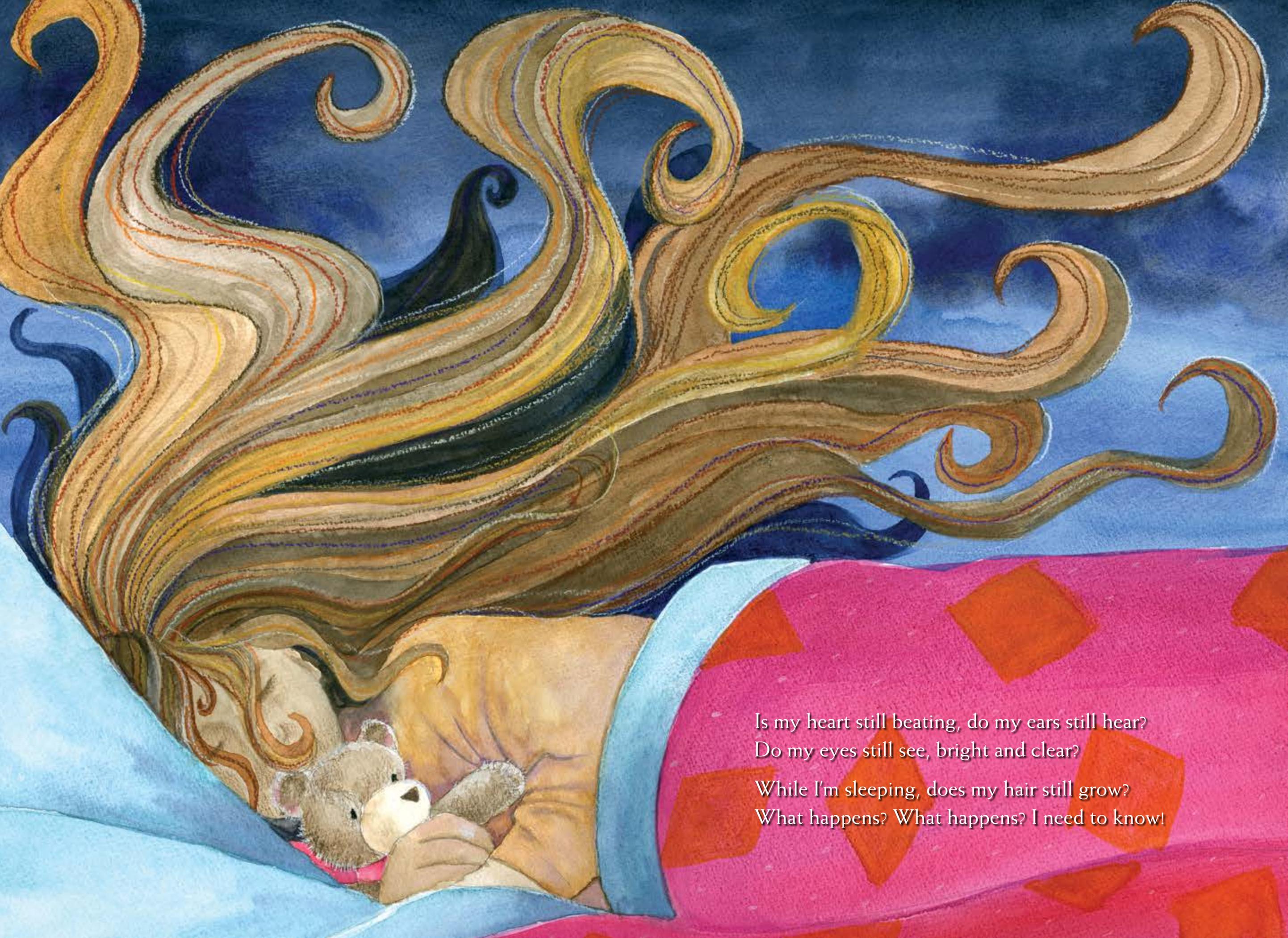
Do they dash around  
and chase their tails,  
Fly across the counter  
and upset the mail?



Do they leap at the shadows,  
pretending they're prey,  
Or have a tea party,  
while I'm away?

While I'm lying here counting sheep,  
My mind starts to wonder as I'm falling asleep...  
Are the butterflies snoozing inside their cocoons?  
Do they get up early, or sleep until noon?





Is my heart still beating, do my ears still hear?  
Do my eyes still see, bright and clear?  
While I'm sleeping, does my hair still grow?  
What happens? What happens? I need to know!



When the sun goes down  
at the end of the sea,  
A blanket of midnight  
covers you and me...

When the stars are twinkling  
in the sky overhead,  
What happens outside  
after I'm in bed?



When I'm under the covers,  
alone in the dark,

Are the squirrels still  
running around in the park?

Are the birds sleeping too,  
snug in their nests?

Have the bugs cuddled  
down, and stopped  
being pests?

A painting of a pond at night. In the foreground, there are tall green reeds with dark cattails and purple irises. Two white swans are swimming in the middle ground. In the background, a full moon is visible in a dark blue sky with stars. The water is dark blue with reflections of the moon and swans. There are also some pink lotus flowers and a turtle swimming in the water.

Is the grass still growing? Are the flowers awake?  
As the moon's glow shimmers across the lake...

Do the fish still swim as swans glide overhead?  
All while I'm sleeping, unaware in my bed?



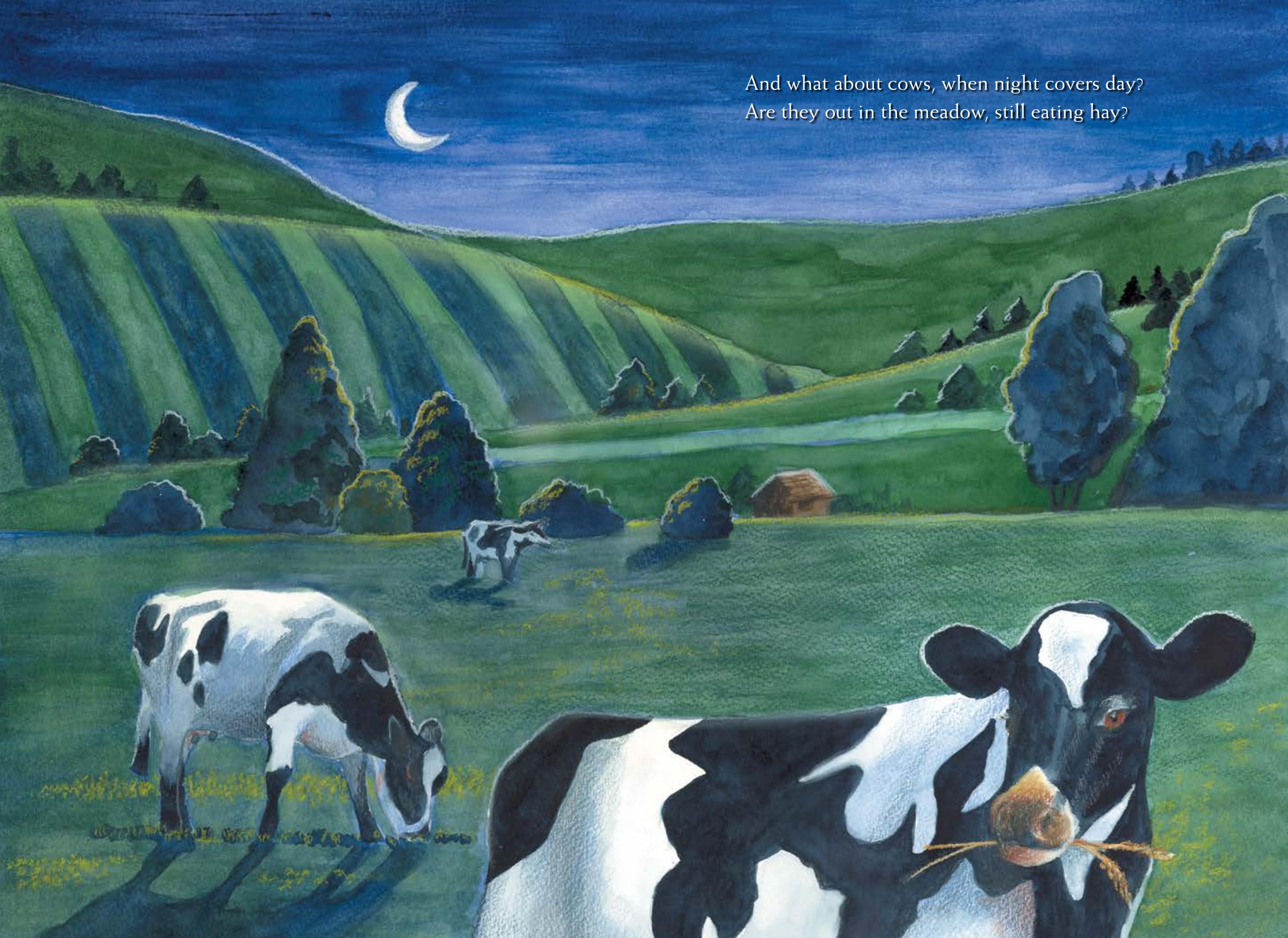
While the starlight shines through my window pane,  
What will the frogs do if it starts to rain?

Will they hide by the pond under a lily pad?  
If they fall in and get wet will it make them mad?



As I dance through dreamland, comfy and cozy,  
Are the fairies peeking from under the posies?  
Do they skip and twirl, and fly high in the air—  
As moonlight sends sparkles through their hair?

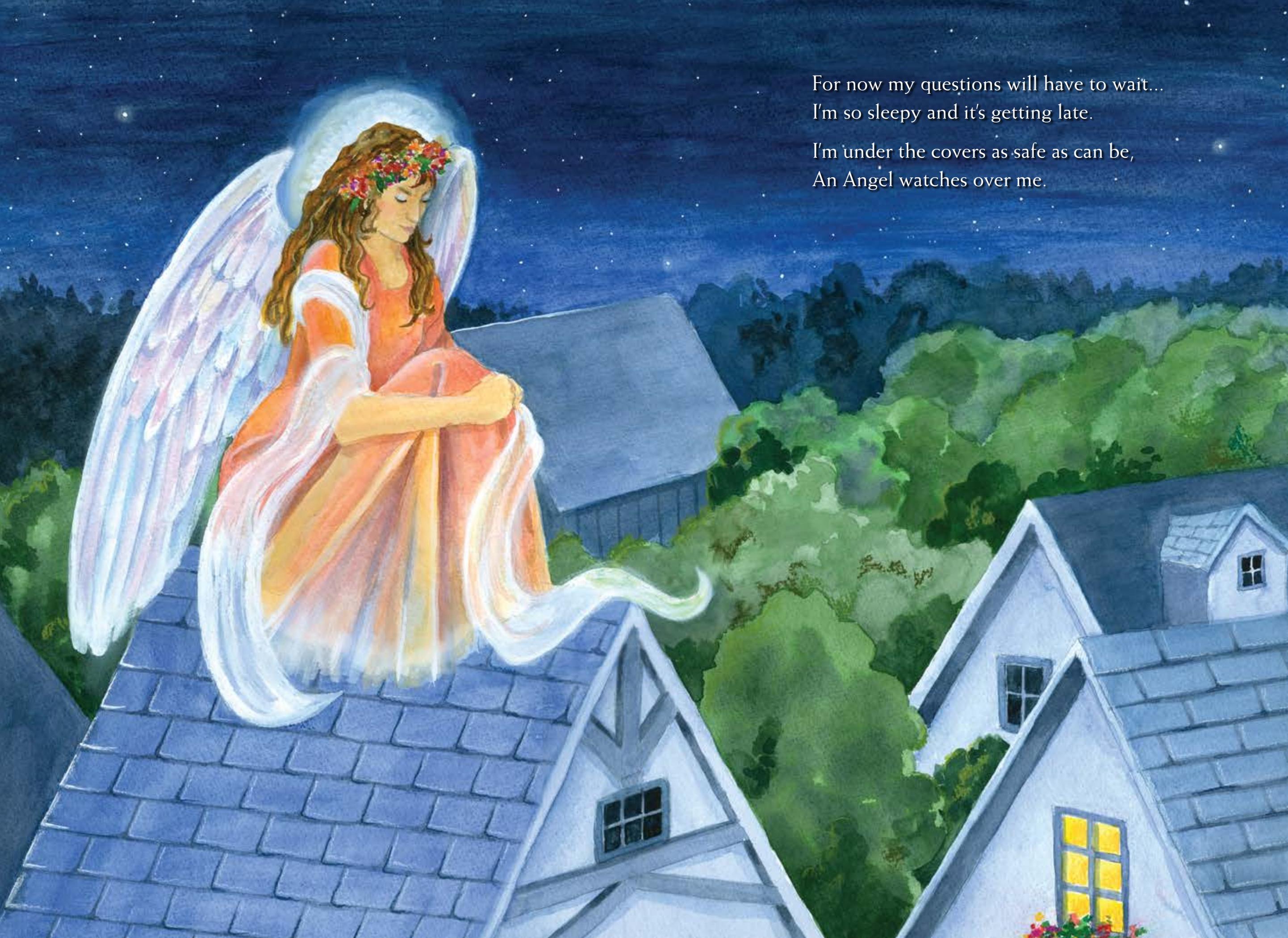
And what about cows, when night covers day?  
Are they out in the meadow, still eating hay?





Are the fireflies up all night cruising around,  
Like stars in the forest, not making a sound?

When I lay down, I hear chirps from the cricket,  
Do owls go "Who" from outside in the thicket?



For now my questions will have to wait...  
I'm so sleepy and it's getting late.

I'm under the covers as safe as can be,  
An Angel watches over me.

As I roll over and turn off the light,  
I'll say "Goodnight, don't let the  
bedbugs bite!"

