



**LOUIS
AND THE
BED THAT WENT**

FWUMP



**BY
ST & CP**

**TO HARVEY, WHO WASN'T SCARED OF ANYTHING.
(EXCEPT THUNDERSTORMS, FIREWORKS, AND THE PEOPLE GOING OUT WITHOUT HIM)**

Mag-nan-i-mous: very generous or forgiving, especially toward those less powerful than oneself.

This information will become useful later in the story...

“But it goes ‘fwump’”, said Louis.

“It’s very comfortable”,
said Bob.



“But it goes ‘fwump’”, said Louis.

“It keeps you warm at night”, said Bob, “and you know how cold it gets at night now, and how much you don't like it being cold”.



“But it goes 'fwump'", said Louis.

Bob just sighed.

The bed had arrived that afternoon, after the people had been out for the day.

The old bed (which had never gone 'fwump', Louis would point out) had had a small argument with Bob the day before and had had to leave.



Louis knew that puppies like Bob often had little disagreements and small arguments with things,



and that this often resulted in the things having to leave.



He was a very magnanimous dog though, so when he saw what Bob had done he said,



“that's very magnanimous of you Louis”, and Louis said,

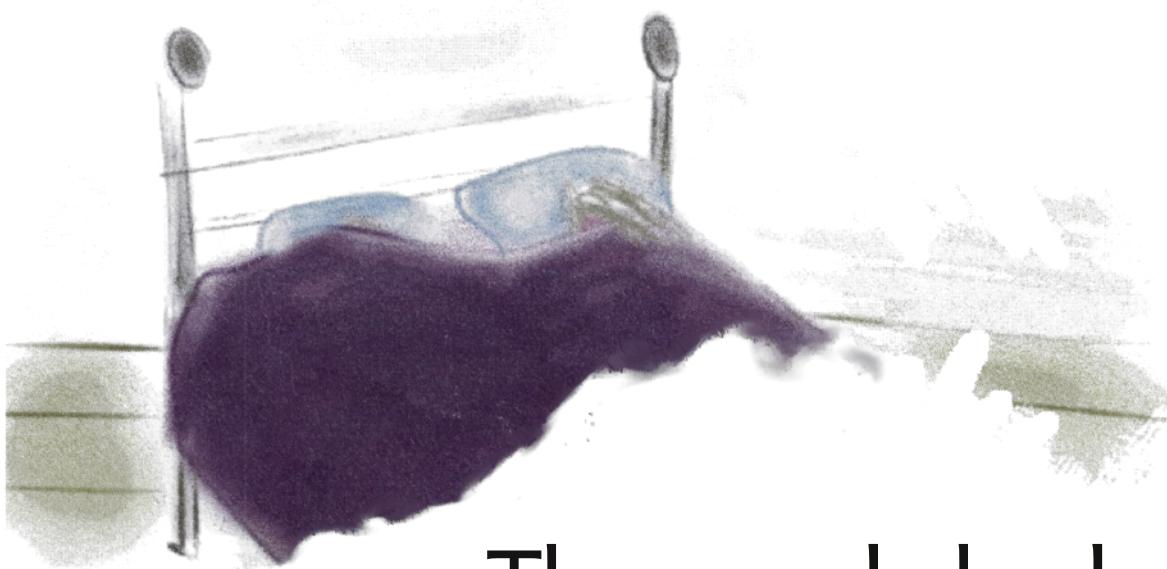
“That's alright Bob”,

and Bob said,

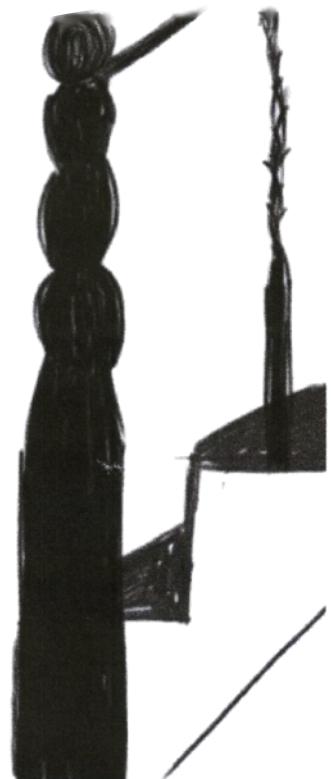


“I know”.





The people had
bought the old bed
because Louis
would always
wake them up
when he was
cold.



Many things had been tried to keep Louis warm at night.

Louis had tried wearing a T-shirt.



A T-shirt and socks.

And finally,
a T-shirt



and socks and a hat.

But nothing had
worked until the bed
had arrived.



This bed had served Louis
well for ages and ages, until
its disagreement
with Bob.



And now a new
bed had arrived.

It wasn't the same as the old bed.



It was a sort of red rather than blue.



Though that wasn't a problem. Other than magnolia (his own colour, which he thought rather nice), Louis didn't particularly mind about colours.

It was longer.



Which if anything Louis preferred.

The cover was a different feel, sort of velvety.

Which Louis didn't mind.

What bothered Louis is that the bed went

'fwump'.

And not all the time, which Louis could possibly have gotten used to, but only when (and immediately) you stood on it.

Bob liked it.



He got on it
straightaway.

Louis placed one paw on it, and
the bed went...

“FWUMP!”. “Eeek”, said Louis, “I'm not going to sleep on that!”. 16



“It goes ‘fwump’, which is scary”, said Louis.

“I like it”, said Bob. He got off the bed and stood next to Louis.

A simple line drawing of a small dog with black spots on its body and ears, standing on a white sheet with green wavy lines.

But it goes ‘fwump’”, said Louis.

A photograph of a dark reddish-brown rectangular cushion or pillow.

Which is where we started...

After a few days, the 'fwump' got quieter. One night when Louis was really, really cold he very, very carefully put one paw on, and then another, then the third and then the fourth.

The bed went

“fwump”

which wasn't too bad.

Then he lay down.

The bed went

“fwump”

which was ok.

Then he rolled on to his
side.



The bed went

“fwump”

but very quietly,
which was fine.

Then he went to sleep.

The bed didn't say anything...

And everyone
slept happily
ever after.



THE END