



He missed his mom. So every night when his grandma put him to bed he would take out a book and pretended she was beside him reading a bedtime story until he fell asleep.



One summer evening as the sky darkened and the stars appeared something magical happened. His book started to change shape and his room disappeared.



He was outside and his bed was sinking. Fortunately he was safely seated in a rowboat. He grabbed one oar and reached for the other. He knew what to do.



He'd carefully watched his mother when she'd row them in her boat. She'd promised to teach him when he was bigger and could grasp the oars. These oars were just the right size for him.



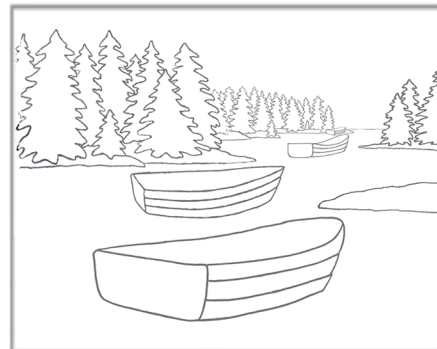
Rowing downstream was easy and fun. Then he noticed a toy boat and decided to float it behind the rowboat. As he started to place it on the water, the headboard of his bed suddenly appeared.



He looked down into the water and saw a boy - in bed - asleep. He suddenly felt very tired from all the rowing and his eyes closed.



He half opened his eyes. The book was gone and a small boat was in his hand. Mom! She was back. She'd promised to bring him a toy boat when she came home.



In the morning he'd tell her and grandma all about his adventures and maybe later they could go rowing and float his new boat on the water.