

**McBear McRed Goes to Bed**

**Literary Arts**

**Poetry**

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## *McBear McRed Goes to Bed*

"Bedtime McBear," his Grandpa said. "I want to play," McBear yawned instead.

"You are so tired, my sleepyhead. Now off to bed, McBear McRed."

He yawned again, and then he stopped. "I can't go to bed," he spoke nonstop.

"Toys keep me safe the whole night long. I need them close, so nothing goes wrong.

I need Caker McRaker's blue plane hat and yellow balloon shoes that scare the cat.

Don't forget the blue rock house and my purple green-striped mouse."

"Your room is waiting. To bed, you must go!" He went upstairs, walking so slow.

Quietly stepping without a noise, but dropped the mouse and all of his toys.

His room is a mess from ceiling to floor. Toys fall down from wide-open drawers.

The bed is full of 'thousands' of toys. All of his favorite things he enjoys.

McBear tried to put the shoes in his bed. He pushed and pulled. His face turned red.

His yellow balloon shoes would not fit. "That's not good, not one bit."

McBear opened the toy box lid. "There's no room by my huge red squid."

Pushing the shoes, or so it seemed, the toy box twisted, then it leaned.

With a shrug of his shoulders, he went back to bed. It was covered in toys, no place for his head.

The rock house was perched on top of the heap. He looked at the mess, longing for sleep.

Grabbing the house to the box he did run. He pushed, and he shoved, but that was not fun.

And the rock house slid in, his face all steamed. He breathed a sigh, and the box sides screamed.

The toy box *leaned*, and it *groaned*. He held his breath, and the stuffed box *moaned*.

Wiping the sweat, he went back to bed. "Everything's fine," he softly said.

Where were the mouse and the hat in the gloom? He stared all-around at the shambled room.

They were hiding behind the closet door. He picked them off the messy floor.

Back to the box, he ran once again. Pushing aside the toys and then

In went the mouse and the blue plane hat. He stuffed them in, and that was that.

With a screaming moan, the toy box *slanted*. It jumped to the right. It *tilted and ranted*.

The toy box *rolled*, and oh, it *rocked*. He *slammed* the lid tightly until it locked.

The toy box *shimmered*, and then it *flopped*. It *quivered*, then ended. All jiggling had stopped.

Backing away, he stepped on toy fox. "*Squeek...*" ***C r a s h!*** Went the box.

The toy box exploded with toys everywhere. He was one scared little shaking bear.

Noise woke the house, his sister screamed. The cat was afraid and fled from the scene.

The dog barked loud outside his door. Grandma awoke from all the roar.

Grandpa sighed and stared at the mess. "Toys are making a racket, I guess.

"Balloon shoes can sleep under the bed." McBear agreed and nodded his head.

"These toys will sleep here on the shelf." McBear agreed and smiled to himself.

"Green mouse and plane can sleep in the box once I remove these dirty old socks."

Grandpa led McBear to his bed, turned down the sheets on an empty spread.

Tucking him in with a big embrace, gave him a kiss with a smile on his face.

"Good night to you, McBear McRed. We love you so," he kindly said.

Grandpa turned the night light on. McBear did smile and gave a yawn.

Snuggling warmly in his bed, so glad he lived with Grandpa McRed.