

A Spot for Sloth



Sloth is so sleepy. Not just a little sleepy. His arms feel weak, his legs feel weak, and his lids will not stay up.

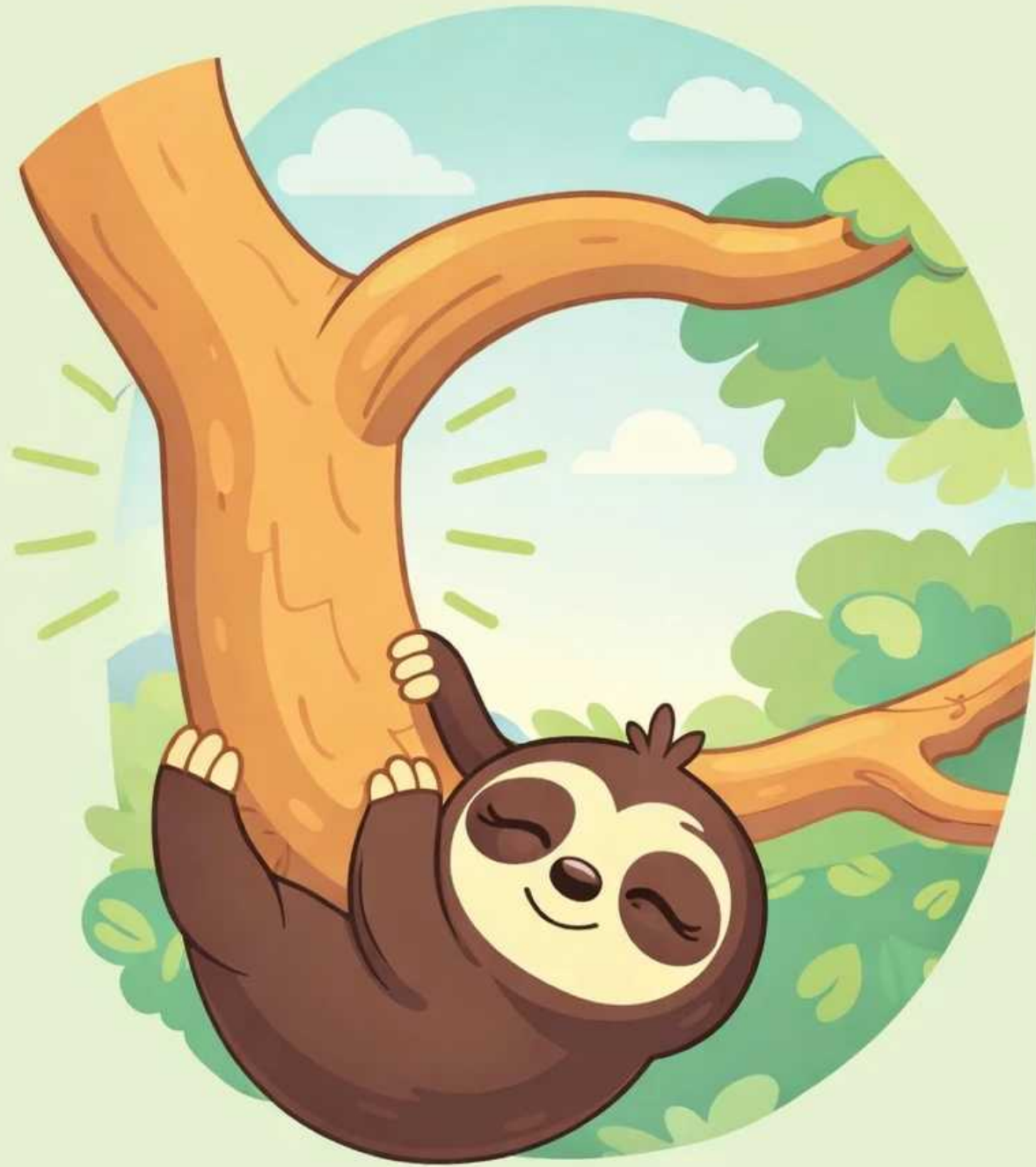
'I need a nap,' he sighs, with his mouth open wide. 'Not just any nap. The best nap yet. All I need is the right spot. A **new** spot. A **true** nap spot.'





Sloth spots a lofty tree with a lot to grip. 'It is **true,**' he says. 'This tree is the one.' He grips the trunk and starts to creep up. Slow. Very, very slow. That is how a sloth must go. But he has hope, and a big dream: the best nap ever.

Soon Sloth finds a branch with a fine bend in it. Like a little wood bed. He hangs down from it and hooks on with all four feet. 'This is it,' he sighs. 'This is the **true** spot. No bad thing will come.' He shuts his lids. He should not say that.





Ow! A big, wet mouth grabs Sloth's back. He looks up. Giraffe is **chewing** on him. 'Stop that,' Sloth yells. 'I am not food!' But the green moss on Sloth's fur does look a lot like leaves. Giraffe has one more **chew**, just to check. 'Not food,' Sloth yells, and he creeps up higher. So much for that spot.

Sloth finds a **new** branch,
high up, far from Giraffe. He
hugs the trunk and grins. A
cool wind drifts by. **Dew**
shines on the leaves.

'Now this is the spot,' he
says. 'No Giraffe. No
chewing. Just peace and
quiet and the best nap yet.
No bad thing will come.'

He shuts his lids. He must
stop saying that.



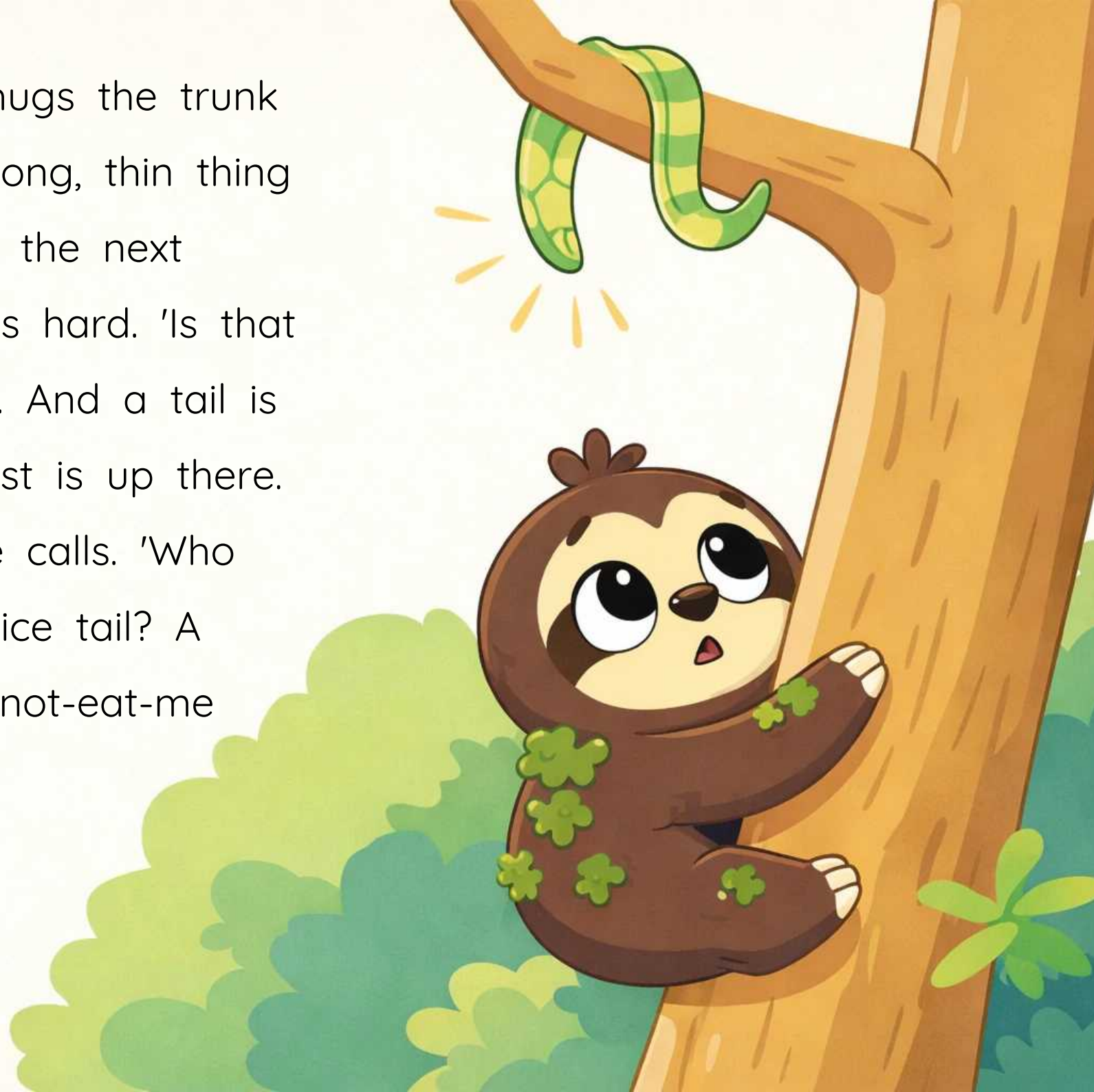


Buzz, buzz! A hive. A big, lumpy, humming hive hangs from the very same branch.

One bee lands on Sloth's nose. Then one more on his cheek. Then a **few** more on his belly.

'I will just go,' Sloth says, and he lets go one foot at a time. 'It is a very fine hive. Do not sting me!'

Higher up, Sloth hugs the trunk and peers up. A long, thin thing hangs down from the next branch. Sloth looks hard. 'Is that a tail?' It is a tail. And a tail is a **clue**: some beast is up there. 'Who is there?' he calls. 'Who has that tail? A nice tail? A sleepy tail? A do-not-eat-me tail?'





Hiss! Snake pops up and puts his face right by Sloth's face. Fangs out.

'Mine!' Snake yells. 'This branch is mine! Go and seek a **new** spot!'

'All right, all right!' Sloth **squeaks**, and up he goes, fast. Fast for a sloth, that is.

Sloth can not keep his lids up.
His feet hurt. He hurts from tip
to tail. His nap is long past **due**.

Up there, a bird sits on a
branch. But the branch just
below it is empty. Empty and
fine.

'Let this be the spot,' Sloth says.
'I will not even say it. No bad
thing will... no. I will not say it. I
just want to sleep.'





Bird tips that little beak up at the sky and yells, on and on and on. Sloth hangs there with one lid shut. 'Bird,' he asks, 'is it like this all day?' Bird just **continues**. 'I will take that as a yes,' sighs Sloth.

One spot is left. The very tip
top. Sloth creeps up with
hope and with big dreams.
He hugs the trunk with all
four feet. He curls his tail.
He tucks in, snug in the cool
green leaves. No Giraffe. No
bees. No Snake. No Bird.
Just the wide **blue** sky, and
quiet. Sloth shuts his lids. And
now he keeps them shut.





And so the tree fills up for the night. Sloth snoozes at the very top. Bird sits in the middle, quiet at last. Snake coils below, at peace. And Giraffe stands at the bottom, looking up with a long face. 'Where can I nap?' asks Giraffe. Nobody answers. They are all asleep. Well. All but a **few** bees.



A Spot for Sloth

Sloth is exhausted, and all he wants is the perfect spot for a nap. He climbs higher and higher up the tall tree, hoping each new branch will finally be the right one, but something always goes wrong. Will he ever find a true spot to rest? Written for Jolly Phonics classrooms (Step 3, Unit 8: /ue/ mixed), this book practices words like 'chew', 'new', 'true', 'clue', 'dew'.

Phonics Focus: <mixed>

blue, chew, chewing, clue, continues, dew, due, few, new, squeaks, true

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