

No Sleep For Skel



Skel has a list, and the list is as long as his arm.

Chop the wood. Plant the **seeds**. Give the crop a drink. Pull the **weeds**. He swings his tool so fast the dirt flies up in clouds.

'No time to rest!' Skel says. 'I am in a rush, rush, rush!'





The sun goes down. The sky turns pink, then dark.

Skel looks at his bench. His fine, soft bench. He can sit. He can rest his old bones. He can even **sleep**.

'No,' says Skel. '**Sleep** is for the **weak**.'

'Zom,' says Jack with a frown. 'When did Skel last **sleep?**' Skel counts. **Three weeks. Three weeks** with no **sleep!** 'Skel **needs** rest,' says Jack. '**Beasts** come for the ones who will not **sleep.**' 'No **beasts** will get me,' says Skel.





'I do not **need sleep,**'
says Skel. 'I **need** a
quest!'

He grabs his bow and
marches out into the
night. Bones trots
beside him.

'We will be back by
morning,' Skel calls.
'With loot!'

They hunt on the hills.
They hunt by the river.
They hunt under the
bright stars. Bones's gut
growls. Skel can **feel** his
gut growl even more.
'We do not stop,' says
Skel. 'Not to **eat**. Not
for a snack. Not even
for a **sweet treat**. We
must not slow down!'



And what loot it is! Gems
that **gleam**. A **heap** so big
it can hide Bones. But now
Skel is **weak**. His bow
hangs low in his hand.
Bones slumps down, spent.
'I am not **sleepy**,' says Skel.
'I am just resting my face.'



Then, a sound! It is like **sheets** that snap in a storm. Skel **peers** up. A **green** glow **beams** down at him from the dark. A phantom! Phantoms **seek** out those who will not **sleep**. And this one seems hungry.





'Flee!' screams Skel.

Which is silly, because he is **fleeing** as fast as he can. Bones zooms past him at top **speed**.

More phantoms dive down from the clouds, wings flapping. Skel can **see** his home. Just up the path. Run, Skel, run!

Clang! Zom smashes his **green** blade into a phantom. Thwack! Jack swings his blade and sends one spinning off. 'Go!' yells Jack. 'Get inside!' This time, Skel does just what he is told.





Skel drops his bow by the wall. He puts his gold in the chest. He does not count it. He does not sort it. He does not even **peek**.

He flops onto his bed and tugs up the **sheet**.

'**Gee,**' says Skel with a smile. '**Sleep** is a **sweet, sweet treat.**' And soon he is **deep, deep asleep**.



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Skel has too much to do and no time to rest, even when the sky turns dark and his comfy bench is right there. His friends warn him that beasts come for those who won't sleep, but Skel just laughs it off and grabs his bow for one more adventure. Will he make it home before something with glowing eyes finds him first? Written for Jolly Phonics classrooms (Step 3, Unit 5: /ee/ mixed), this book practices words like 'sleep', 'sweet', 'green', 'weak', 'peek'.

Phonics Focus: <mixed>

asleep, beam, beams, beasts, deep, eat, feel, flee, fleeing, gee, gleam, green, heap, need, needs, peek, peer, peers, screams, see, seeds, seek, seem, sheet, sheets, sleep, sleepy, speed, sweet, three, treat, weak, weed, weeds, weeks

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