Scared of the Dark

Gloom and the Den That Wouldn't Stay Up



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D'Serious! Media

Gloom wanted a den beside the bed.
A quiet place where his friends could sit with him.
He fetched two chairs and a blanket.
Boo and Rook would be very surprised.



He spread the blanket across the chairs.
He tucked one end round a chair back.
Then he walked round to tuck the other.
The first end slipped free.
Down came the roof.



Gloom put it up again.
He pulled this end. He smoothed that end.
He held the middle steady.
When he let go to fetch a cushion, the blanket slid.
Down came the roof again.



He tried a different way.
He tied one blanket corner round a chair back.
That end stayed put.
He stretched the other end over the second chair.
It slipped before he could tuck it in.



Gloom fetched the biscuit tin.
A good solid weight.
He held the blanket down with one hand and reached for the tin with the other.
The middle sagged.
Down came the roof. Again.



Gloom sat beside the blanket.
He did not want to give up.
He knew where each corner needed to go.
He just could not hold everything at once.
Perhaps he needed more hands.



Boo came down from the attic.
Rook came out from under the stairs.
"How's the den?" asked Boo.
"It keeps falling," said Gloom.
He took a breath. "Will you help me?"



“Of course,” said Boo.
Rook put his notebook down.
Gloom showed them the two blanket corners.
“Boo, could you tie this one? Rook, could you hold that one?”
This time, three friends were ready.



Boo tied one end round the chair back.
Rook pulled the other end tight over the second chair.
Gloom held the middle up.
Nobody let go.
For a moment, the roof stayed where it should.



“Keep holding,” said Gloom.
He reached for the biscuit tin.
He set it on the loose blanket end, on the chair seat.
“Now let go.”
Boo let go. Rook let go. Gloom let go last.



The roof stayed up. Gloom blinked.
Boo peeped inside. Rook crawled in.
There was room for three.
Gloom fetched the cushions.
This time, nothing fell down.



They settled inside together.
Soft cushions. A steady roof.
Boo's lantern glowed outside the doorway.
"I'm glad I kept trying," said Gloom. "And I'm glad I asked." Beside them, the biscuit tin did its very important job.

