

THE
ADVENTURES
OF

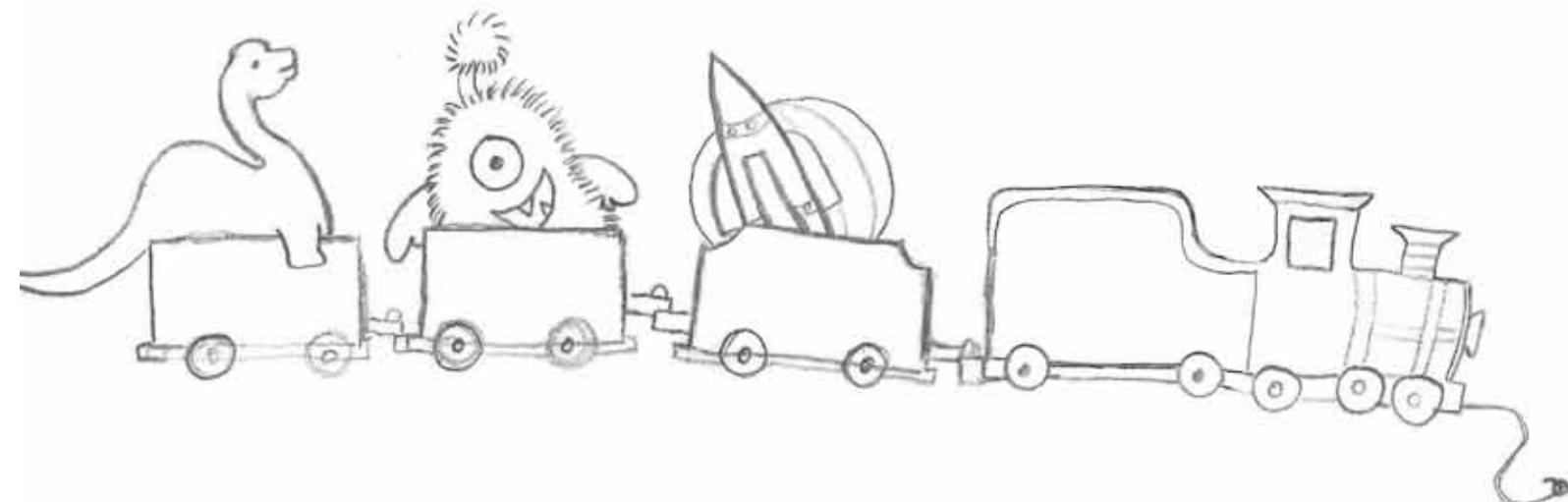
PAJAMA BOY



BY MICHELLE MEADE

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What P.J. loved best was playing pretend with his toys. He floated his pirate ship on the ocean blankets, and roared and stomped his dinosaur across the floor. He soared his spaceship to faraway planets, and he muscled his steam engine up pillow mountains.

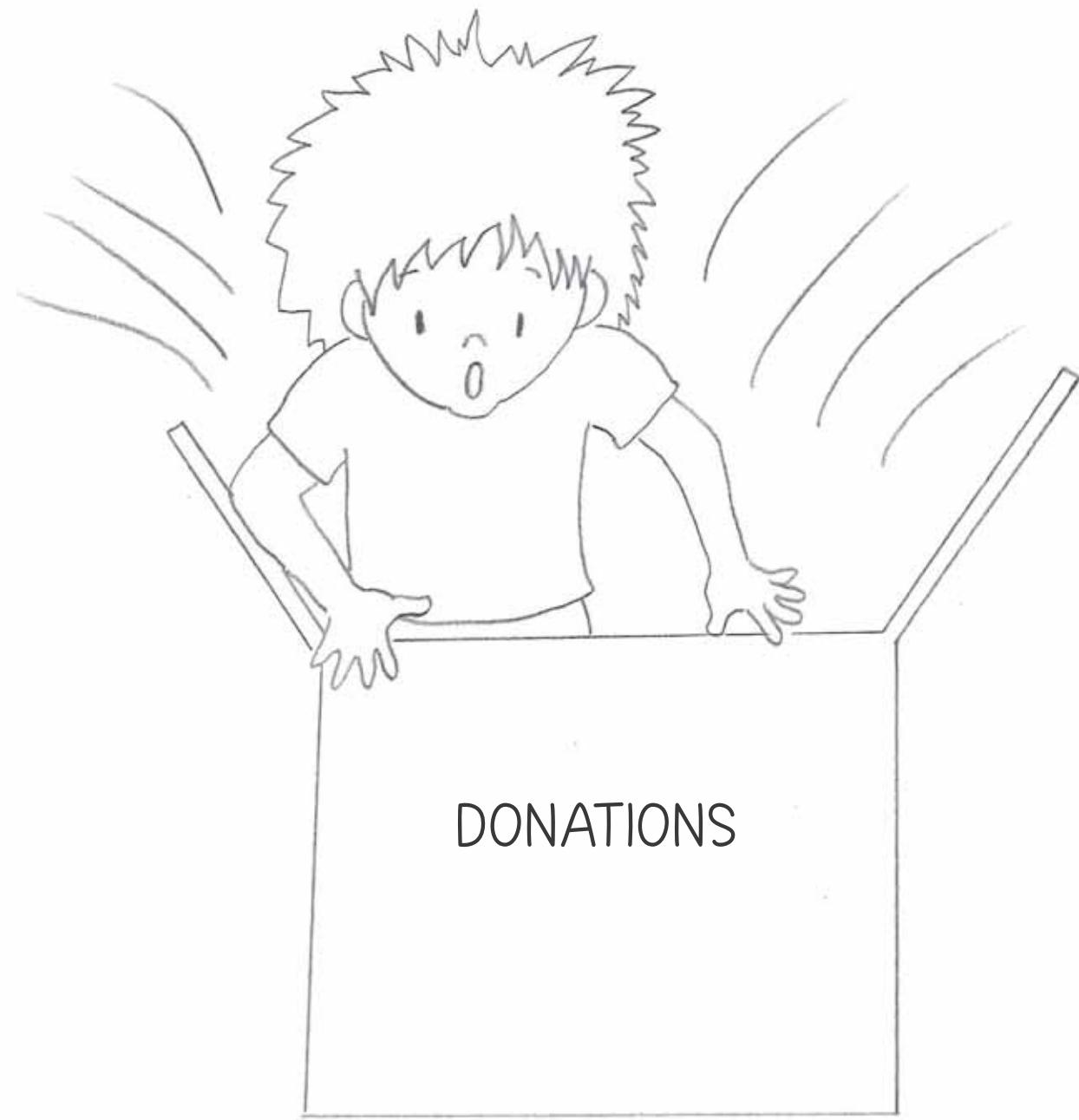
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“P.J., it’s bedtime!” his mom called. “Pick up your toys and get into your pajamas.”

"Awww, Mom," P.J. groaned, "only if I have to!" He had trouble falling asleep. Playing pretend was much more fun.

When P.J. entered his closet, he saw a big cardboard box. How did it get there? What was inside?

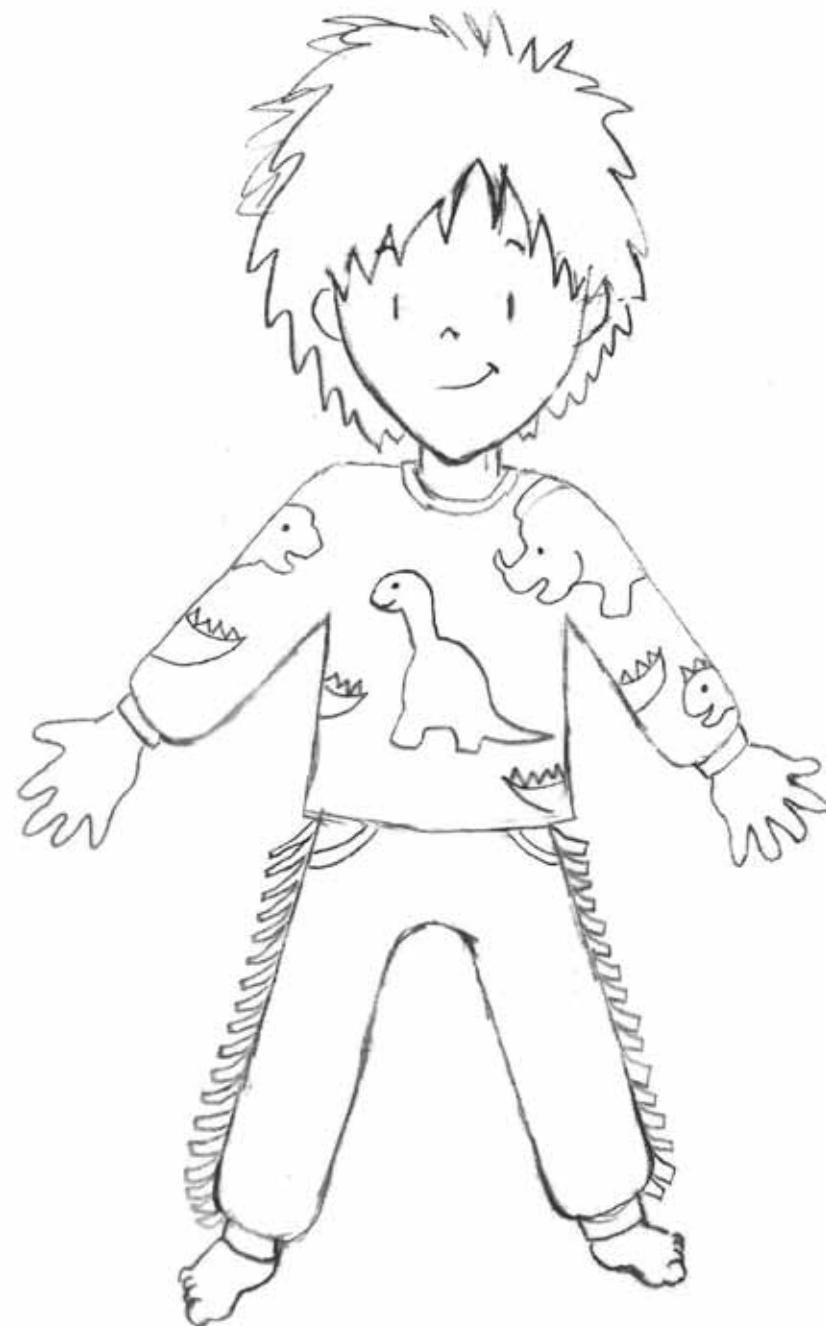


P.J. opened the box like a treasure chest.

"Hey, it's pajamas—just what I came in for! But they're all mixed up."

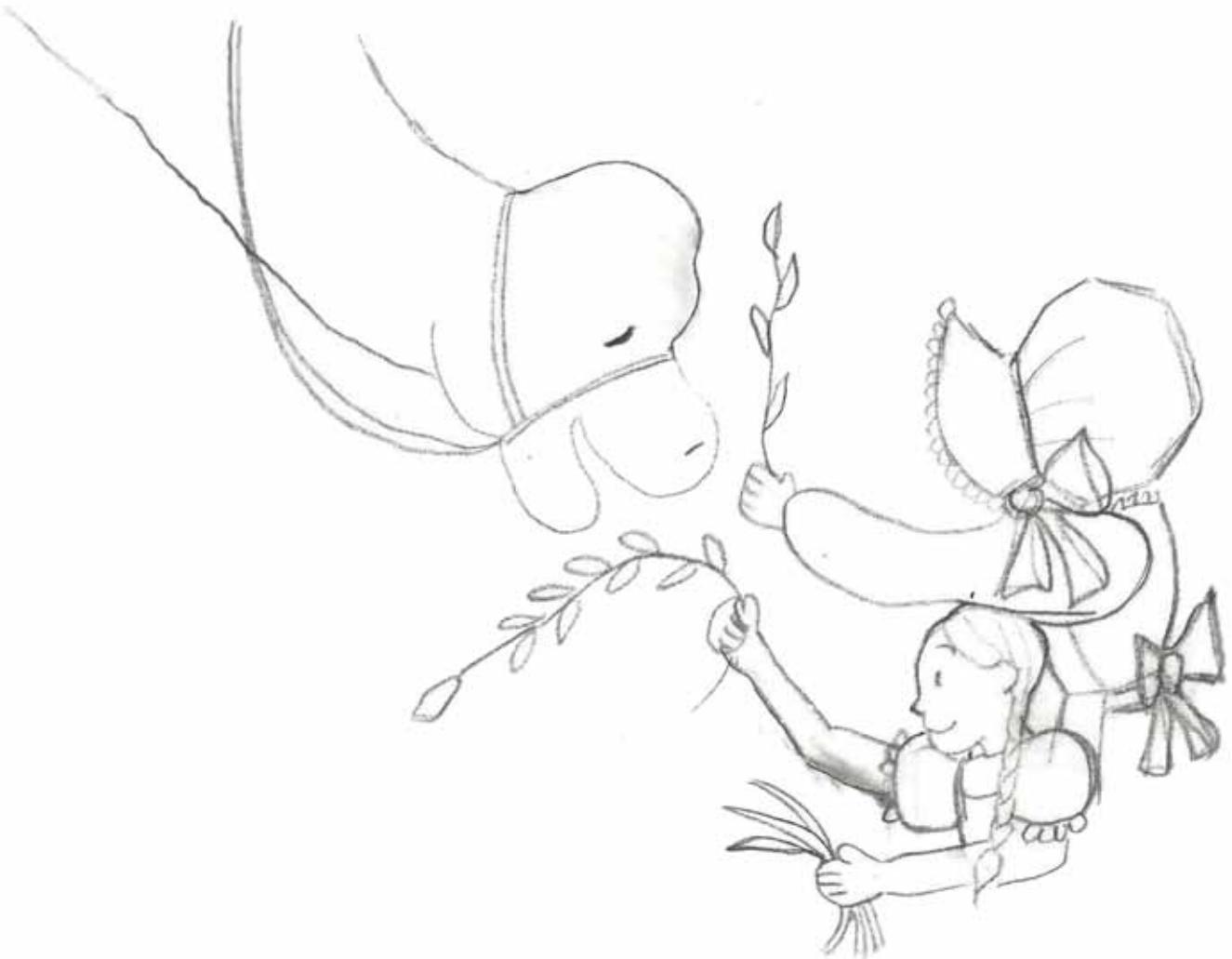
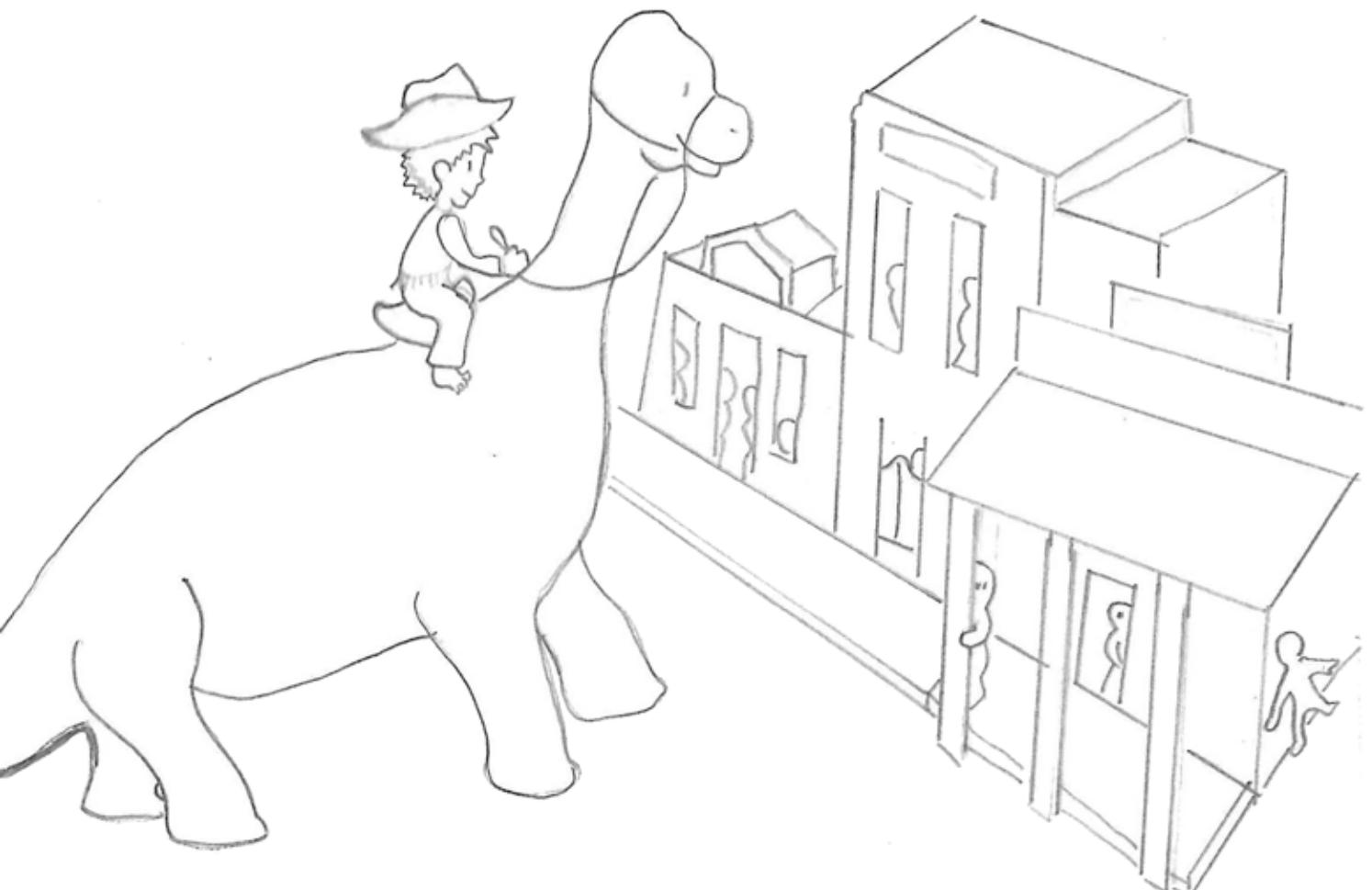


P.J. decided on a silly dinosaur top with cowboy bottoms.



In bed, after tossing and turning, getting up for three sips of water, and having a bedtime snack, P.J. finally fell asleep, his head full of dinosaurs and cowboys.

“Howdy, partners!” P.J. trotted into a cowboy town riding a huge Brachiosaurus. The townspeople ran and hid—even the sheriff.

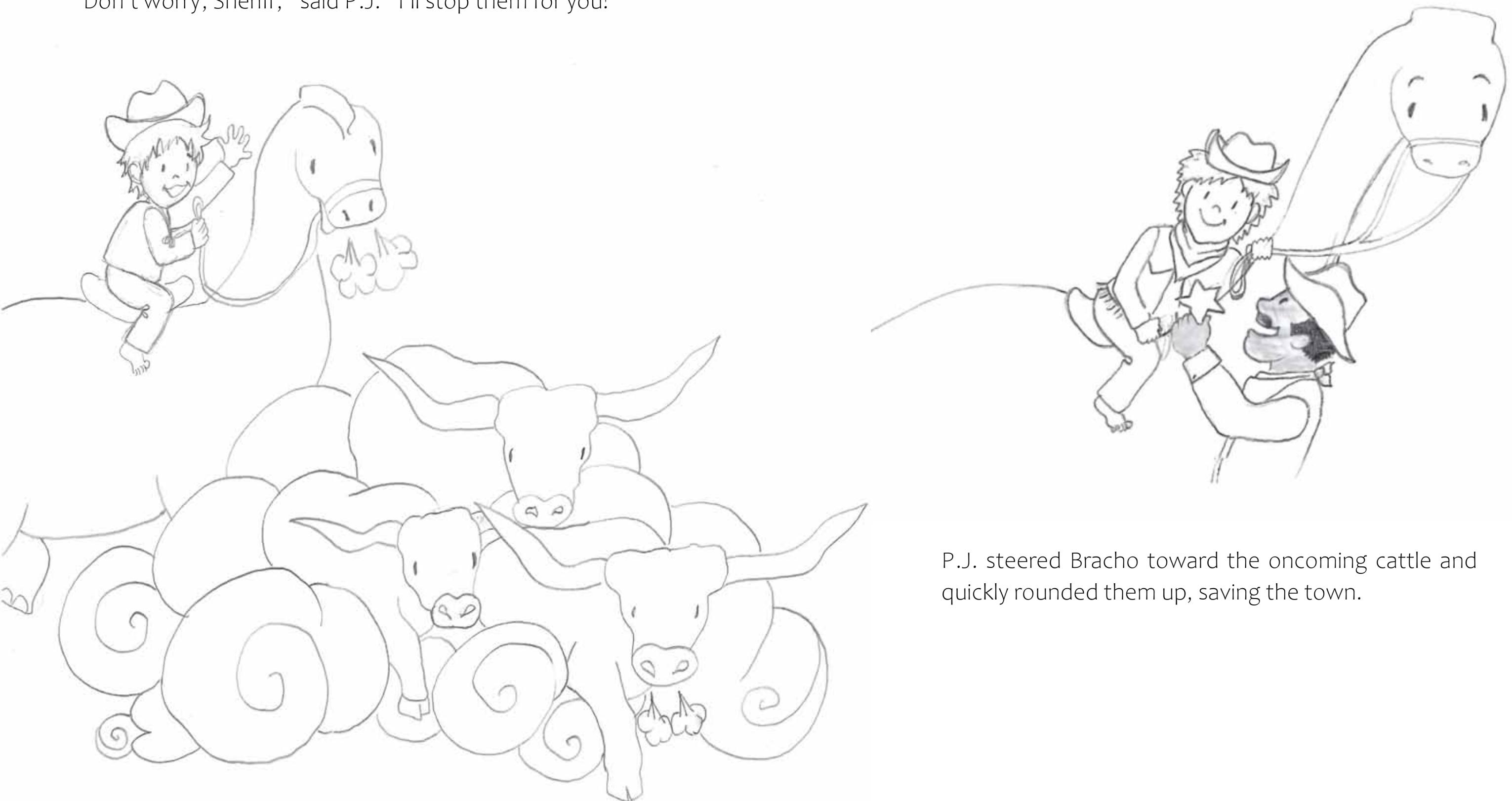


“Don’t worry, folks,” said P.J. “Bracho here is an herbivore. He eats only plants and vegetables.”

The townsfolk crept back out to greet the friendly dinosaur.

"Look out!" the sheriff cried. "It's a stampede!"

"Don't worry, Sheriff," said P.J. "I'll stop them for you!"



P.J. steered Bracho toward the oncoming cattle and quickly rounded them up, saving the town.



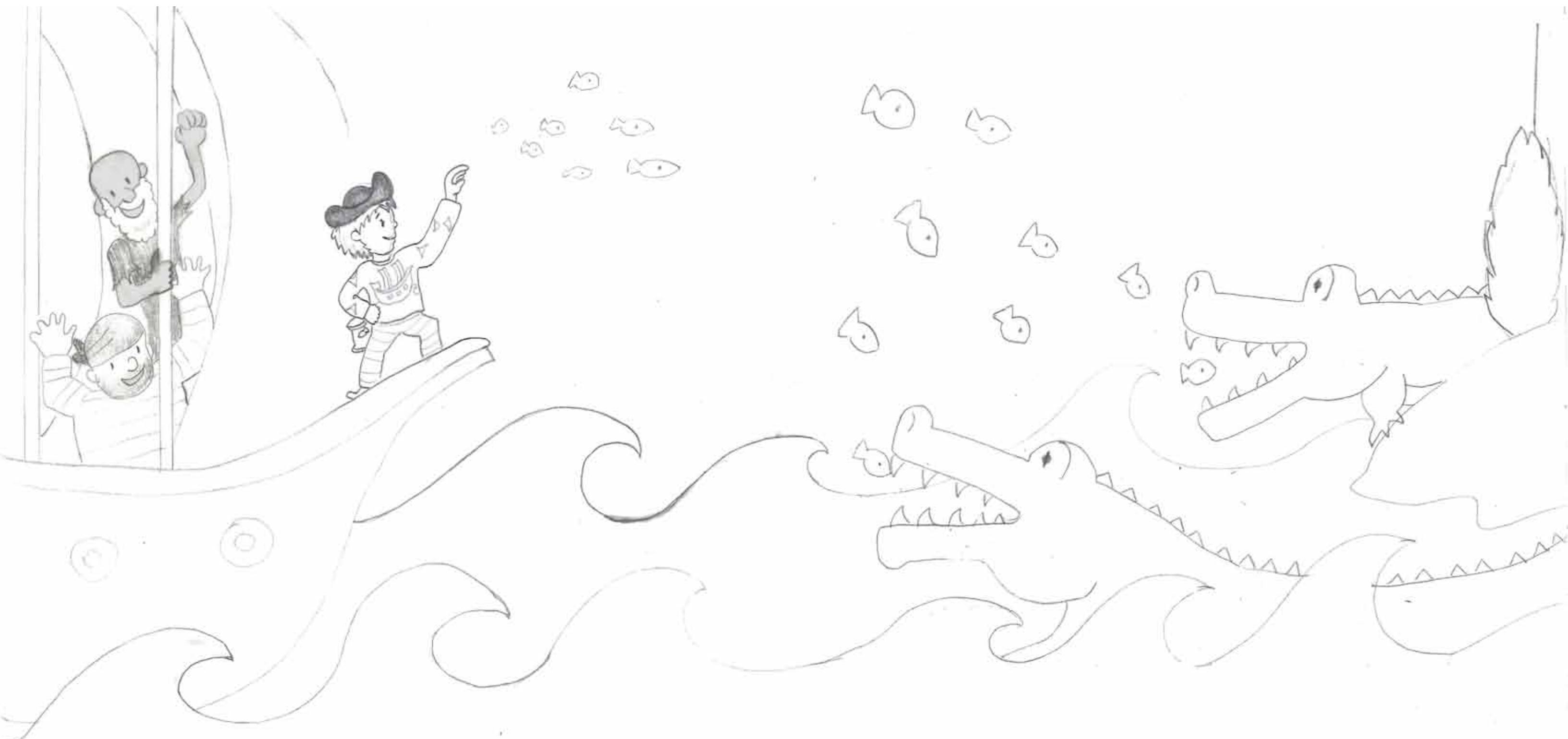
He dreamt he was captain of a grand pirate ship. P.J. and his mates were sailing up to a castle, which was surrounded by snapping crocodiles. The pirates trembled in fear.



The next night, P.J. chose a pirate pajama top and castle bottoms from the box. After a snack of cheesy fish crackers, two sips of water, and two trips to the bathroom, P.J. fell asleep.

So did P.J.

"How do we get to the treasure now, Captain P.J.?"



"Wait, I know! I have some fish crackers!"

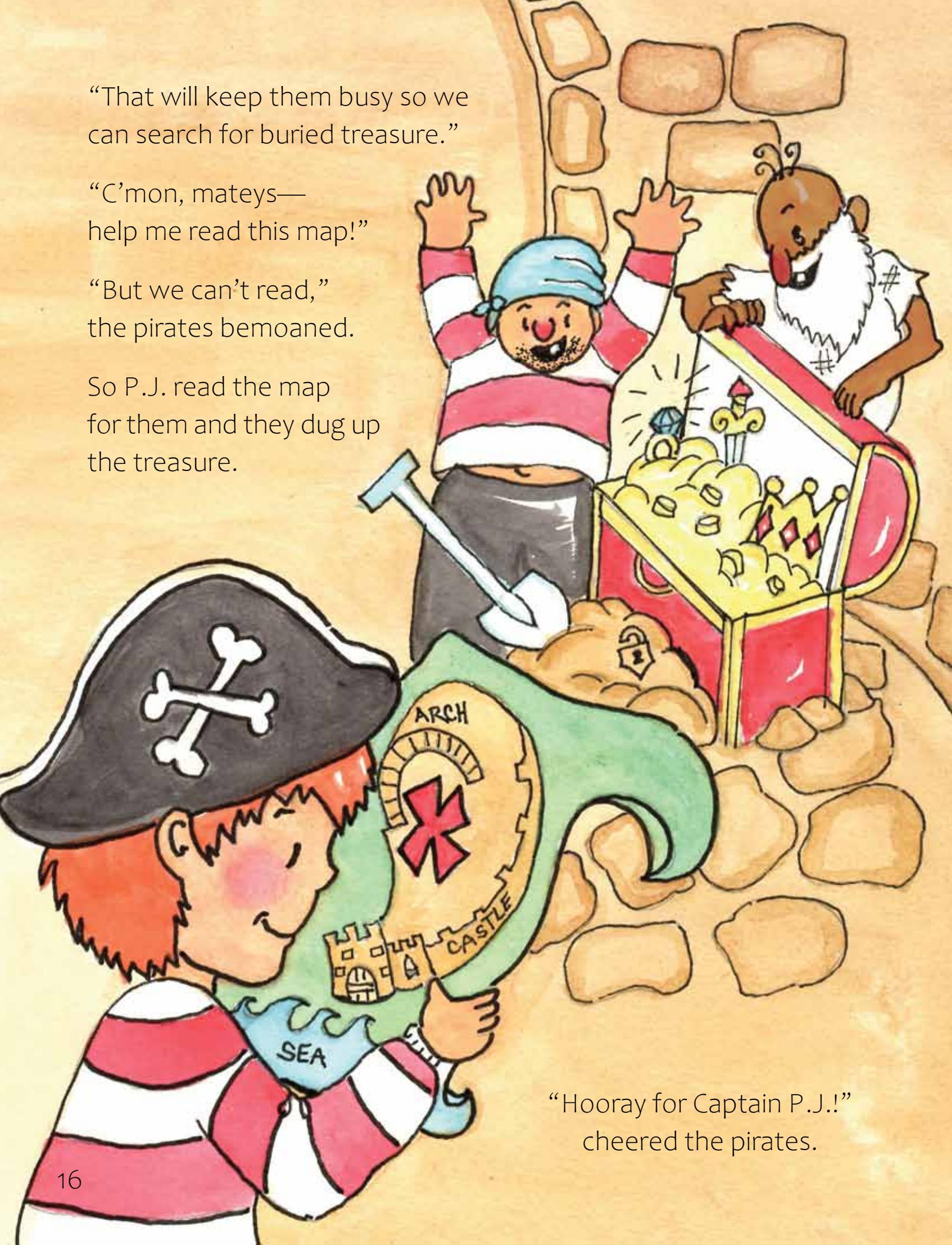
He tossed his snacks to the hungry crocodiles, and they smiled as they smacked them up.

"That will keep them busy so we can search for buried treasure."

"C'mon, mateys—
help me read this map!"

"But we can't read,"
the pirates bemoaned.

So P.J. read the map
for them and they dug up
the treasure.



The next night, P.J. rummaged through the box of pajamas. "These crazy, mixed-up pajama adventure dreams are really fun! I think I'll wear the train conductor top and outer space bottoms tonight."



After a sip of milk and one trip to the bathroom, P.J. quickly fell asleep.

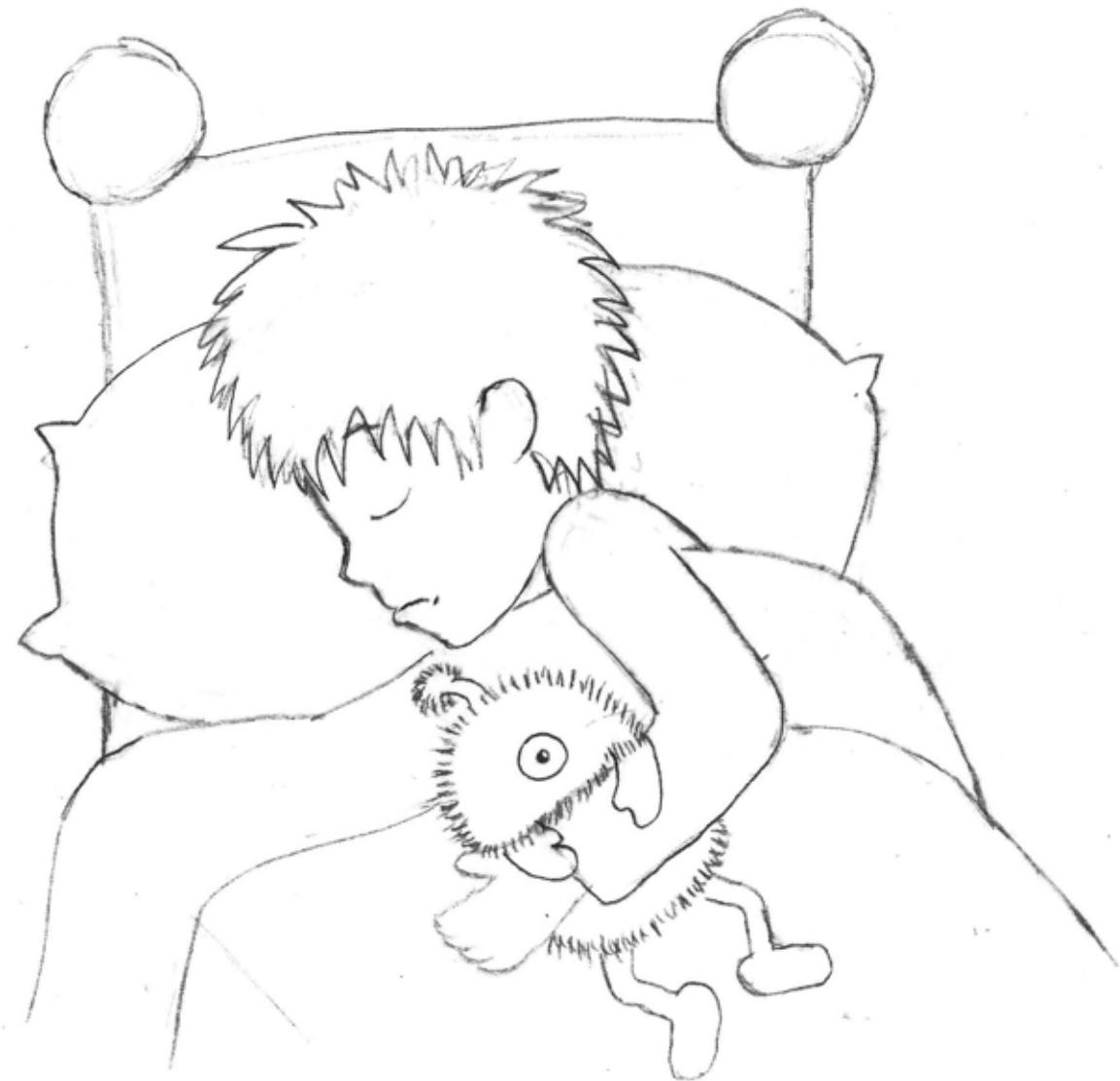
"I can chugga-chugga-choo-choo this train all around the rings of Saturn!" shouted P.J. "Here comes Space Train Conductor P.J."



"Uh-oh, Steamy! It's a space alien trying to attack Saturn. Let's go help!"

But as Steamy got closer, the alien flew away.
"Whoa! I think we scared him!"

The next night, P.J. was disappointed to find only plain blue pajamas at the bottom of the box. “How am I going to have any cool dreams in these?”



He slowly crawled into bed and got his book, and after asking for a cookie, taking two sips of water, going to the bathroom twice, and tossing and turning, P.J. finally fell asleep.

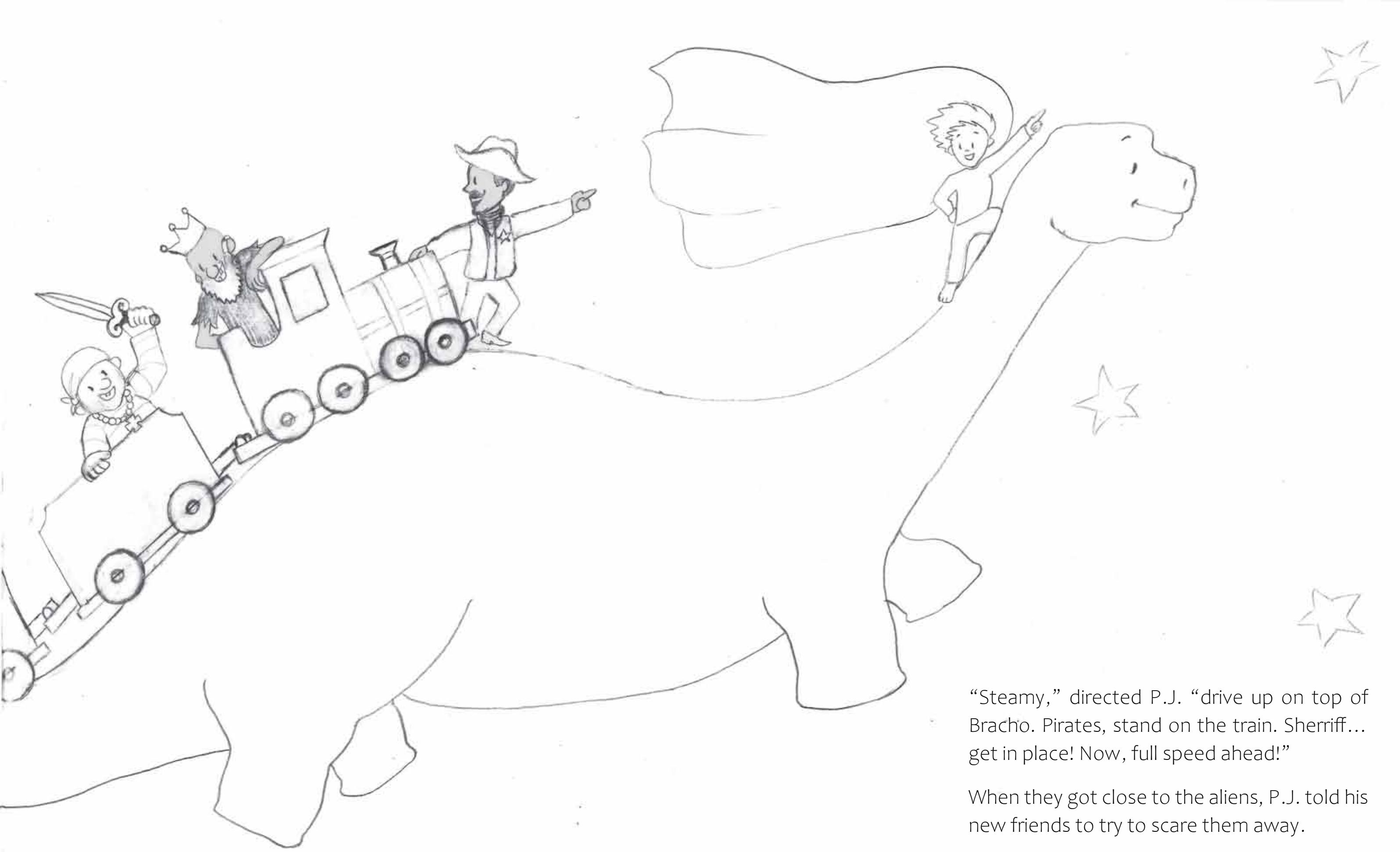
“Help! P.J., come save us!” he heard. “Aliens are attacking Earth!”

P.J. sprang up in bed, grabbed his red blanket as a superhero cape, and zoomed into action.



“Here comes Pajama Boy to save the planet!”

“Pirates, Bracho, Steamy, Sherriff—everybody wake up!” P.J. called to his dream friends. “I need your help!”



"Steamy," directed P.J. "drive up on top of Bracho. Pirates, stand on the train. Sheriff... get in place! Now, full speed ahead!"

When they got close to the aliens, P.J. told his new friends to try to scare them away.



“Be gone, ye slimy creatures,” said the pirates,
“before we make you into fish bait!”

“Roaaaaaar!” growled Bracho.

“Chugga, Chugga, Choo Chooo!” puffed Steamy.

The sherriff fired a warning shot.



But this time the aliens
wouldn’t budge.

"I wonder what they want!" said the pirates.

"Maybe they're hungry," said P.J. "Like the crocodiles."

"But what do aliens eat?" asked Sheriff.

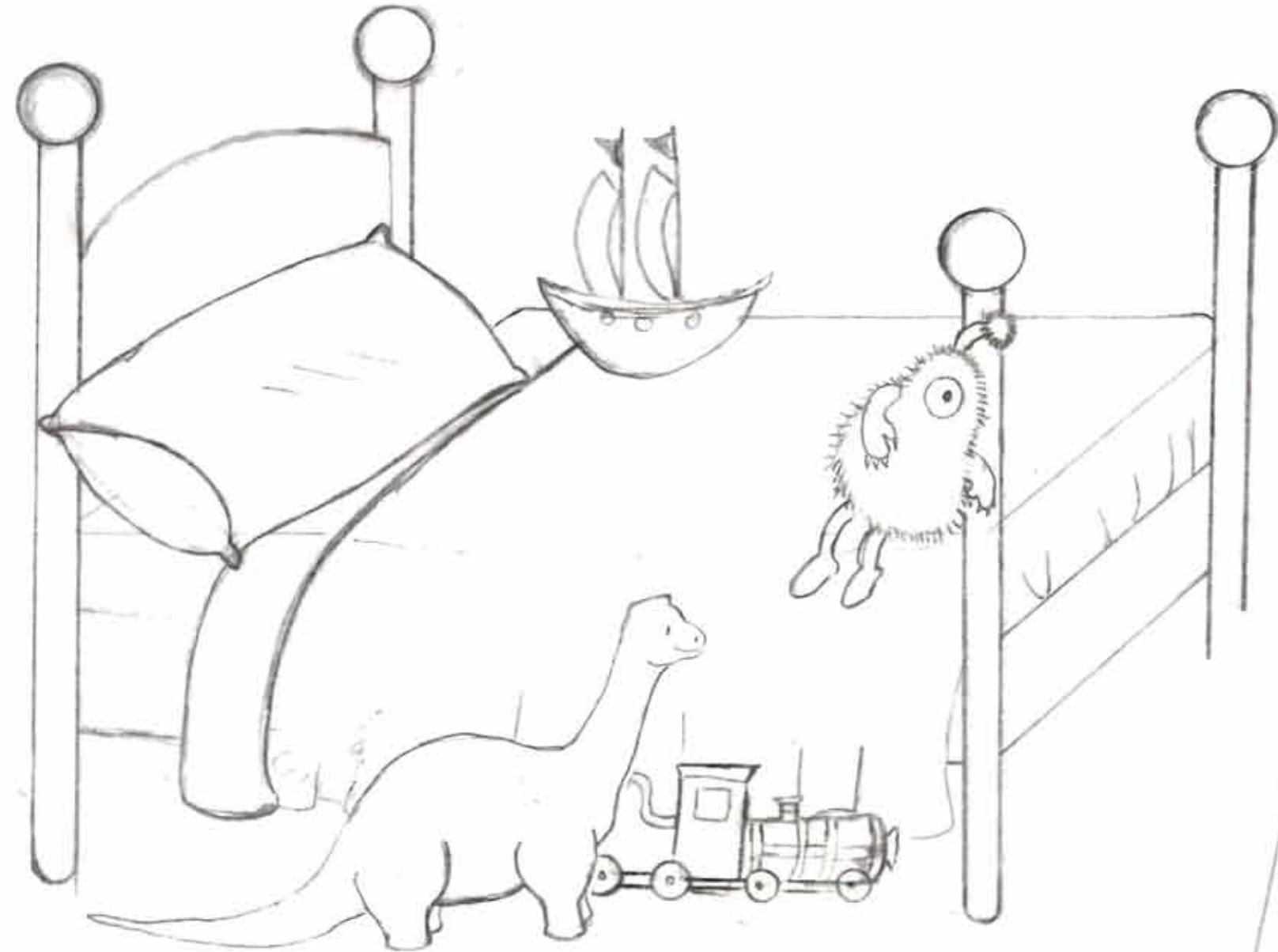
"How 'bout chocolate chip cookies?" said PJ. "Everybody loves those!"



"Yeah!" everybody cheered.

P.J. flew into the air, made his cape into a super slingshot, and flung chocolate chip cookies into outer space to lure the aliens away from Earth.

"I saved the world!" P.J. said the next morning. "If my dreams can be this exciting, maybe going to sleep isn't so bad after all."





"I really am Pajama Boy now!"