

*What Happens When I'm*  
*Asleep?*

DEBORAH MACKALL





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For those who question.

As always, I thank my parents for their ongoing love and support,  
and my brother, Greg, for all he is and does.

Thanks to all of my friends who helped and inspired me  
as I went through the process of writing and illustrating this book.

Thanks and appreciation to my Creativity Group,  
whose support helped immensely to give me  
the kick in the pants I needed when I needed it!

# With Love and Gratitude

Jean and Gary Mackall

Coreen and Doug Havron

The Campbell Family

Jill, Greg, Sarah and Daniel

Tekki Lomnicki

Bernice Polowy

Aidan Corbacioglu

Ellen Sharpe

Mary Neaver

Brian Flynn

David Chiesa

Andrea and Mark Sullivan

Patty Sprenger, Pure in Form, Grayslake

The Newells

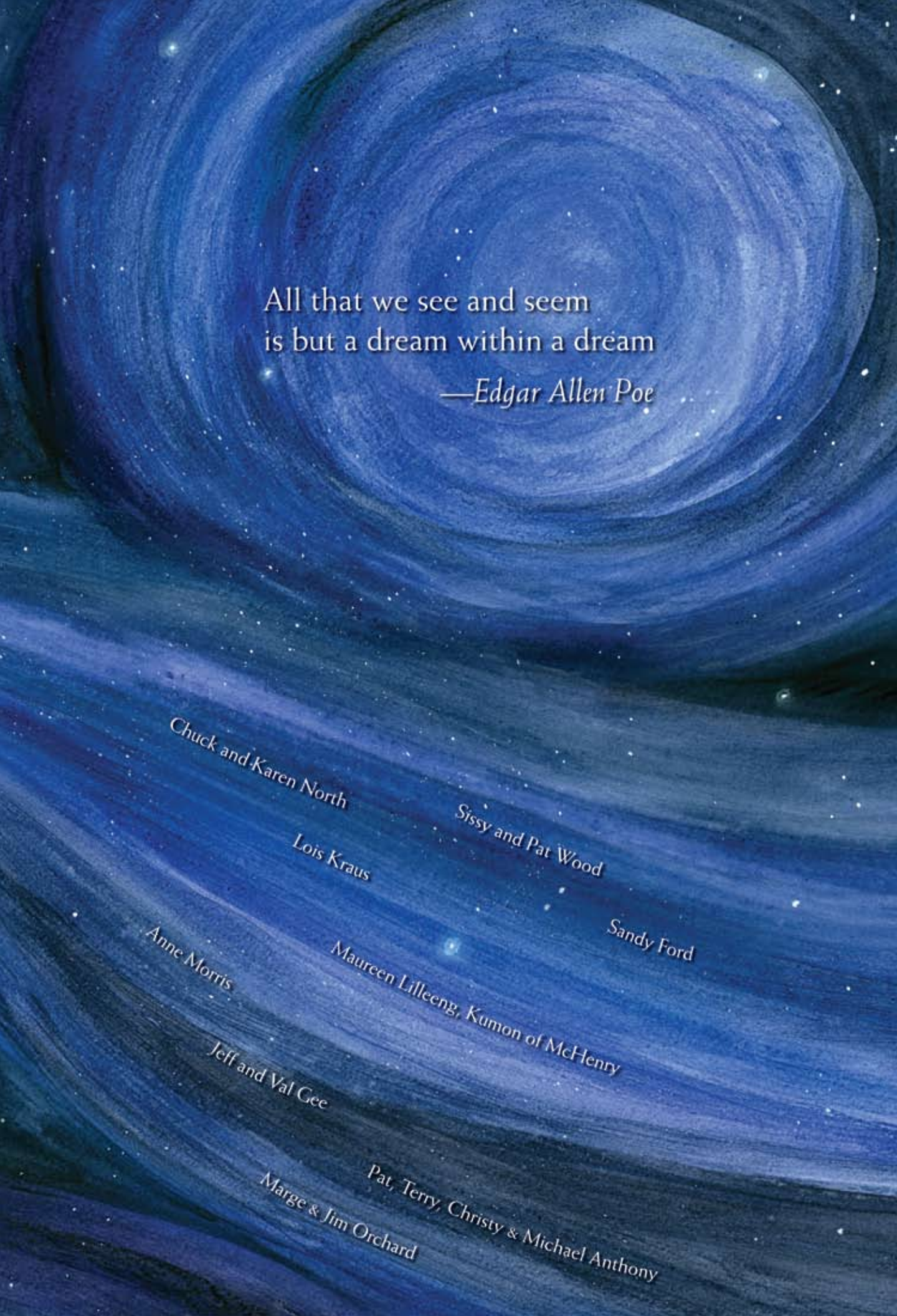
Julie & Judy Bugos

William Chiesa

Maggie & Charlie Wilkins

Fran Kalantzis





All that we see and seem  
is but a dream within a dream

—*Edgar Allen Poe*

Chuck and Karen North

Sissy and Pat Wood

Lois Kraus

Sandy Ford

Anne Morris

Maureen Lilleeng, Kumon of McHenry

Jeff and Val Gee

Pat, Terry, Christy & Michael Anthony

Marge & Jim Orchard









This I wonder as I lay down to sleep,  
What goes on in the darkness, do I dare peek?







While I'm sleeping, snug in my bed,  
Are my cats asleep on top of the spread?  
Do they slumber and dream, cozy with me,  
Are they running around awake as can be?

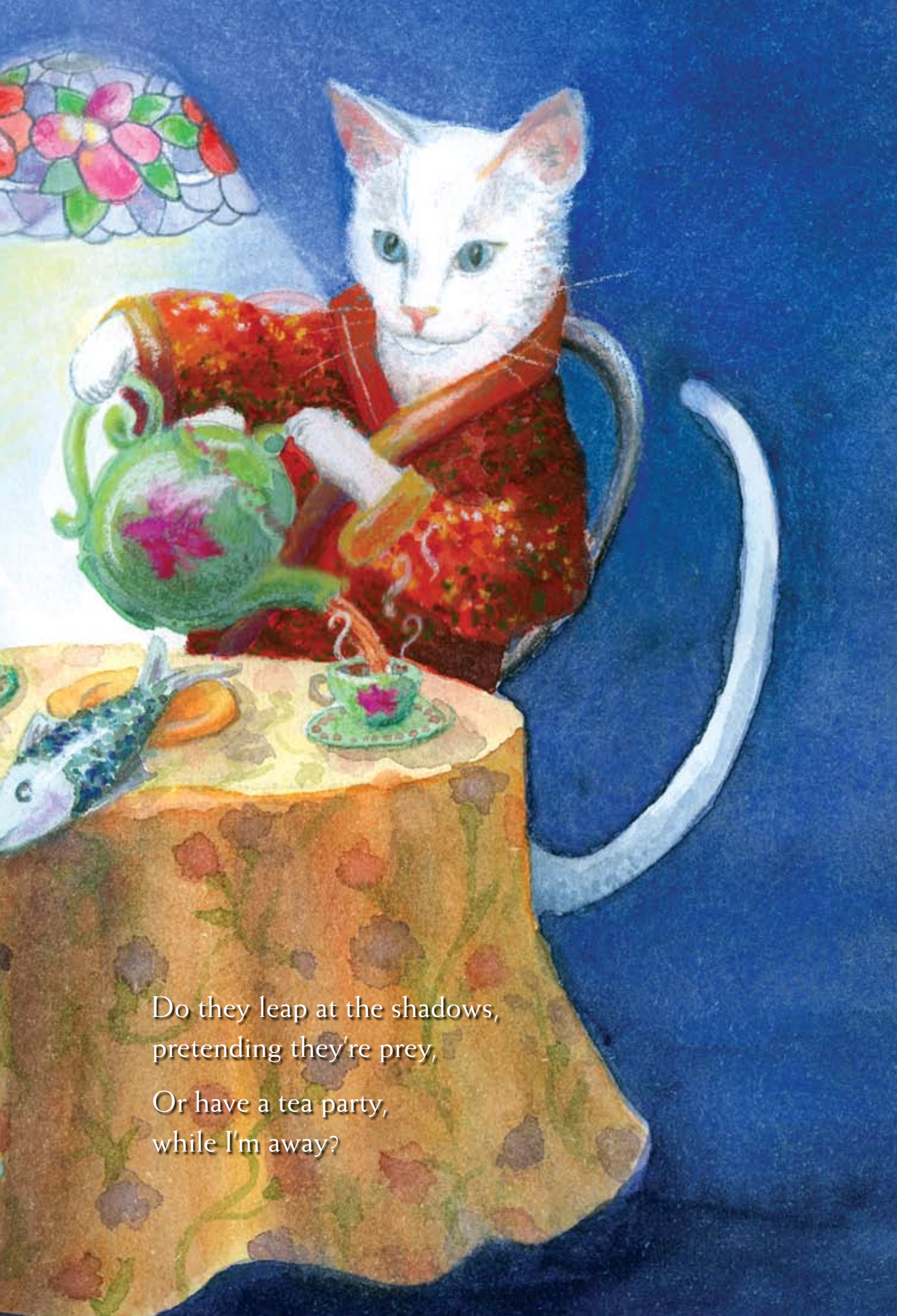




Do they dash around  
and chase their tails,  
Fly across the counter  
and upset the mail?



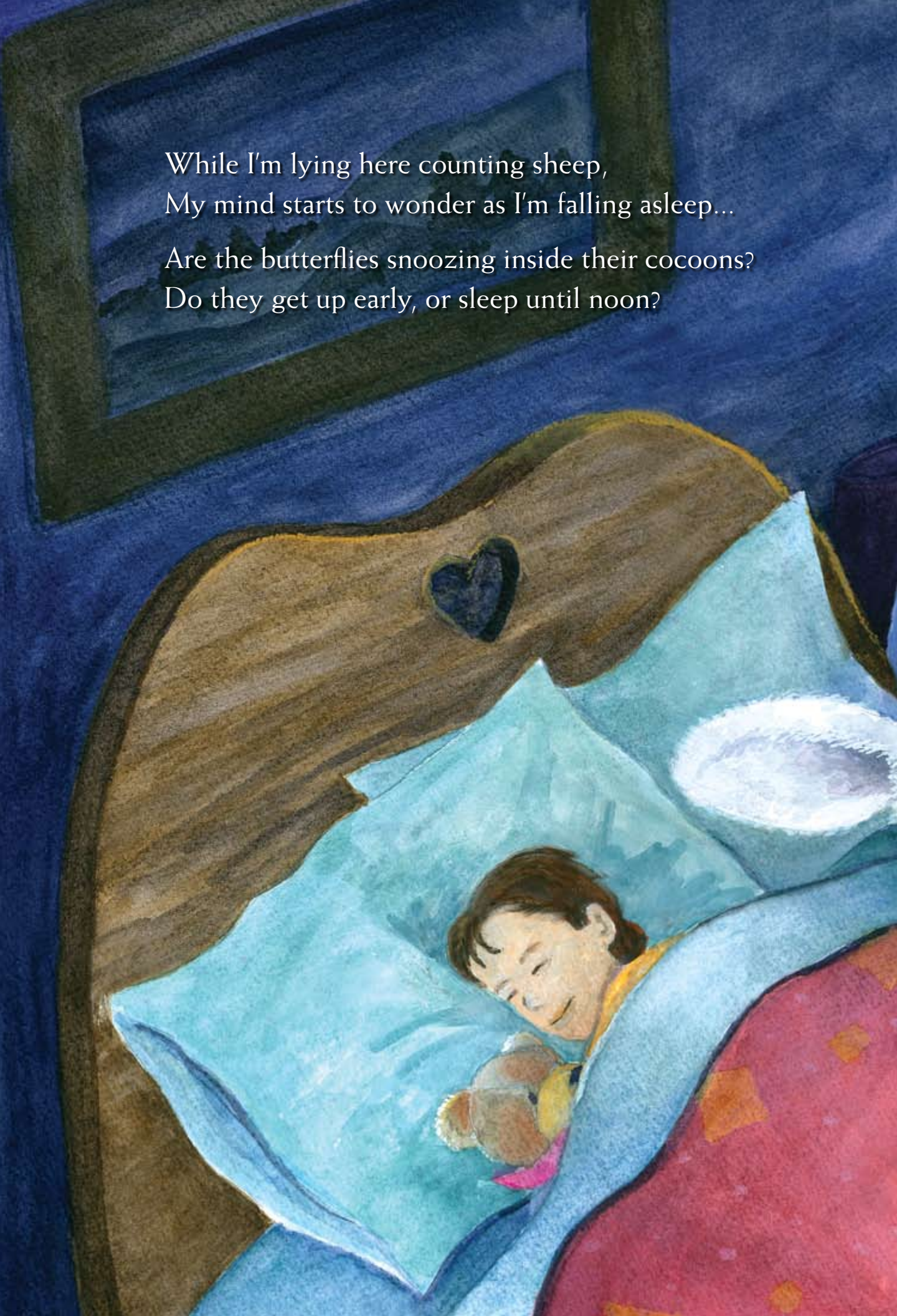




Do they leap at the shadows,  
pretending they're prey,  
Or have a tea party,  
while I'm away?



While I'm lying here counting sheep,  
My mind starts to wonder as I'm falling asleep...  
Are the butterflies snoozing inside their cocoons?  
Do they get up early, or sleep until noon?



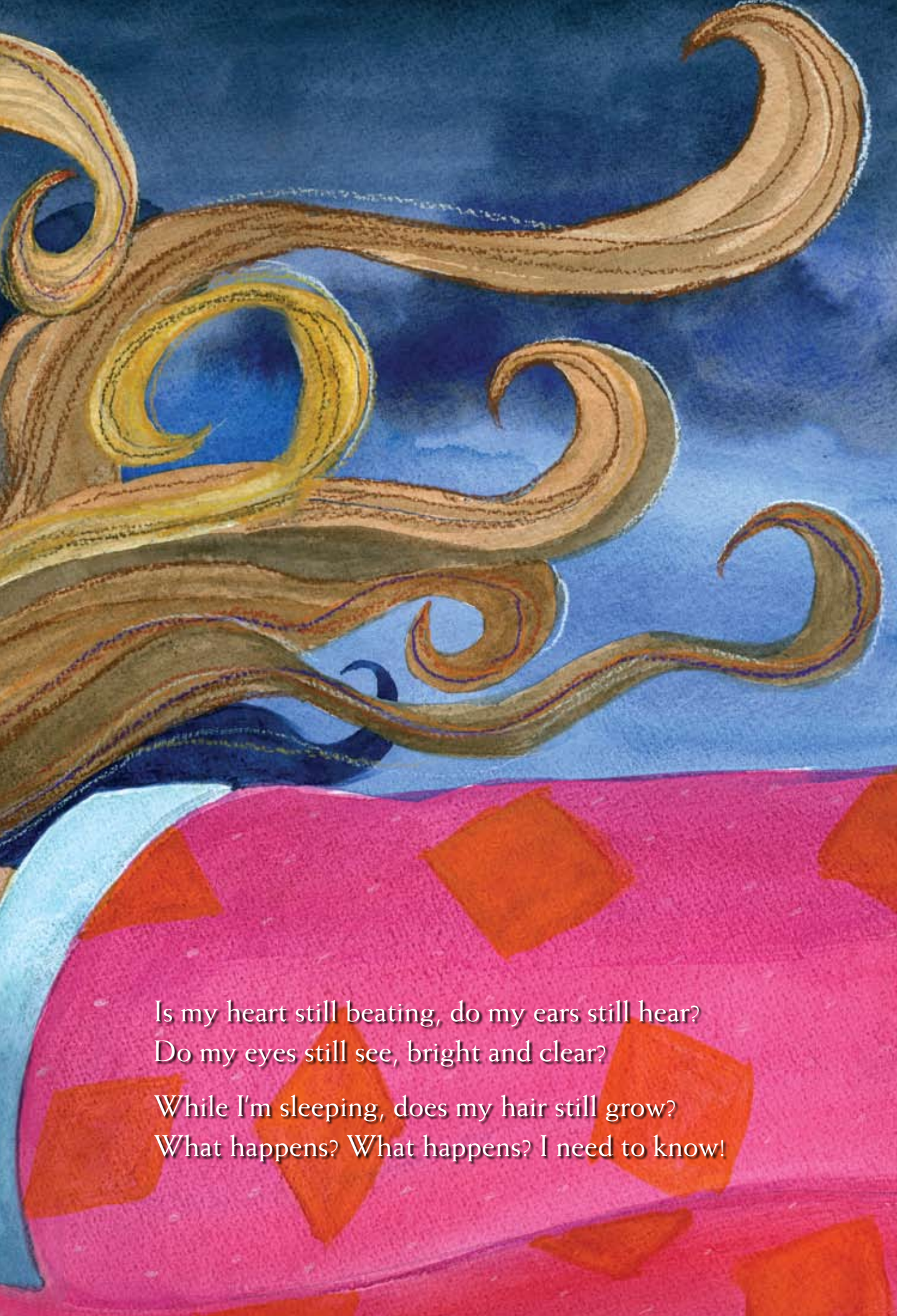










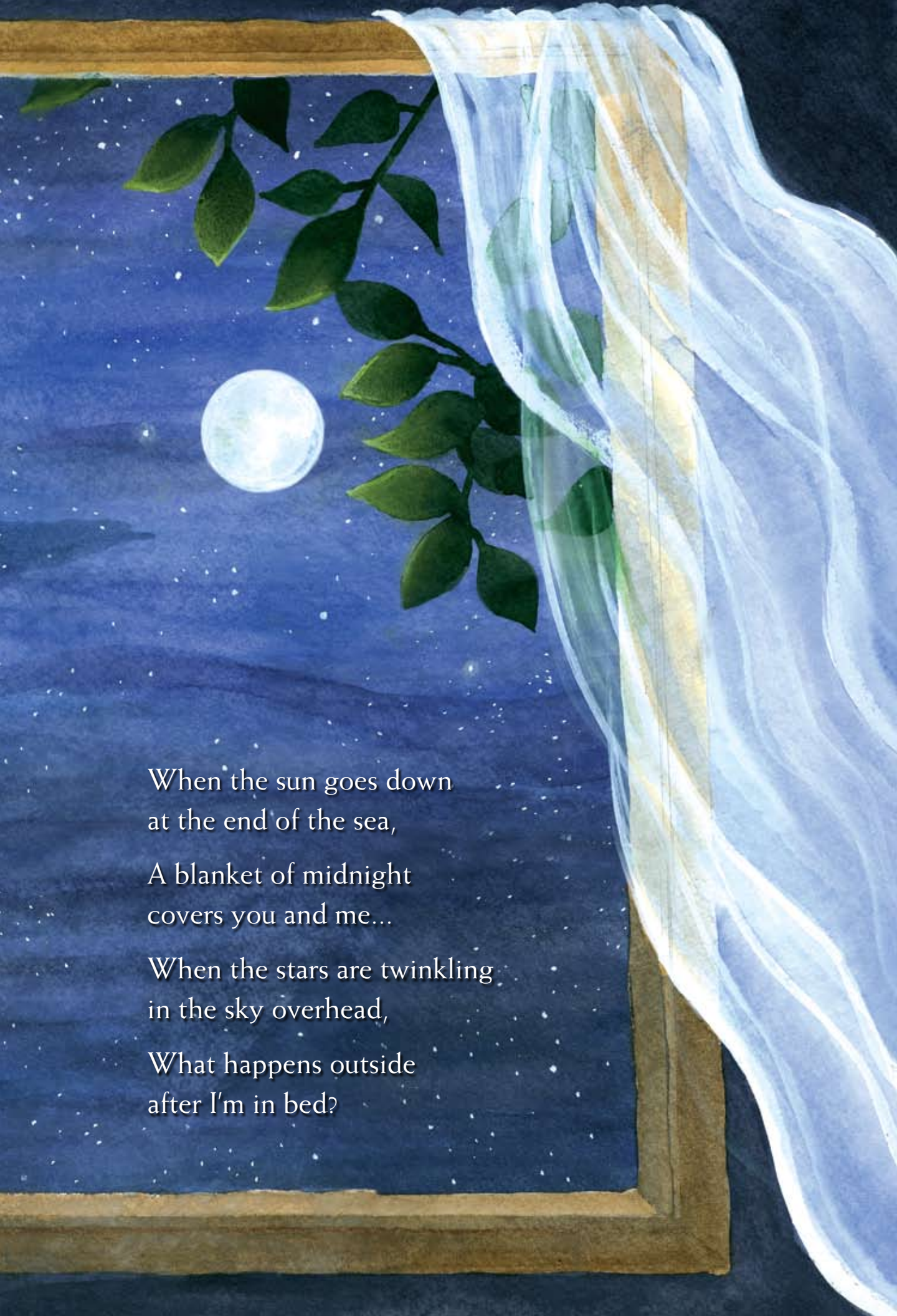


Is my heart still beating, do my ears still hear?  
Do my eyes still see, bright and clear?  
While I'm sleeping, does my hair still grow?  
What happens? What happens? I need to know!









When the sun goes down  
at the end of the sea,  
A blanket of midnight  
covers you and me...

When the stars are twinkling  
in the sky overhead,  
What happens outside  
after I'm in bed?

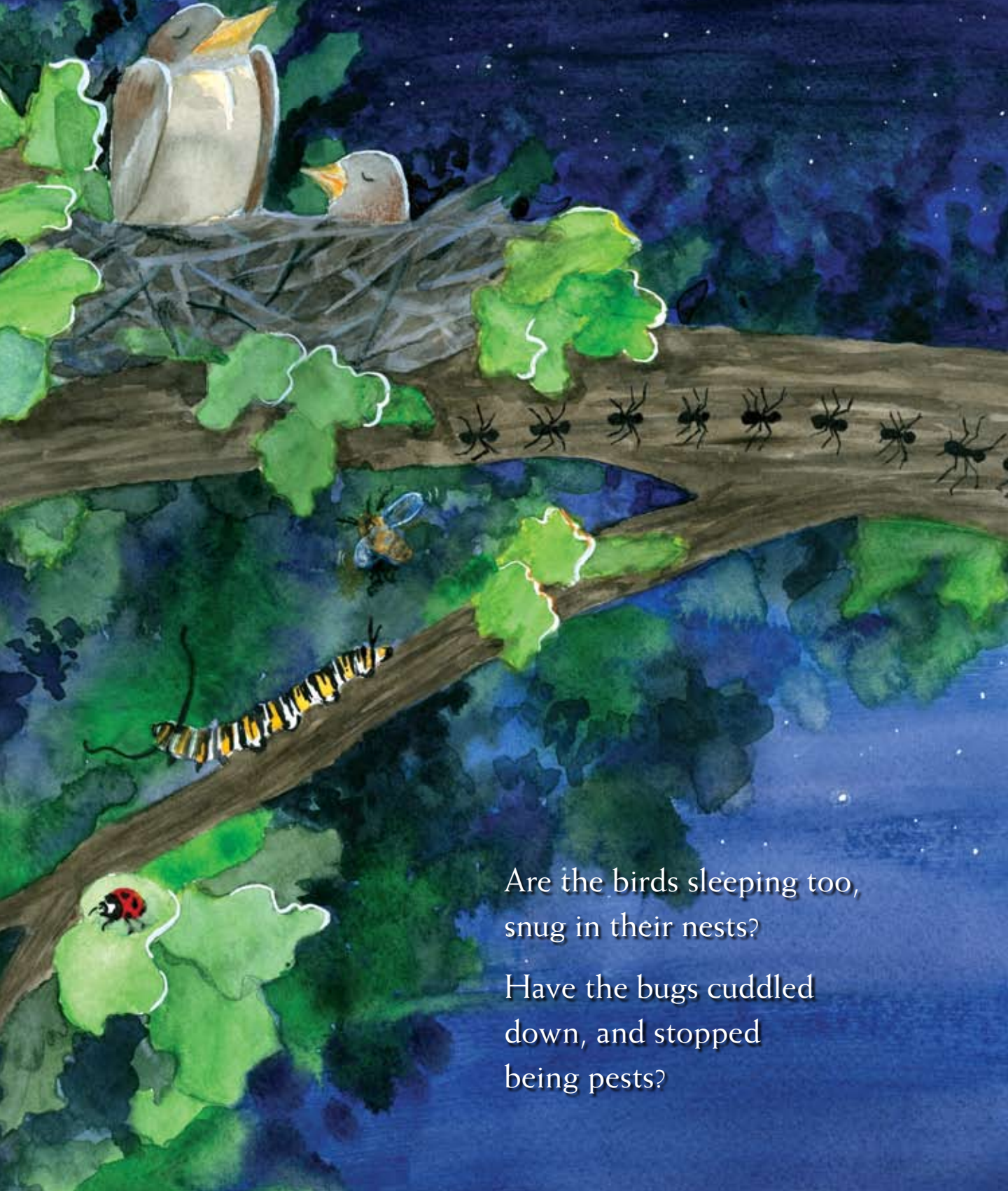






When I'm under the covers,  
alone in the dark,

Are the squirrels still  
running around in the park?



Are the birds sleeping too,  
snug in their nests?

Have the bugs cuddled  
down, and stopped  
being pests?

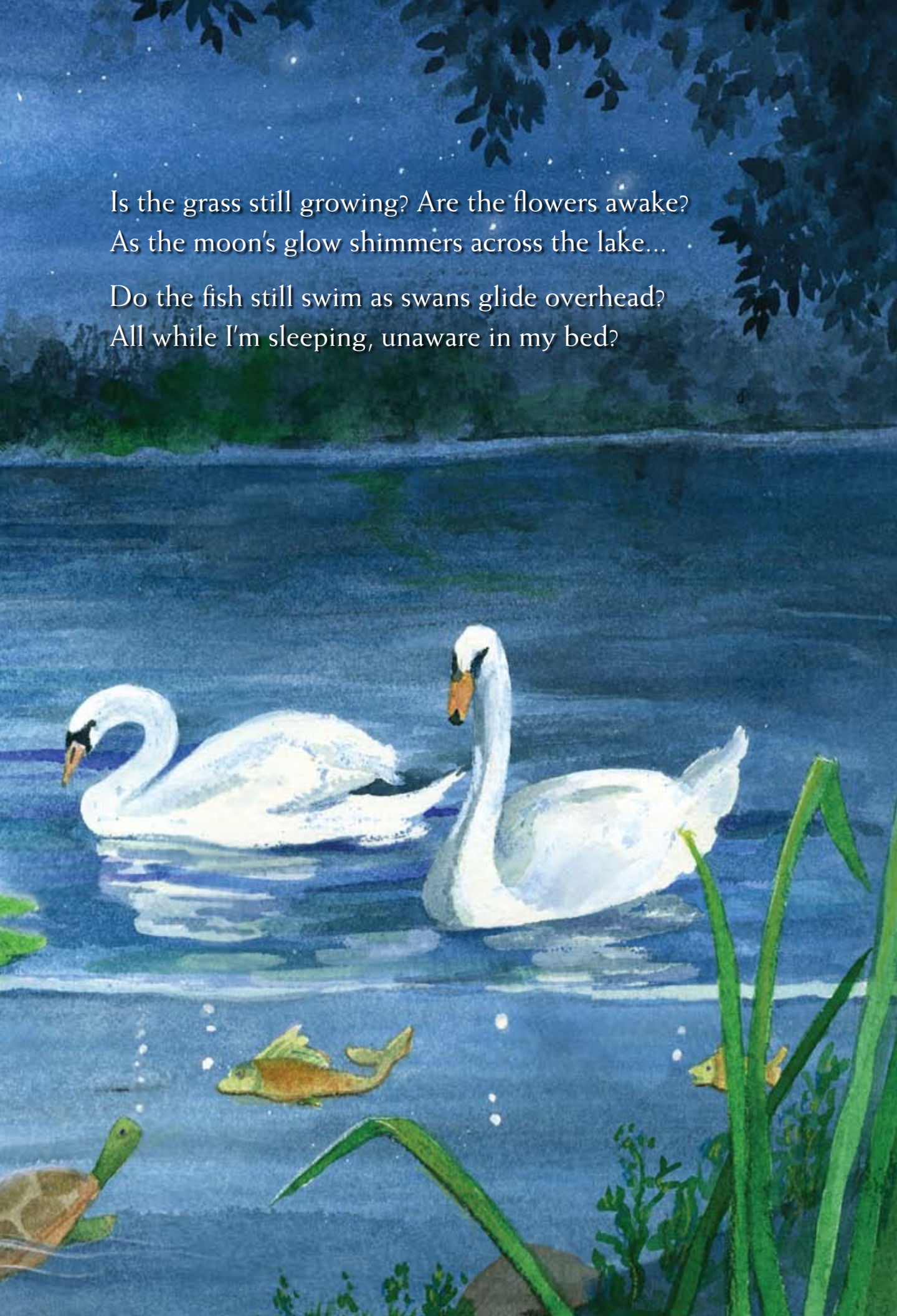






Is the grass still growing? Are the flowers awake?  
As the moon's glow shimmers across the lake...

Do the fish still swim as swans glide overhead?  
All while I'm sleeping, unaware in my bed?











While the starlight shines through my window pane,  
What will the frogs do if it starts to rain?

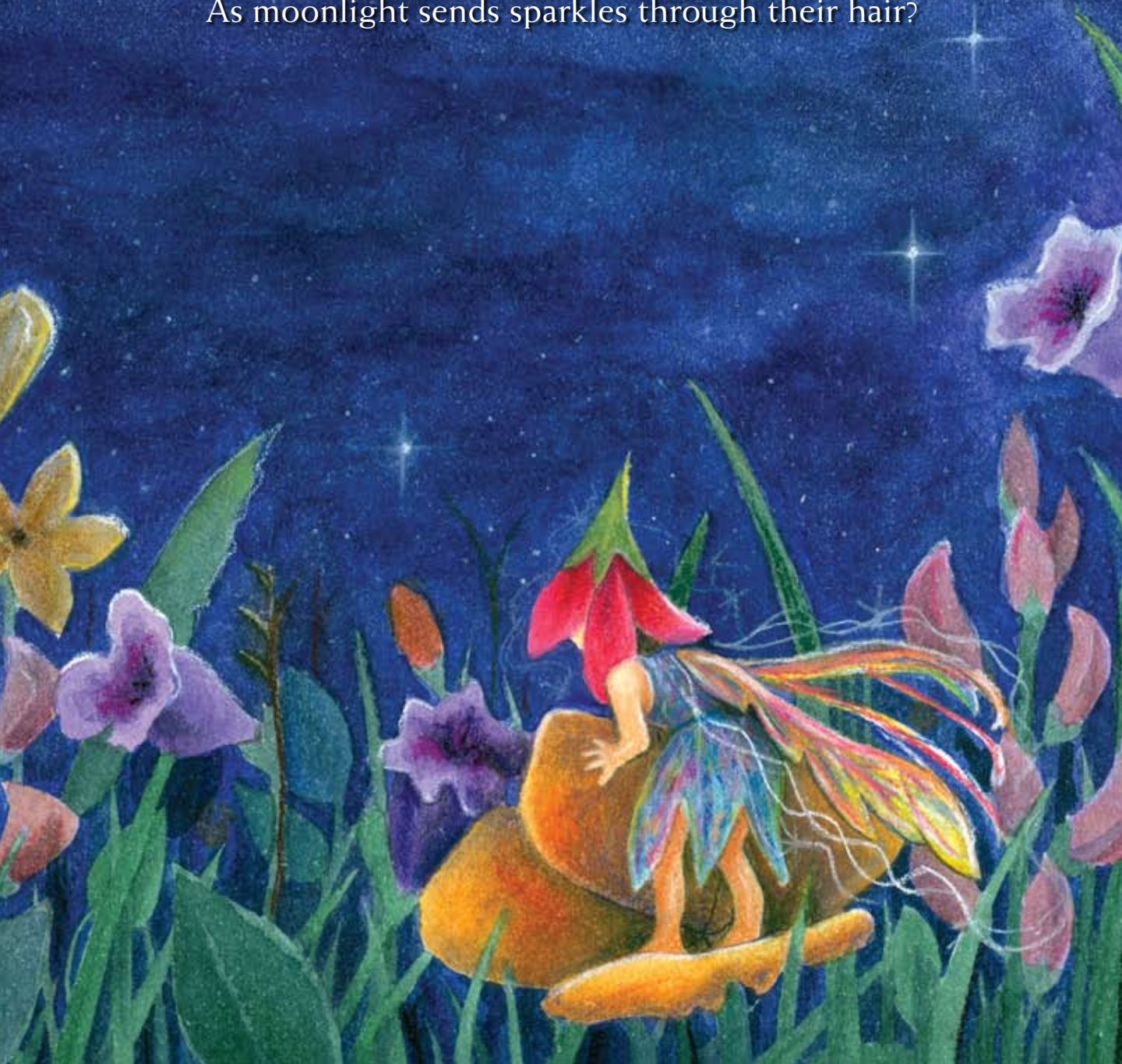
Will they hide by the pond under a lily pad?  
If they fall in and get wet will it make them mad?



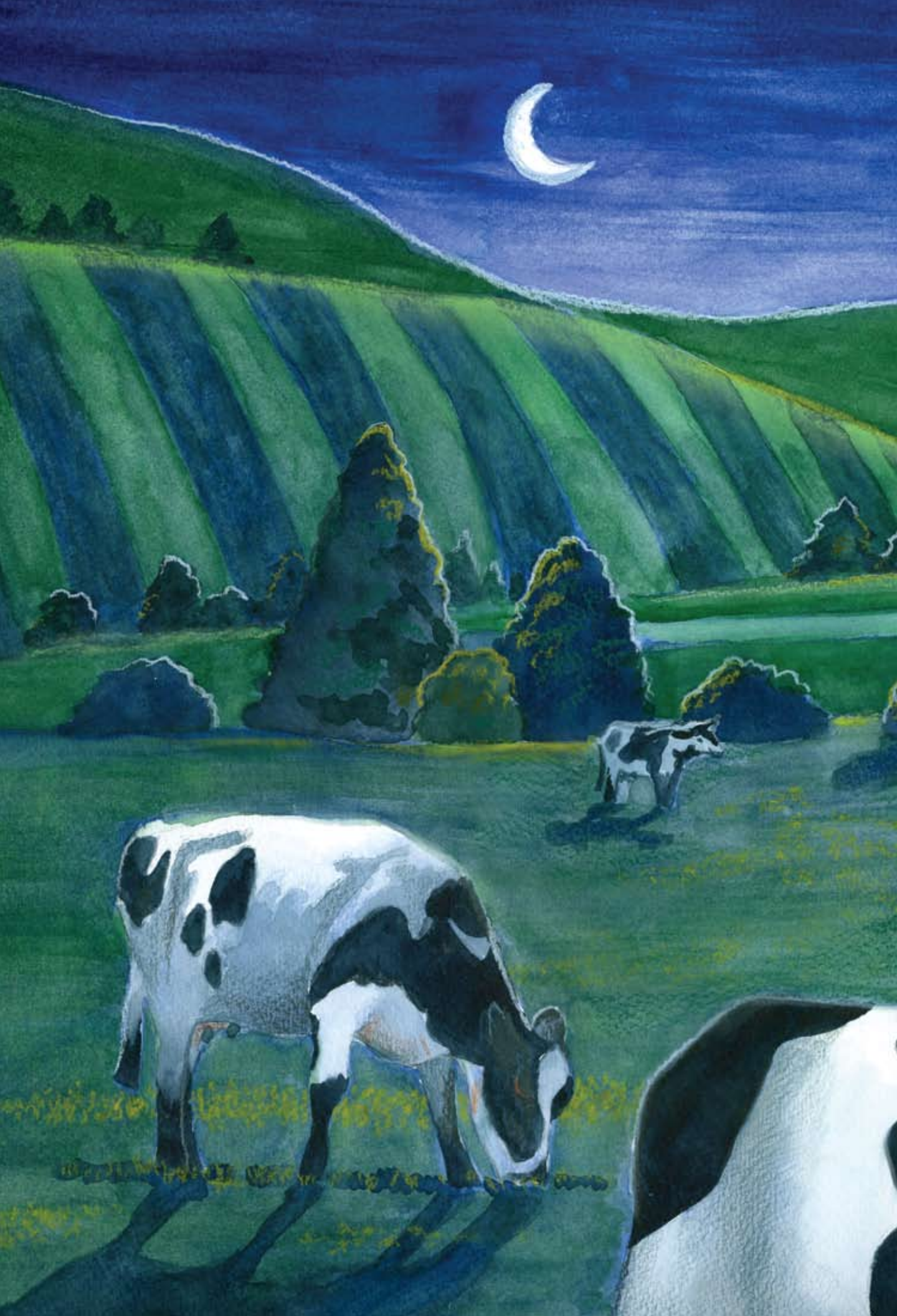




As I dance through dreamland, comfy and cozy,  
Are the fairies peeking from under the posies?  
Do they skip and twirl, and fly high in the air—  
As moonlight sends sparkles through their hair?

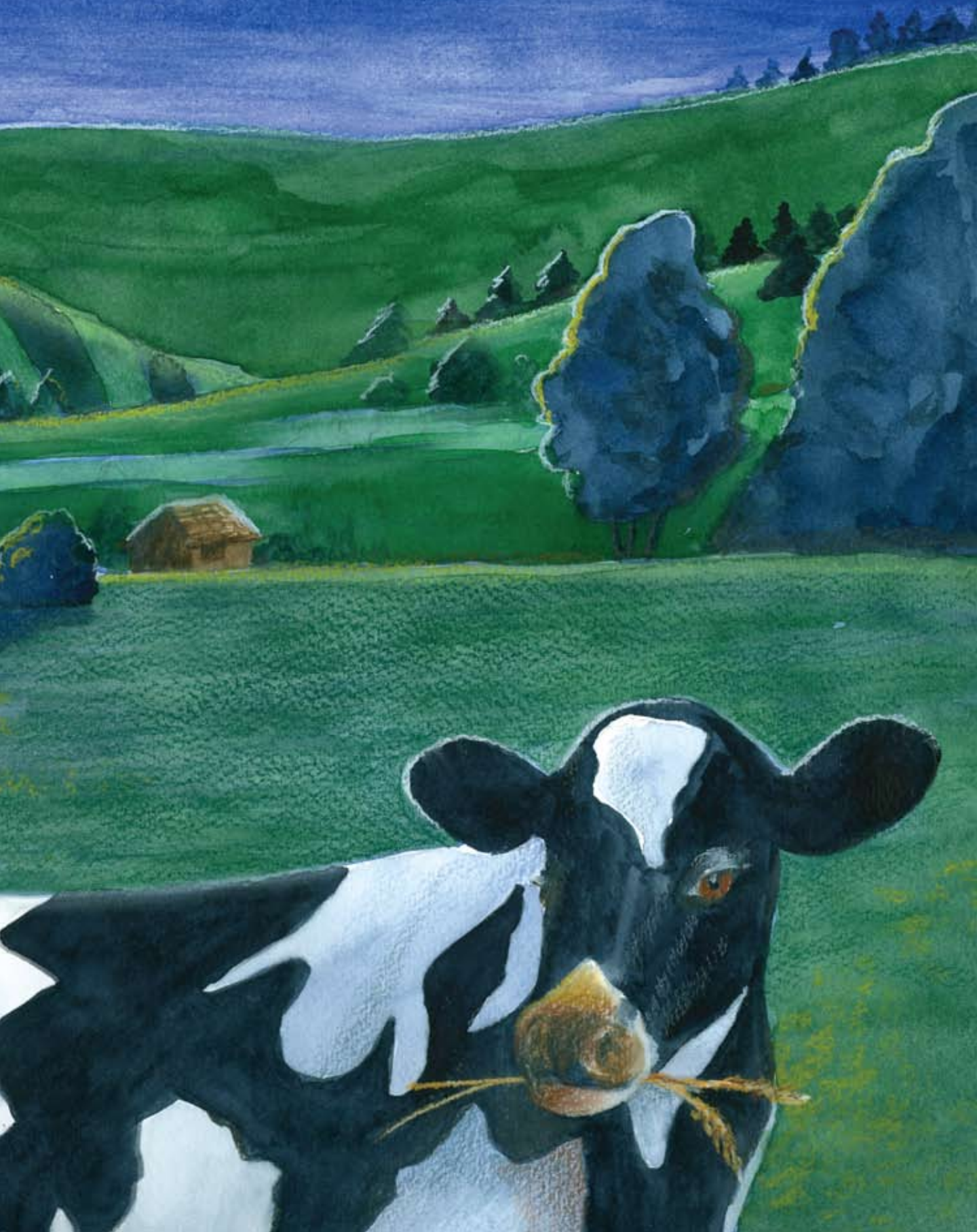




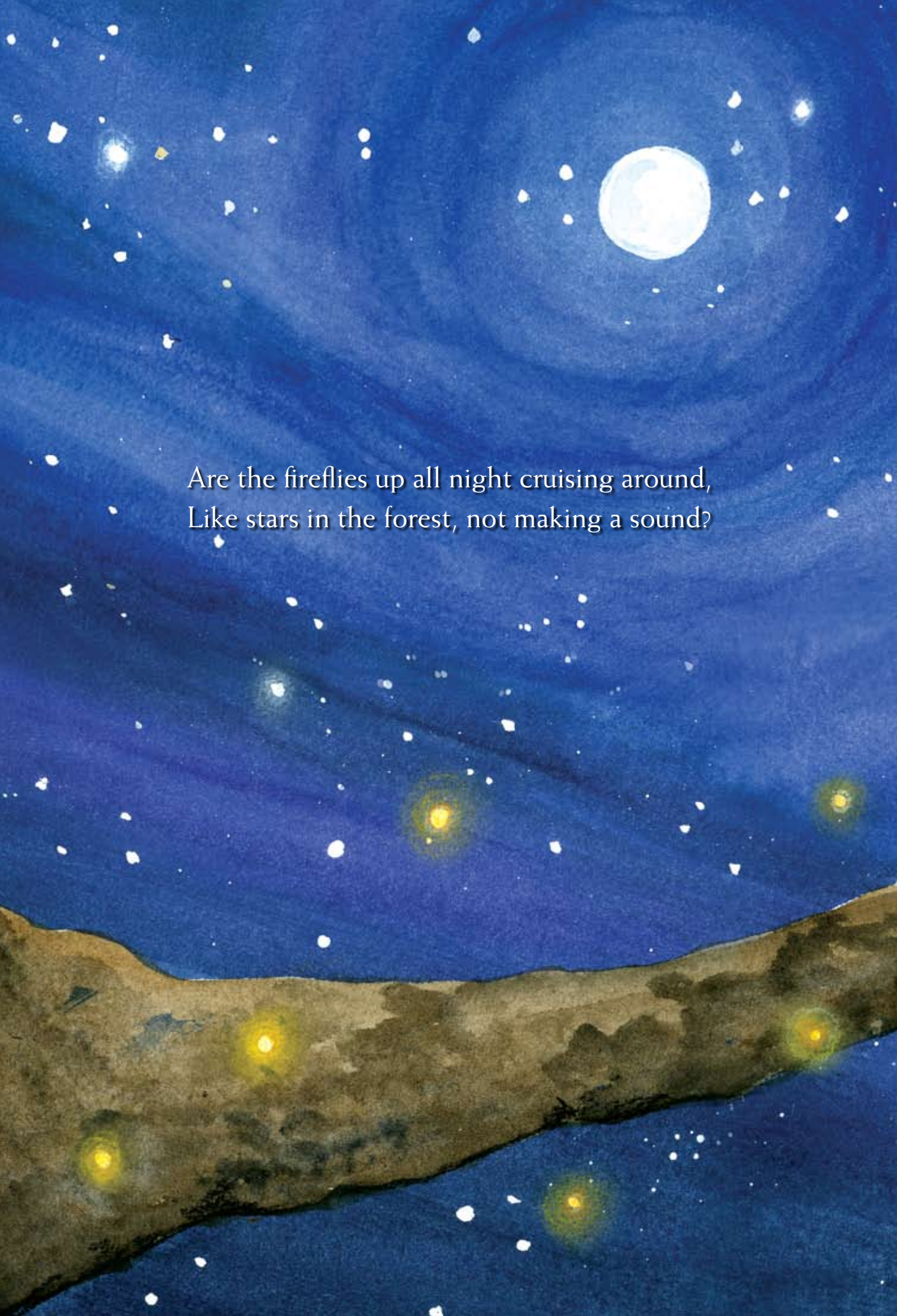




And what about cows, when night covers day?  
Are they out in the meadow, still eating hay?





A watercolor illustration of a night sky. A large, bright, pale yellow full moon is in the upper right. The sky is a deep blue with many small white stars. In the lower half, a dark, textured horizontal band represents the ground or a tree trunk. Several glowing yellow fireflies are scattered across the scene, some on the ground and some in the air, appearing as soft, out-of-focus lights. The overall style is soft and artistic, typical of children's book illustrations.

Are the fireflies up all night cruising around,  
Like stars in the forest, not making a sound?





When I lay down, I hear chirps from the cricket,  
Do owls go "Whoo" from outside in the thicket?







For now my questions will have to wait...  
I'm so sleepy and it's getting late.

I'm under the covers as safe as can be,  
An Angel watches over me.





As I roll over and turn off the light,  
I'll say "Goodnight, don't let the  
bedbugs bite!"

