

The Wandering Bed



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Freddie was a small boy with tousled chestnut-brown hair and a gap-toothed smile. Every night he climbed into his little wooden bed with the smiling moon carved on its headboard. The bed had four brass wheels that squeaked softly. Freddie pulled his soft yellow blanket up to his chin and fell fast asleep. But while he slept, something magical happened.



As soon as Freddie began to snore, the bed's brass wheels started to turn. Quietly, it rolled out of the bedroom and down the stairs. It slipped through the front door and into the moonlit night. The carved moon on the headboard glowed faintly as the wandering bed rolled along the sidewalk. Freddie slept on, dreaming of rocket ships.



One morning, Freddie woke to the smell of fresh bread. He sat up in his blue-and-white striped pajamas and looked around. He was parked right beside a bakery! A woman with a flour-dusted apron and a red kerchief waved at him. 'Good morning, sleepyhead!' she called. Freddie grinned and waved back. What a wonderful way to start the day.



The next morning, Freddie woke under a canopy of apple trees. The bed had rolled all the way to a lovely orchard! A tall man in a straw hat and green canvas jacket was pruning branches. 'You've found my orchard, young fellow,' he said with a smile. He handed Freddie a crisp red apple. Freddie took a big bite. It was the sweetest apple he had ever tasted.



Every night, the wandering bed rolled to new places. Freddie woke beside a duck pond, behind a tall clock tower, and even near a fire station. He never knew where he would end up. The bed's brass wheels squeaked with excitement. Freddie loved his night adventures. But one night, the bed rolled farther than ever before.



The bed rolled down strange streets and around unfamiliar corners. Its wheels spun faster and faster. Freddie slept through it all, hugging his yellow blanket. When he finally woke, the sun was just peeking over the rooftops. Nothing looked familiar. There was no bakery, no orchard, and no clock tower. Freddie's heart began to thump.



'Where are we?' Freddie whispered. The bed's wheels stopped squeaking. The carved moon on the headboard flickered, as if it were worried too. Freddie climbed out of bed and put on his red slippers. He looked down one street and then another. Everything was strange. He didn't know which way to go. He felt very small and very lost.



Freddie took a deep breath. 'Don't worry,' he told the bed. 'We'll find our way home.' He remembered the tall clock tower he had seen from the orchard. If he could find that, he could find his way. He pushed the bed along the sidewalk. At the corner, a friendly dog wagged its tail and pointed its nose toward a tall steeple. Freddie followed.



Soon Freddie smelled something warm and sweet. 'Bread!' he cried. He followed the smell down a winding street. There was the bakery! The kind baker with the flour-dusted apron rushed out. 'Freddie! I've been looking for you,' she said. 'Your bed rolled right past my window in the middle of the night. I knew you'd need help getting home.'



The baker filled a wicker basket with fresh bread. 'I'll leave a trail of breadcrumbs,' she said. 'Follow them and they'll lead you straight home.' She began to scatter crumbs along the sidewalk. Freddie pushed the bed and followed the trail. 'Thank you!' he called. The baker waved. 'Off you go, little adventurer!' The bed's wheels squeaked happily.



The breadcrumb trail led past the duck pond and around the tall clock tower. Freddie recognized each landmark. 'We're almost home!' he cheered. The bed rolled faster. But then the trail stopped. A flock of hungry pigeons had eaten the last crumbs! Freddie looked around. He could see his own street just ahead. 'We can make it!' he said.



Freddie pushed the bed with all his might. The brass wheels squeaked and spun. 'Just a little farther,' he puffed. The bed seemed to understand. Its carved moon glowed bright. Together, they rolled up the front walk and through the door. Freddie's mom was waiting with a warm hug. 'I'm so glad you're home!' she said. Freddie hugged her tight.



That night, Freddie climbed into his bed and pulled up his yellow blanket. The bed's wheels stayed still. The carved moon smiled down at him. 'No more wandering for a while,' Freddie whispered. 'Home is the coziest place of all.' He fell asleep feeling safe and warm. And the bed, for once, stayed put.



In the morning, Freddie woke in his own room. Sunlight danced on his rocket patch. He stretched and smiled. He loved his night adventures, but waking up at home was the best feeling. He patted the carved moon on the headboard. 'Maybe we'll wander again someday,' he said. The bed's wheels gave a tiny, happy squeak.



Freddie told his mom all about the bakery and the orchard and the breadcrumb trail. She listened with wide eyes. 'You are a brave boy,' she said. 'And very good at finding your way home.' Freddie beamed. He knew that no matter how far the wandering bed rolled, he could always find his way back. Home was always waiting for him.



And so Freddie and the wandering bed lived happily. Some nights the bed stayed still, and some nights it rolled away. But Freddie never worried. He knew the neighborhood was full of kind people and helpful landmarks. And he knew that home, with its warm hugs and soft blanket, was the coziest, most comforting place of all.