

To Spike  
—R.S.



# Splat<sup>the</sup> Cat

## Good Night, Sleep Tight



Based on the bestselling books  
by Rob Scotton

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Splat was happy.

It was almost night.

He was getting ready  
to camp under the moonlight!

“Everything is just right,”

Splat told his mom.

“I have my sleeping bag.

I have my flashlight.”

“And I have a surprise,”

said Splat’s mom.

“Let’s go outside.”





Mom and Splat  
went into the garden.  
They pulled back the tent flaps.

Splat peered inside the tent.  
Two sets of eyes peered back.  
“Say hello to Spike and Plank,”  
said Splat’s mom.  
“They are camping here tonight!”



Splat felt his whiskers  
wobble with fright.  
“Mom,” whispered Splat,  
“I don’t like Spike.”  
“You might like him better  
if you spent some time together,”  
said Splat’s mom.  
“You’ll see.  
Everything will be just right.”





“I’m hungry,” said Spike.

“What did you bring  
for me to eat?”

“I have some fish cakes,”

Splat said.

“Yum,” said Spike.

He gobbled them up in delight.







“Look,” said Splat.

“The stars are so bright.

I see at least a million.”

“I see seventy-one,” said Plank.

“I see nothing,” said Spike,

“but two silly cats

looking at the moonlight.”

"It's getting late," said Splat.

"Let's try to sleep."

But Plank could not rest.



"My sleeping bag  
is much too tight," he said.



Plank tossed. He turned.

He struggled, stretched, and strained.



"You're welcome," said Spike.







Splat was just about to fall asleep  
when something felt wrong.  
He saw a dark shadow  
creep up the tent wall.

“Run for your lives!”  
Splat shouted  
with all his might.





# SPLAT!

“Oh my.”

Spike laughed.

“Did I give you a fright?”



“What’s the big deal?” said Spike.

“Everything is all right.”

Splat did not think so.

But he was too tired  
to pick a fight.





One by one,  
Splat's whiskers drooped.  
One by one,  
his eyes shut tight.



Suddenly, Spike sprang up.  
“What’s wrong?” said Splat.  
“There’s something strange  
crawling up my leg!” yelled Spike.

“Mommy!” screamed Spike.

He scrambled out of his sleeping bag.

He stumbled out of the tent.

When Spike took flight,

he took the whole tent

down with him.



“Oh, Seymour!” said Splat.

“It was just you.”



“It’s all right, Spike!

Come back!” said Splat and Plank.

“We will protect each other  
for the rest of the night.”





“Promise?” sniffled Spike.

“Promise,” said Splat.

“Now good night,” said Splat.

“Sleep tight,” said Plank.

“See you in the morning light,”  
said Spike.

For three friends  
who camped out that night,  
everything turned out just right.

