AWAKE ALL NIGHT!

By Cameron Pendergraft

Illustrated by Jennifer Tipton Cappoen

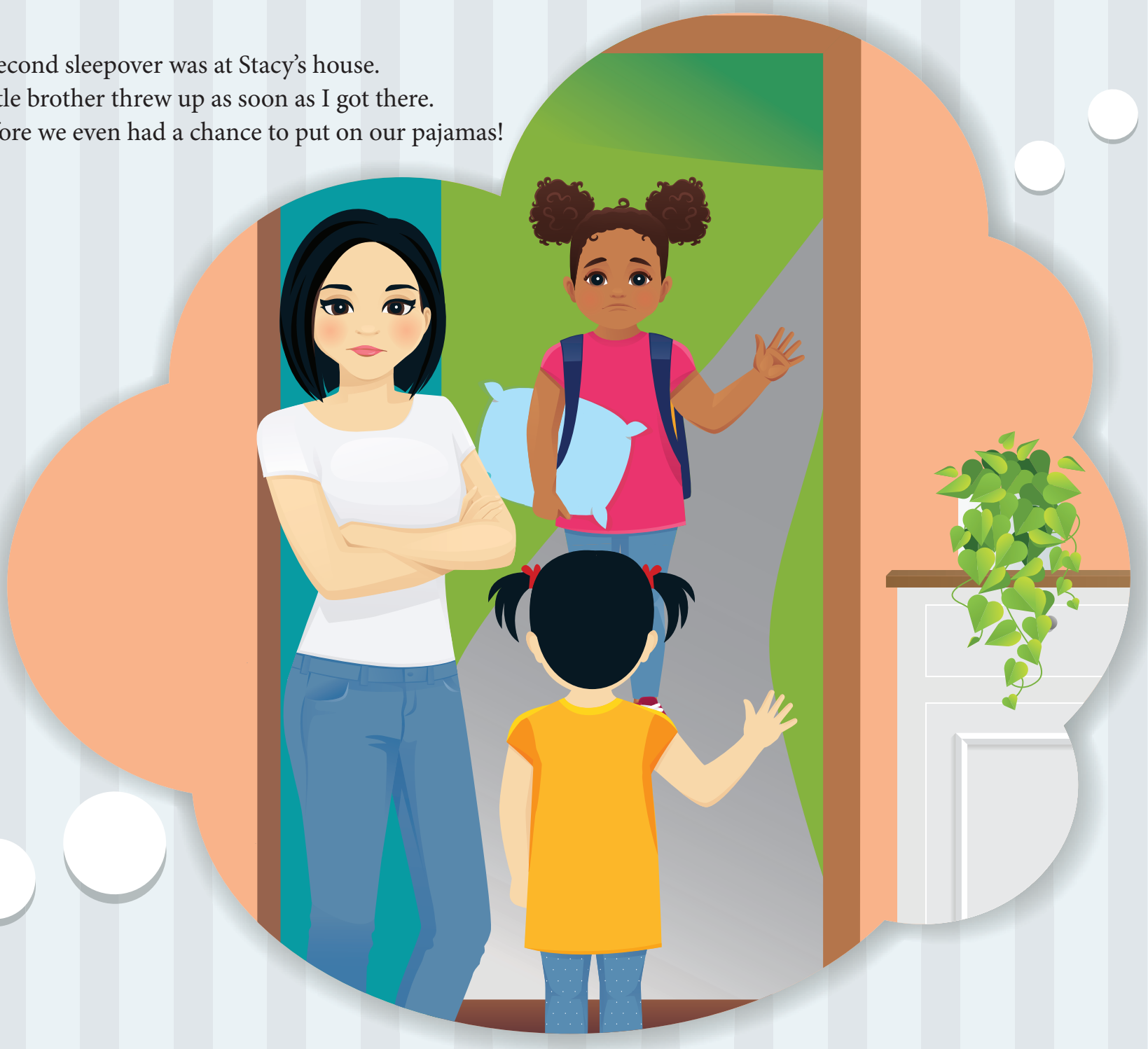
My mom told me that when I turned nine years old,
she would let me have a friend over to spend the night.
A *sleepover!*

She added that my guest and I would be allowed to
"camp out" in my playroom. I liked that idea.

I was thrilled!

Last year I was eight.

I could only count three times in my entire life when I had slept anywhere other than somewhere we had gone on vacation or were at home.

Once, Susan invited me to stay over. I was seven.
Her mother *made* us eat *green beans. Gross!*
I'm pretty sure that was what caused me to wet her bed.
I cried a lot until my dad came to get me.

My second sleepover was at Stacy's house.
But her little brother threw up as soon as I got there.
I had to leave before we even had a chance to put on our pajamas!