

Timid Tim and the Cuggy Thief by John Prater

Tim was a shy little boy.

He wasn't very brave, and didn't like noisy, messy fun or being splashed or rough and tumbles.

He didn't like big adventures.

He only wanted to be still and quiet, with his special soft and sleepy blanket, his cuggy. He took his cuggy everywhere, and kept it close by him always.

The other children would sometimes tease him by singing the CUGGY THIEF SONG!

*Look out! Beware the cuggy thief
Who creeps around at night,
And steals away your favourite things
If you don't hold them tight!
They say he can be frightened off
If you put up a fight!
But none of us would ever dare
Face such an awful sight.*



One dark and windy night Tim lay in bed holding his cuggy tight. But when he fell asleep, he tossed and turned- and let it go!

A chilling blast of air blew through the bedroom, and Tim woke to find his cuggy gone.

He let out a little cry, which grew bigger, and bigger, and bigger until he yelled at the top of his voice, "Come back you thief! You rascal! Give me back my cuggy!"