



So Willa tried to think of something happy,
but she couldn't.

"Willoughby," called Willa. "Are you
still there?"



"Yes," answered Willoughby. "I'm still here."

"What can I think of that's happy?"
asked Willa.

"Oh, lots of things," said Willoughby.
"Tell me. Tell me something happy
before I go to sleep."



Willoughby thought for a moment.
Then he said,
"Willa, look under your bed."