

# HENRY'S NIGHT

The illustration is a stylized, colorful scene. In the foreground, a large, yellow, wide-brimmed hat with a purple band is tilted. Below it, a character with a large, round, yellow eye and a black mask is visible. To the right, another character is holding a glowing, multi-colored object. The background features a dark, silhouetted landscape with a greenish-yellow sky. The overall style is reminiscent of a children's book illustration.

*Inspired by Henry David Thoreau's Walden*

Written by D. B. JOHNSON and LINDA MICHELIN

Illustrated by D. B. JOHNSON



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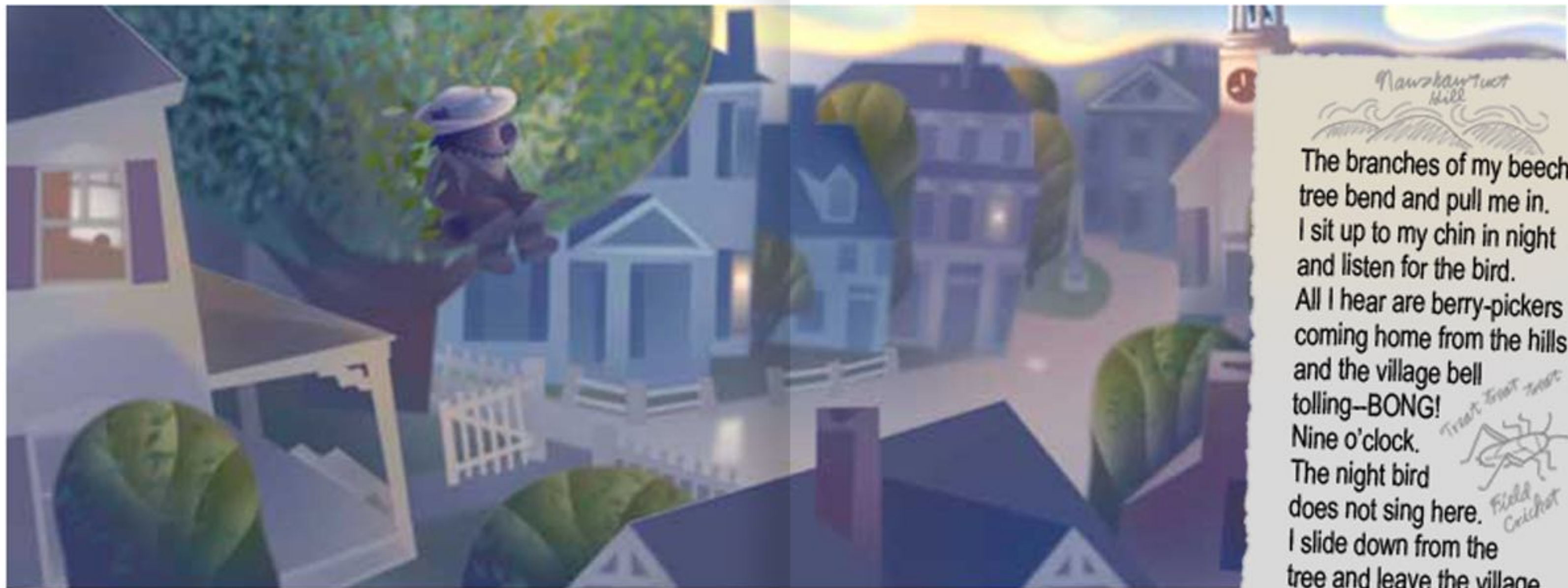
ILLUSTRATED BY D.B. JOHNSON



July 12

I cannot sleep.  
The sounds of the village  
keep me awake. The  
evening train whistles.  
Dogs bark.  
And from the room below,  
voices drift up to me.  
If only I could hear the song  
the night bird sings. I take  
my collecting jar  
and go down the stairs.





*Newshawt  
Hill*

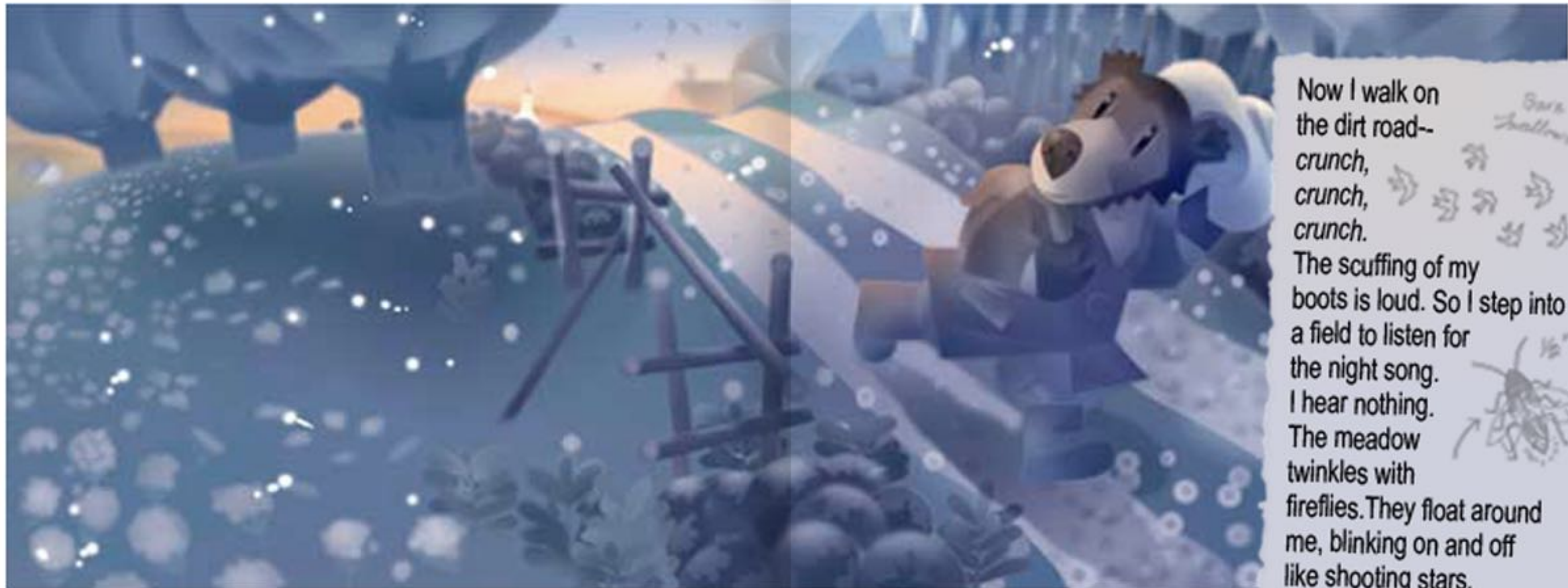
The branches of my beech  
tree bend and pull me in.  
I sit up to my chin in night  
and listen for the bird.  
All I hear are berry-pickers  
coming home from the hills  
and the village bell  
tolling—BONG!  
Nine o'clock.  
The night bird  
does not sing here.  
I slide down from the  
tree and leave the village.

*Treat Treat Treat*



*Field  
Cricket*






Now I walk on  
the dirt road--  
crunch,  
crunch,  
crunch.

The scuffing of my  
boots is loud. So I step into  
a field to listen for  
the night song.  
I hear nothing.  
The meadow  
twinkles with  
fireflies. They float around  
me, blinking on and off  
like shooting stars.

Bear's  
shadow





I capture fireflies. They fill  
my jar with light.

A bird swoops  
low to my lantern,  
and I ask--



Are you the one who  
sings the song of night?  
*Peeent!*

Not I, the nighthawk says  
as it wings  
to the woods.



I run after,  
spilling fireflies as I go.  
The village clock strikes ten.

A great bedtime read, as  
mysterious and thought-  
provoking as a zen koan.

Starred Review  
Kirkus  
March 2009