He's quite good at climbing.
He knows how to swing.
But sleeping's his favourite,
favourite thing!
This book belongs to

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One day, Mr Sloth came to visit. He said:

I’m sleepy! I need a good branch for a bed!
I’m quite good at climbing. I know how to swing.

But sleeping’s my favourite, favourite thing!
This branch looks lovely!
I think I’ll sleep here.

And you? Don’t you think that’s a splendid idea?
Oh no, Mr Sloth! A giraffe’s eating there!

He might think you’re lunch and start nibbling your hair!
This branch looks lovely! I think I’ll sleep here.

And you? Don’t you think that’s a splendid idea?
Oh no, Mr Sloth! There’s a beehive right there!

You’ll never get sleep with those bees everywhere!
This branch looks lovely! I think I’ll sleep here.

And you? Don’t you think that’s a splendid idea?
Oh no, Mr Sloth, that’s a snake over there!

Not a branch! Poor old snake. You gave him quite a scare.
This branch looks lovely!  
I think I’ll sleep here.  

And you? Don’t you think that’s a splendid idea?
Oh no, Mr Sloth! There’s a bird squawking there!

You’ll never get sleep with that noise in the air!
Try climb one more branch, Mr Sloth! they all said.

And that branch was just the right one for his bed.
The bird and the snake, the giraffe and each bee were happy to have Mr Sloth in their tree.
He’s quite good at climbing.
He knows how to swing.
But sleeping’s his favourite, favourite thing!