

50 BELOW ZERO

Story by
Robert Munsch

Art by
**Michael
Martchenko**

CLASSIC  MUNSCH

50 Below Zero

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STORY by
ROBERT MUNSCH.

ART by
MICHAEL
MARTCHENKO



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To Jason, Watson Lake
and Tyya, Whitehorse,
Yukon Territory

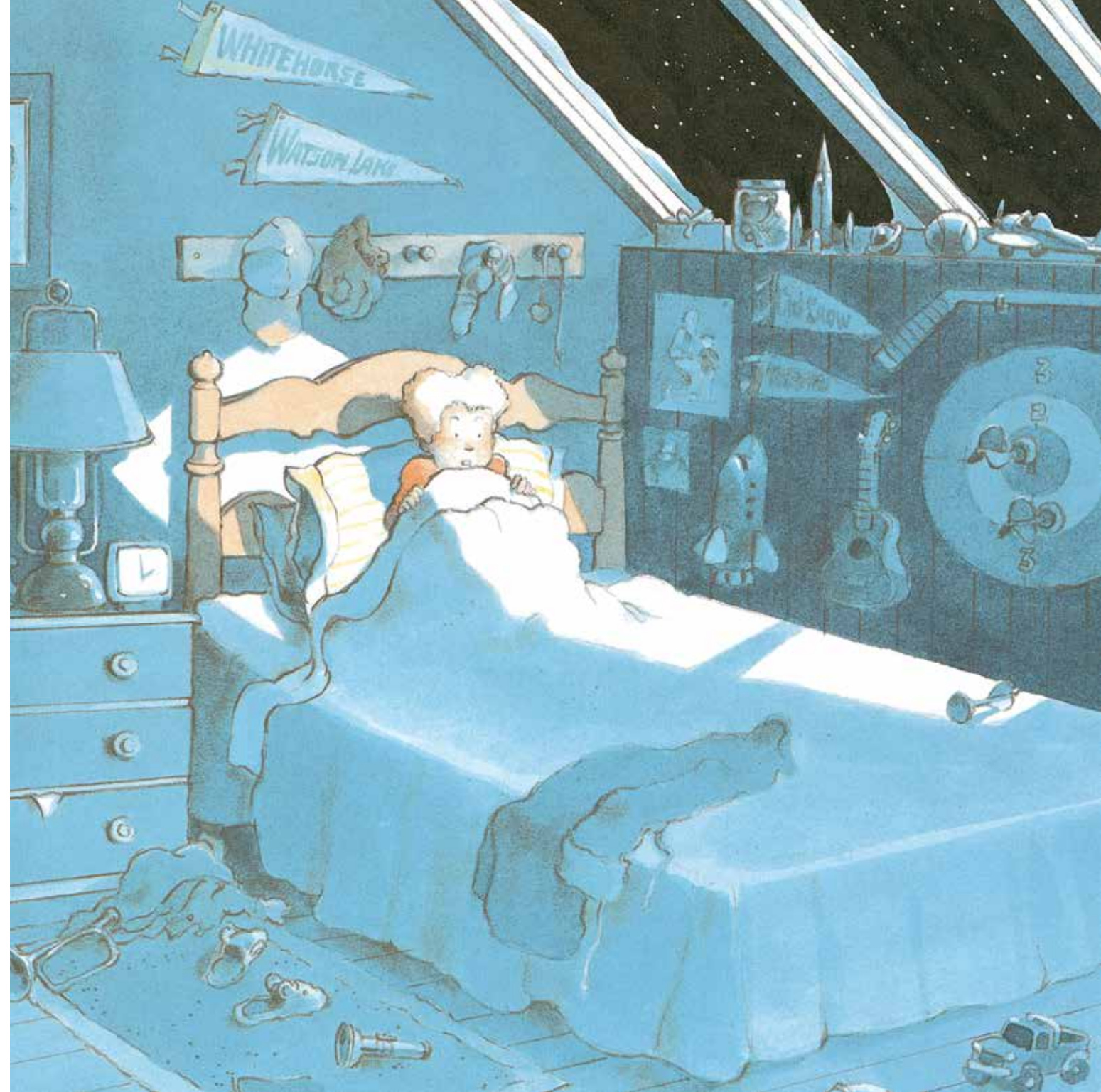


In the middle of the night, Jason was asleep:

ZZZZZ—ZZZZZ—ZZZZZ—ZZZZZ—ZZZZZ.

He woke up! He heard a sound. He said, "What's that? What's that? What's that!"

Jason opened the door to the kitchen . . .



and there was his father, who walked in his sleep. He was sleeping on top of the refrigerator.

Jason yelled, “**PAPA, WAKE UP!**”

His father jumped up, ran around the kitchen three times, and went back to bed.

Jason said, “This house is going crraaazy!” And he went back to bed.

Jason went to sleep:

ZZZZZ—ZZZZZ—ZZZZZ—ZZZZZ—ZZZZZ.

He woke up! He heard a sound. He said, “What’s that? What’s that? What’s that!”

He opened the door to the kitchen. No one was there.

He opened the door to the bathroom . . .



and there was his father, sleeping in the bathtub.

Jason yelled, “**PAPA, WAKE UP!**”

His father jumped up, ran around the bathroom three times, and went back to bed.

Jason said, “This house is going crraazy!” But he was too tired to do anything about it, so he went back to bed.

Jason went to sleep:

ZZZZZ—ZZZZZ—ZZZZZ—ZZZZZ—ZZZZZ.

He woke up! He heard a sound. He said, “What’s that? What’s that? What’s that!”

He opened the door to the kitchen. No one was there. He opened the door to the bathroom. No one was there. He opened the door to the garage . . .



and there was his father, sleeping on top of the car.

Jason yelled, “**PAPA, WAKE UP!**”

His father jumped up, ran around the car three times, and went back to bed.

Jason said, “This house is going crraazy!” But he was too tired to do anything about it, so he went back to bed.

Jason went to sleep:

ZZZZZ—ZZZZZ—ZZZZZ—ZZZZZ—ZZZZZ.

He woke up! He heard a sound. He said, “What’s that? What’s that? What’s that!”

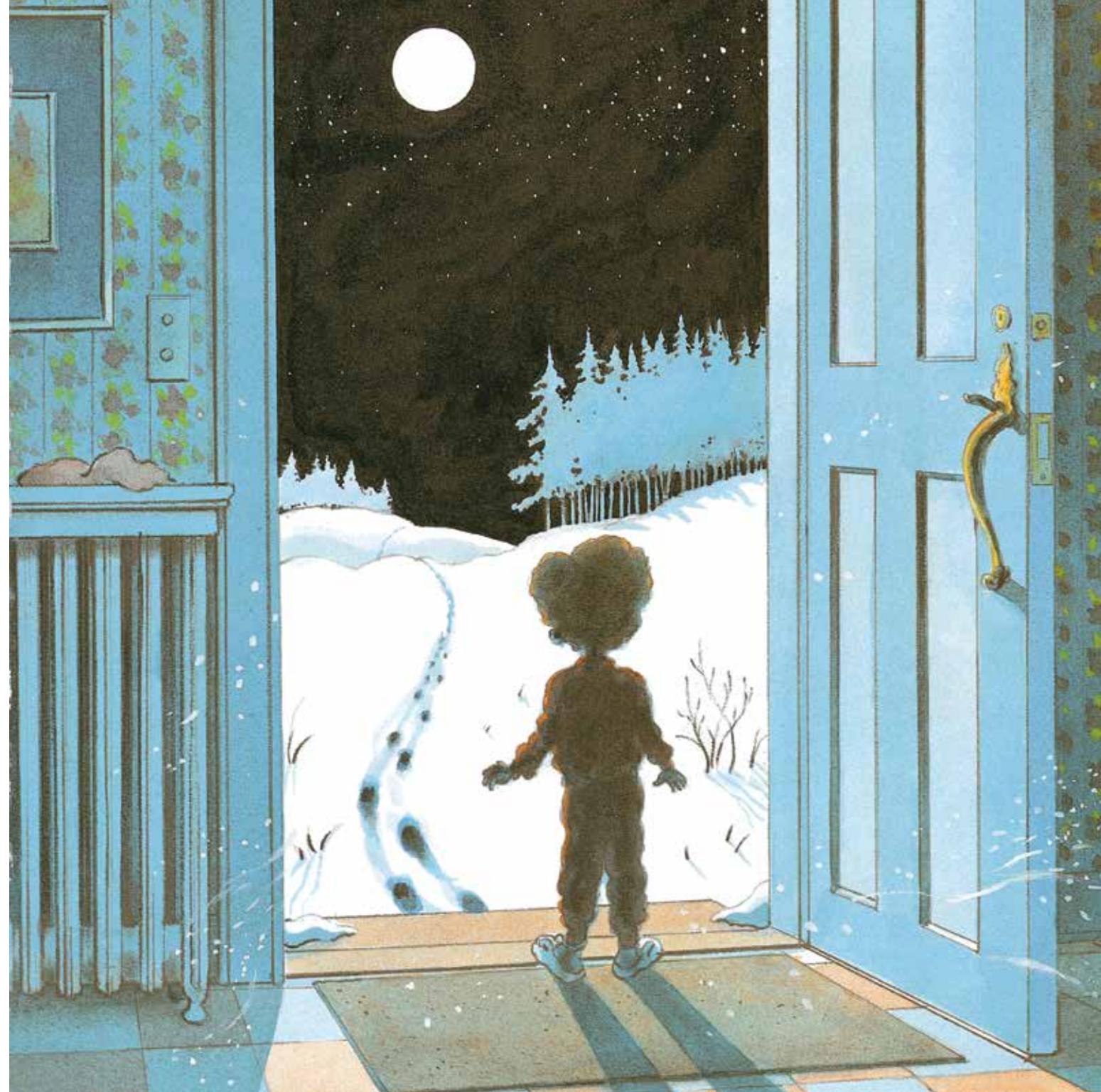
He opened the door to the kitchen. No one was there. He opened the door to the bathroom. No one was there. He opened the door to the garage. No one was there. He opened the door to the living room. No one was there.



But the front door was open, and his father's footprints went out into the snow—and it was 50 below zero that night.

“Yikes,” said Jason, “my father is outside in just his pajamas. He will freeze like an ice cube.”

So Jason put on three warm snowsuits, three warm parkas, six warm mittens, six warm socks, and one pair of very warm boot sort of things called mukluks. Then he went out the front door and followed his father's footprints.



Jason walked and walked and walked and walked. Finally he found his father. His father was leaning against a tree.

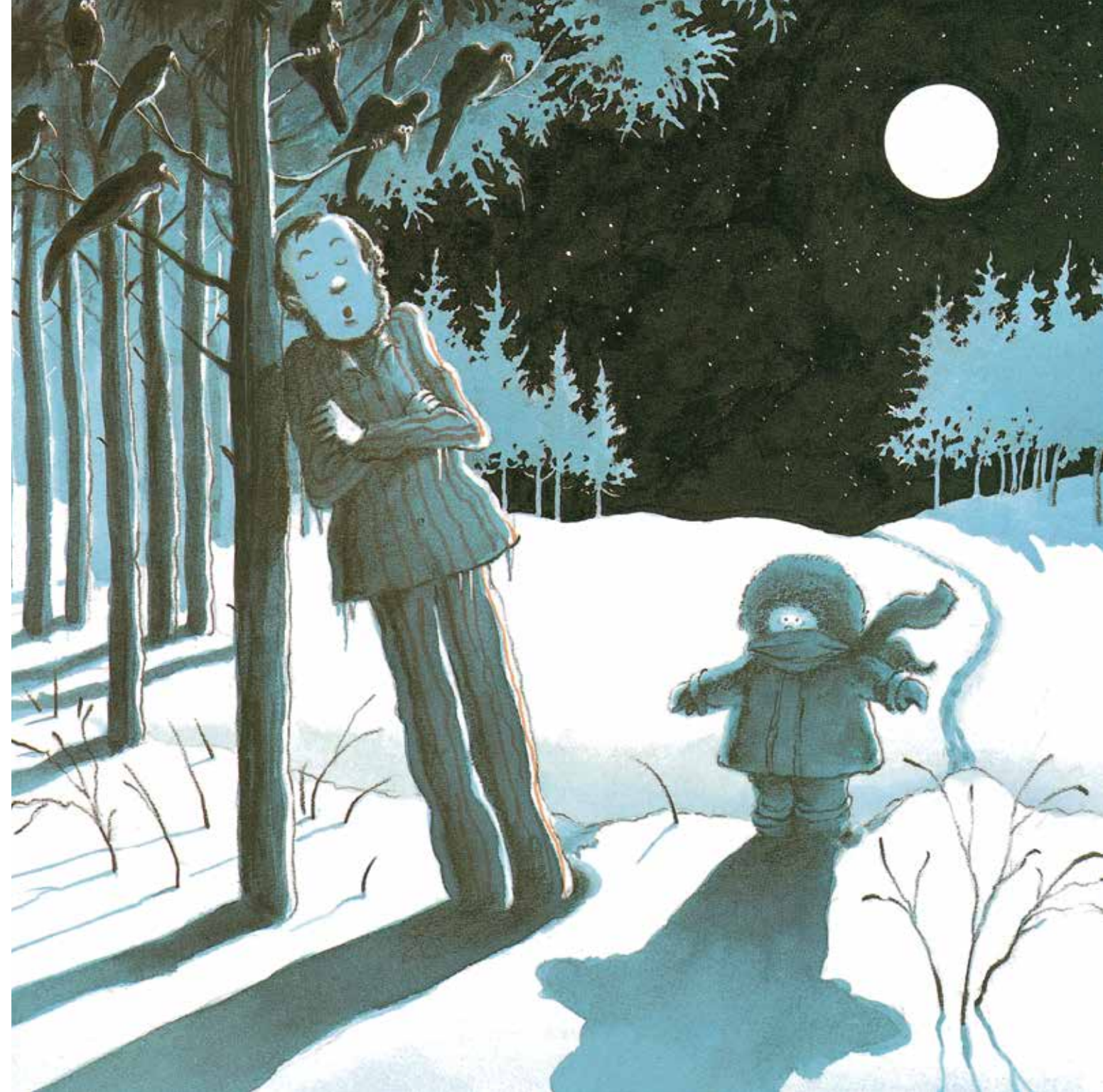
Jason yelled, “**PAPA, WAKE UP!**”

His father did not move.

Jason yelled in the loudest possible voice,
“**PAPA, WAKE UP!**”

His father still did not move.

Jason tried to pick up his father, but he was too heavy.



Jason ran home and got his sled. He pushed his father onto the sled and pulled him home. When they got to the back porch, Jason grabbed his father's big toe and pulled him up the stairs:

BUMP, BUMP, BUMP, BUMP.

He pulled him across the kitchen floor:

SCRITCH, SCRITCH, SCRITCH, SCRITCH.

Then Jason put his father in the tub and turned on the warm water.

GLUG.

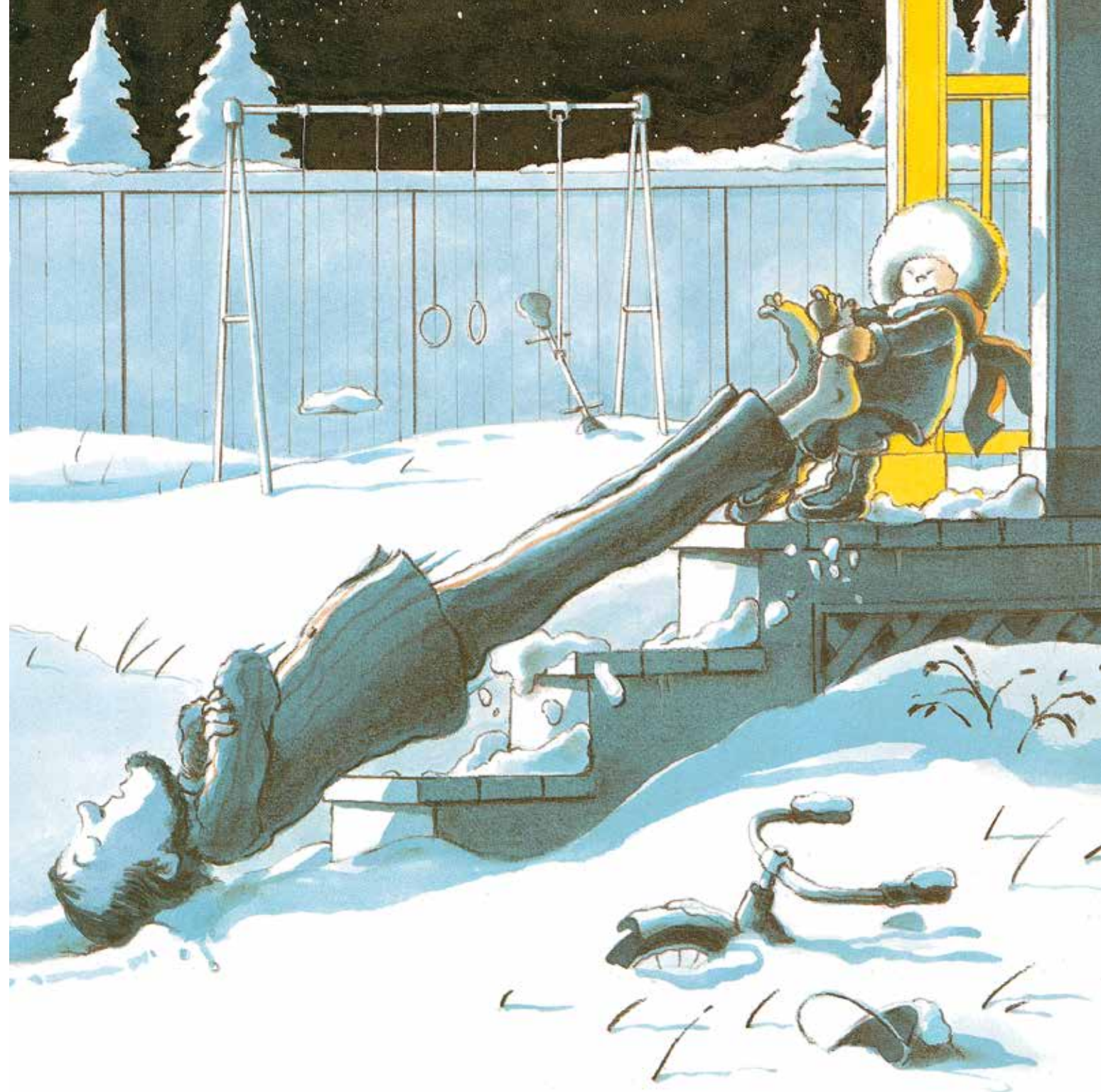
GLUG,

GLUG,

GLUG,

GLUG,

The tub filled up: **GLUG,**



Jason's father jumped up and ran around the bathroom three times and went back to bed.

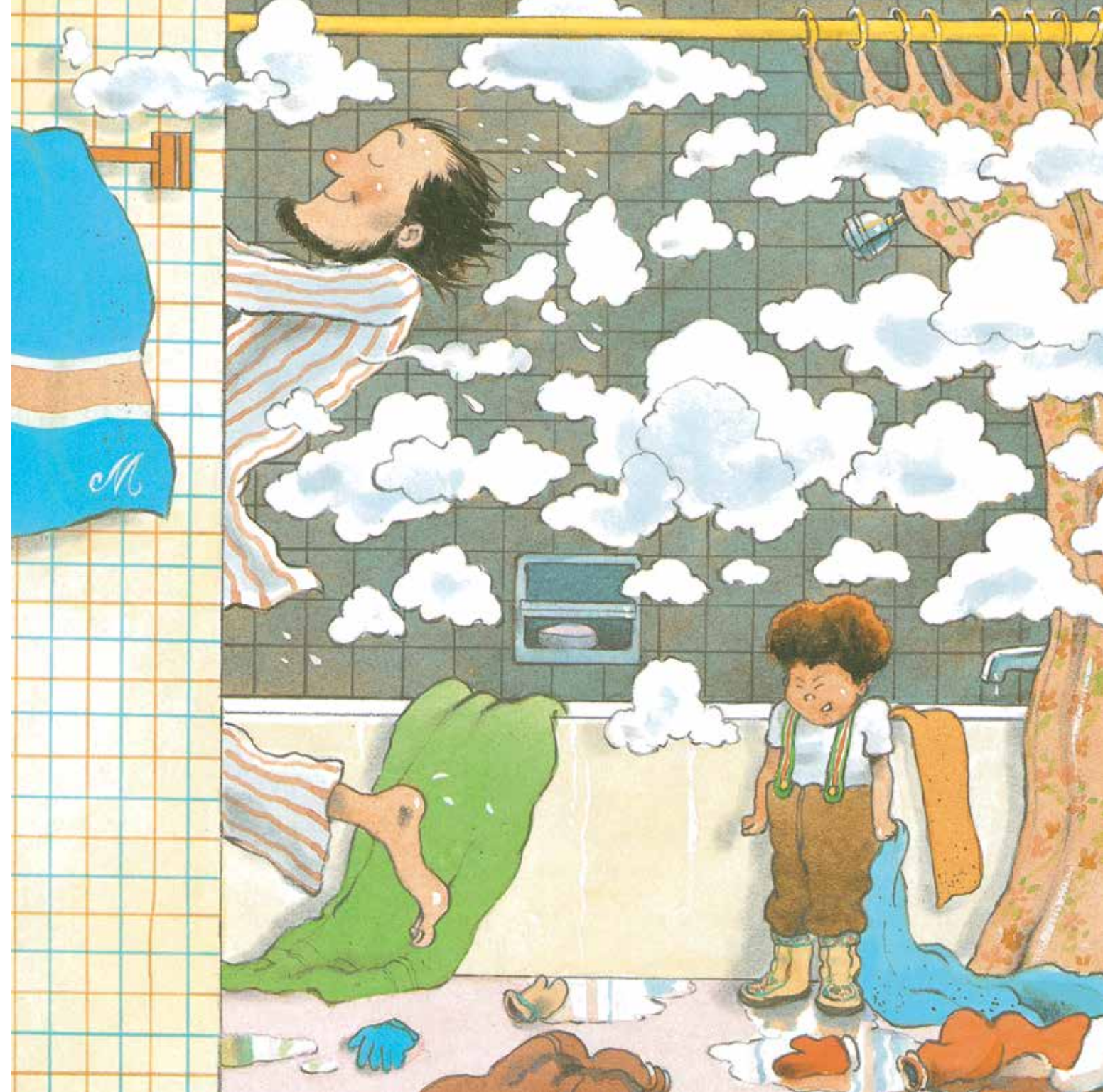
Jason said, "This house is going crazy. I am going to do something." So he got a long rope and tied one end to his father's bed and one end to his father's big toe.

Jason went to sleep:

ZZZZZ-ZZZZZZ-ZZZZZZ-ZZZZZZ-ZZZZZZ.

He woke up! He heard a sound. He said, "What's that? What's that? What's that!"

He opened the kitchen door . . .



and there was his father, stuck in the middle of the floor.

“Good,” said Jason, “that is the end of the sleepwalking. Now I can get to sleep.”

In the middle of the night, Jason’s mother was asleep:

ZZZZZ—ZZZZZ—ZZZZZ—ZZZZZ—ZZZZZ.

She woke up! She heard a sound. She said, “What’s that? What’s that? What’s that!”

She opened the door to the kitchen and . . .





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to enjoy!

