For Christian
—KM

For Tinka Plese, who showed me the magic of sloths
—VT
One night at bedtime, Sloth wasn’t sleepy. In fact, she was the opposite of sleepy—worked up and worried and wide awake.

“Close your eyes and rest,” her mama said.
But when Sloth closed her eyes, her mind swirled with worries. Slithering snakes and sharp-taloned eagles and jaguars that prowl at night.
Sloth opened her eyes. She was wider awake than ever.

“Let’s not sleep quite yet,” her mother said. “We’ll listen to the trees instead.”