

# Pajamas

One evening, when it was time to go to bed, William was bouncing around the room and shouting.

“I’m a brave Indian!” He had a toy axe in one hand and a bow in the other, and there were two red lines painted on both of his cheeks with red watercolor, which was supposed to look like an Indian war painting.



“Put your pajamas on,” Mum told him.

“Indians don’t wear any pajamas,” William replied and hooted an Indian battle cry while patting on his mouth.

“Why don’t you go to bed all naked then,” Mum got tired of commanding him. And William ended up going to bed naked.

At night, William woke up to a howl of the Indian war cry. He opened his eyes and saw a real jungle surrounding him. There were snakes crawling up tree trunks and colorful birds outshouting each other.

All of a sudden, two actual Indians came out from the bush and tied William’s hands to his back. The two heavy men held him from both sides and William was taken to a nearby village.

There was an important Chief sitting in front of a big fire and smoking a long pipe. He tilted his head from one side to another, so that the feathers in his headdress were swishing.

“And who are you then?” the Chief asked William.

“Me? I’m a warrior!” William replied proudly.

“Oh, so you’re a warrior, aren’t you? Then we’ll have to put you to a test,” the Chief figured.

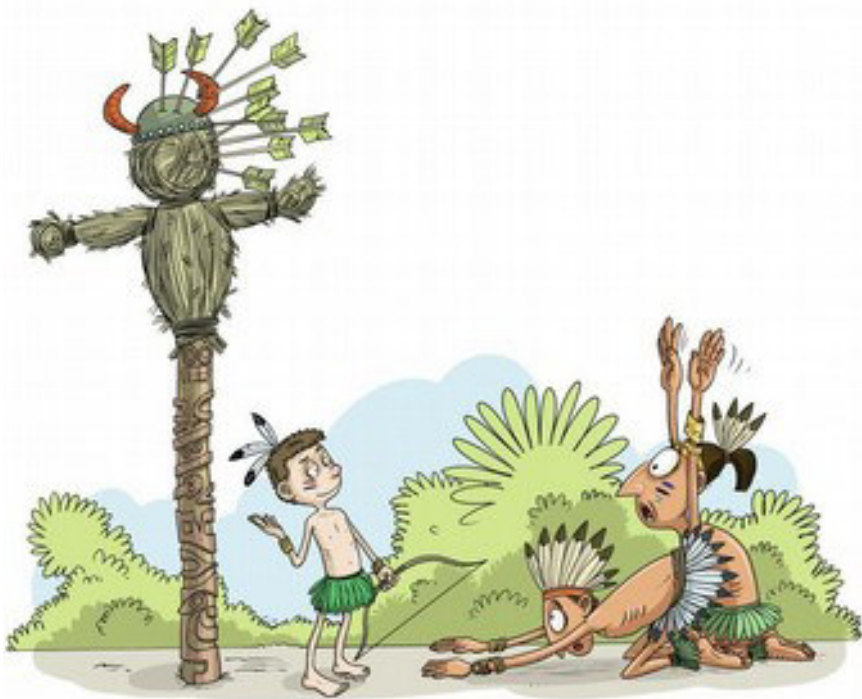
William was untied and made to throw an axe into a tree. There was a white cross drawn on the tree trunk and William managed to hit the cross ten times in a row.

“Wow!” said the Indians and bowed to William. The Chief nodded with content and kept on puffing his long pipe.

William’s second challenge was to shoot a bow and an arrow. The target was a figure made of chaff that looked

like a scarecrow. All the arrows shot by William hit the figure right in the head.

“Wow!” said the Indians and knelt to the ground before William. They stooped down and patted the ground with their hands. “You are the greatest warrior that has ever lived!” they said and elected William as their Warlord.



All of a sudden they heard loud wailing from the other side of the village and they could see a wounded Indian riding a tired and limping horse approaching them by the road.

“The hair monsters are coming!” he managed to shout, mustering up his final strength. “There are many of them!” he gasped, and fell off the saddle onto the dusty road.

The Indians hopped on their horses and rode to the battle. William was leading them, of course, as he was the warlord now.

The enemy hair monsters wore huge horned helmets and were a lot bigger than humans.

William raised the battle axe above his head and howled the Indian battle cry once again. The Indians followed him and soon enough, they were all caught in a heated battle. William fought bravely, striking left and right with his battle axe.

Once the sun started setting, it was obvious that the Indians had won the battle. The monsters finally surrendered and they were taken as prisoners to the Indian village.

The great victory was celebrated with a proper party.

“You were very brave,” the Chief praised William, placing his hand on William’s shoulder.

“And a proper warrior can also do with a proper rest!”

He stood up, went to his wigwam and came back wearing striped pajamas and warm slippers with tassels.

“But Indians don’t wear...” William wanted to say, but seeing the Chief rubbing his belly through the pajamas and obviously enjoying himself, he fell silent in the middle of the sentence.



Soon enough, sleep got the best of William and he could no longer keep his eyes open. The monster prisoners were still growling in their cages and some of them were trying to chew through the cage bars. Soon enough, they also fell asleep.

At night, William got cold. He woke up and saw that he was back in his room again. He got up, took his pajamas from the chair and put them on, feeling proud.

Back in bed, he drew his blanket up to his chin and in a short while, he was feeling warm and cozy.

