

Anthony Browne



Billy used to be
a bit of a worrier.



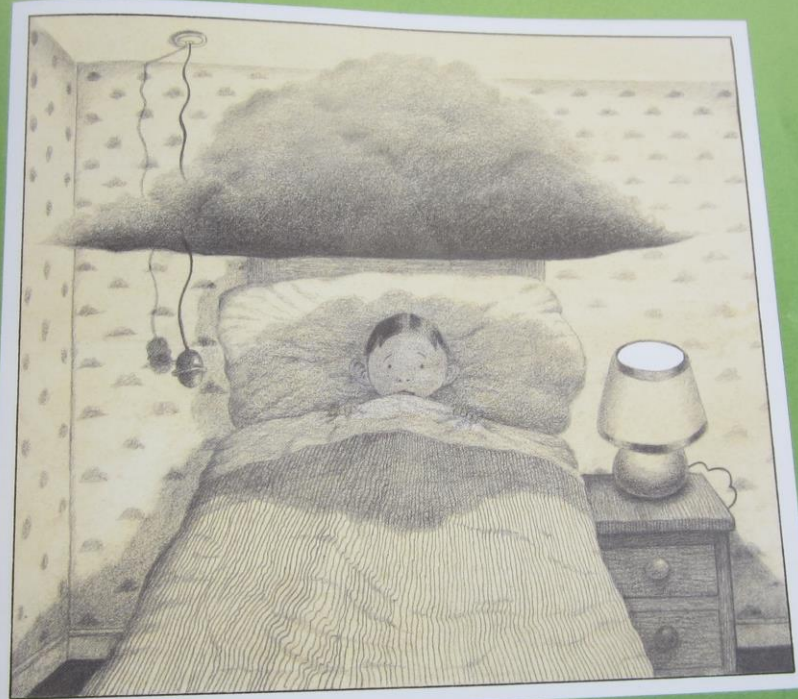
He
worried
about
many things...



Billy worried about hats,



and he worried about shoes.



Billy worried about clouds,



and rain.



Billy even worried about giant birds.



His dad tried to help.
"Don't worry, lad," he said.
"None of those things could happen.
It's just your imagination."

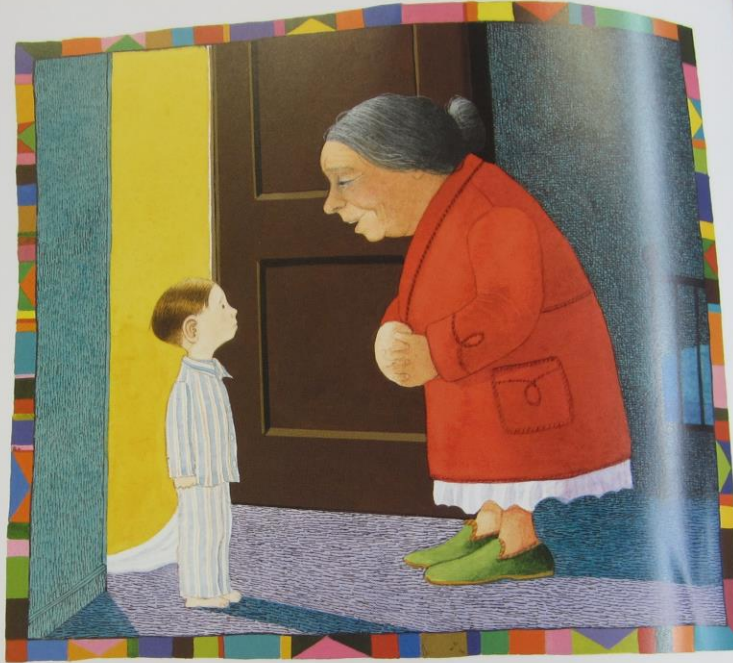


His mum tried too.
"Don't worry, love," she said.
"We won't let anything
hurt you."

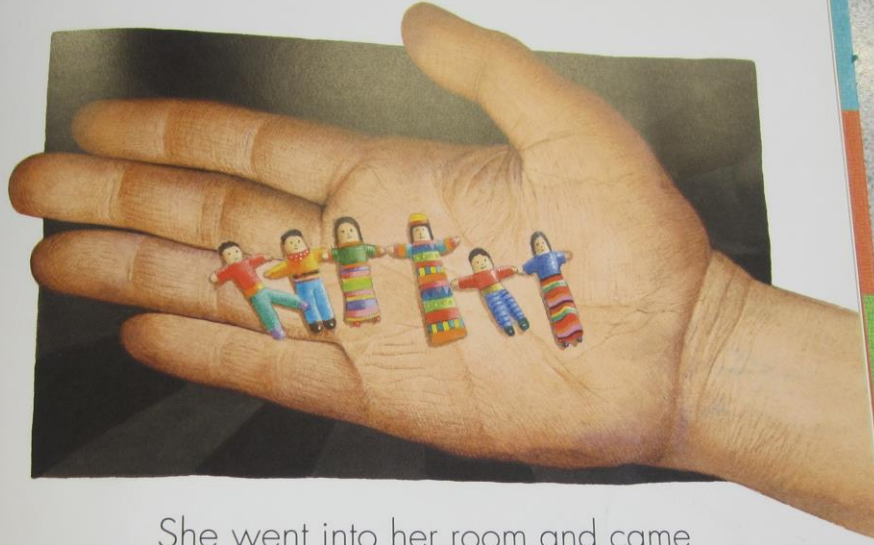
**But still Billy
worried.**

One night he had to
stay with his grandma.
But Billy couldn't sleep.
He was too worried.
He always worried
about staying at other
people's houses.
Billy felt a bit silly,
but at last he got up
and went to tell
his grandma.





"Well fancy that, love," she said. "You're not silly. When I was your age I used to worry like that. I've got just the thing for you."



She went into her room and came
out holding something.

"These are worry dolls," she explained.
"Just tell each of them one of your worries
and put them under your pillow. They'll do
all the worrying for you while you sleep."



Billy told all his worries
to the worry dolls.
He slept like a log.

The next morning Billy went home.
That night he again told all his worries
to the dolls. He slept like a stone.



The next night Billy slept well,
and the night after that.

But the night after that Billy started to **worry**.





He couldn't stop thinking about the dolls –
all those **worries** he'd given them...
They must be so worried. It didn't seem fair.

The next day Billy
had an idea.
He spent all day
working at the kitchen
table. It was difficult
work and at first he
made lots of mistakes
and had to start again
many times.

But finally Billy
produced something
very special ...





some worry dolls for the worry dolls!



That night EVERYONE slept well.
Billy – and all the worry dolls.

And, after that,
Billy didn't
worry very
much at
all.

