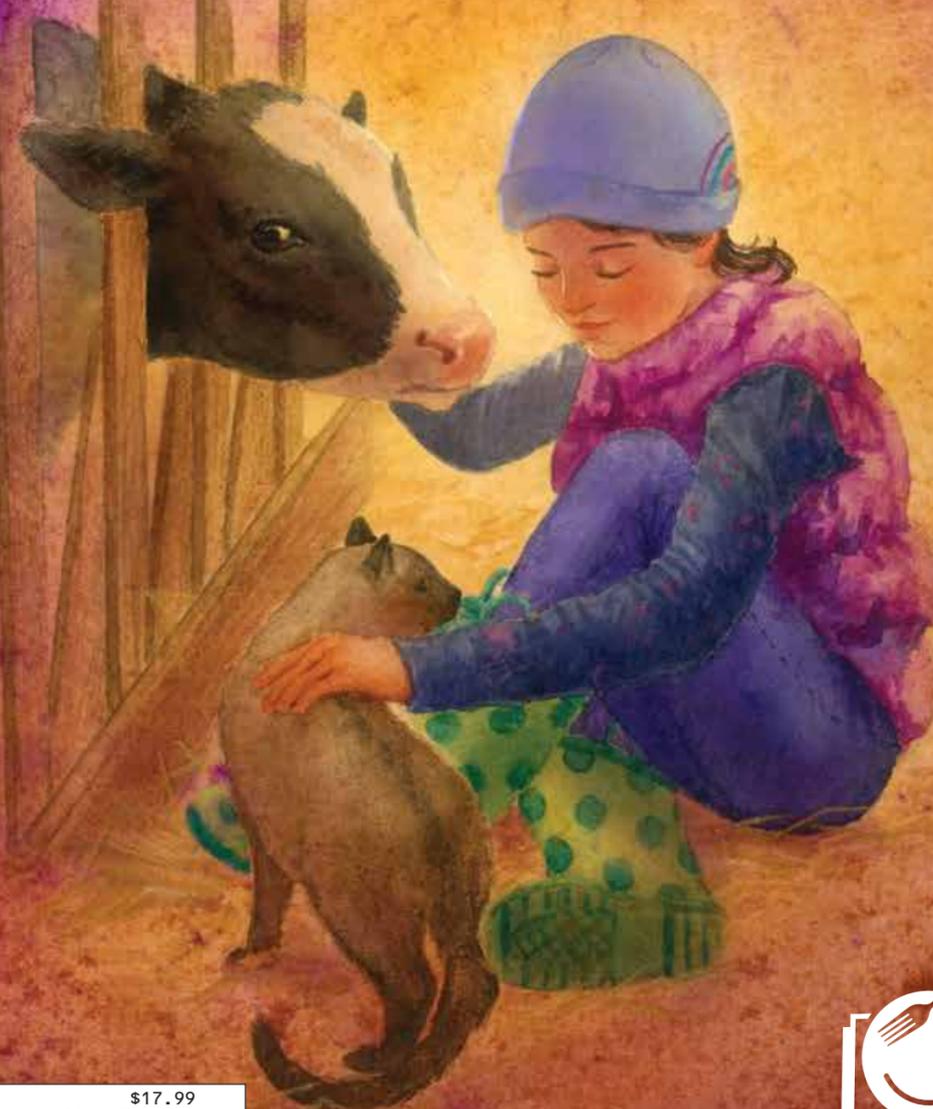


*The sky's dark as night  
in setting moonlight.  
We tiptoe out to the barn...*



ISBN 978-1-948898-05-8 \$17.99  
51799>  
9 781948 898058



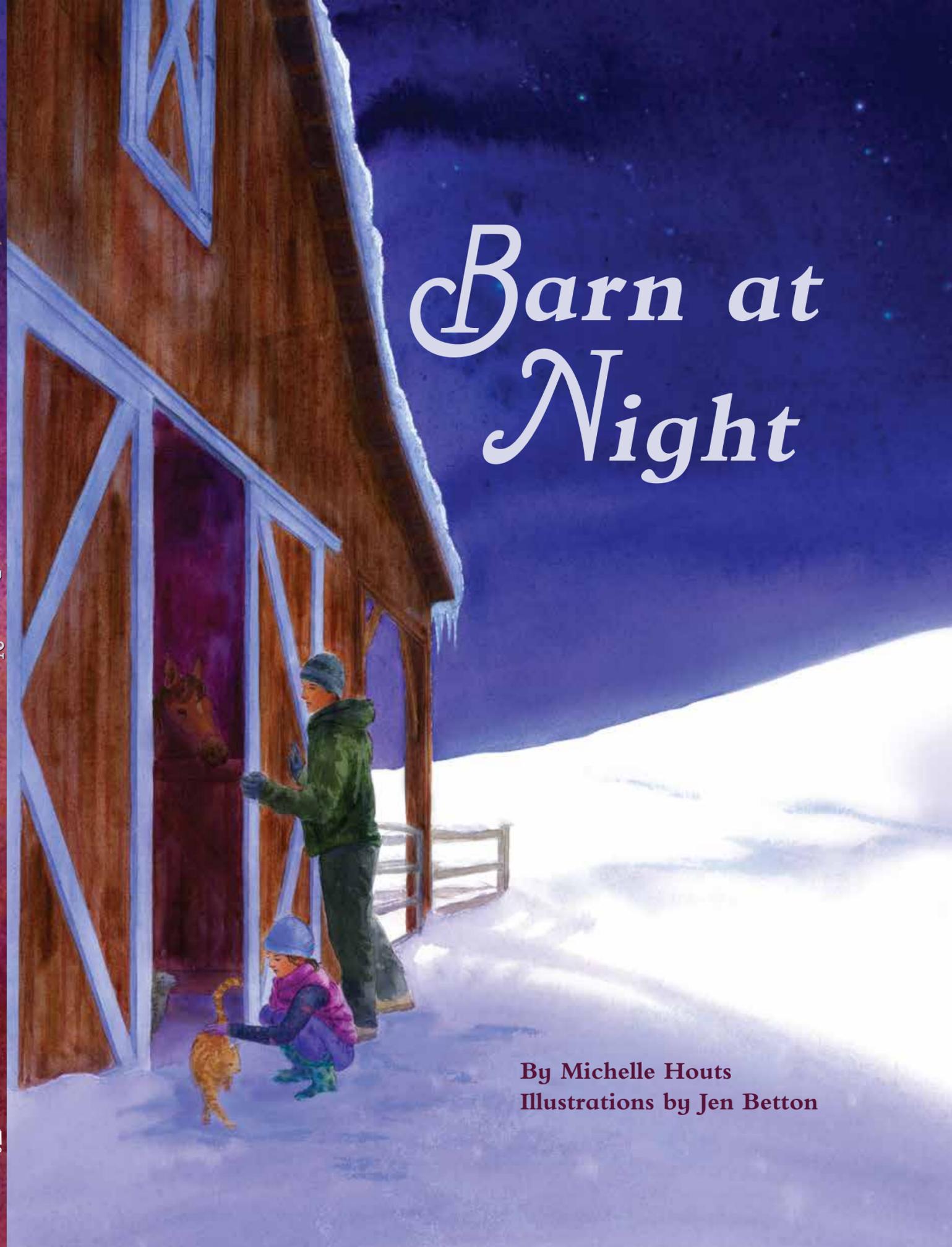
FEEDING MINDS  
PRESS  
www.feedingmindspress.com



Houts  
Betton

Barn at Night

# Barn at Night



By Michelle Houts  
Illustrations by Jen Betton

Ages 4-8

\$17.99

There are adventures at night when growing up on the farm!

An after-dark journey out to the barn, even on the coldest winter evening, can result in a warm and welcoming scene. Who is awake? Who is asleep? And who is just making their first appearance in the barn?

Michelle Houts' lyrical poetry paired with Jen Betton's glowing watercolor illustrations create a warm and wonderful bedtime story - best shared together.



FEEDING MINDS PRESS

[www.feedingmindspress.com](http://www.feedingmindspress.com)

Accurate and engaging books about agriculture.

# Barn at Night

By Michelle Houts  
Illustrations by Jen Betton

Houts Betton

Barn at Night

The sky's dark as night  
in setting moonlight.  
We tiptoe out to the barn...



FEEDING MINDS PRESS

[www.feedingmindspress.com](http://www.feedingmindspress.com)



Michelle Houts

IS AN AWARD-winning author of fiction and nonfiction for

children, which she writes from her restored one-room schoolhouse in Ohio. The author of *The Beef Princess of Practical County* and *Silent Swoop: An Owl, an Egg, and a Warm Shirt Pocket*, she enjoys writing about rural life and nature. Find out more at [www.michellehouts.com](http://www.michellehouts.com).



Jen Betton

GREW UP playing on friends' farms in Pennsylvania.

Illustrating *Barn at Night* gave her a delightful excuse to lurk around old barns and feed goats. Her other books include *Hedgehog Needs a Hug* (winner of Pennsylvania's Keystone to Reading Award), which she both wrote and illustrated, and *Twilight Chant*, written by Holly Thompson. She now lives with her family near Dallas, Texas. You can see more of her work at [www.jenbetton.com](http://www.jenbetton.com).



FEEDING MINDS PRESS

[www.feedingmindspress.com](http://www.feedingmindspress.com)

American Farm Bureau Foundation for Agriculture  
[www.agfoundation.org](http://www.agfoundation.org)

Jacket illustrations copyright @ 2021 by Jen Betton



To the Frahm Pike Houtsuses,  
past and present.  
– M.H.

For Mom and Dad,  
for everything.  
– J.B.

Text © 2021 Michelle Houts  
Illustrations © 2021 Jen Betton

ISBN 978-1-948898-05-8

Library of Congress Control Number: 2021933955

Published by Feeding Minds Press, Washington, D.C. All rights reserved.  
No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by  
any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by  
any information storage and retrieval system without permission in writing  
from the publisher.

Designed by Mary A. Burns      Edited by Emma D. Dryden

Printed in the United States of America  
First Edition  
10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

# Barn at Night



By Michelle Houts  
Illustrations by Jen Betton

**FEEDING MINDS PRESS**  
American Farm Bureau Foundation for Agriculture®

Farmhouse snoring...  
It's time for choring.  
I'm sound asleep in my bed.





**Gently waking;  
Shivering, shaking.  
“Let’s get to work, sleepy head!”**



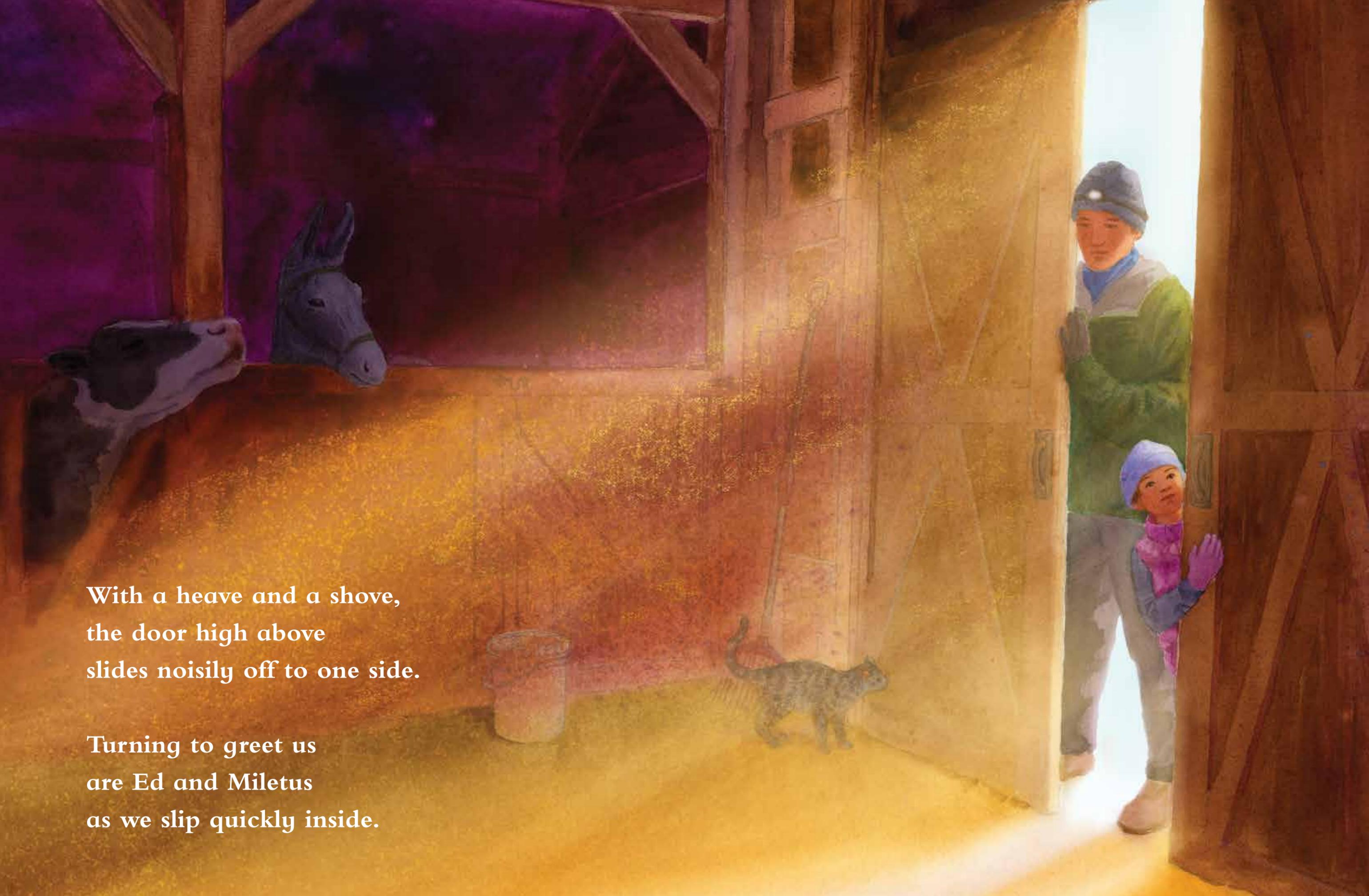
**Up before dawn.  
A stretch and a yawn.  
Morning comes fast on the farm.**

The sky's dark as night  
in setting moonlight.  
We tiptoe out to the barn.

Crisp winter air.  
Chilly wind in my hair.  
Across the barnyard we go.

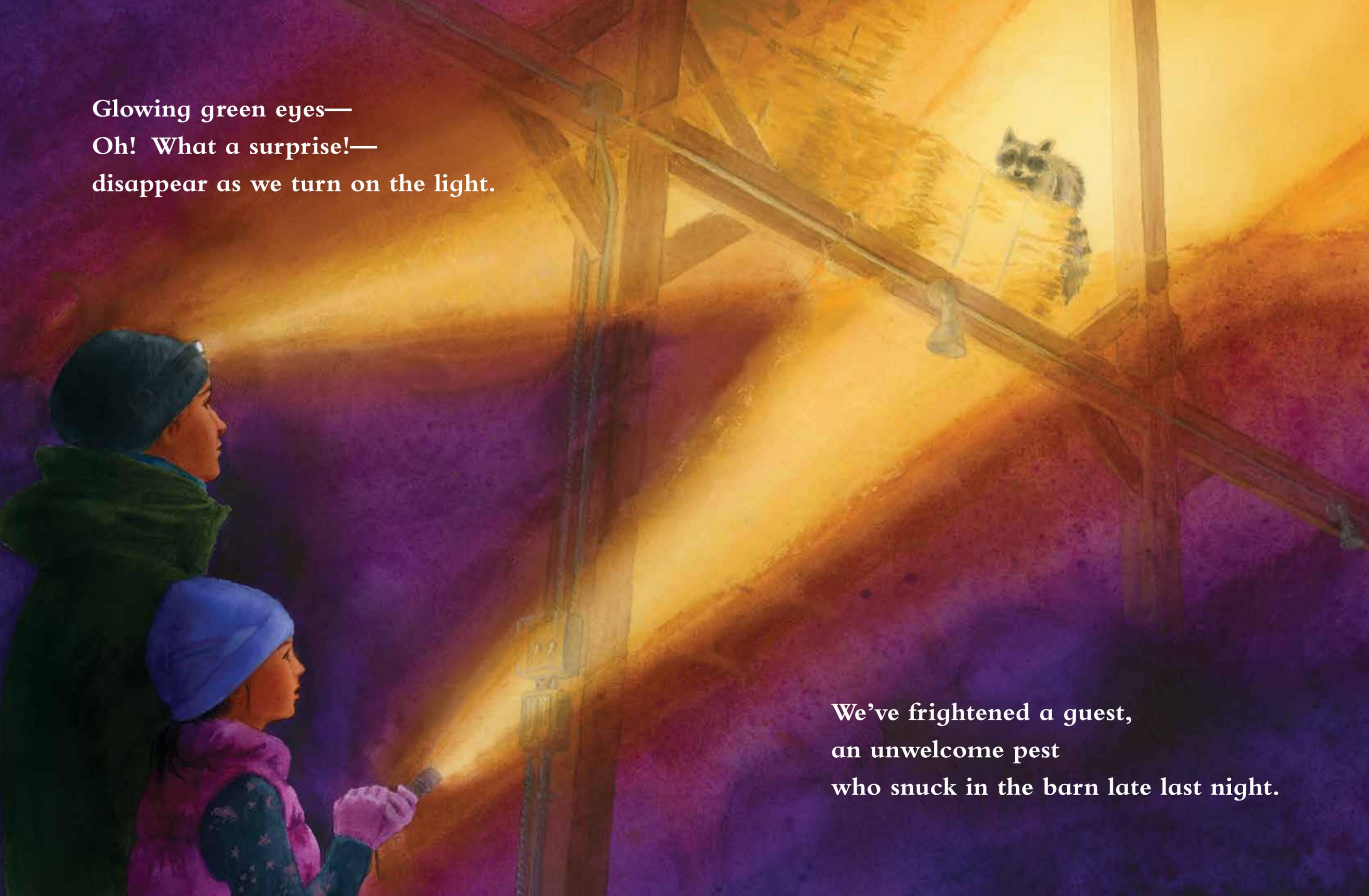
The only sound  
for miles around –  
our boots on the  
crunchy white snow.





With a heave and a shove,  
the door high above  
slides noisily off to one side.

Turning to greet us  
are Ed and Miletus  
as we slip quickly inside.



Glowing green eyes—  
Oh! What a surprise!—  
disappear as we turn on the light.

We've frightened a guest,  
an unwelcome pest  
who snuck in the barn late last night.



**A curious steer  
pricks up one ear.  
Mule lifts his head back and brays.**

**We've let in the cold  
we're now being told  
in the kindest of animal ways.**

**Tubby cats scurry.  
What's the big hurry  
to sit by the milkpan and wait?**



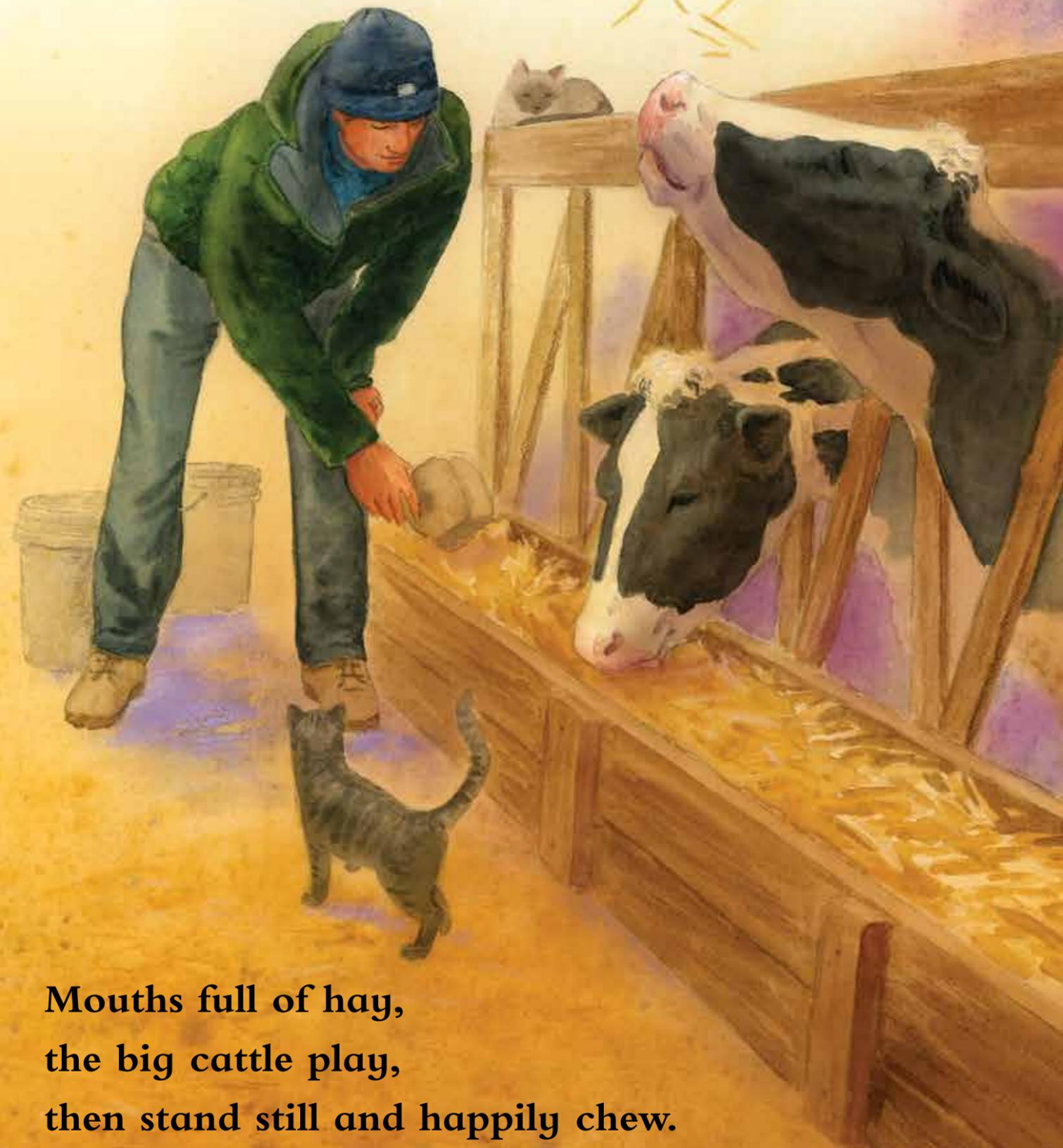
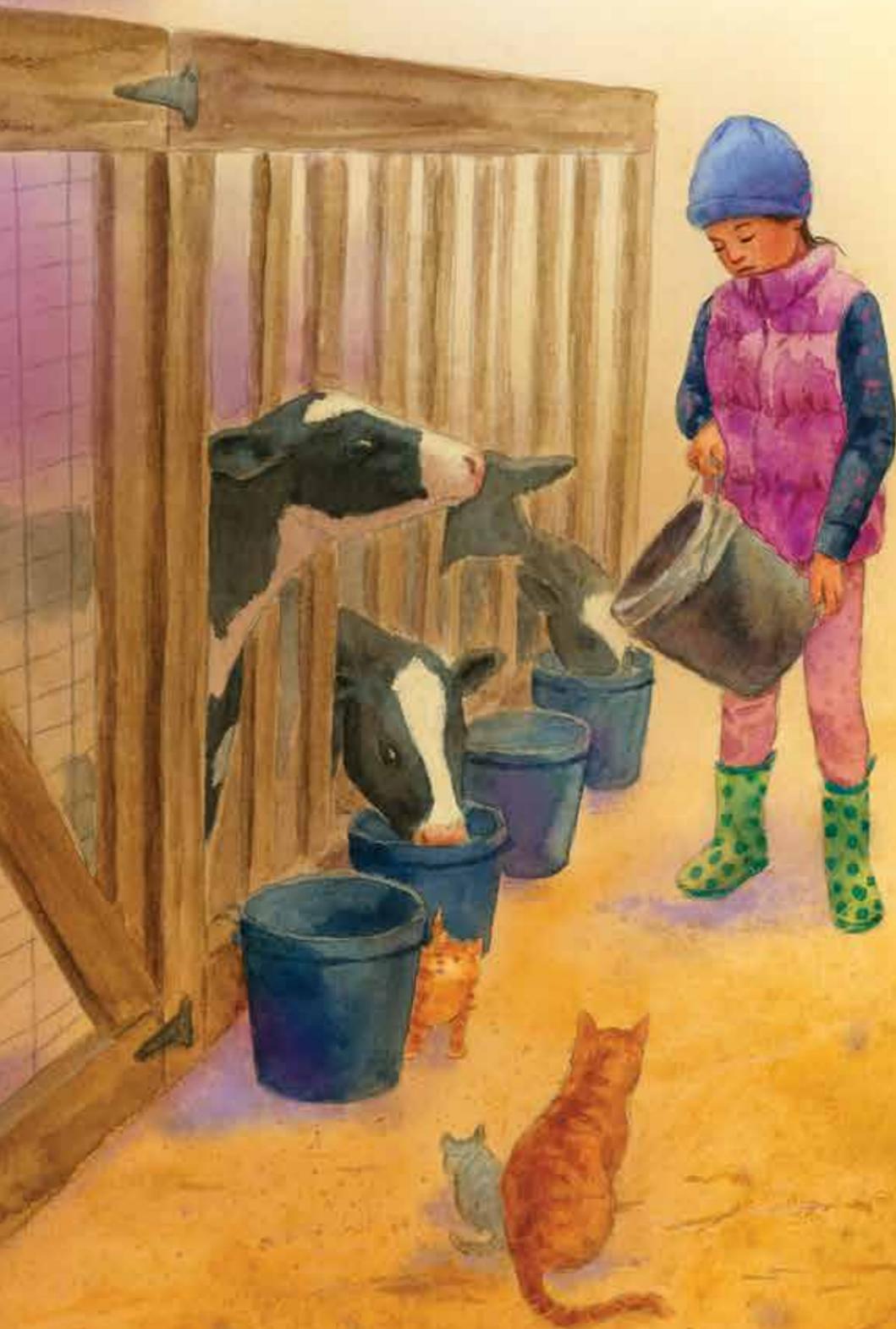
**Hopeful round eyes,  
hungry cat cries,  
as calves stomp their hooves by the gate.**

Straw for a bed—  
hay stored overhead—  
molasses and milk smell so sweet.

Cracked corn and grain—  
soft fur and mane—  
the smells in the barn are unique.



**Waiting in line,  
one at a time,  
the calves slurp a milky warm brew.**

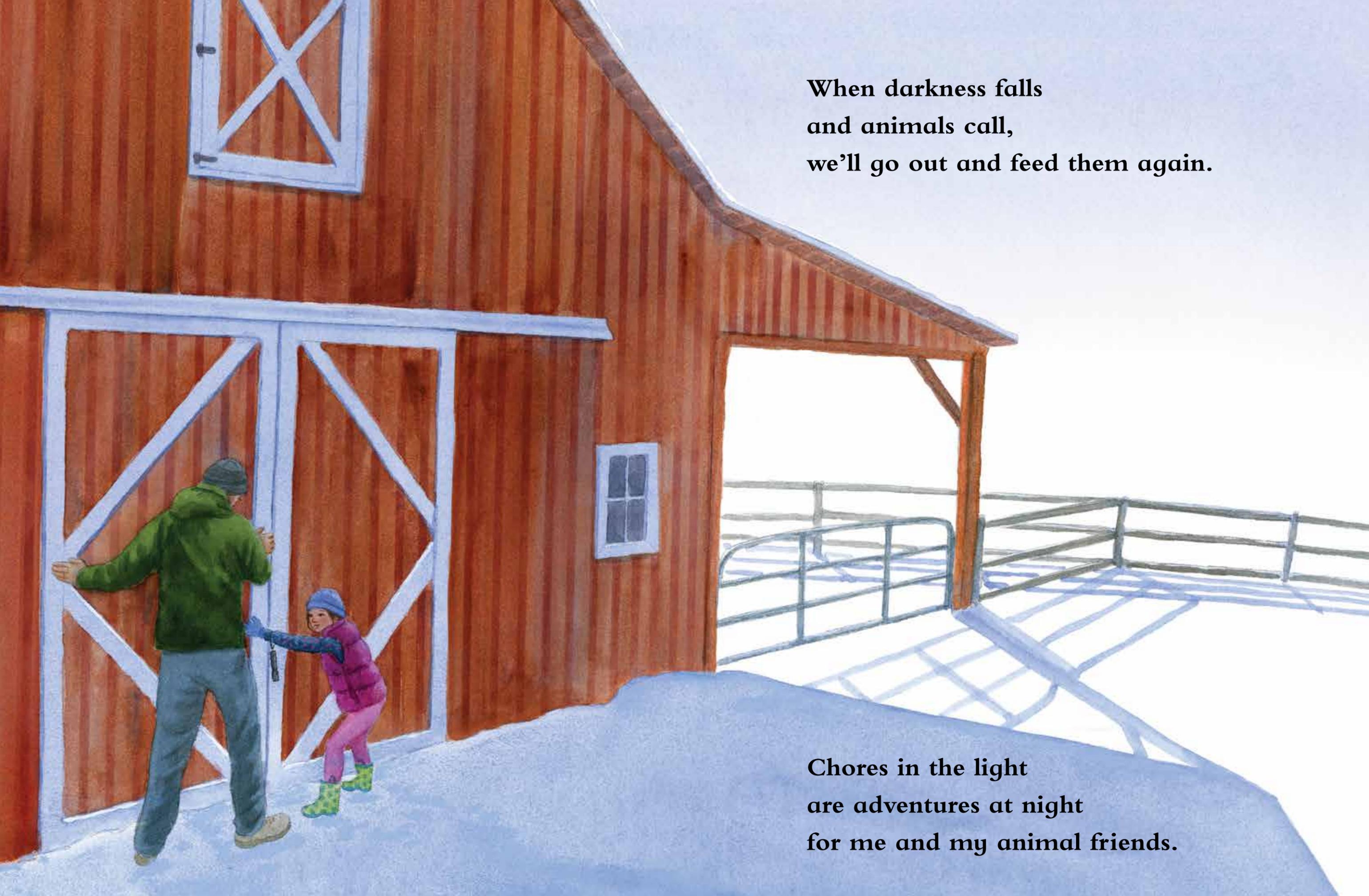


**Mouths full of hay,  
the big cattle play,  
then stand still and happily chew.**

In a dark corner stall,  
against the back wall,  
stands Eleanor, patient and calm.

A nicker, a nuzzle,  
her velvety muzzle  
nudges and tickles my palm.

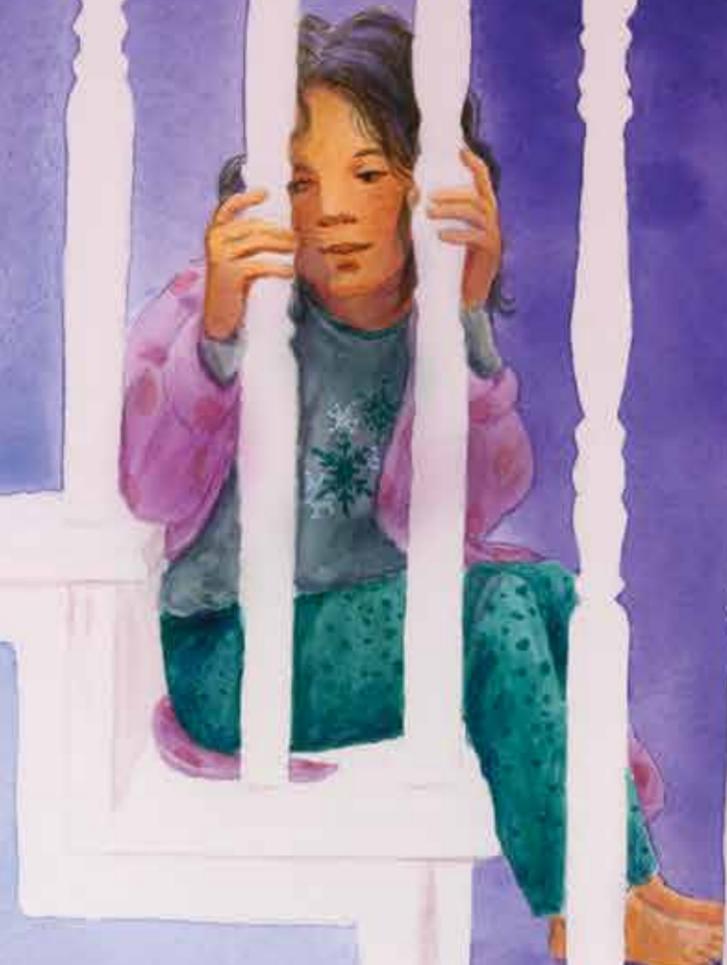




**When darkness falls  
and animals call,  
we'll go out and feed them again.**

**Chores in the light  
are adventures at night  
for me and my animal friends.**

**Late one winter night,  
I notice a light.  
I silently slip down the stairs.**



**“Oh, can I come too?  
I know just what to do!”  
We step into the frosty night air.**

A person wearing a purple vest and a blue hat is standing on a green crate in a barn. A cat is sitting on a hay bale next to the crate, and a dog is on the floor. The barn has wooden walls and a large door in the background. There are several blue buckets lined up along the wall on the left. A purple hand truck is visible on the right side of the barn. The scene is lit with a warm, golden light from a window or door.

The barn is awake.  
There is no mistake  
something wonderful is happening here.

Every eye shows it.  
Each animal knows it,  
every calf, every goat, every steer.

A whinny so loud.  
A mamma so proud.  
Eleanor shows us her foal.



We enter the stall  
and there on the straw  
he lies shivering, wet, black as coal.





**I don't move an inch,  
not daring to flinch.  
Holding my breath as we wait...**

**On wobbly knees,  
with trembling ease,  
he takes his first step toward the gate.**

Yellow panes glowing,  
it begins snowing.  
Over rafters a hoot owl takes flight.



A safe place to dwell—  
all here is well—  
when we're in the barn at night.

