

The bed is a place we go every day, at least once a day (sometimes more). We spend hours and hours there, in fact, we spend between a quarter and a third of our life in a bed! It is no wonder that we can have stories surrounding that place.

This story is not as old as others in this series. In fact, it is less than 20 years ago, and it involves my own children.

When we moved to our house, in 1987, we had purchased a waterbed. My husband wanted one and i thought it was ok. I have to admit that we still have the same bed since (although we had to change the mattress once after it was punctured).

A waterbed is fun

Our kids obviously didn't have waterbeds so they loved to come and play or sleep in our beds, but we had 3 kids, about one year apart, so leaving three kids together to sleep was not a recipe for sleep! But they wanted to sleep in the waterbed!

To each one day

We finally found a little system where the oldest one would be allowed to fall asleep in our waterbed on Friday. The middle one, on Saturday. The youngest one, on Sunday. And the rest of the days were ours only.

Walking back

When they were small, it was fairly easy to pick them up and bring them back in their bed when it was our time to go to sleep, but as they grew older (and bigger) it was a bit harder, so we would wake them up, and guide them to their bed, walking. Interestingly, they would walk all the way to their bed, sometimes with a stop in the bathroom, and they would never remember in the morning! Just a fun memory.

What about you? Did you ever sleep in your parents' bed? with or without permission? Did you ever sleep somewhere you shouldn't have? Share the stories in the comments below. It won't put us to sleep, i promise!