

Meet the Molesons by Burny Bos

One morning Dusty and I were getting ready for school. I found Mother's red lipstick in the bathroom.

I opened it up. It made red dots on my face. I put some more on. Great!

Dusty noticed. "You look like you have chicken pox."

"Ooooh," I said. "I don't feel well. I think I have to stay home from school."

"Give me that!" Dusty took the lipstick.

Soon we both had "chicken pox."

We went back to bed.

"Time for school!" Father called.

"Oooh!" we moaned.

Father ran in. "What's wrong?" he cried.

"We are sick," I said in a weak voice.

“We can’t go to school,” Dusty said.

Father nodded. “You are right,” he said.

“It looks like a bad case of chicken pox.

You will have to stay in bed.”

Father looked worried. “I am afraid it

will be boring for you,” he said.

Father brought us

cakes, mint tea,

and books.

We were very happy.

I purred like a cat.

“This is heaven,” Dusty said. “I never felt so
good being sick!”

But when Mother came home after work,

she called for us. This is it, we thought.

Now we’re in trouble!