

## A Bad Case of Stripes

by David Shannon

Hello, everyone. My number is \_\_\_\_\_. Today I'm going to read you a story. It's called "A Bad Case of Stripes."

Camilla loved lima beans, but she never ate them. All of her friends hated lima beans, and she wanted to fit in. Camilla was always worried about what other people thought of her.

Today was the first day of school. She couldn't decide what to wear. She looked in the mirror when she was trying on the forty-second outfit. Then she screamed. "Aaahhh!"

Her mother ran into the room, and she screamed, too. "Oh my heavens! You're completely covered with stripes!" This was certainly true. Camilla was striped from head to toe. She looked like a rainbow.

That afternoon, Dr. Bumble came to examine Camilla. "Unbelievable! I've never seen anything like it. Are you having any coughs, sneezes, or aches?" he asked. "No. I feel fine." Camilla told him. "Well then, I think you should go to school." Dr. Bumble said.

The next day was a disaster. She tried her best to act as if everything were normal, but when the class said the Pledge of Allegiance, her stripes

turned red, white, and blue, and she broke out in stars.

One kid yelled out, “Let’s see some polka dots!” Sure enough, Camilla turned all purple polka-dotty. Poor Camilla was changing faster than you can change channels on a TV.

After school, Dr. Bumble arrived at Camilla’s home again with four people in long white coats. “Try these.” said the specialists. They each handed her a bottle filled with different colored pills. “Take one of each before bed,” said Dr. Bumble.

That night, Camilla took her medicine. When she woke up the next morning, she did feel different. She looked in the mirror, and there, staring back at her, was a giant, multi-colored pill with her face on it. She was stunned.

At that moment, Camilla’s father heard a knock at the front door. He opened it, and there stood an old woman. “Excuse me. I think I can help.” The old woman pulled a bottle of lima beans from her bag. “Here! These might do the trick. I bet you’d like some, wouldn’t you?” she asked Camilla.

Camilla wanted a big, heaping plateful of lima beans more than just about anything, but she was still afraid to admit it.

“Yuck! No one likes lima beans, especially me!” she said.

“Oh, dear, I guess I was wrong about you.” She put the beans back in her bag and started toward the door.

“Wait! The truth is... I really love lima beans.”

“I thought so,” the old woman said with a smile. She took a handful of lima beans and put them into Camilla’s mouth.

“I’m cured!” she shouted.

“Yes. I knew the real you was in there somewhere.” said the old woman. She patted Camilla on the head. Then she went outside and vanished into the crowd.

Afterward, Camilla ate all the lima beans she wanted, and she never had even a touch of stripes again.

Thank you for listening.