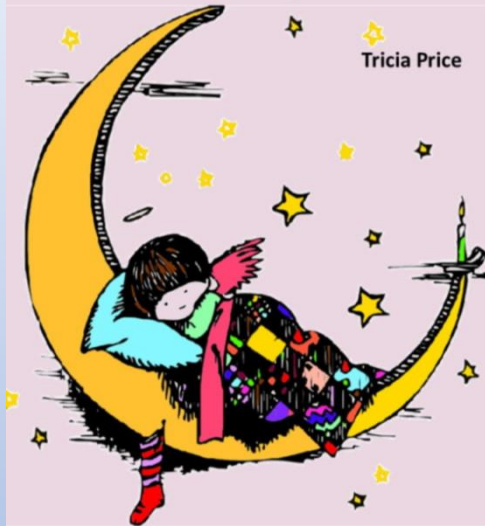


The Land of Counterpane

Tricia Price



Be different: buy direct
from the author or
tslbooks.uk

The Christmas Star

Sally had the measles, and she was very cross about it. She hadn't meant to spend the lovely sunny weather this way at all. In fact, she'd made quite different plans. Who wouldn't? Sally was a great one for making plans, and she'd been going to have a picnic in the garden with her best friend Lucy. Instead, she was tucked up in bed with her teddy bear and not at all in charge of things. She was hot and thirsty, and her head ached. She shut her eyes tightly, but a tear trickled out and down her cheek just the same, which made her crosser than ever because it was babyish to cry. She was so sure her mother had been wrong, but the doctor had come and said, "Hah, yes," and gone away again, leaving the beastly measles behind him.

"No doubt about it," he'd said heartily, sitting on the edge of the bed and peering into Sally's mouth. "Measles it is and no mistake. You can expect the spots on Monday," just as if they would knock on the door and come running in, squeaking "Here we are! Here we are!"

"It was that little Hawkins boy," said Sally's mother. "He came to school simply smothered in them and now I suppose all the children in the neighbourhood will have them."

"Ah well," said the doctor, "it's just as well to get it over and done with now. Doesn't do to have measles too late. These childish complaints are very nasty for grown-ups."

Sally thought they were pretty nasty for children, too, but she felt too tired to argue.

"There we are then," the doctor said, putting his little torch back in his pocket. "I'll write you a prescription for her. Give her this medicine three times a day and keep her in bed till her temperature goes down. I know I can trust you not to send her to school spotty!" and he laughed in what Sally thought was a very unkind way. He was still laughing as he went down the