

The Chicken Pox Panic

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Beverly Lewis

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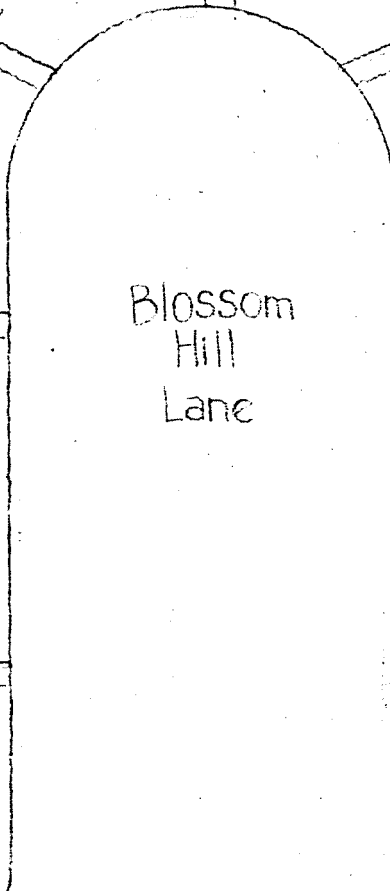
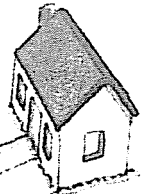
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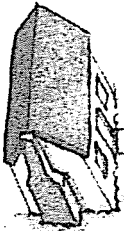
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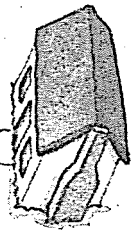
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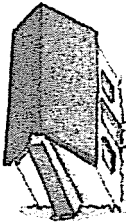
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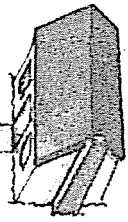
Abby, Shawn,
Carly + Jimmy
Hunter



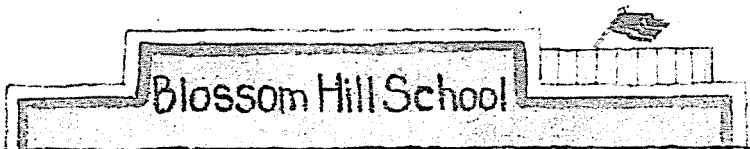
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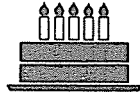


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ONE

It was an itchy gitchy Friday.

Abby Hunter sat up in bed. She rubbed the spots on her arm. On her face. And behind her knees under her pajamas.

“I hate chicken pox,” she said.

“Here,” said her little sister, Carly. “Put this gooey stuff on.”

She gave the bottle of pink liquid to Abby. Frowning at the spots, Carly backed away.

Abby shook the bottle and turned the lid. She wrinkled her nose. The spots on her nose wiggled. “Pee-ue. It stinks.”

Slowly, one at a time, Abby dabbed pink goo on her spots.

It was supposed to make the itching stop.

Abby counted to ten, waiting for the pink goo to work. "Nothing's happening," she complained.

Carly leaned against the door. "I hope I don't get your chicken pox."

Abby dabbed another coating of goo on the bumps she could reach. "Mommy wants you to catch them," she said.

"How come?" Carly demanded.

"So you won't get them when you're grown-up."

Abby buttoned up her mint green bathrobe.

She felt cozy inside. Spots and all.

Carly stared at Abby, then she pointed. "Look, Abby! You even have them on your feet."

"I know," Abby said. "I have them everywhere!"

"What do they feel like?" Carly asked.

"Ever have a giant mosquito bite?"

Carly nodded.

“Just multiply that times one hundred,” Abby said.

Carly shivered. She turned the door knob. “I’m getting out of here.”

“You’ll be sorry if you don’t get them now,” Abby said. She scratched between her toes.

“Will not,” Carly said.

“Will so,” Abby said.

“Will not,” Carly said.

“Will . . .” Abby stopped.

Mother stood in the hallway carrying a large atlas. She gave it to Abby. “Is this what you need?”

Abby reached for the book of maps. “Thanks! This is double dabble good!”

She flipped the pages to the back of the atlas. “What’s the capital of South Korea?”

“Seoul,” said Mother, smoothing Abby’s quilt.

Carly giggled. “That’s a funny name.”

Abby held the book open. "You just think it is. Come see how it's spelled."

"Not me," Carly said, hugging the door. "I'm staying right here."

Abby rolled her eyes. "Afraid of my chicken pox?"

Mother gave both girls a kiss. "It's not so bad having them when you are little," she said.

"That's what I told her," said Abby.

Mother grinned and left the room.

Abby turned to page 45 in the atlas.

She leaned on her elbows, looking at the map of South Korea. With her finger, she traced the borders.

"What are you doing?" Carly asked.

"It's a secret," said Abby.

Out of the corner of her eye, she saw Carly sneaking closer. Closer.

WHOOSH!

Abby plopped her pillow down on top of South Korea.