



## Chapter One

### Sick Day

Theodora Bear was visiting Harriet. So far the visit had gone very well. The only problem was that there was no candy at Harriet's house. Theodora told herself that sugar was bad for her teeth and her tummy. And she had extra jam at breakfast.

Today, Harriet was sick. She was grumpy about it. She sat up in bed. She coughed and frowned in between coughs. Her animals crowded the bed. Theodora decided to cheer her up.

"Did you know that colds last ten days at most?" she said. "Only nine more days to go after today."

Harriet did not smile. She patted the bear and leaned back on her pillows.

"I once had a cold that lasted six weeks," Vera the penguin said.

"That's nothing," Violet the sheep said. "I once had a cold that lasted six months."

Harriet tried to speak, but the others were too loud.

"Only those of us from Antarctica really know about colds..." Vera said.

"Shut up, Vera. You don't get a cold from being cold. Everyone knows that."

"You do so get sick from being cold. It shocks your body."

"How shocking could it be if you were born there?"

"Well, I must say..."

"Quiet!" yelled Harriet. There was a silence.

"Some of you may have had colds in the past," Harriet said. "But I'm the one who's sick today. And I want some peace and quiet."

"Some people really like to feel sorry for themselves," Vera muttered.

"I agree," whispered Violet. "I don't think she wants to get better."

