

Tim Had Mumps

Tim got mumps. He was hot. He felt sick. His neck felt big and hot. He had to rest in bed.

Granddad sat by the bed. "Drink this milk," said Granddad. "It will help."

Tim drank the milk.

Tim was upset. "What can we do?"

Granddad said, "The mumps are not fun. But just rest. Rest will help."

The next day, Tim still felt rotten. He rested with a snug blanket. It was dull.

“Can I get up?” Tim said to Granddad.

“Not yet,” Granddad said. “I had mumps,” said Granddad. “I was seven.”

“You were not seven,” said Tim. Granddad at seven? Too odd. Tim grinned.

Then he slept.

“Still sick?” said Granddad as Tim got up.

“Yes,” said Tim. The bed was damp. He let Granddad fix up the bed. Then he got back in.

Tim rested and rested. And then he got up strong. "Yes!" he said, jumping from the bed. "I got rid of the mumps."