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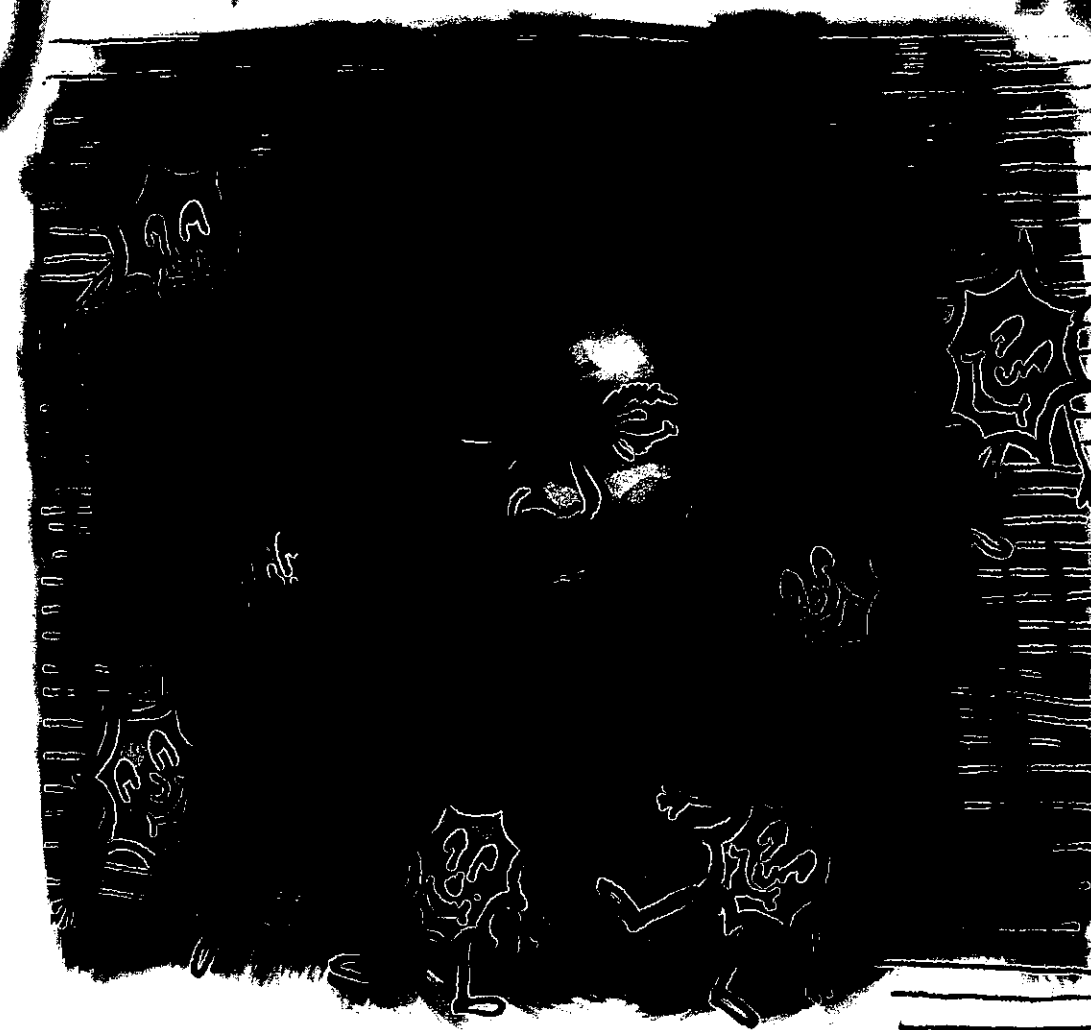
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John's Germs



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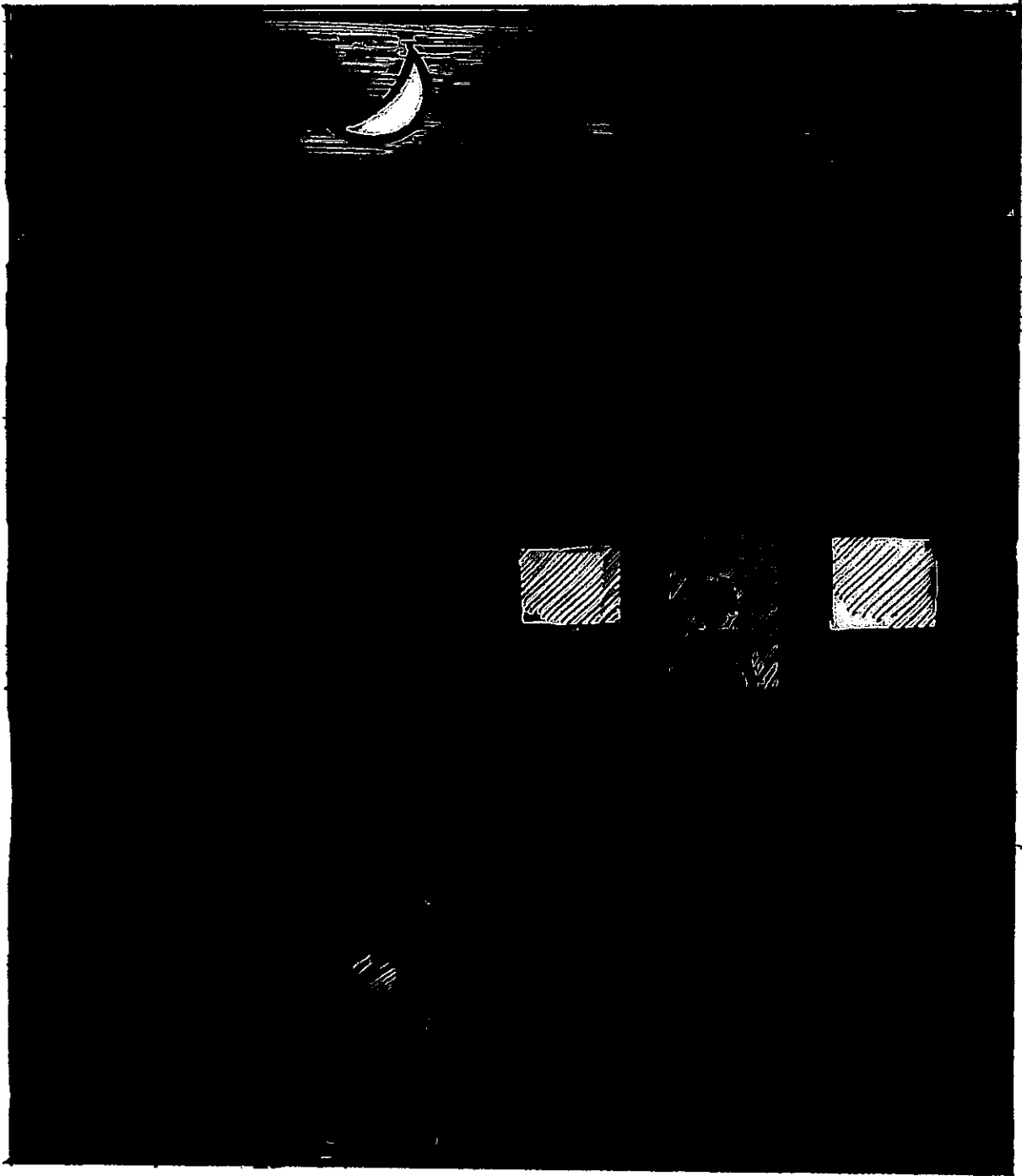
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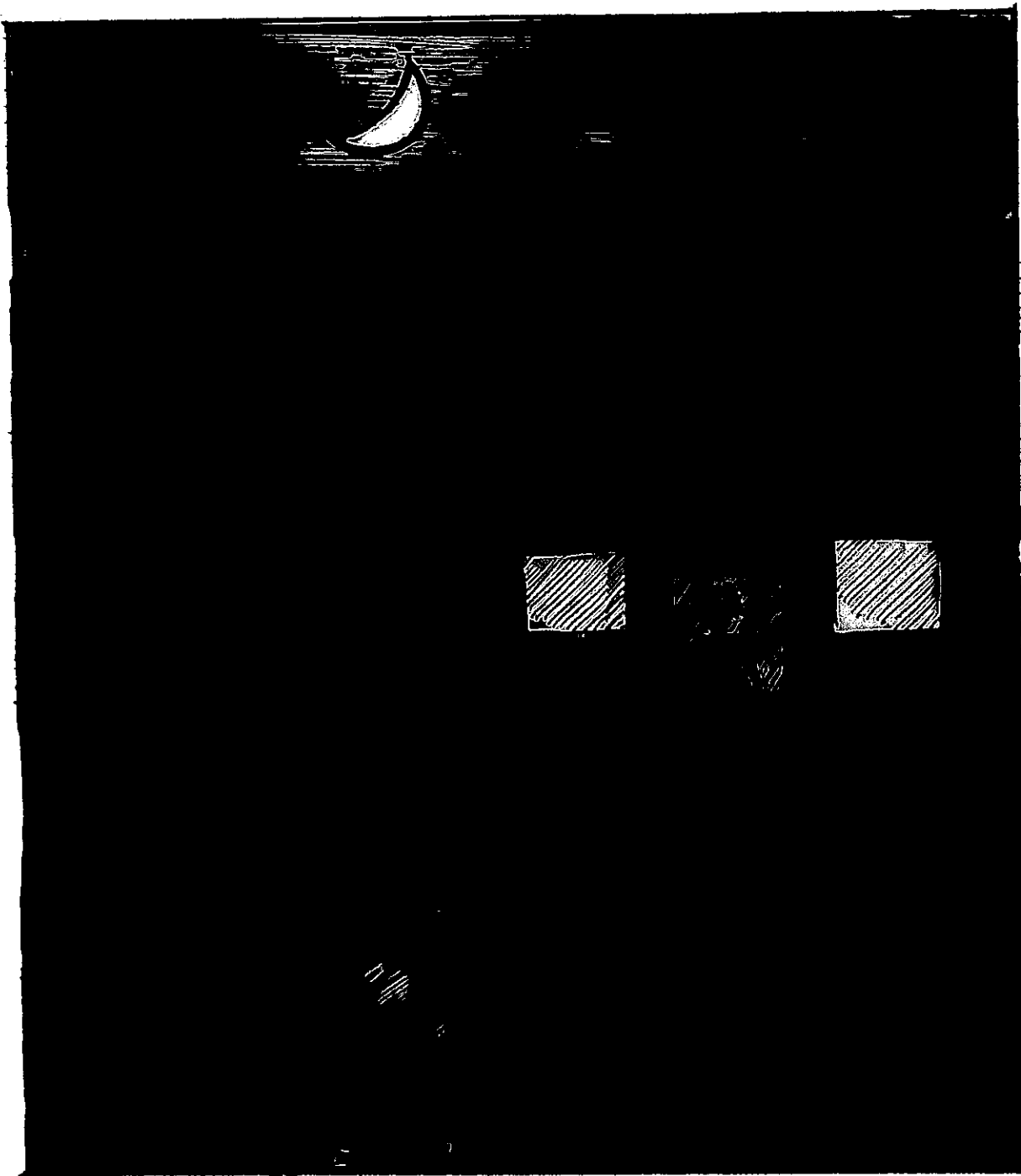


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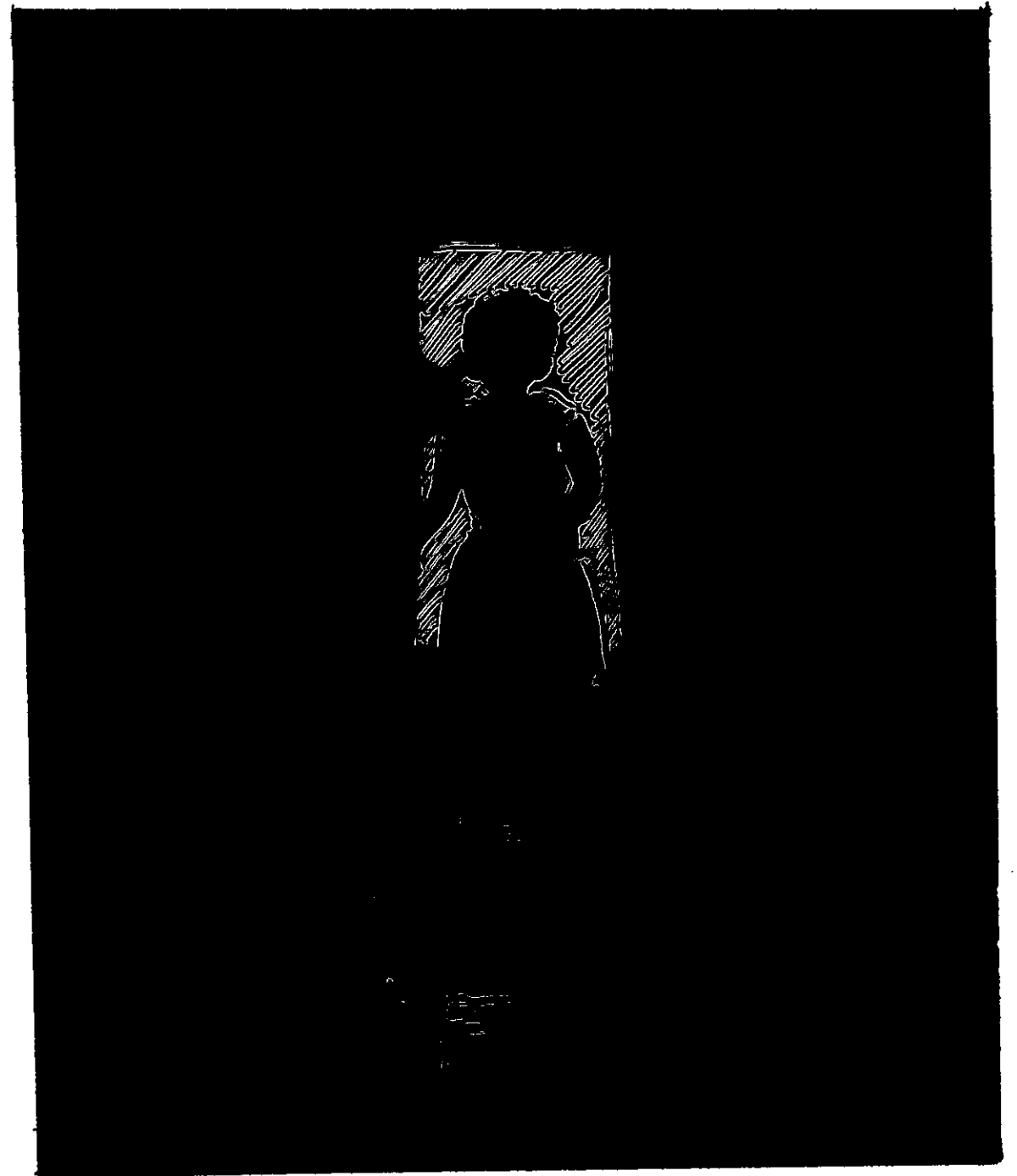
by **Billy Fito'o**
pictures by **Tony Hirisia**



When it was dark, John's mother called him in for dinner.



When it was dark, John's mother called him in for dinner.

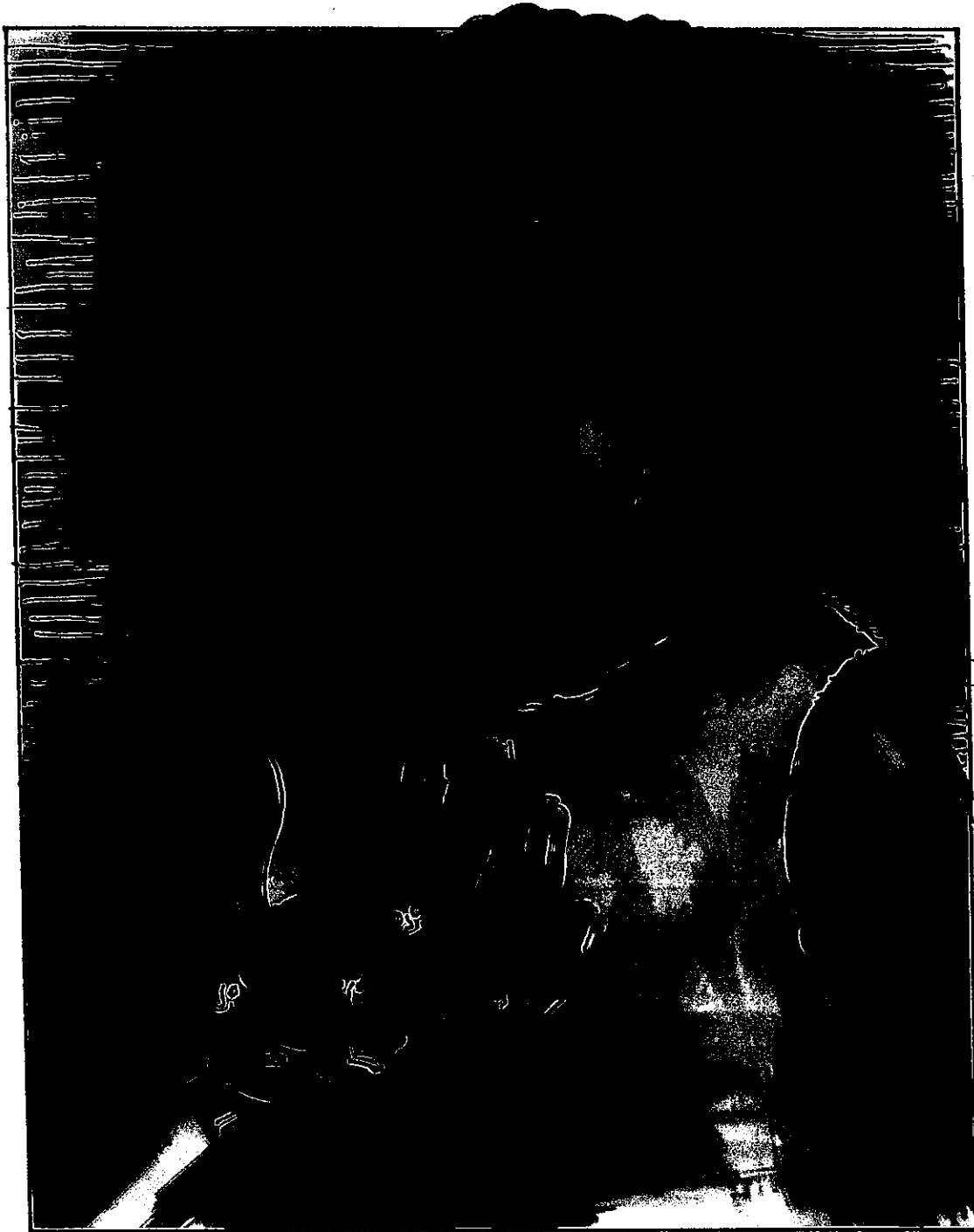


"Did you wash your hands?" asked John's mother.

"Yes", said John, but he lied.



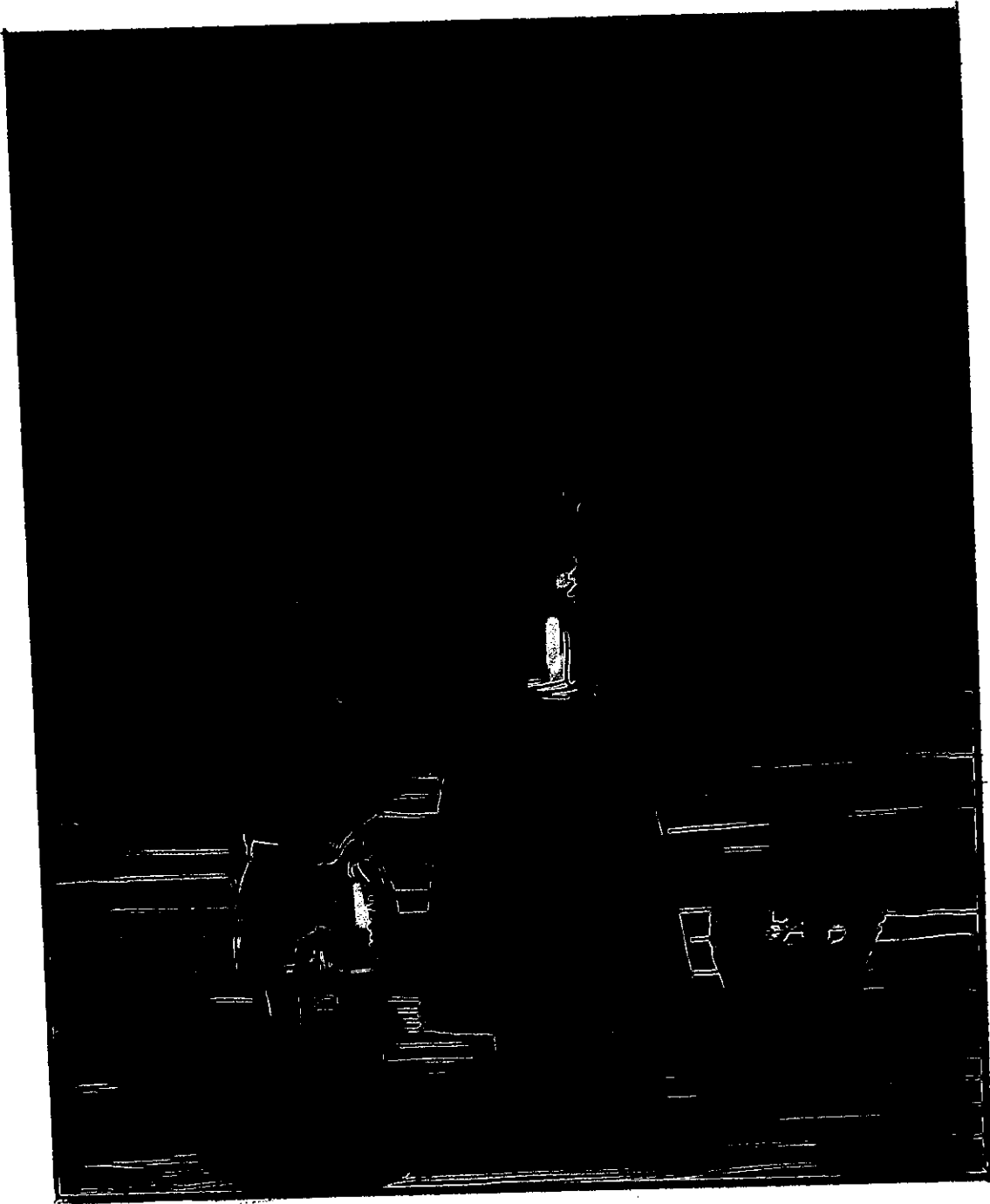
John's hands were covered with dirt, and the dirt was full of germs.



John's hands were covered with dirt, and the dirt was full of germs.

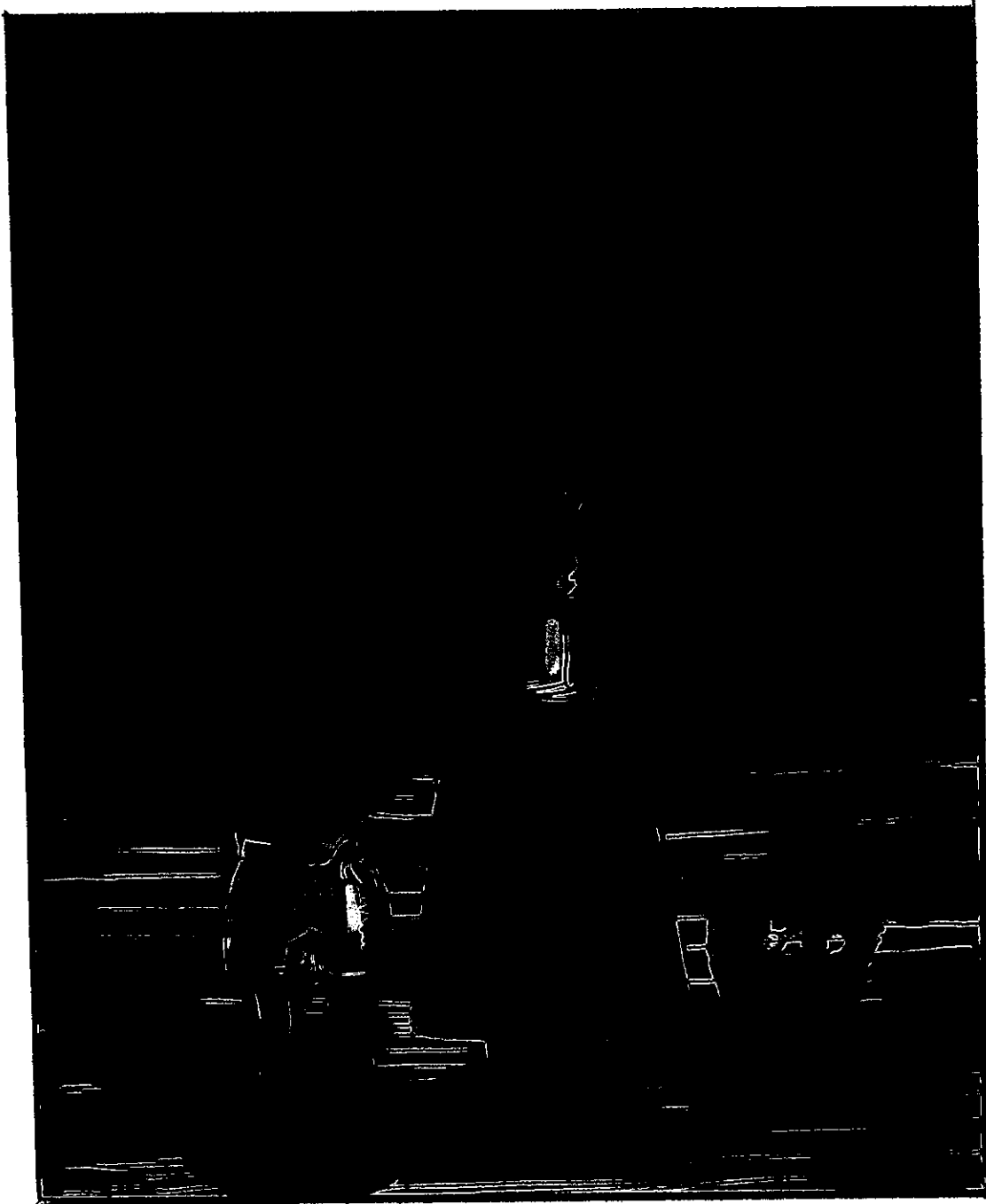


When the germs got inside John they began to make him sick.

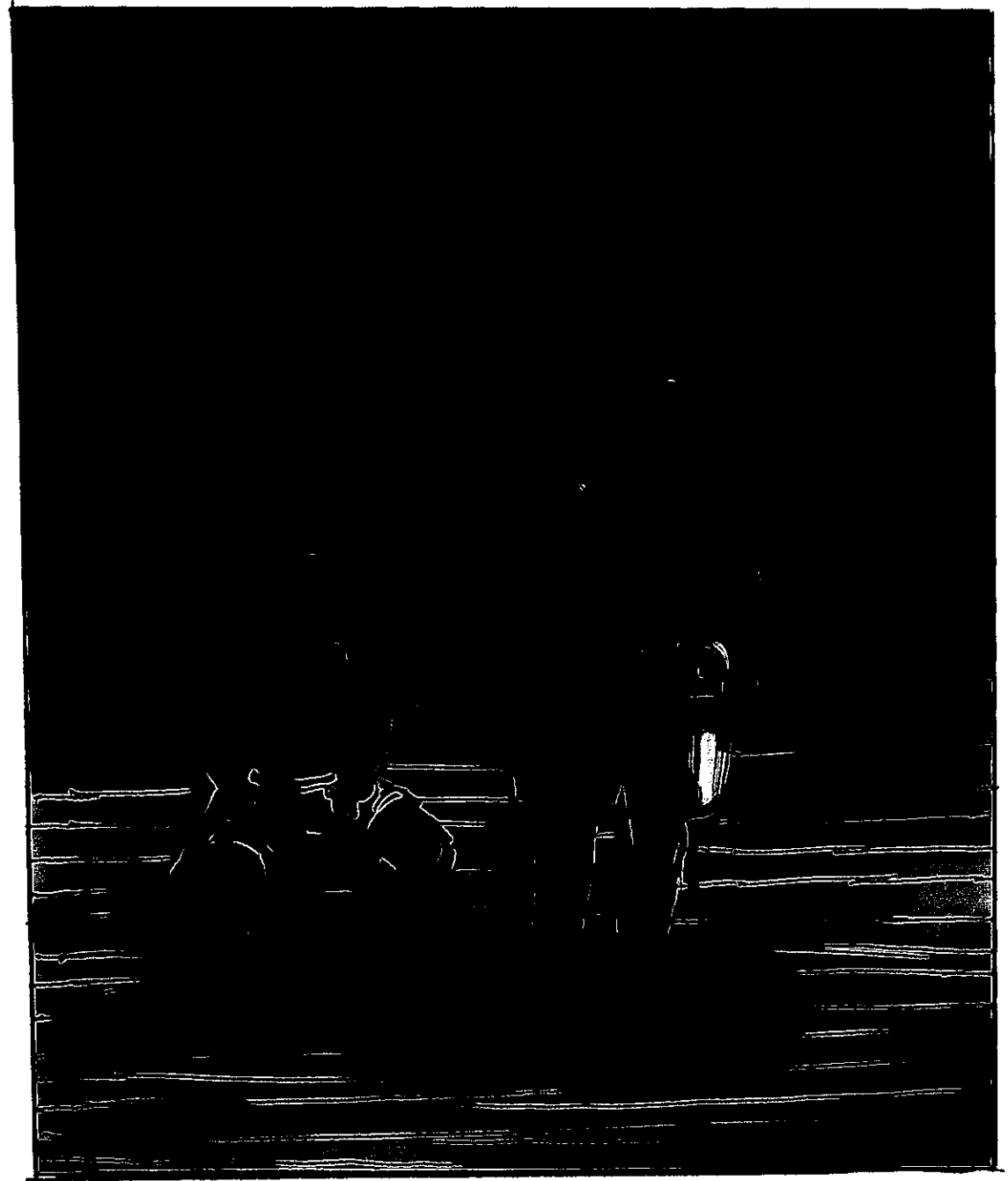


“I feel hot”, said John.

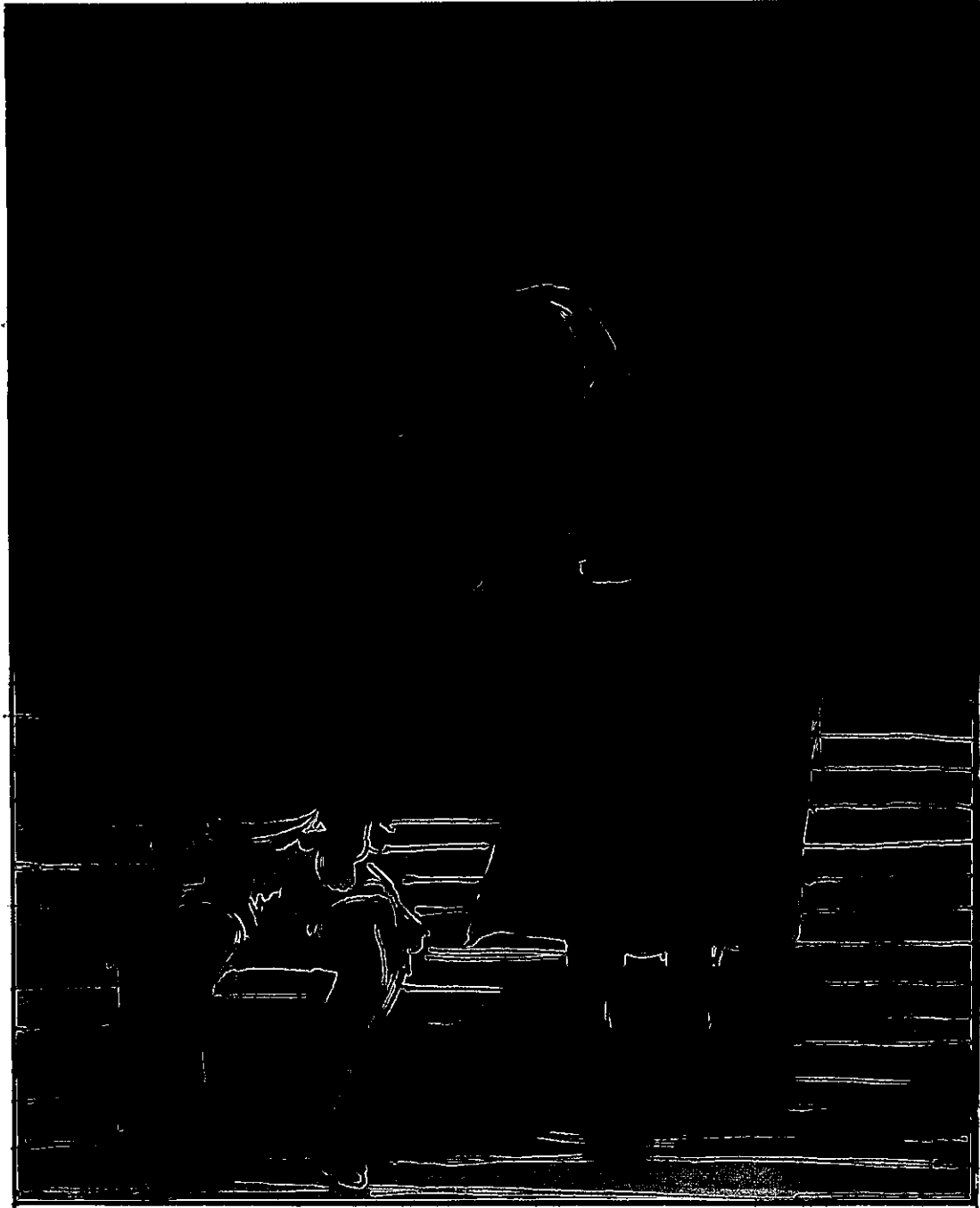
“Not now, John, I’m busy washing your dirty clothes,” said his mother.



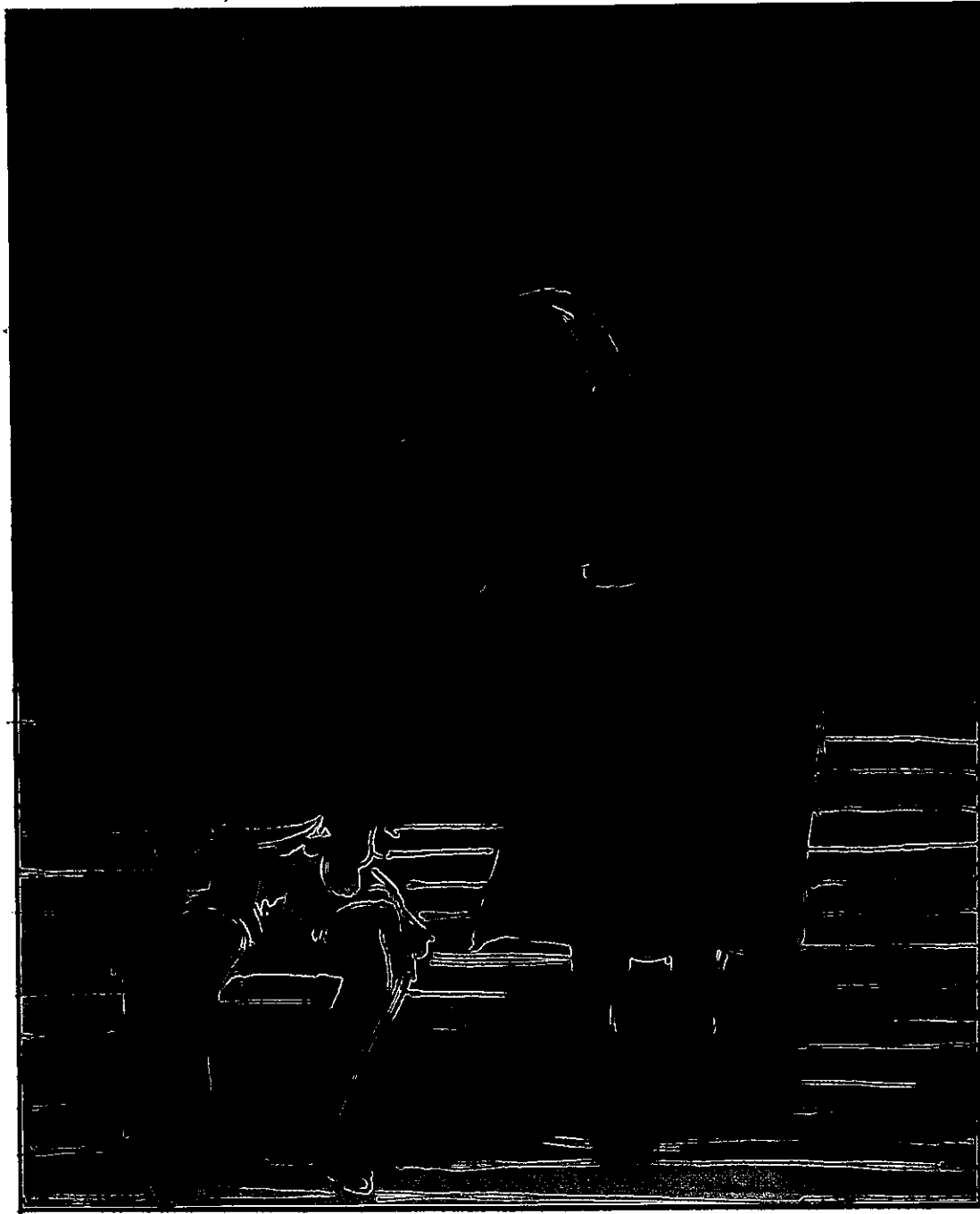
"I feel hot", said John.
"Not now, John, I'm busy washing your dirty clothes," said his mother.



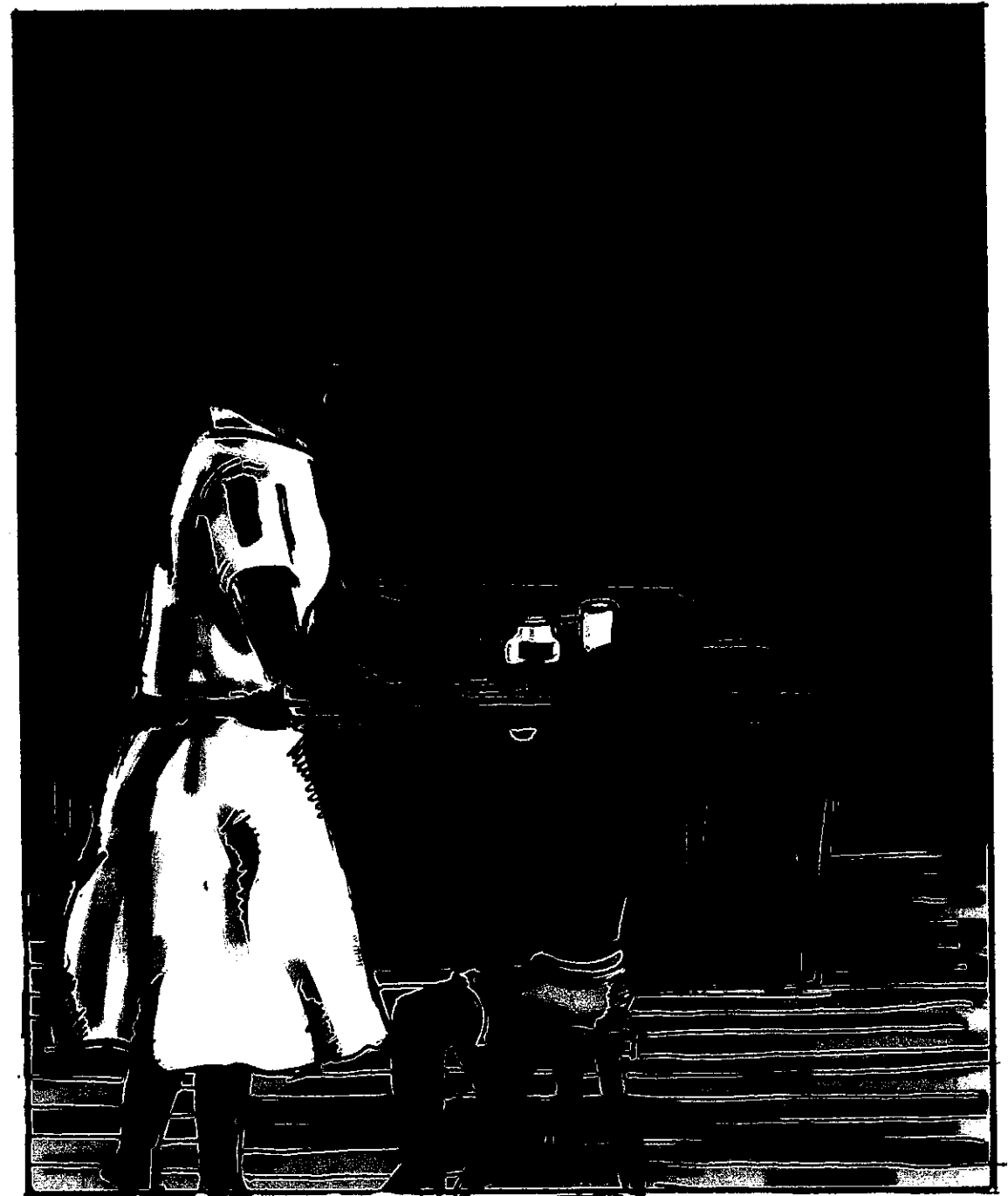
"I feel dizzy", said John.
"Not now, John, I'm busy collecting water," said his father.



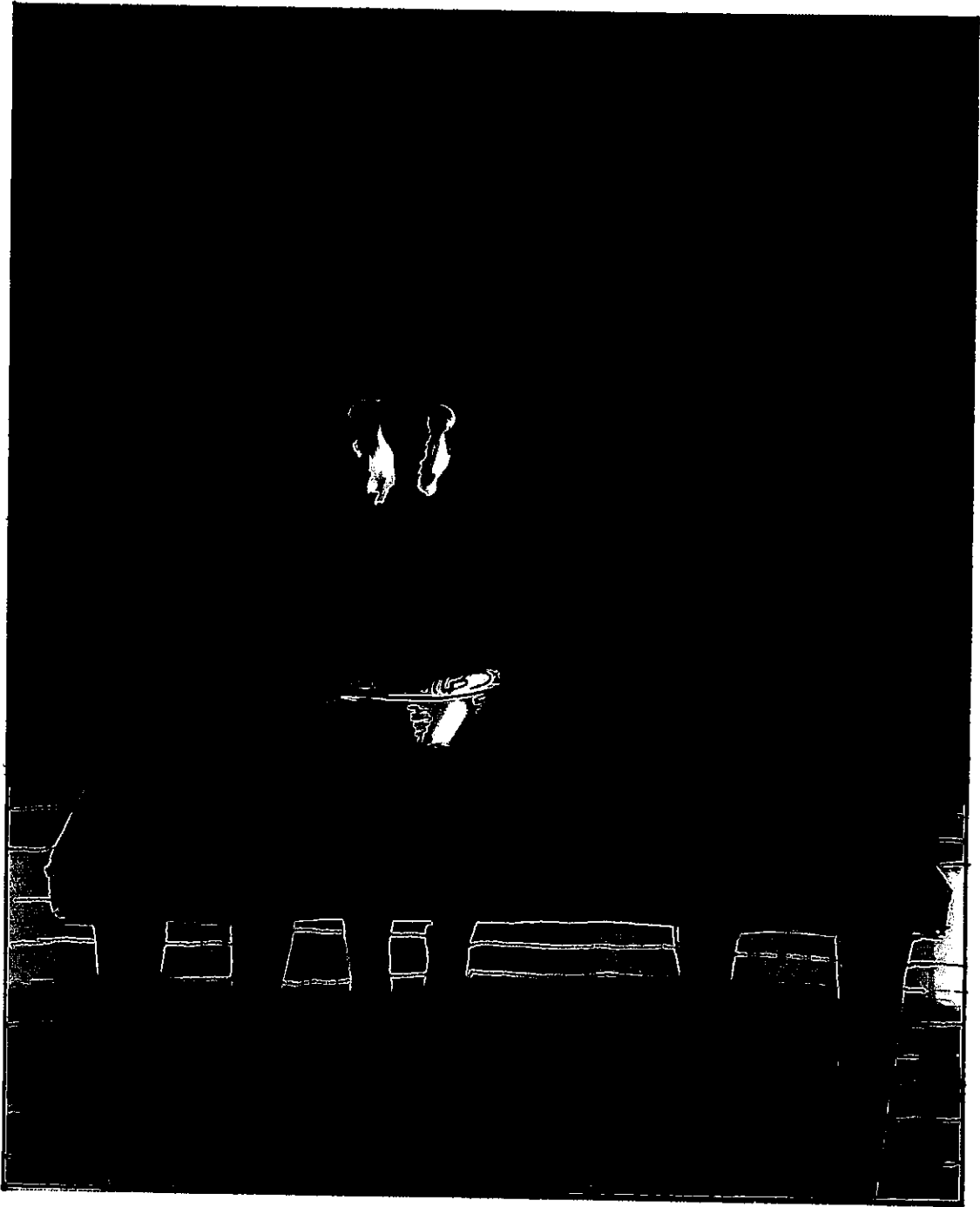
“I feel sick”, cried John.
John’s mother felt his head. “You feel hot,”
she said.



“I feel sick”, cried John.
John’s mother felt his head. “You feel hot,”
she said.



John’s father took him to the clinic.
The health worker gave him some medicine.



"I hate germs," said John.