



Chirton Krauss was a good child, the very goodest.
He did everything he was told, when he was told.

He even did good things *without* being told.



That's how good he was.



A few nights later, Chirton woke up with a tickly cough, so he went downstairs to get a glass of water.

He found Myrtle watching TV and stuffing choco puffs into her mouth.

She wasn't eating them carefully – a lot of them were going on the carpet.



“How come Myrtle is allowed to stay up late watching TV?” asked Chirton.

“Oh, I can never get Myrtle to go to bed,” said Alba, the babysitter. “So I just let her stay up.”

Now . . . does that sound fair to you?