

“A-achoo.” Beaver sneezes and snorts all the time for some unknown reason. He’s miserable! Tissue after tissue, handkerchief after handkerchief, his poor nose is as big and red as a clown’s.





Not only does he not feel like eating, but he also has a headache. He feels hot all over and he coughs violently.

"I might have a cold." Beaver takes some medicine and sleeps drowsily for the whole afternoon.

"Ahem, ahem, ahem," Beaver coughs, waking up worse than ever.

