

Royal Snotty Nose



How the little princess got a cold

Once upon a time, there was a castle in amethyst tones. In this castle, there was a little princess named Pauline, who didn't want to sit still on her chair and, again and again, stole away to discover alone the hidden rooms of the castle. "Where do you think you're going, my little patient?"

However, there was a problem. No matter how cold or warm it was outside, it was always cold in the castle. The little princess particularly felt that in her feet, since the castle's stone floor was icy at all times, summer like winter. All day, the little princess skipped about the castle barefoot – into hidden alcoves, into the damsel's tower and, if no one caught her at it, even all the way down to the dungeons.

"Do put on your ruby shoes," her mother the queen reminded her for the thirty-seventh time that day. "Or at least your fluffy cashmere socks! You'll catch cold!"

But the little princess did not want to listen. She wanted to discover the world with all of her senses. It had just rained and she had discovered a large puddle that was downright inviting her to jump in. That's a lot more fun barefoot, too. She could feel the sludge and the cool rain water between her toes and smell the scent of rain on warm earth. Mhhh.

Thus, one day the little princess woke up and noticed that she was not feeling all that well anymore. She didn't want to skip about the castle anymore, not barefoot, and not in sparkly ruby shoes, and not even in her soft cashmere socks. She rolled around restlessly in her purple four-poster bed between her forty-five pink silk pillows. Now she would pull the thick peacock feather blanket over her head, because she would feel as cold as if she were hugging a snowman. She was trembling and shivering. Then she suddenly felt as if someone had put twelve glowing hot-water bottles into her bed. At once, she threw off the blanket and wished she could have rolled around in vanilla ice cream to cool off.

"Mama, come quickly!" , the little princess called with a hoarse voice and a red, runny nose.

She wasn't feeling like skipping at all anymore. The queen's concerned face appeared in the pink lacquered door frame.

"What is wrong, child? Are you not feeling well?"

The little princess was about to answer when a gigantic, deafening sneeze broke out of her: ACHOO!

"You have caught cold!" The mother queen approached the purple four-poster bed and put the hand on her little princess's sweaty forehead. "You're burning up!"

Quickly, the queen got out the fever thermometer from the castle doctor's medical chest. Within a few seconds her suspicion had been confirmed: The little princess was running a fever.

"Fever?" , the little princess asked. "Is that something to eat?"

"No", the queen chuckled. "Fever is what you get when you are ill."

"Ill? But I'm not i... .." ACHOO!

"Nonsense. You'll stay in bed today!"

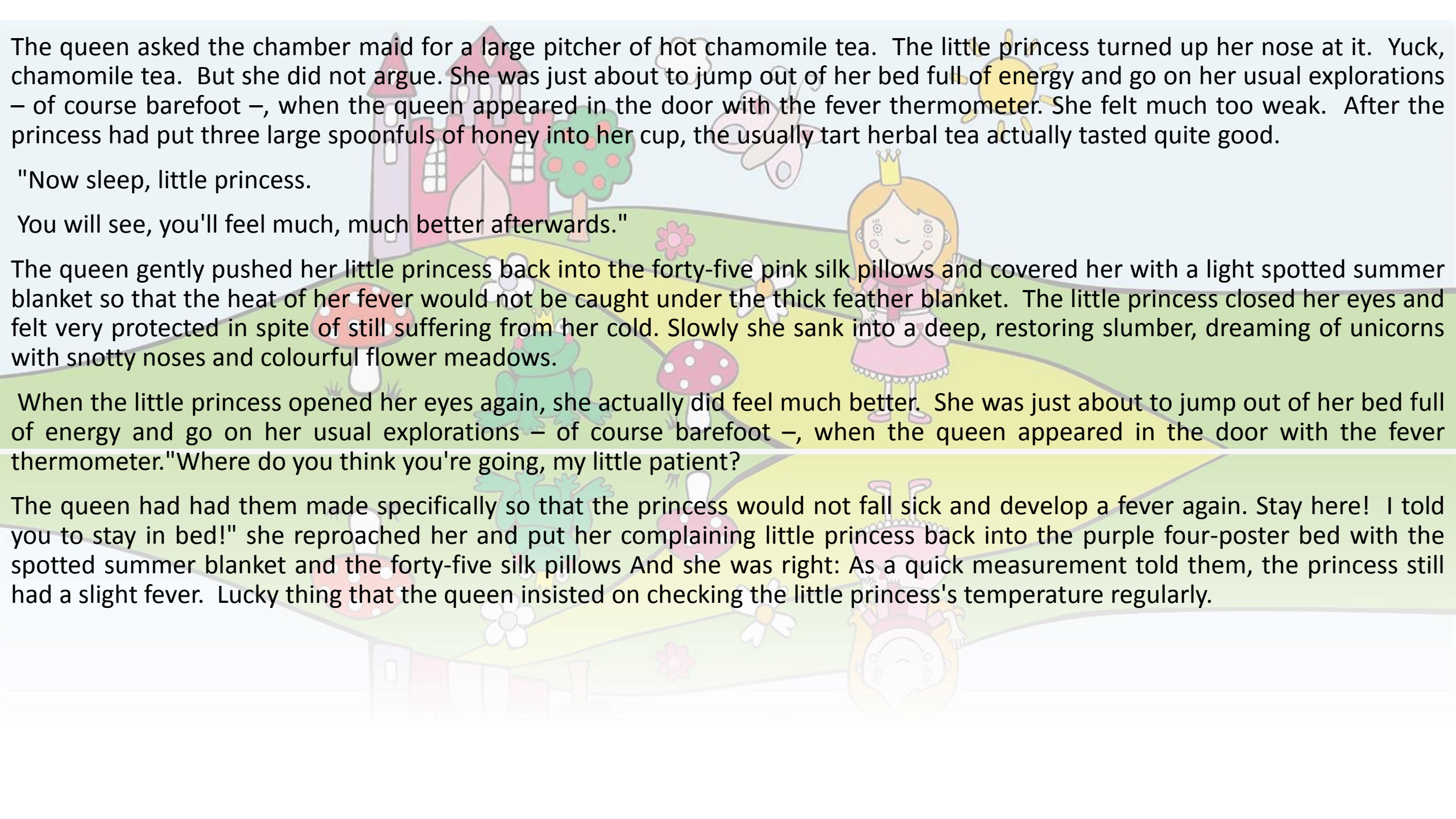
The little princess did not argue. She felt horrible.

"Can't our castle guard chase away the fever?" If even the little princess was in awe of the tall men of the castle guard, the fever would surely run away in fear.

"It's not that simple. And anyway: Fever isn't evil in itself. It even helps you get over your cold!"

"Well then," the little princess muttered. Usually, she would have wanted to know more, but even her curiosity was suffering under her illness. The queen hugged her sick little princess and gently stroked her back. The little princess felt much better!

"You have to drink a lot, little princess. It will make you feel much, much better."



The queen asked the chamber maid for a large pitcher of hot chamomile tea. The little princess turned up her nose at it. Yuck, chamomile tea. But she did not argue. She was just about to jump out of her bed full of energy and go on her usual explorations – of course barefoot –, when the queen appeared in the door with the fever thermometer. She felt much too weak. After the princess had put three large spoonfuls of honey into her cup, the usually tart herbal tea actually tasted quite good.

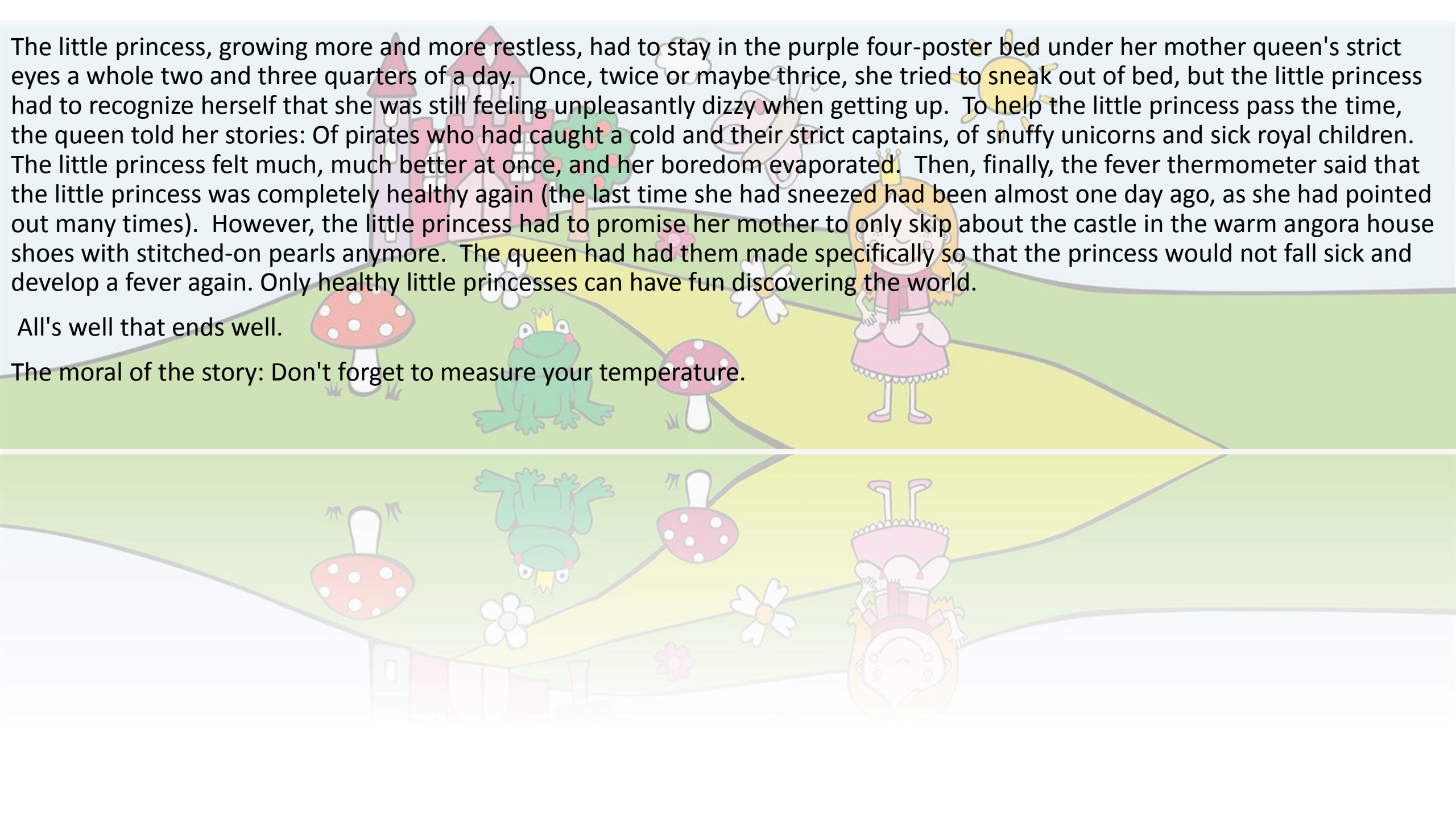
"Now sleep, little princess.

You will see, you'll feel much, much better afterwards."

The queen gently pushed her little princess back into the forty-five pink silk pillows and covered her with a light spotted summer blanket so that the heat of her fever would not be caught under the thick feather blanket. The little princess closed her eyes and felt very protected in spite of still suffering from her cold. Slowly she sank into a deep, restoring slumber, dreaming of unicorns with snotty noses and colourful flower meadows.

When the little princess opened her eyes again, she actually did feel much better. She was just about to jump out of her bed full of energy and go on her usual explorations – of course barefoot –, when the queen appeared in the door with the fever thermometer."Where do you think you're going, my little patient?

The queen had had them made specifically so that the princess would not fall sick and develop a fever again. Stay here! I told you to stay in bed!" she reproached her and put her complaining little princess back into the purple four-poster bed with the spotted summer blanket and the forty-five silk pillows And she was right: As a quick measurement told them, the princess still had a slight fever. Lucky thing that the queen insisted on checking the little princess's temperature regularly.



The little princess, growing more and more restless, had to stay in the purple four-poster bed under her mother queen's strict eyes a whole two and three quarters of a day. Once, twice or maybe thrice, she tried to sneak out of bed, but the little princess had to recognize herself that she was still feeling unpleasantly dizzy when getting up. To help the little princess pass the time, the queen told her stories: Of pirates who had caught a cold and their strict captains, of snuffy unicorns and sick royal children. The little princess felt much, much better at once, and her boredom evaporated. Then, finally, the fever thermometer said that the little princess was completely healthy again (the last time she had sneezed had been almost one day ago, as she had pointed out many times). However, the little princess had to promise her mother to only skip about the castle in the warm angora house shoes with stitched-on pearls anymore. The queen had had them made specifically so that the princess would not fall sick and develop a fever again. Only healthy little princesses can have fun discovering the world.

All's well that ends well.

The moral of the story: Don't forget to measure your temperature.