

# Frank N. Stein



By: Donna Collinsworth



Mrs. Frank looked out the  
castle's window.



“Oh dear,” Mrs. Frank sighed,  
“company is coming.”



“Hurry,” Mrs. Frank said to her husband,  
“we, must get ready.”  
Frank looked up from his newspaper,  
“Do we really?”



Mrs. Frank was busy. She had to hide the vase of fresh flowers and get out the old and broken vase full of dead flowers.

“I don’t have time to argue,” she told him, “I must get the house ready.”

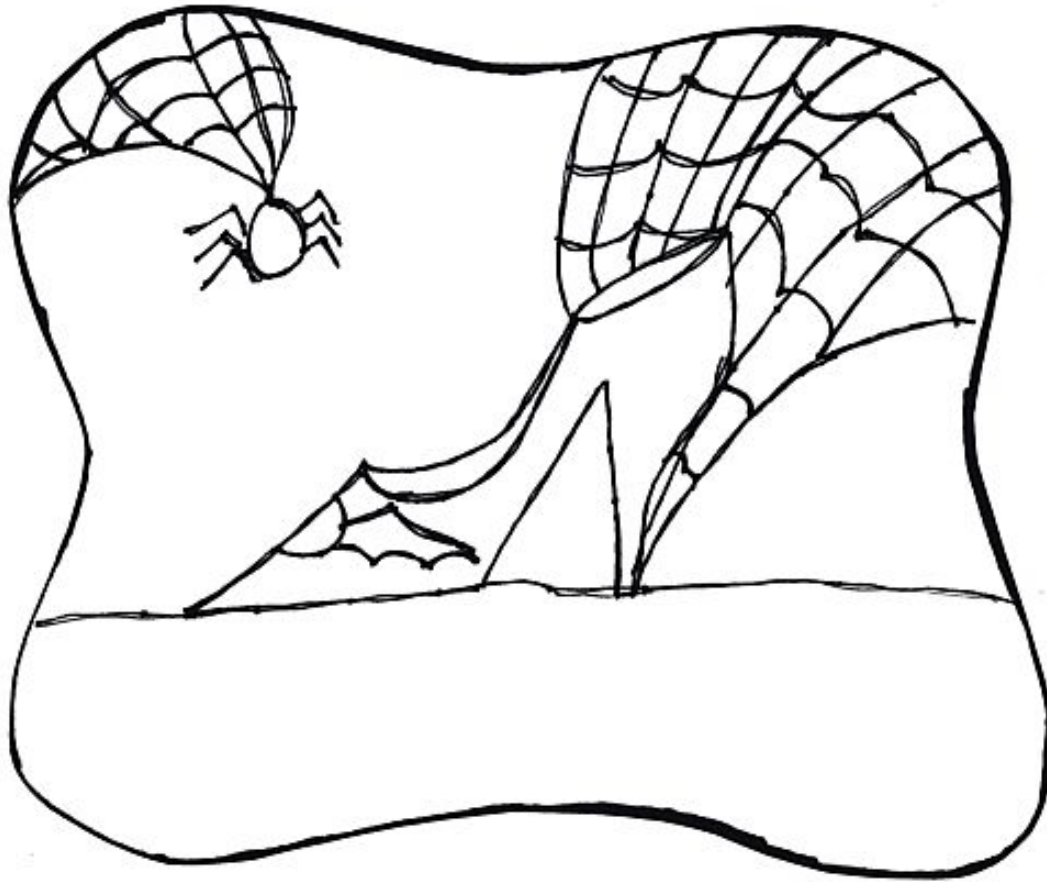


“Can’t we just pretend  
we’re not at home?”



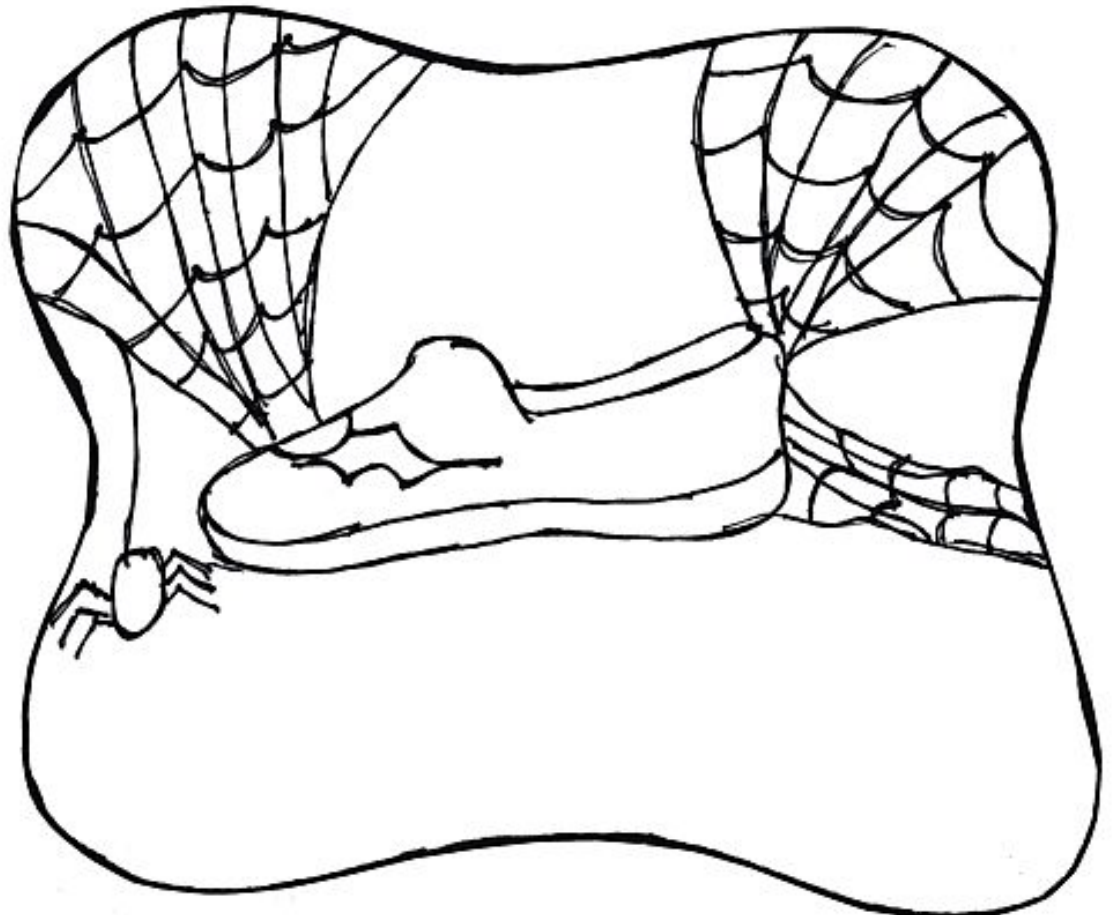
Mrs. Frank walked over to where her husband stood.

“You know we have an image to uphold.”

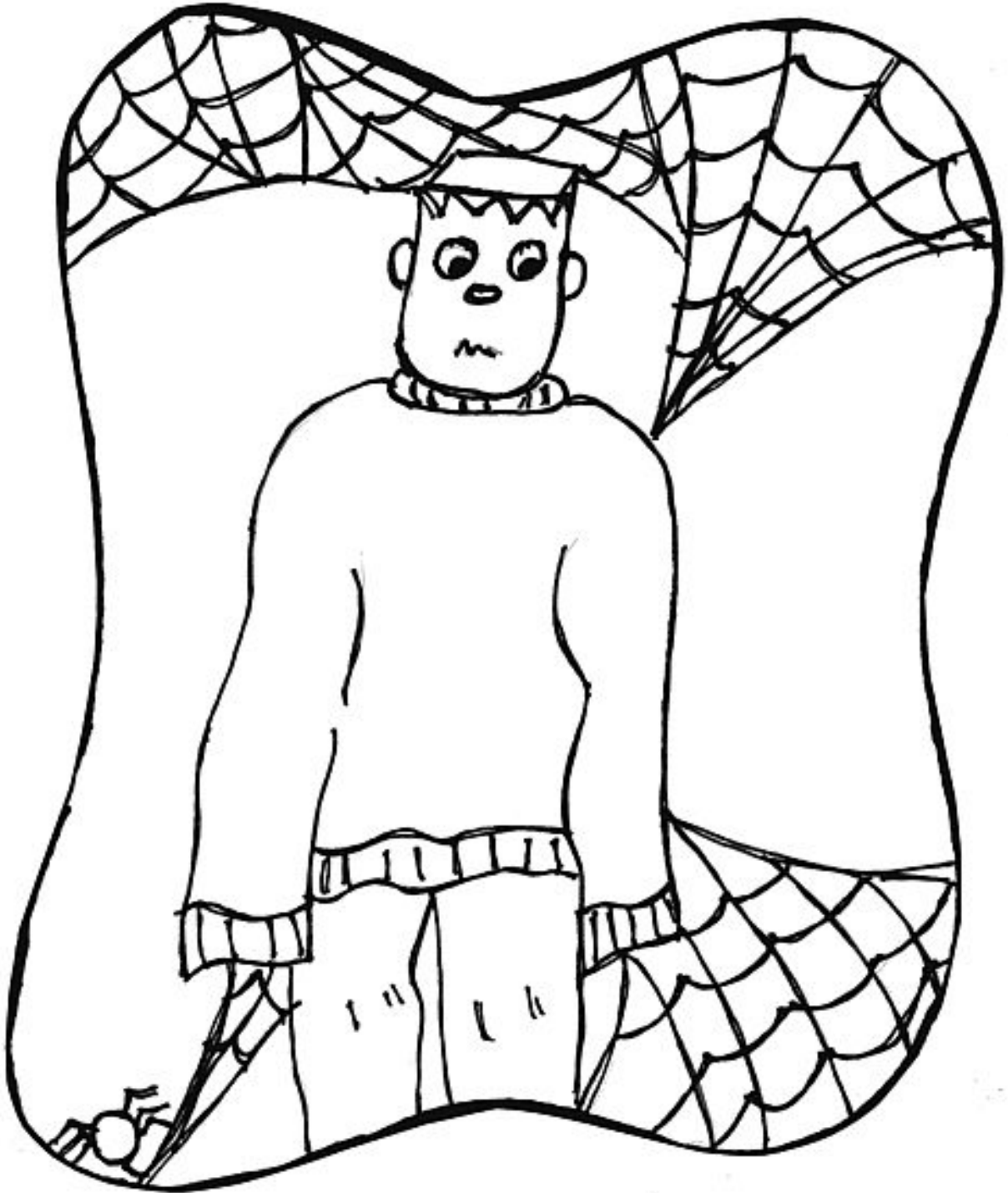


“You’d better get ready.” Mrs Frank sighed as she thought of her new high heel shoes.

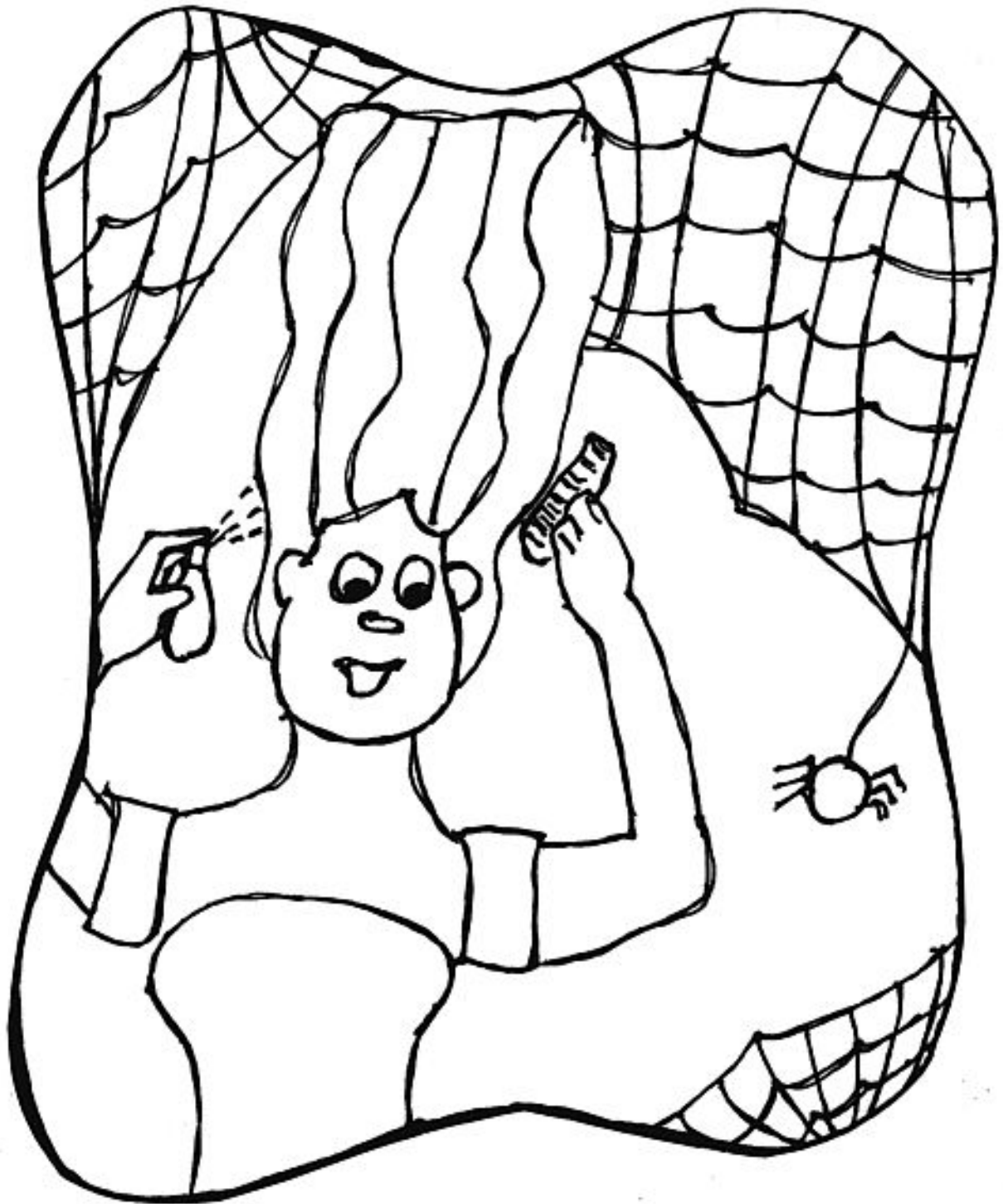
“And don’t worry, I’ll wear my flats.”



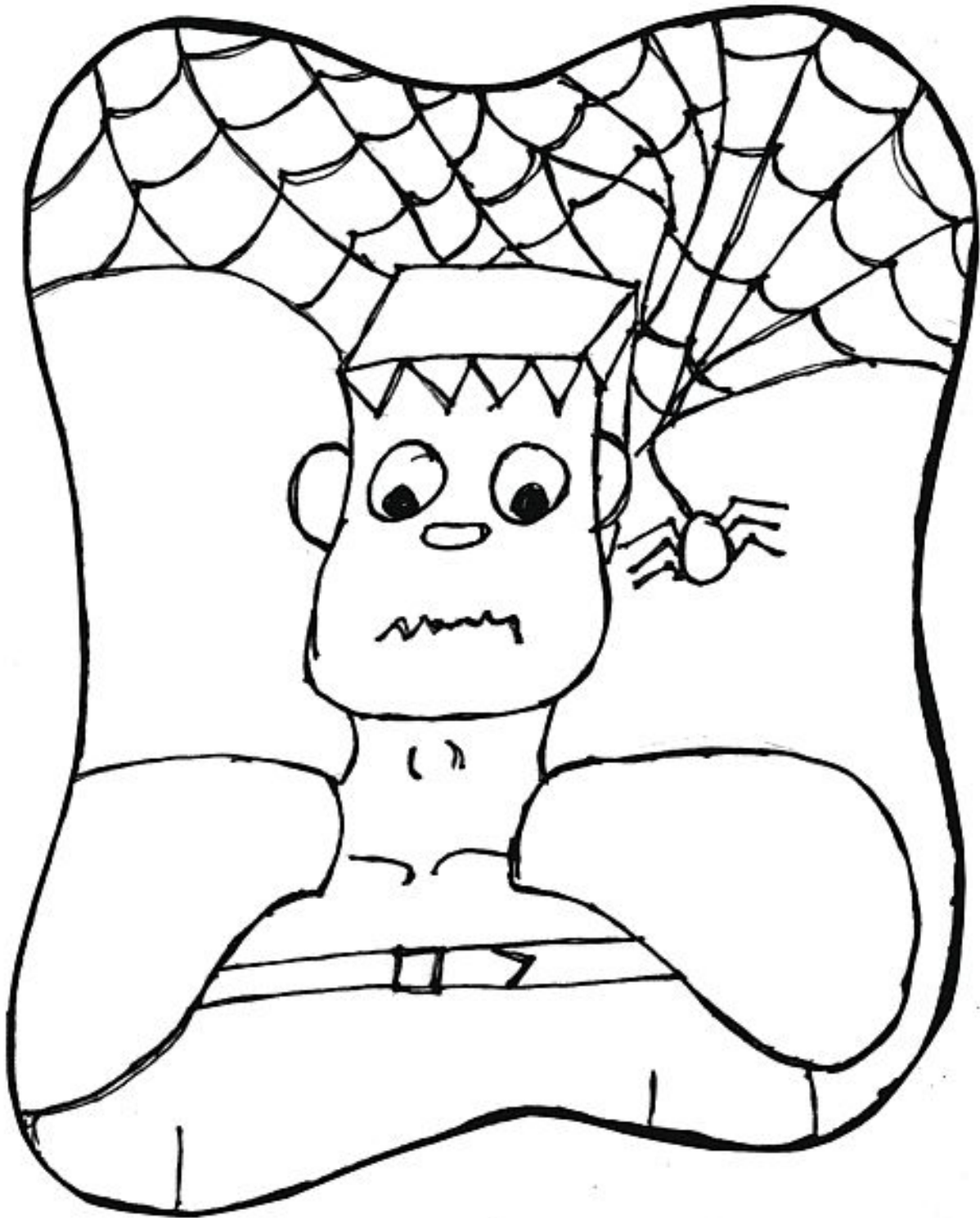




“GRRRRR”, he growled,  
“My shirt doesn’t fit!”



“Don’t forget your shoulder pads,” she called to him as she fixed her hair.

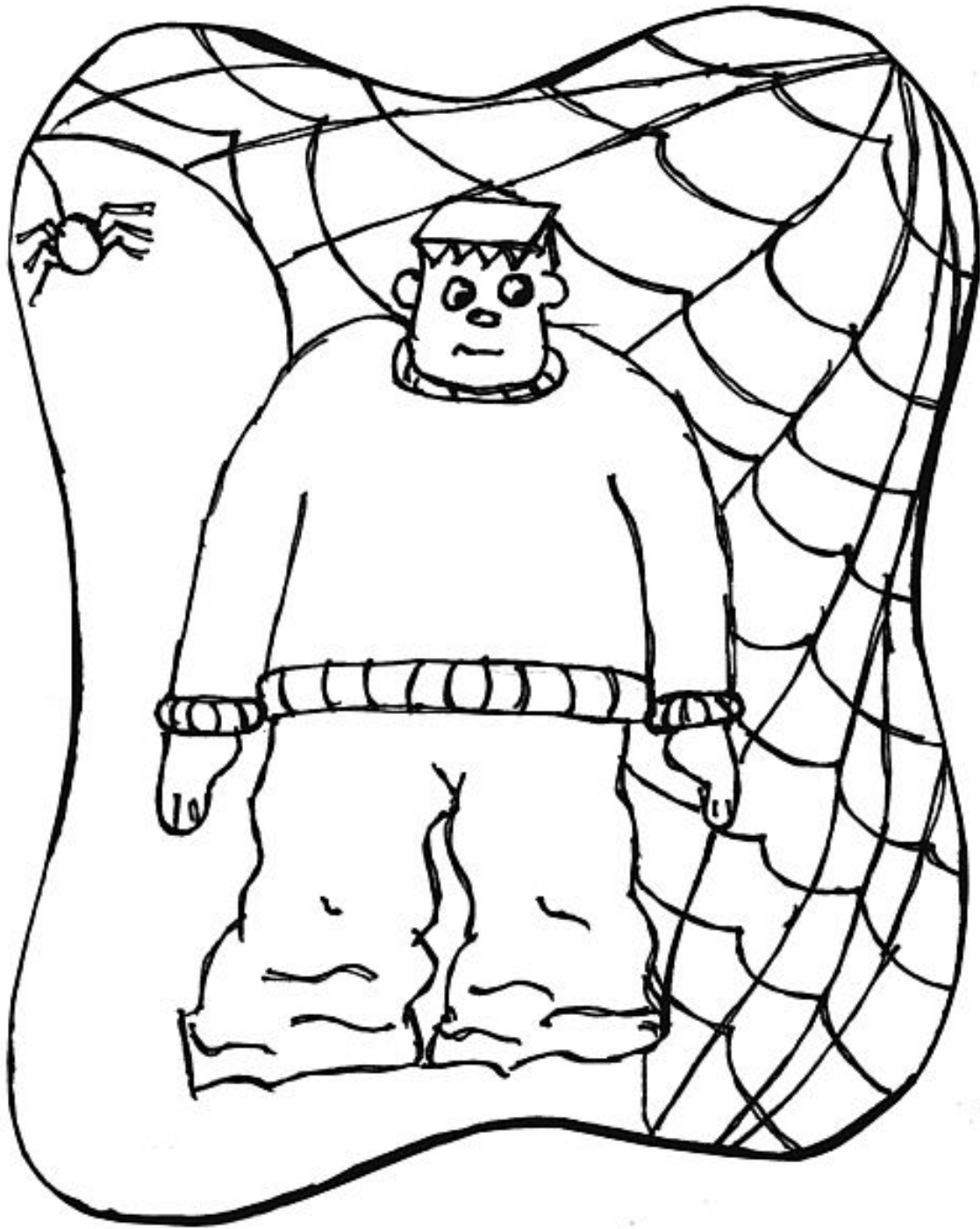


“Be sure and wear the thick ones,”  
called Mrs. Frank.

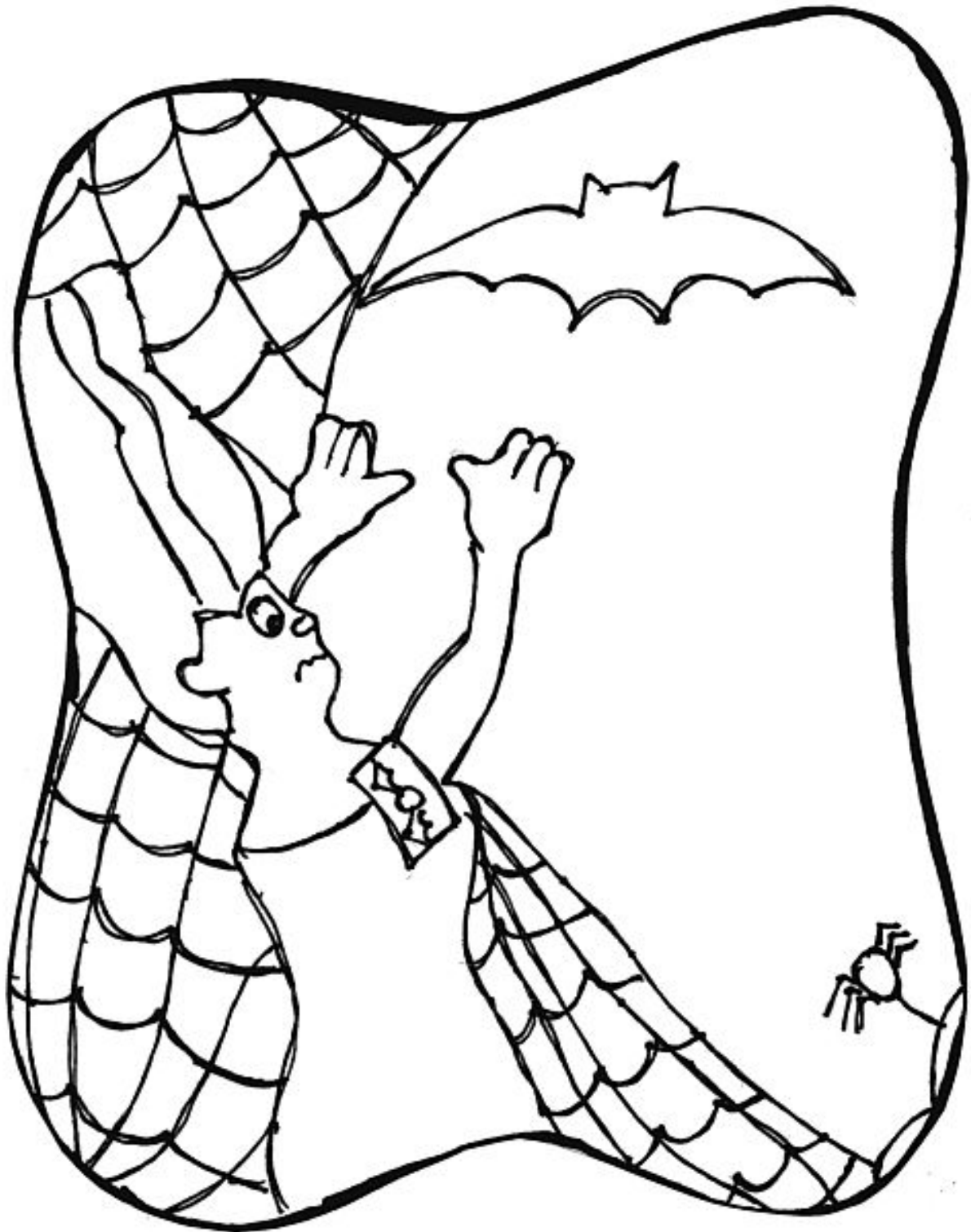
“GRRR,” growled Frank.



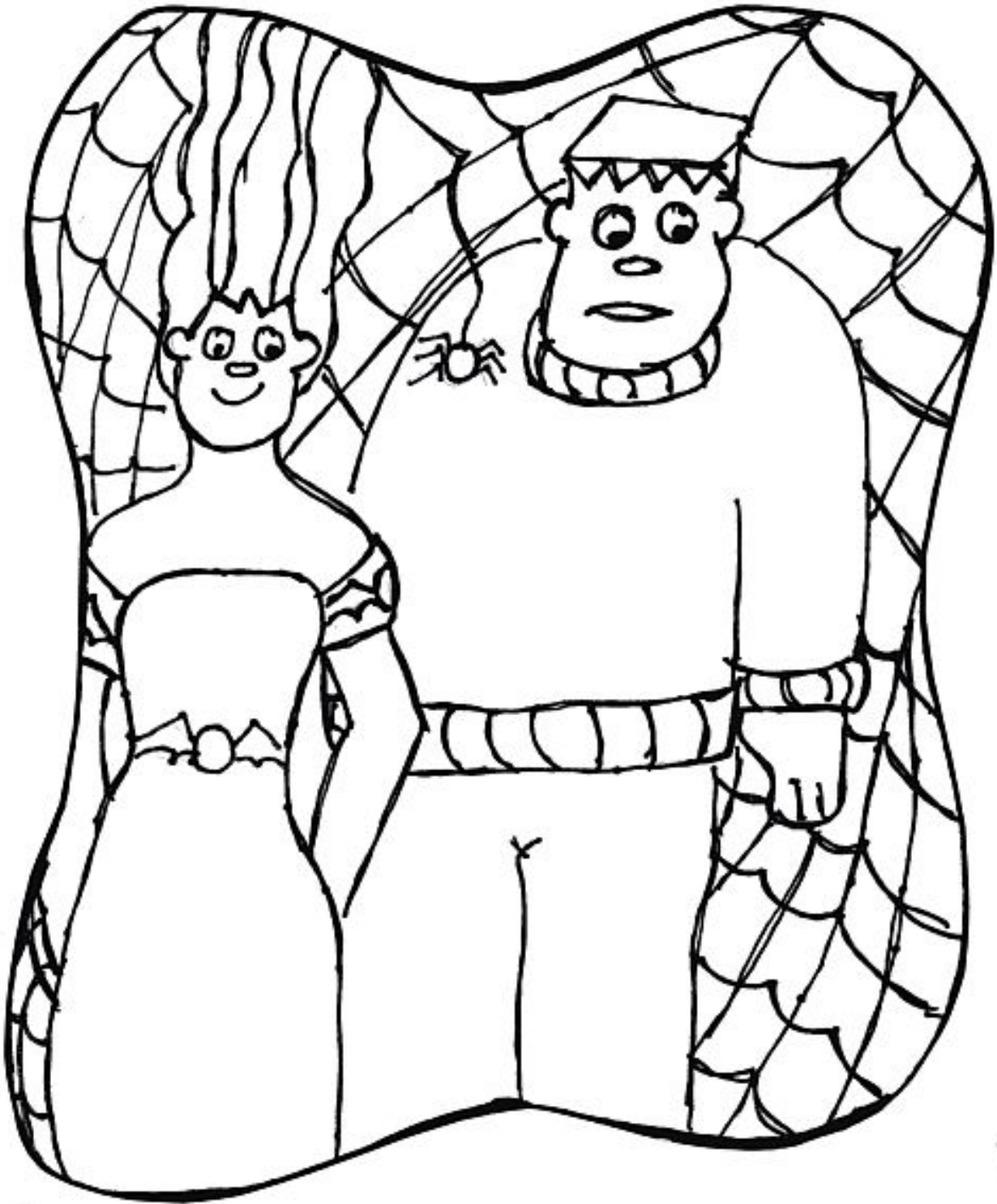
“GRRR,” he growled.  
She was right.  
His shirt did fit better.



“GRRRR!” Now it was his pants. They were way too long!



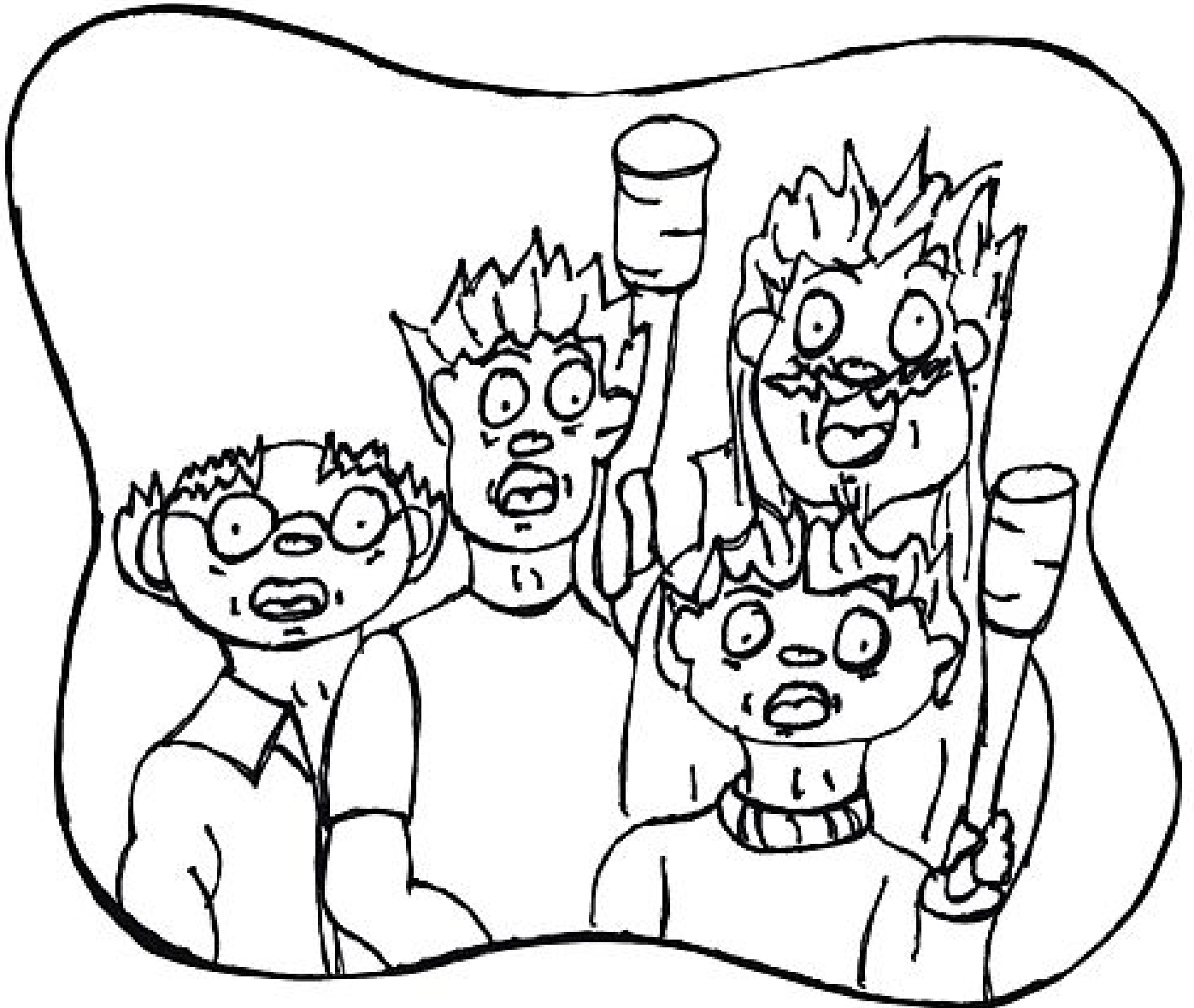
“Don’t forget the platform shoes,”  
Mrs. Frank called to her husband as she  
tried to catch the last bat  
to complete her outfit.



Finally Mr & Mrs. Frank N. Stein were ready to receive their guests.

“GRRR,” growled Frank.

“Yes dear, I agree it is a lot of work, but...,



..the look on their faces makes it all worth while!