

Frank N. Stein



By: Donna Collinsworth



Mrs. Frank looked out the castle's window.



“Oh dear,” she 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.



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

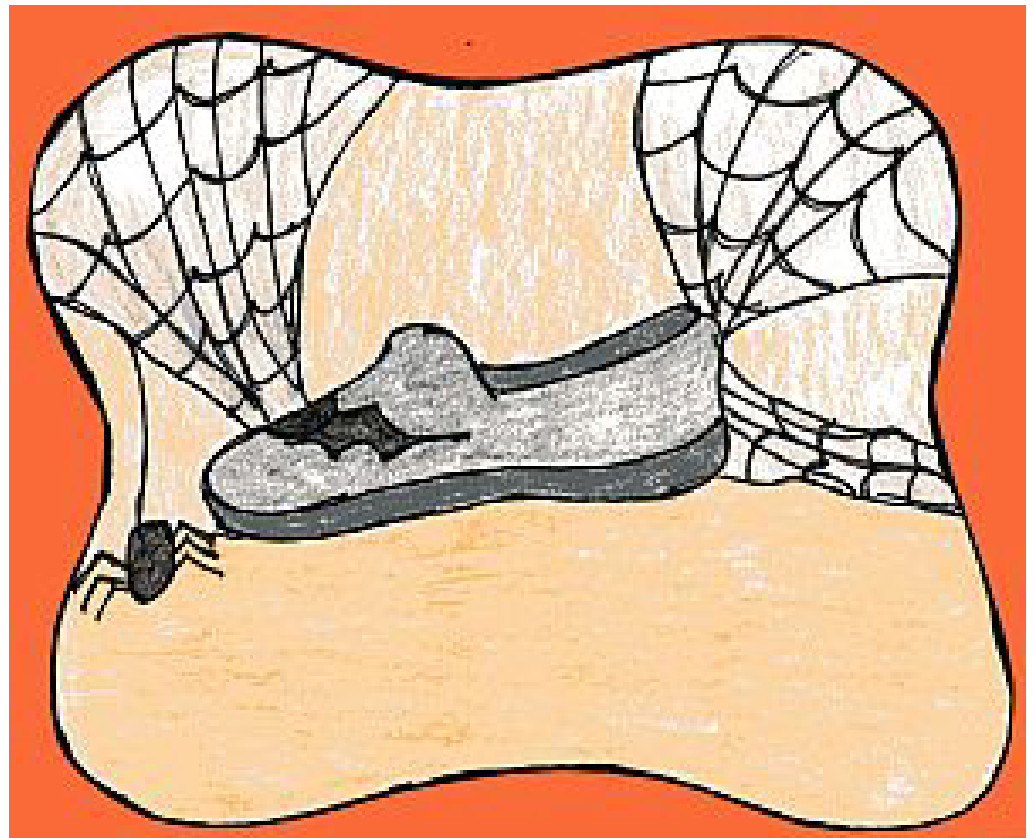


Mrs. Frank walked over to
where her husband stood.
“You know we have an image to uphold.”



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

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





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



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

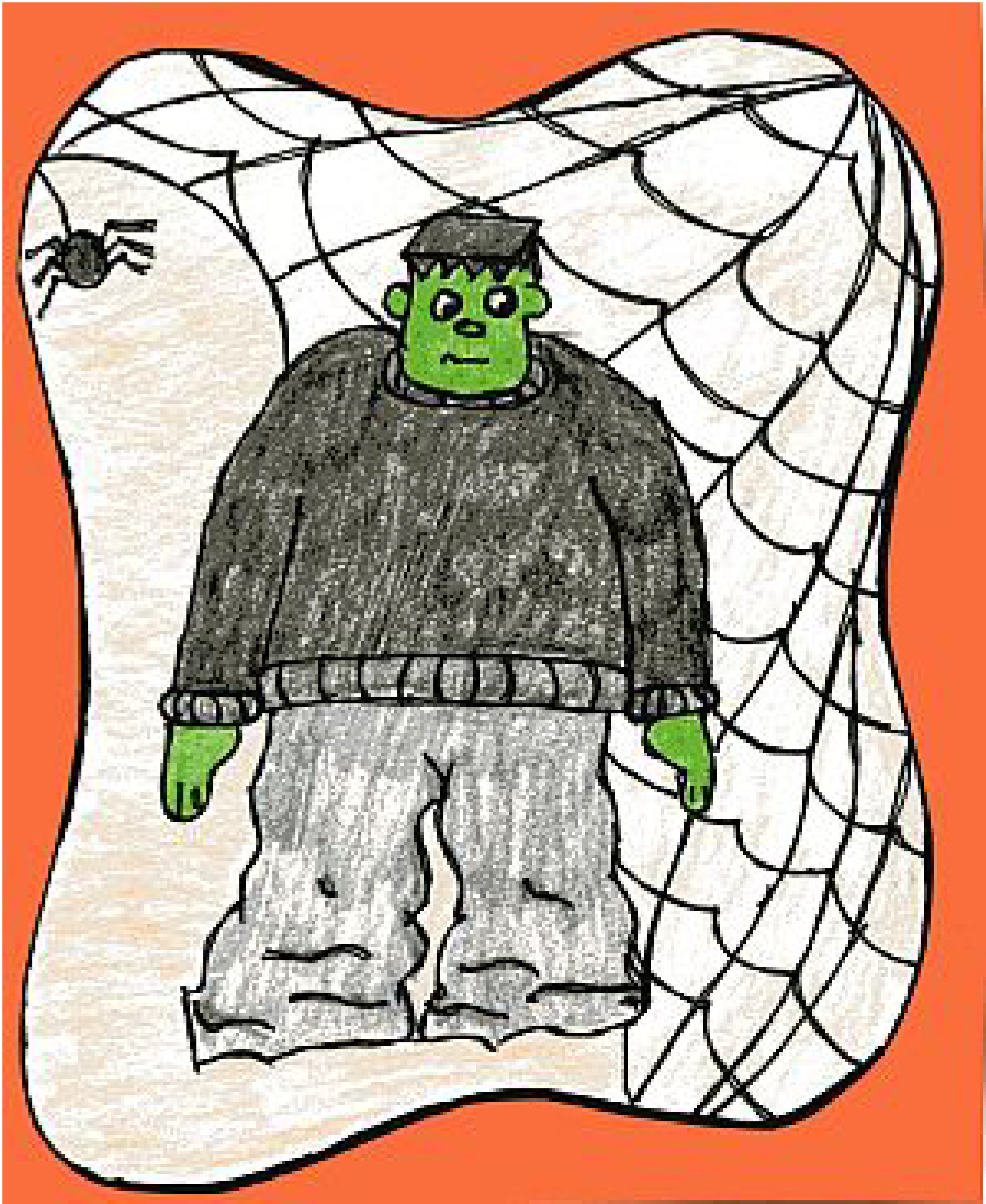


“And be sure to wear the extra thick ones,”
she called.

“GRRRRR!” growled Frank.



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



”GRRRR!”

Now it was his pants that didn't fit.
They were way too long.



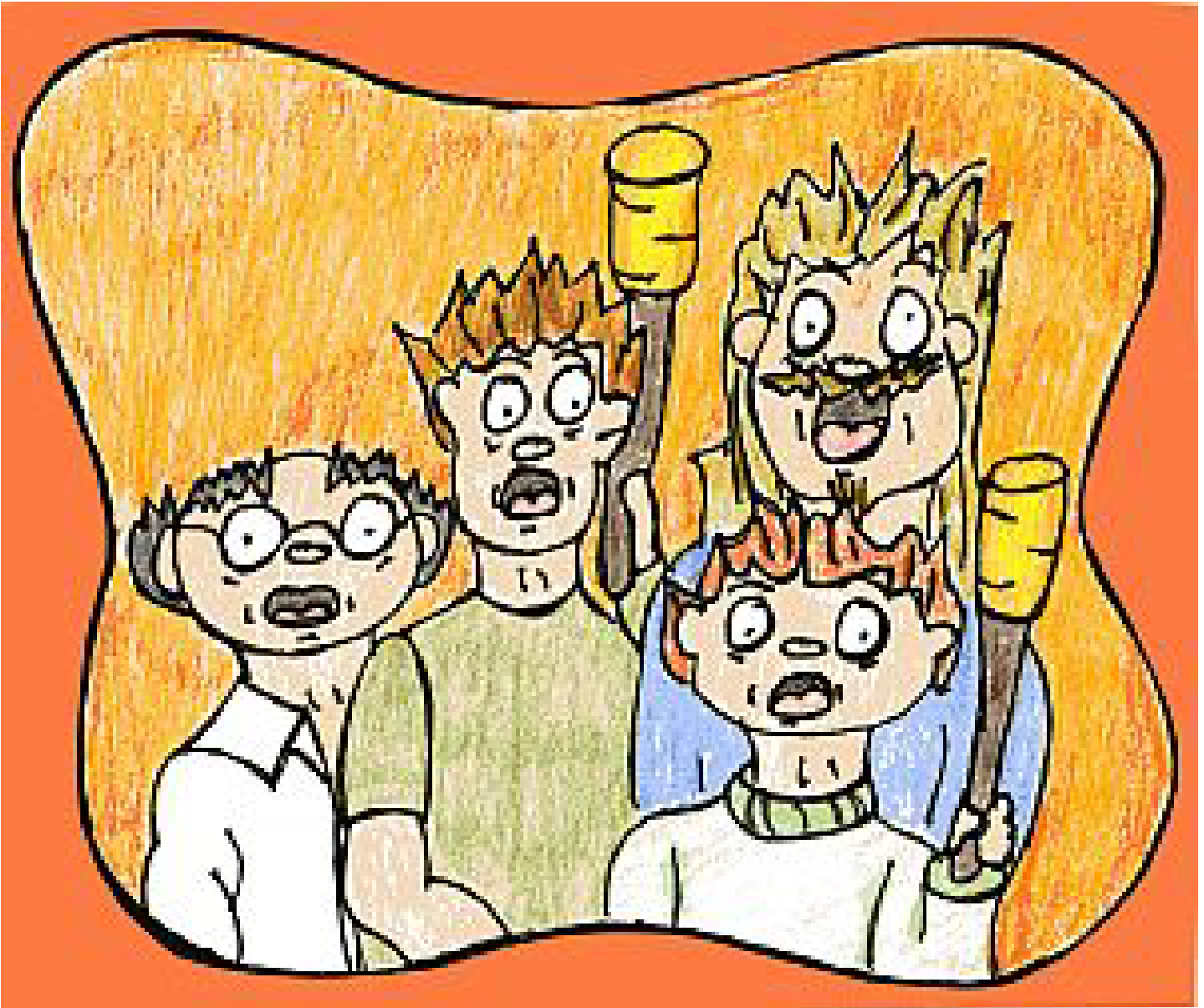
“Don’t forget the platform shoes,” called Mrs. Frank as she tried to catch the last bat to complete her outfit.



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

“GRRRR,” growled Frank.

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



“...the look on their faces make it all worth while.”