


MARVIN REDPOST
Kidnapped at
Birth?

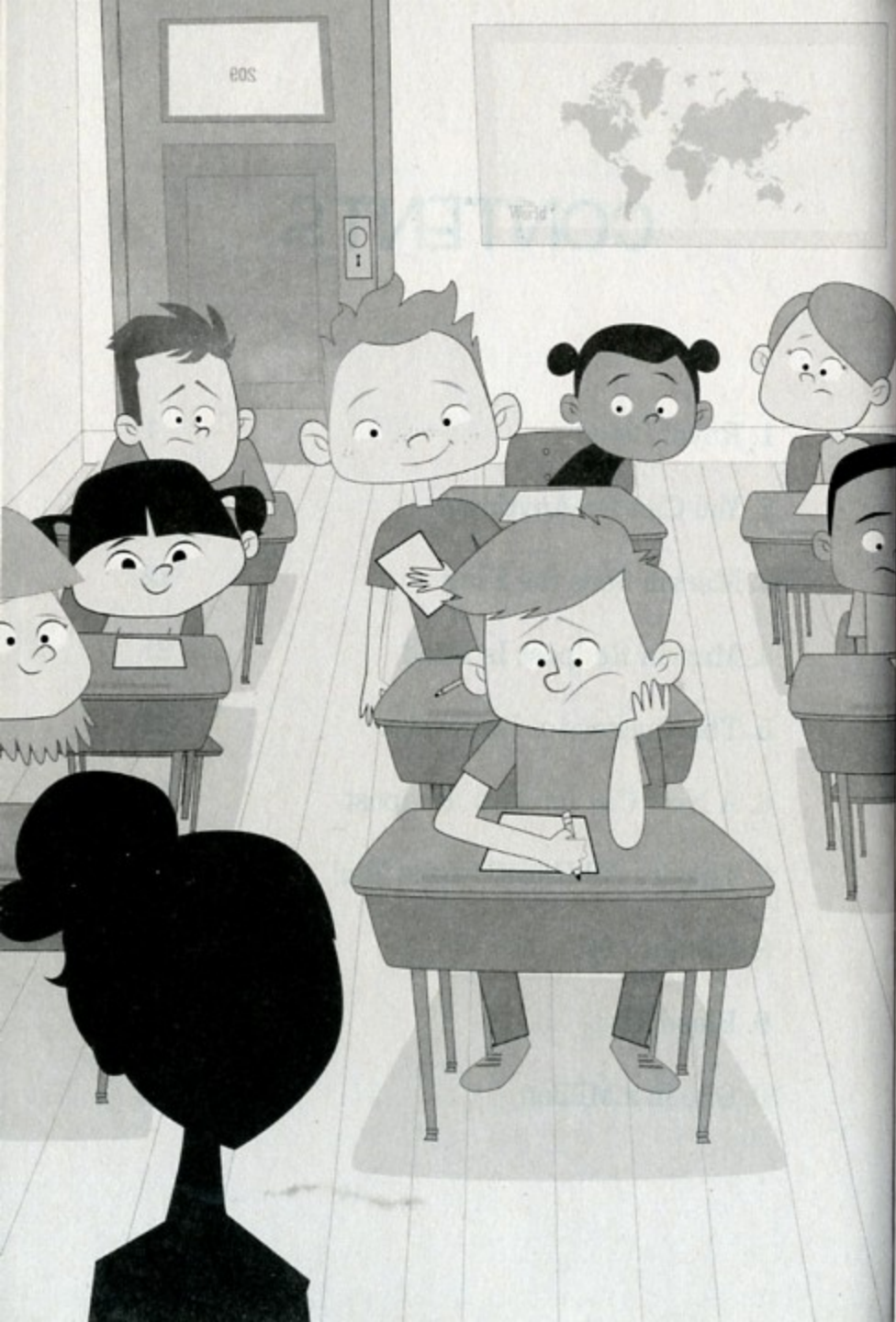


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Illustrated by Adam Record

A STEPPING STONE BOOK™

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Royal Blood

The End

Marvin Redpost put down his pencil. He was the first one done.

He took his report to Mrs. North.

Mrs. North looked at it. "I can't read this," she said.

He had to copy it over. "Neater this time, Marvin," said Mrs. North.

Marvin frowned.

He was in the third grade. His class

had been learning cursive writing.

"It's because I'm left-handed," Marvin complained. "It's impossible to write neatly when you're left-handed. Everything is backward."

"I'm left-handed," said Mrs. North.

"Oh," said Marvin.

"We're lucky to be left-handed," said Mrs. North. "It means we have royal blood."

She smiled at him.

"You'd write neater if you slowed down," she said. "It isn't a race."

He returned to his seat.

He picked up his pencil and wrote as fast as he could.

He had to write twice as fast this time, just to catch up with everyone else.

He had to write a report on something he read in *Current Events*. *Current Events* was a newspaper for children.

This is what Marvin wrote.

The King of Shampoo is looking for his lost son. The son's name is Prince Robert. Prince Robert was kidnapped the day he was born. That was nine years ago.

Prince Robert is nine years old. He has red hair and blue eyes. Unless he's dead.

The King is going all around the world looking for his lost son. He hopes he isn't dead. So do I. This week the King is in Washington, D.C.

The End