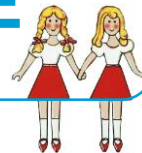


# LISA AND LOTTIE



S11  
T3  
L2



This is the third part of the story.  
Read it and then... Create it!

## TRUDIE GETS SLAPPED

The two girls sipped away to the washroom and stood in front of a large mirror. Lottie tugged with a brush and comb at Lisa's curls.

Lisa cried, „Oh!“ and „Ouch!“

„Will you keep quiet?“ scolded Lottie, with pretended severity. „Do you always yell like that when your Mommy combs your hair?“

„I haven't got a Mommy,“ muttered Lisa. „That's why – Ouch! – that's why I'm such a tomboy, Daddy says.“

„Doesn't he ever take a slipper to you?“ inquired Lottie earnestly, as she began braiding Lisa's hair.

„Never! He's much too fond of me.“

„That has nothing to do with it,“ observed Lottie, very wisely.

„And besides, he's got too many other things to do,“ Lisa added.

„It only takes one hand,“ Lottie retorted. Both girls laughed.

Then Lisa's braids were finished, and the two girls looked with eager eyes into the mirror. Their faces shone like Christmas trees. Two absolutely identical girls looked into the mirror. Two absolutely identical girls looked back out of it.

„Like two sisters!“ whispered Lottie.

The midday gong sounded.

„This is going to be fun!“ cried Lisa. „Come on!“ As they ran out of the washroom, they were holding hands.

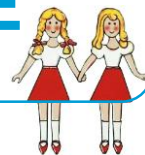
The other girls had taken their places long ago. Only Lisa's and Lottie's chairs were still unoccupied.

Then the door opened and Lottie appeared. Without hesitating she sat down in Lisa's place.



Take notes of the most important  
informations from the text!  
Your notes can be:  
Mindmap, Table, Drawing, etc.

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„Look out,“ warned Monica. „That’s Lisa’s place. Remember your shins.“

Lottie shrugged and began to eat.

The door opened again and – bless my soul! – Lottie, Lottie in the flesh, came in a second time! Without looking around she went to the last unoccupied seat and sat down.

The other girls at the table opened their eyes and mouths.

Those from the neighboring tables stared across the two Lotties.

The tension did not relax until the two girls burst out laughing. Then the room suddenly echoed with many-voiced laughter.

Mrs. Muther frowned sternly. „What’s all the noise about?“ She rose and marched like an angry queen right into the thick of it. But when she saw both girls with braids, her wrath melted like snow in the sun. She was quite amused as she asked, „Now which of you is Lisa Palfy and which is Lottie Horn?“

„We’re not going to tell you,“ said one Lottie, with a twinkle, and the treble laughter burst out again.

„Well, for goodness sake!“ cried Mrs. Muther in comical despair. „What are we to do about it?“

„Perhaps,“ suggested the second Lottie cheerfully, „perhaps somebody can find out after all.“

Steffie waved her hand in the air just as though she were back in school and knew the answer to a question. „I know!“ she cried. „Trudie’s in the same grade as Lisa at school. Trudie can tell us!“

Trudie pushed her way doubtfully into the foreground, looked carefully from one Lottie to the other, and shook her head helplessly. But then a roguish smile crossed her face. She took hold of one of the braids of the nearest Lottie and gave it a sharp tug. In a flash came the noise of a hearty slap.

Holding her cheek, Trudie shouted triumphantly, „That was Lisa!“ At which the general hilarity broke out louder than ever.



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