I’m too ill

‘I’m too ill to sleep,’ said Siriwat.
‘Have a drink,’ said his dad.
‘Ouch, it hurts! I’m too ill to drink.’

Siriwat had a sore throat.
‘Oh dear,’ said his dad. ‘Here is some medicine.’
‘I’m too ill to take it.’

Next morning he had a headache.
‘Ouch, ouch! It hurts!’
‘Medicine?’
‘No, I’m too ill.’

By midday Siriwat had a tummy ache.
‘Ouch, ouch, ouch! It hurts!’
‘Oh dear,’ said his dad.

By evening he had earache.
‘Ouch, ouch, ouch, ouch! It hurts!’
‘Oh dear,’ said his dad. ‘I’m calling the doctor.’
‘I’m too ill to see the doctor,’ said Siriwat.

But the doctor arrived. ‘High temperature!’ she said. ‘Take this medicine.’

‘Good morning, Dad!’ called Siriwat the next day. ‘I feel much better now!’