

Excerpt:

The Sweet Itch

One night, Peter's mom said, "It seems like your head has been really itchy lately."

"It's nothing," the boy answered. "I just like scratching a little."

"That's right, Peter," Licifer cried. "Show her what's what. We don't want her messing about and bossing us around in our home!"

Lucy laughed. "I say let her try. I ain't afraid of nothin'. Maybe she'll give us a good lice shampoo. Ooh, I'd love that. We'll get so nice and clean and shiny, and the kids can take it, no problem. It's called a lice treatment, and what a treatment it is! There's none better in the whole world."

And then she sang to cheer Peter on:

We can take a little spice

You'll never be free of lice!

Don't you even dare

Comb that messy hair!

Dadadi, dadadi, dadadi!

Licifer shook his head.

"You're a bit too cocky, darling. What if Peter's mom takes that big, nasty comb and starts combing anyway? Come on, let's zip over to our colony in the neck. The comb will never find us there!"

Lucy and Licifer didn't have to worry one bit. Peter had a shower and had his hair washed and brushed like usual before he crawled into bed.