

THE Great  
Katie Kate

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DISCUSSES DIABETES

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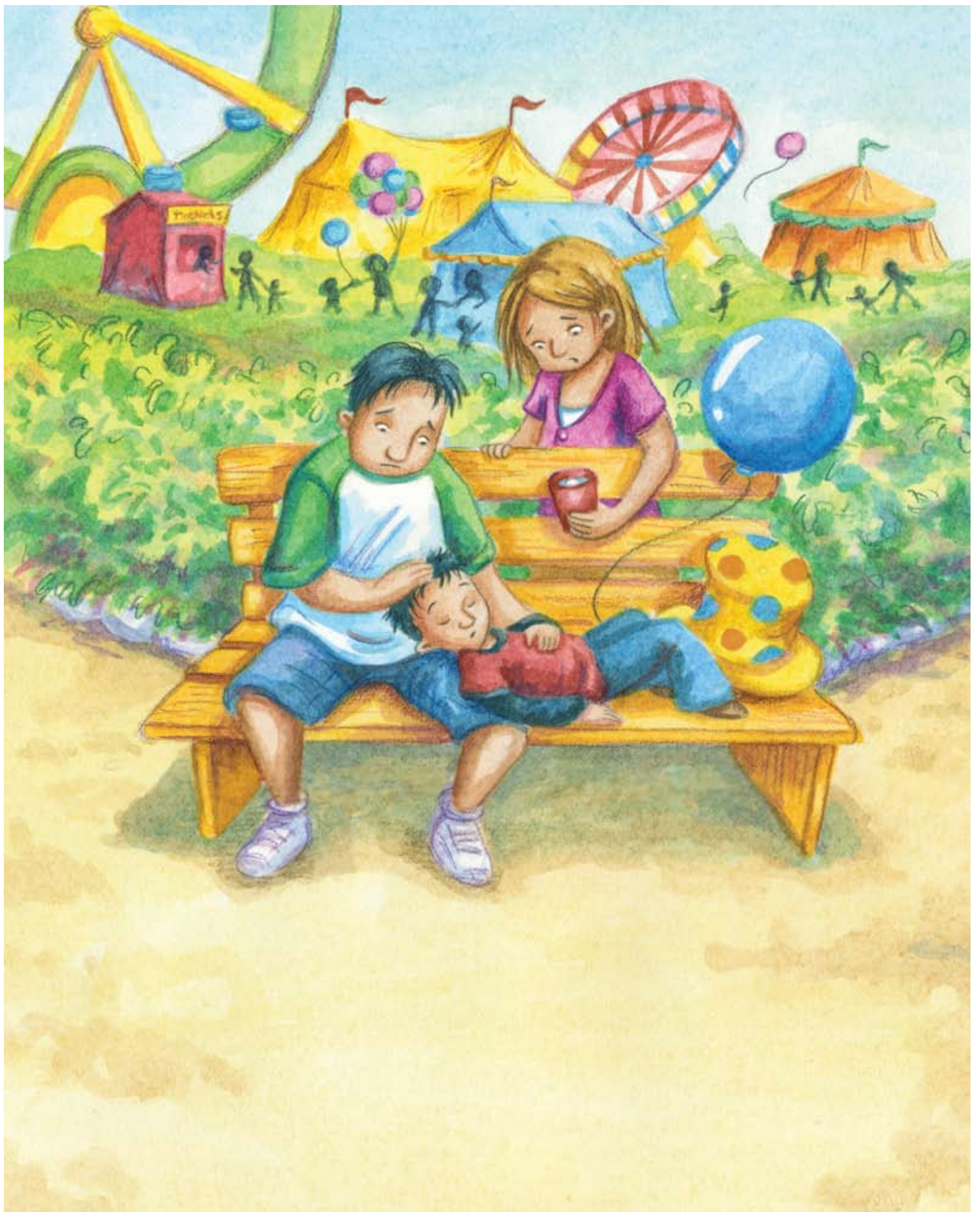
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with illustrations by Jennifer Zivojn

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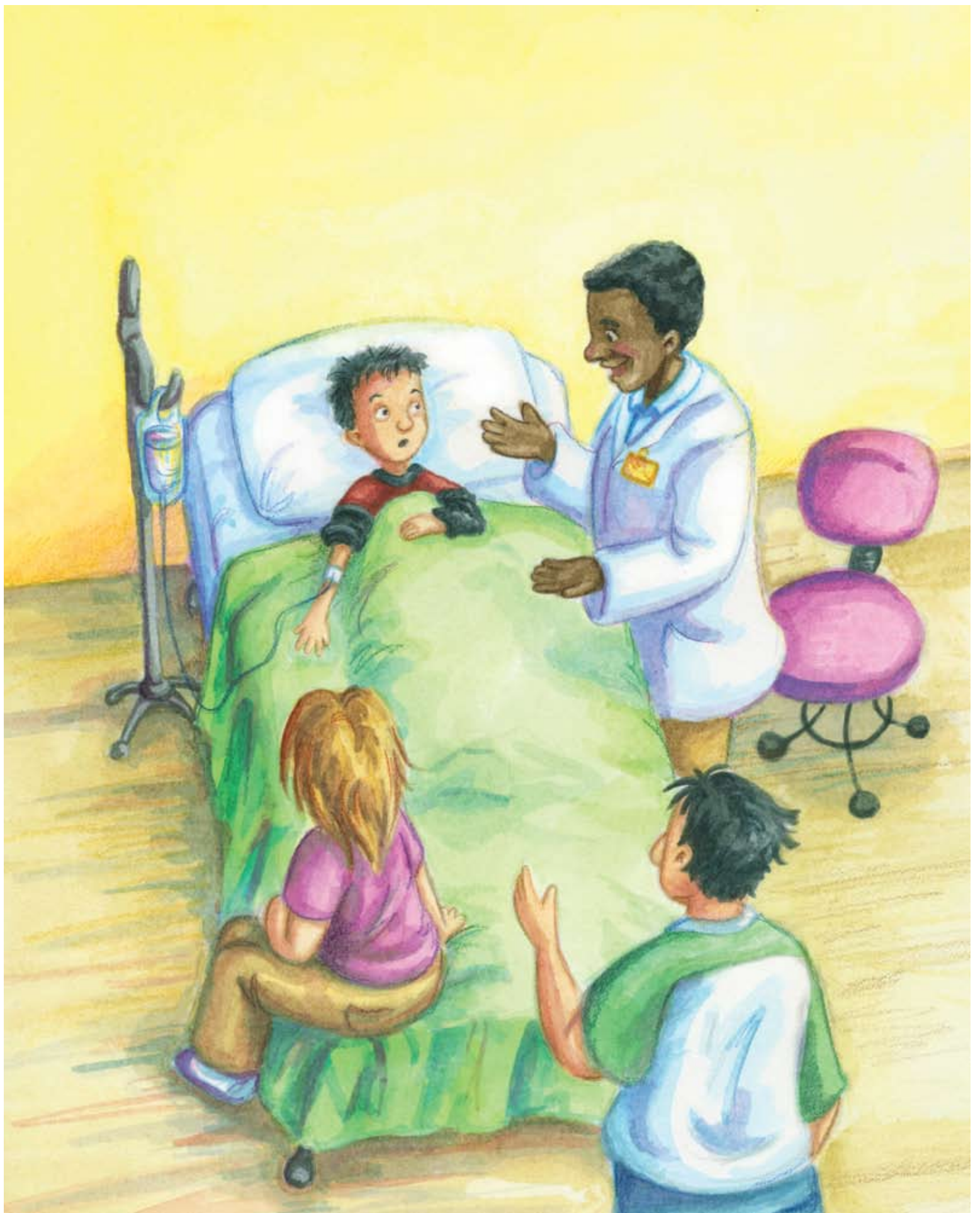
GREENLEAF  
BOOK GROUP PRESS



**W**hen Andrew arrived at the carnival, he told his mom he wanted to go on every ride. But after the Tilt-A-Whirl, Andrew began to feel funny.

“I don’t want to go on any more rides,” he said. “I feel sick. I’m so thirsty.” Andrew asked his dad to take him to the bathroom again and again.

“My legs feel like rubber, Daddy. And I’m so tired.” Andrew sat down on a bench with his parents. He leaned against his dad and closed his eyes . . .





**A**ndrew woke up on a strange bed in a strange place. “Where am I?” Andrew asked. “What’s going on?” A man in a white coat came to his side. “I’m Dr. Caruthers,” he said. “You fainted at the carnival and now you are in the hospital.”

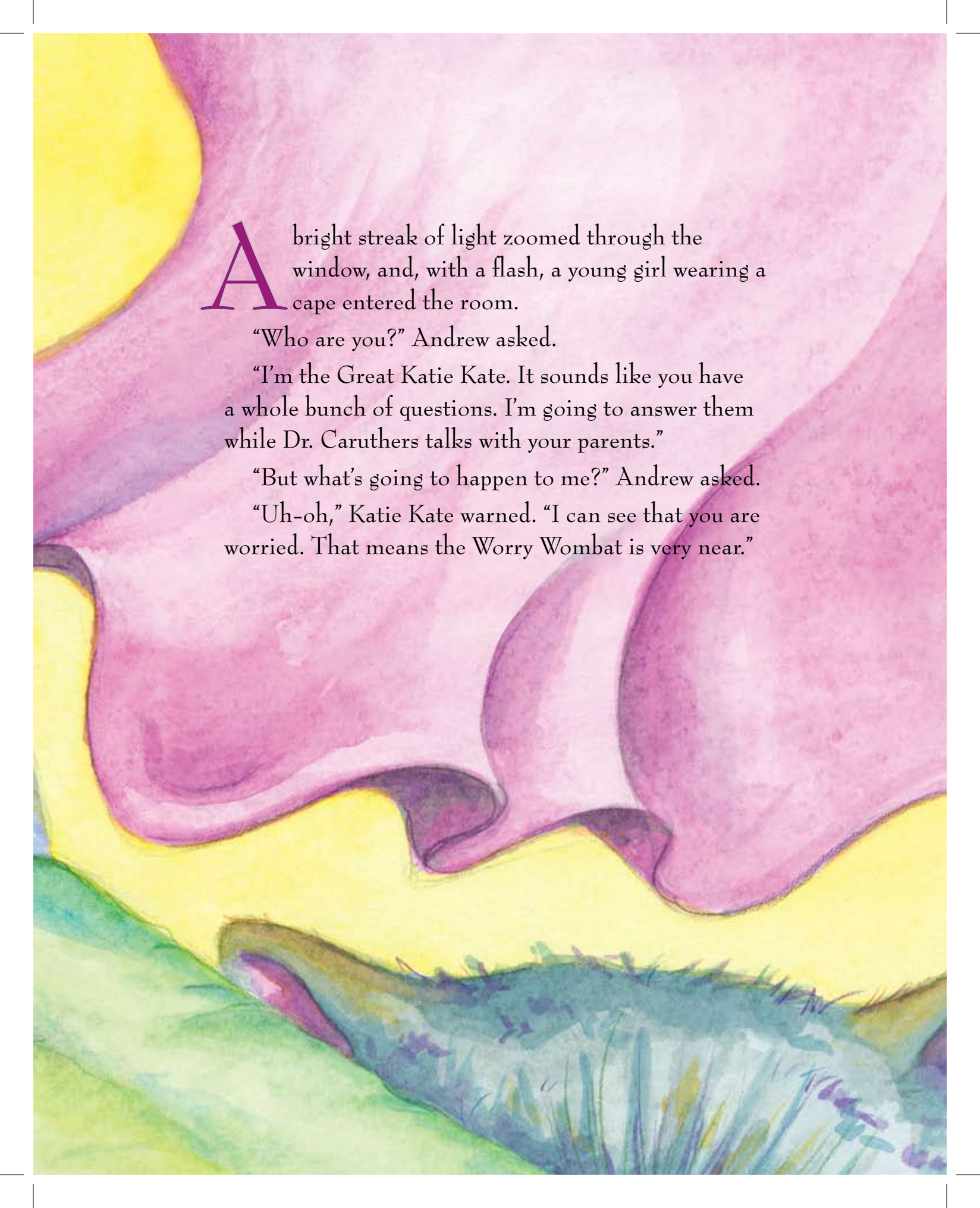
“Why did I faint?” Andrew asked.

“We think you might have something wrong with the way your body uses the sugar you eat, a condition called diabetes,” Dr. Caruthers said. “We are going to take some tests. If you have diabetes, we can help you feel a whole lot better.”

“Diabetes?” Andrew whispered. “What does that mean? What’s going to happen to me?”

“Don’t worry,” Dr. Caruthers said. “I have a friend who can help.”





**A** bright streak of light zoomed through the window, and, with a flash, a young girl wearing a cape entered the room.

“Who are you?” Andrew asked.

“I’m the Great Katie Kate. It sounds like you have a whole bunch of questions. I’m going to answer them while Dr. Caruthers talks with your parents.”

“But what’s going to happen to me?” Andrew asked.

“Uh-oh,” Katie Kate warned. “I can see that you are worried. That means the Worry Wombat is very near.”





“The Worry Wombat?” asked Andrew. Just then he heard a rustling in the corner. He turned and saw a large, furry critter that looked sad and worried.

“The Worry Wombat is my name,” it said with a snuffle, “and causing worries is my game.”

“I don’t think I like the Worry Wombat,” Andrew said.

“Don’t be afraid of the Worry Wombat,” Katie Kate said. “All you have to do is ask questions about diabetes and smile whenever you can. Then the Worry Wombat will shrink and disappear.”

Andrew worked up the courage to ask, “What is this tube doing in my arm?”

Katie Kate smiled, “Very good question, Andrew.”

