EMMA

Emma Woodhouse, handsome, clever, and rich, with a comfortable home and happy disposition seemed to unite some of the best blessings of existence; and had lived nearly twenty-one years in the world with very little to distress or vex her. That is, until the day her governess of sixteen years, the dutiful Miss Taylor was to be married. It was on this fateful day that Emma, whether from haste or excitement, neglected to cleanse her hands properly after using the lavatory. This misfortune caused the two of them whose friendship was more the intimacy of sisters, to suffer severe stomach cramps and a dreadful fever. Inevitably, ruining the honeymoon of the newly betrothed Mr. and Mrs. Weston.

The real evils, the power of way, and a dil of herself: the threatened a danger, however that they did tunes with but not at all consciousness brought grief beloved friend thought of and the bro herself were.

This convenient reading material is brought to you by Jane Austen & the Allegheny County Health Department

WHO REMIND YOU TO PLEASE WASH YOUR HANDS WITH SOAP AND WATER.
Dorothy lived in the midst of the great Kansas prairies, with Uncle Henry, who was a farmer, and Aunt Em, who was the farmer's wife. Their house was small, for the lumber to build it had to be carried by wagon many miles. There were four walls, a floor, and a roof, which made one room. One day after returning from the outhouse, Aunt Em forgot to wash her hands, which caused a bacterial infection to spread among the whole family, including the dog. In addition to severe stomach cramps and a dreadful fever, Dorothy started to have some really strange dreams.

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This convenient reading material is brought to you by L. Frank Baum & the Allegheny County Health Department who remind you to Please Wash Your Hands.
Are you there God. It's me, Margaret. We're moving today. I'm so scared God. I've never lived anywhere but here. Suppose I hate my new school? Suppose everybody there hates me? Suppose they don't wash their hands after they use the bathroom? Suppose I get some terrible bacterial infection from them? Please help me, God. Thank you.

This convenient reading material brought to you by Judy Blume & the Allegheny County Health Department who remind you to Please Wash Your Hands.
It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity, it was the season of Light, it was the season of Darkness, it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair, it was the era of people not washing their hands after using the bathroom, it was the era of people eating with their hands and falling violently ill after transferring bacteria to each other -- in short, it was not a very sanitary period.

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This convenient reading material is brought to you by Charles Dickens & the Allegheny County Health Department who remind you to Please Wash Your Hands.
It was the end of November, and Holmes and I sat, upon a raw and foggy night, on either side of a blazing fire in our sitting-room in Baker Street. ‘The whole course of events’, said Holmes, ‘was simple and direct.’ He was referring to a recent case in which a number of individuals in the same employ and working in close proximity had fallen ill, and all with the same symptoms of stomach cramps and fever. ‘So had they all simply washed their hands after using the toilet this could have been avoided’, I offered. ‘Elementary, my dear Watson’, said Sherlock Holmes.

‘Certainly, the carries all the concentration what has passed at his fingers expert upon him two of the con once more. So Mlle Car Baskerville his problem may will in turn di infamous U Hound goes.
Call me Ishmael. Some years ago—never mind how long precisely—having little or no money in my purse, and nothing particular to interest me on shore, I thought I would sail about a little and see the watery part of the world. Hence I solemnly took to the ship in a blind effort to appease my drizzling soul. Unbeknownst to me was the fateful event this voyage would present. Having a shortage of fresh water, the men resigned themselves to not washing their hands after the moving of their bowels, causing a severe occurrence of stomach cramps and other unpleasant digestive symptoms. Perhaps if I had taken solace in the land, I would never have set foot on that cursed ship.

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THIS CONVENIENT READING MATERIAL IS BROUGHT TO YOU BY Herman Melville & the Allegheny County Health Department who remind you to PLEASE WASH YOUR HANDS.
Scarlett O’Hara was not beautiful, but men seldom realized it when caught by her charm as the Tarleton Twins were. Nor did they realize when they grew frightfully ill that it was the touch of her magnolia-white skin that made them so sick. For, disregarding all ladylike behavior, Scarlett had frivolously not washed her hands after attending to her business in the lady’s parlor. Her delicate hands, being so unguarded, touched those of the twins, causing the unfortunate spread of an atrocious bacterial disease. Shame was brought upon both families, which was the worst disgrace of all.

This convenient reading material is brought to you by Margaret Mitchell & the Allegheny County Health Department who remind you to Please Wash Your Hands.
Squire Trelawney, Dr. Livesey, and the rest of these gentlemen having asked me to write down the whole particulars about Treasure Island, from the beginning to the end, keeping nothing back but the bearings of the island, and that embarrassing bacterial epidemic undoubtedly caused by one of the more savage seafarers who neglected to wash his ragged hands after using the bathroom, I take up my pen to write. Looking back, I marvel at how the few of us who survived mutiny, bullet and sword did not perish at the hand of this illness, the wildest of all shipmates. Thus, I limit my tale to the jolly adventure of a high sea voyage and hunt for hidden treasure, as the memory of the perilous infection alone is a strain too laborious to bear.

This convenient reading material is brought to you by Robert Louis Stevenson & the Allegheny County Health Department who remind you to Please Wash Your Hands.
Monday morning found Tom Sawyer miserable. He was suffering from stomach cramps and running a fever. What Tom failed to realize was that the reason for his illness was in good part attributable to his bosom buddy Sid. Earlier on, Sid hadn’t washed his hands after using the outhouse. When they later shared the sugar they’d stolen from Aunt Polly, Sid passed to Tom a bacterial infection. Hence his present condition. Suddenly Aunt Polly burst into Tom’s room. ‘So all this moanin’ and groanin’ was because you thought you’d get to stay home from school?’ With that, Aunt Polly grabbed a switch from near the fireplace and proceeded to whip poor sick Tom across the buttocks.