
Subject: Re: Celebrations and Challenges
Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Fri, 27 Jul 2012 20:47:21 GMT
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Tracy Island -- late morning June 2nd

Virgil was tossing and turning in his sleep. He woke suddenly. What had wakened him? There was a terrible pain in his stomach, and waves of nausea swept over him. Groggily he rose and, with a sudden urgency, rushed for his bathroom. He had never felt so ill. He was dizzy and hot, then he was shivering. He tottered back to his bed. Glancing at his bedside clock he couldn't believe his eyes. It was nearly noon. Groaning, he rested his head back onto the pillow. But no sooner had his head hit the pillow than the same urge as before made him rush to the bathroom again. Resting his head in his hands, he felt the dizziness nearly overcome him.

Virgil didn't know how long he stayed in the bathroom. He just felt that he didn't ever want to move again. Eventually he felt that he could make it back to bed

He lay down on his bed, feeling very weak. It was no good; he had to use the bathroom again. The gripping pains in his stomach were relentless in their intensity. He began to retch and this time failed to make it to his bathroom.

Feeling decidedly wobbly, he was just returning to his bed when Dianne entered. Taking one look at Virgil, she said, "You too, huh?"

"Mom, I've never felt so sick in my life. What's wrong with me?"

Dianne placed the back of her hand on his forehead. He felt hot and sweaty, although he was shivering violently.

"Hm, seems you're suffering the same as Grandma Tracy, Alex and Tyler. Looks like the fish we ate was contaminated. Brains is analysing the remains," Dianne said, pulling his covers up over him. "At the moment, the only thing to do is to try and sleep it off."

Virgil smiled weakly. "I don't think I have anything left inside to part with."

"I'll have Dom or Nikki bring you a bowl and some hydration fluid. I'm going to check on the rest of the family. I have a nasty feeling that everyone who ate the fish will be affected."

"Mom? How long will this last? What if a call comes through?"

"I'm not sure. It could hang on for days. We'll just have to hope we don't get a call," Dianne replied wearily. She smoothed a hand over his forehead and hair. "Now try and get some rest."

"I'll try," Virgil said sleepily. He snuggled under the covers like a little boy, sighing.

Dianne smiled wanly back at him and echoed his sigh as she left the room to check on Alan and Gordon.

written by TawnyAngel22 Sent: 11/24/2005
