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Subject: Re: Celebrations and Challenges  
Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Fri, 27 Jul 2012 20:50:43 GMT  
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Tracy Island -- June 2nd

Cherie was tossing and turning in her bed. She reached out once more for the emesis bowl. Groaning, she lay back on her pillows. They felt so hard against her aching head.

Lisa looked round the door at her. On seeing Cherie looking so distressed, she went in and sat the bed beside her granddaughter.

"Grandma, I feel so awful. Do you think it was the fish?"

Her grandmother nodded her head. "Yes I'm afraid it was. It was contaminated with a new type of Shigella virus."

Cherie groaned. "How long will I go on feeling so sick?"

"It may hang around for a few days." Lisa remarked, gently stroking Cherie's hot, feverish face. "Tin-Tin should soon be back with the medication your Mom ordered."

"Grandma? I'm never, ever going to eat fish again."

Lisa smiled at her granddaughter. "I'm sure you will, in time."

"Well, if I do," Cherie grumbled. "It won't be any fish caught by my brothers. It's all their fault I'm feeling like this."

"Cherie, that's not very fair," her grandmother said. "I'm sure they had no idea that the fish was contaminated. And they are feeling just as sick as you are."

Lisa changed the emesis bowl and, after bathing Cherie's head with a cool cloth, left the teenager to her restless sleep.

From: Tawnyangel22 Sent: 12/5/2005

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