

## Tis The Season...To Get Sick

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"Sick Season 08" started early this year. It all began with my oldest having a coughing fit followed by alarming gagging spells. After trying to calm the cough with a little water I stumbled to the bathroom and found a few drops of the only cough syrup we had in the house. As soon as Jacob spotted the medicine cup the bargaining started. "This is the good kind. See it's purple. It tastes good, remember?" Jacob quickly replied, "No it's not I'll throw up if I take it, Please don't make me take it. I'll stop coughing I promise." After what seemed like a half hour of

“bargaining” we had reached a deal. Yes he would take it but, he had to come to our room to sleep and get to eat chocolate for breakfast for the rest of the year...I was desperate OK!

Moments after I drifted into the first stage of sleep, I am awakened yet again, this time by my youngest who just realized that he is the only one upstairs. I drag myself upstairs to collect Jackson, who is at this point is so mad at my oversight of leaving him alone he doesn't want me to carry him downstairs to our bed, he can do it just fine, “all by myself thank you very much!”. Finally the house is quiet again -only now I can't sleep because I have Jackson's foot in my kidney, Jacob's cough is back and Jay is mumbling something in his sleep.

When I lean over to wake Jacob and give him something to drink “it” happens. Last night's dinner makes a surprise second appearance all over the bed. (I guess he was serious when he said he would throw up if he took that cough medicine.) While Jay and Jackson run out of the room gagging and gasping for breath, I try to comfort Jacob who by now feels very warm to the touch. He probably has a fever but I can't tell for sure because the one thermometer I own needs batteries and besides I don't remember where it is anyway! Jacob joins his dad and brother in his bedroom while I strip the bed, put on clean linens and start a load of laundry. Soon after, Jay comes down to get the Tylenol for Jacob. After a serious match of rock, paper, scissors, it is decided that Jay has to give this dose.

Finally, my little family –all in their respective beds- has settled in. While all of this is going on I don't dare look at the clock. I don't want to know what time it is or how little sleep I have managed to catch. The house is quiet... After sleeping for what seemed like five minutes my alarm sounds and the daylight is starting to shine through the slats of our blinds directly into my face.

The smell of coffee greets me when I make my way to the kitchen that morning and Jay looks at me and I know what he is about to say... “Do you think Jacob is contagious because I'm starting to feel sick” I give no reply because I know that last night's little sequence of events will repeat over and over until this latest bug has made it through everyone in our house. I have just enough time between the cycle of this thing to buy a new thermometer and more medicine. The cold and flu season... Who knew?

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## Telling Tales

Angel Kane and Becky Andrews live in Wilson County. This is their story (or tale) about their life, families and times that they share. Besides their weekly column Telling Tales Angel and Becky Co Founded Wilson Living Magazine. The idea of developing a magazine for Wilson County first came to Becky and Angel one afternoon while they sat on her back porch watching their children play in the backyard.

They were discussing the outpouring of emails, calls and responses to their column “Telling Tales” and wanted to find a way to capture that community spirit. People were stopping them wherever they went to share their own “tales.” They suddenly realized everyone has a story to tell and many of these stories were amazing. And in that moment, Wilson Living Magazine came to life. Be sure to check out Wilson Living Magazine at [www.wilsonlivingmagazine.com](http://www.wilsonlivingmagazine.com)

You can read Angel and Becky's weekly column on-line at [www.wilsonpost.com](http://www.wilsonpost.com) under the Style section.

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