

Ten Things That Suck about the Flu

1) Mucus

Mucus, a.k.a. Snot, is one of the things, perhaps the #1 thing that sucks about getting the flu. This substance goes from clear, to white, to yellow, to green... then gradually back to clear. Each phase equally disgusting.

2) Fever

Simultaneously freezing and burning up... that's the fever that comes with flu. The worst is when you feel completely miserable. Weakly, you beg your spouse to fetch you a thermometer. He/she has listened to you whine for the past two hours about burning up, then the thermometer reveals that your temperature is 99.8, and he/she looks at you with those "you're such a wuss" eyes. You honestly think the thermometer is broken, but decide it isn't a good time to bring it up.

3) 48 hours, my A\$\$

Your watching the news during day six of your hiatus from life. The cheery blond co-anchor does a story about the "nasty 48 hour bug" going around, then she giggles. You're tempted to throw your chicken soup at the television.



4) Getting sick from taking care of your child

The crusty little urchin known as your offspring is a Petri dish of disease, and I don't just mean during flu season. You send them off to mingle with other Petri dishes at these laboratories called "kindergarten". All the kids trade germs faster than Yu-Gi-Oh cards. Then on Wednesday you have to take time off work to care for your precious little ball of Snot. By Friday, she's back in the laboratory, and you have a fever of 106, and your weekend is toast!

5) Giving it to your other children

Ok, it's Friday and your sick, but your youngest is back to kindergarten. You are taking the day just to relax and recover. Telephone rings. It's the elementary school, your middle child has a fever and needs picked up. While on the phone with the nurse, your cell rings. It's the Junior High nurse. "I called your house, but the line is busy..." is the sound of a really bad day coming. You spend the weekend caring for two, without time to recover yourself. By Monday, the kids are fine, and your in day three of the 48 hour bug.

6) Vitamin C, Sudafed, and Tylenol

Your arsenal of weapons against influenza. You start with vitamin C, trying to ward off the devil. Then you take Sudafed and can't understand why it's not working. Somewhere around 10:15 you discover your Sudafed expired in 2001, and the drugstore closed 15 minutes ago. You pop open the Tylenol with your shaking feverish hands, only to discover there is one tablet, and a bunch of Tylenol dust. You lick your finger and scoop as much dust as possible, then suck it off. You consider asking your spouse to hit Wal-Mart, then remember the "you're such a wuss" eyes.



7) Cheap tissues

Your wife likes Puffs with Aloe. Then you calmly explain that these are \$2.89 per 50 count box. Then you show her the store brand "single-ply value tissues" which are only \$1.19 per 100 count box. You explain how she is paying extra for advertising expenses and the "hype about Aloe". She smiles and lets you win this argument, surprisingly easily. That was four weeks ago. Now those value tissues feel like 80 grit sand paper. You've used three boxes, have graduated to cheap toilet paper, and are six hours away from using those industrial strength paper towels.

8) Unwanted advice

Every person you meet is instantly a world renowned physician. Your postal carrier stays healthy with Echinacea. The cable guy suggests anti-bacterial soap. Your mother-in-law describes how chicken soup is good for your soul, but only beef broth will conquer influenza. Ironically, most of the people you meet only offer advice on avoiding the flu. My personal favorite are the bastards who ask "You did get a flu shot, didn't you?" Then just sigh knowingly and roll their eyes when you say you didn't.

9) Giving it to your spouse

You and the kids are finally on your way to recovery. You begged your wife/husband to take vitamins, wash their hands, not share food, and try not to breathe at all. You explain how "you don't want this flu" repeatedly. You are thankful for little miracles. Two days later, your spouse runs a fever. You wonder how this is possible after all your preventive advice. He/she then informs you that when things were looking up they stopped with the vitamins and washing, and started breathing again. "I didn't think you were still contagious." Now they are staring at you. You fetch the thermometer and are excited to use your "you're such a wuss" eyes, but the thermometer reads 105. They give you the "what did you do to me" eyes!



10) Not updating your website for two weeks

So you just got back in the saddle with your weblog. Then the "48 hours my A\$\$" bug hits, and now your behind with work. You are spending every day catching up, and there isn't any time for writing. Now it's after midnight, and you realize the only thing you've done worth writing about recently was producing a complete continuum of mucus!