

## Crescendo

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It is 03.11 on Tuesday 16th February, 2016.

I am in the decisive stages of this particular battle. I hope.

The virus has been pursuing me relentlessly since Friday last, sniping, tickling my throat, making me irritable, a minor guerrilla war. I aimed to shrug it off. Easily.

Late on Saturday afternoon it broke through my defences.

My eyes and nose streamed. A band tightened around my head and caught fire. I coughed up green paste. To me this was a sign of hope. The end was nigh. I rejoiced. Through Sunday the crisis would pass. I would climb back to the mountain tops of normality from my trough of despond. I have a busy week ahead to enjoy.

Sunday passes and my predictions seem to hold true.

During the dark hours of Monday morning the enemy again breeches my defences. Rested, the virus is stronger, bringing fever, sweats, outbursts of uncontrollable sneezing, filling handkerchiefs by the dozen. *Green.*

Dawn sneaks up on me. I have not slept a wink. I elect not to attend the Monday Morning Choir, deciding to keep my virus to myself, if I can.

Monday passes in a light-headed dwam. The evening rolls by.

My sneezing, streaming eyes and dripping nose return.

I retire to bed, hovering on the surface, repeatedly emptying my tubes. *Green.*

My temperature soars. I am sodden. Is this the crescendo? Will I now start to get well? For the hundredth time I check the time: 06:31.

I see sheep, hundreds of thousands of sheep, leaping sheep, one over the other.

One hundred and twenty-three thousand, one hundred and twenty seven.

One hundred and twenty-three thousand, one hundred and twenty eight.

One hundred and . . . *Beep Beep Beep Beep.* . . the alarm speaks. It is 06:57.

I struggle from the arms of Morpheus, and like a zombie attend to my ablutions, dress and drive for the morning paper.

I will miss my Italian class, my Writers' Circus lunch and my Kelvin Choir rehearsal.

I switch on my laptop and type this.

A drip plops from my nose onto the keys.

My head aches. My body shivers. I sneeze five times and empty my tubes. *White.*

*White?* Has it surrendered?