

Medicine

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this is a true story! i did changes the name of my little sister for her safety. she was 4 years old when this happened. Constructive criticism is grately appreciated!

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1 - Medicine

Do you remember anything that happened to you when you were a kid? I remember something, and it's not a good something either! I was only six years old and, to me, my life was as perfect as it could ever get. My little sister, Nicky, and I were a mischievous little team and we were always getting into trouble. It was getting near to our lunch time, Mom was sleeping, and we were getting restless. So we decided to go and hunt for our food.

We looked into our fridge but we didn't find anything that looked good at the time. We wanted candy. All of a sudden, I remembered that Mom always hid the candy on the very top of the fridge. So we had to think about how we could get to the top of the fridge without getting hurt. Then a chair started looking really good to us, so I got the chair and used it to my advantage. But I was way too short. So I jumped off the chair, sat down, and we started thinking.

Nicky came up with a brilliant idea. She said I should get the little stool that was in our room, put it on top of the chair, then climb up and get our prize. I got the chair as quick as I could and climbed to the top. I had forgotten that Mom also kept the medicine up there and I couldn't read the medicine boxes at the time so I just grabbed the box nearest to me, climbed down the stool, put the chair back and Nicky and I ran off to our room. Then we ran into our closet and hid there. Then I opened the box and gave some to Nicky and ate the other ones. We were so happy that we completed our little mission. We ate all of the cherry flavored candies. About twenty minutes later Mom woke up and made us the most delectable lunch! Nicky started eating the food right away, but I just sat there and glared at my food. Mom then looked at me funny. What's wrong? she questioned. Then I said the oddest thing I had ever said while being that young, I'm not hungry. At that, Nicky looked up from her lunch and Mom looked at as if I had grown a hundred heads. I don't feel so good I said, and then I passed out.

I didn't know we had a white ceiling! I thought. *Hey, cool, the ceiling is moving!*

She's awake! I heard Mom exclaim from somewhere. Mommy? What happened? I asked. You just got sick. It's ok. You're going to be alright. Mommy's here. Oh. Then I looked down toward the foot of the bed. I saw a pair of big blue eyes staring right back at me. Nicky was sitting at the foot of my bed. And I also saw the doctors. They were pushing me somewhere. I sat up a bit and looked behind me and saw a pair of big, shiny silver doors that had buttons on the side of it. Elevators. Mr. Doctor Guy went next to the doors and pressed the button with the up arrow on it.

The doors opened, we got in and went up a few stories, then got out and went into a room. Mr. Doctor, I can't seem to remember his name, asked me, can you drink this? he gave me a cup of orange juice. I don't know but I was thirsty and drank it anyway. Big mistake. I vomited all of the orange juice. It even came out of my nose. Mr. Doctor was, however, prepared for this. I didn't vomit all over myself thanks to him. They told Mom that we had eaten Tylenol. Nicky had eaten a lot, but not enough for her to get as sick as I was. I ate a whole lot of Tylenol. I don't remember the whole stay at the hospital. Nor do I remember how long I stayed there. But Nicky and I did learn an important lesson: don't eat anything that comes in a box that you can't read. Mom and Dad also learned a great lesson: put medicine in a place where the kids couldn't possibly get to, even if they were bloodhounds!