

In Hil's Head



Mom Flu is most definitely worse than Man Flu

There is NOTHING worse than Man Flu. Except for Mom Flu. Mom Flu is far, far worse. Two weeks ago, I was struck down with a terrible case. It started on the Thursday. I just didn't feel great. A little bit headachy and just generally blah and I decided to take a sick day. I dropped the Tween at school and went home to take a pain killer or three and sleep it off. By the afternoon I felt okay again and I went back to the office on the Friday. Bad decision. At first I thought it was my imagination, but I hurt all over. From my hip joints to my finger bendy bits, everything was sore. And was that a fever or was the aircon just wonky? Either way, the goose bumpiness came and went throughout the day.

"Suck it up Hills, you have friends coming for a braai tonight" I told myself repeatedly as the day wore on. That afternoon, I stopped at the nice food shop with the black and white "W" logo for supplies for our dinner party. After wandering up and down the aisles, overwhelmed and completely unable to decide between rump or sirloin and malva or sticky toffee pudding and having a hot flush in the fruit and veg aisle, which is normally notoriously f-f-freezing, I went to the tills to pay. And as luck would have it, all the banks decided at that very moment to

temporarily withdraw their pay point services. When the cashier lady suggested I go to the bank to draw cash, I nearly burst into tears. If I wasn't expecting guests, I would have abandoned my trolley there and then. That night, all I wanted was for the guests to go home so that I could fall into bed. And stay there. Forever.

The rest of the weekend was spent in a haze of fever, achy body, headache, interspersed with light-headedness. On Saturday, I dragged my sorry butt to the pharmacy for some cold and flu meds which didn't make a dent in how I was feeling. By the Sunday, I really should have gone to the doctor, but stingy me didn't want to pay the after-hours doctor bill and frankly I wanted to see my own doctor, not the poor bugger unlucky enough to be doing the graveyard shift. My own doctor is amazing. He is incredibly sympathetic and never makes you wonder if you were actually sick enough to see the doctor. In fact, he will most likely tell you that you're the sickest patient he's seen that day. And sympathy was what I really needed. And what I was not getting.

Occasionally, one of the family would pop past me to see if I was still breathing, but not a cup of tea nor a bowl of chicken soup was offered.

I saw Dr Sympathy on the Monday and he sent me home with an antibiotic, a supply of green and red painkillers, cortisone and cough syrup, a hug and the assurance that I was the sickest he'd ever seen me.

My recovery after that was slow but steady. On Tuesday and Wednesday, I stayed in bed but could read my book at least. I procured, with the assistance of my beloved domestic helper, my own chicken soup.

On Thursday, I tried to show my face in the office, thinking I was well enough to return to work, but the simple acts of dressing and driving took everything out of me and my boss took one look at me and sent me back home. Too much, too soon. Back home I went, and another few days in bed.

Mom Flu is bad, guys. Seriously bad. Not only did I see death's door and worse than that, I had to pay someone for sympathy, chicken soup and make my own tea! But I'm on the mend. But just wait until the hubster comes down with Man Flu again!