

Sick Day

By Minna Ehrich

One day, the one day I actually had something important to do, I was sick. The night before, my mind was pacing with ideas for the art show. Bears engulfed in bees, a world full of wondrous mythical creatures, and the world's biggest pillow fort were some of the painting themes I had in my head. But sadly, none of which would come true. When I woke up, it felt like my head was as light as a feather. I decided to ignore it and had breakfast. But when I had my shower was when it happened. As the water poured down on me, making my hair moist, I could feel my stomach churning. My breakfast threatened to reappear.

"Are you sure you're not faking it Nancy?" questioned Mum for what felt like the millionth time.

"Why would I fake sickness on the art show day?" I say frustratingly to mum. She is always so skeptical because when I was younger, every gala day I would say, "I feel like I am going to puke!", and put the fake vomit, which I got from a prank kit, in the toilet. But this time, it was 100% real.

Mum took my temperature, and said, "You're as hot as the kitchen stove. I have to go to work though, so make sure all the doors are locked. Be back at 3:00pm! Love ya!"

"Love ya." I spoke, but my voice was so cracked it was practically a whisper. Once she left, I used all on my strength to pull my wrist up to my eyes. The time was 8:30am. My arm weighed down, and it flopped onto the warm, fuzzy blanket I had on my bed. I let out a sign of relief, as I didn't have to hold up my arm anymore.

"Maybe I'll just close my eyes..."

I wake up to a slimy, wet feeling on my face.

"Bella! Bella! How many times do I have to say! Nancy doesn't like licks!" I giggle. I stroke her soft, fluffy cocoa-coloured fur. "What's the time?" I say, as if Bella would respond. As I pull my hand up to my eyes, once again, I feel I am regaining strength. 10:30. "Jeez. I was out cold! Get it? Cause I have a cold?" Bella lets out a soft whimper, as if I hurt her ears. I have a small chuckle. I stroke her soft ears as if I was saying, "I'm sorry Bell!"

"Ok Bell, attempt one at getting up," I say, ruffling her hair. BAMM!!!

"Ow!" I say, as I let out a small groan. "Attempt two." This time, I succeed. Grumble, grumble! My stomach.

"Hmmm. Toastie or noodles?" After gentle consideration, I choose noodles. Ding, ding! My phone beeps.

Girl, where are you??? The comp has begun!! Xo, Natalie.

My best friend, Natalie (I usually call her Nat) was texting me.

Sick 😞! I respond. I slurp my noodles and sigh. I was scrolling on my phone, when I came across the writing comp social media account. Nat's art is so good! She has an opposite style to mine, more abstract, and it tells a story. I tend to paint people, plants and inanimate objects.

Hey Nance! Guess what I just found out! You can enter an art piece from home and enter it online! You should totally do that! Only 3 more entry hours though!!!

Omg!!! Thank god! Talk soon, gotta get painting, hahaha! This is amazing news but I only have 3 hours! I have to set up my paints.

After 2 hours, I'm finally finished! But, this art piece is not what I expected it would turn out like! Snap! I took a quick photo and entered it. Oh. A little bit of a cramp! If only Mum was here. She says I can't use the oven or microwave when I'm home alone, so I can't heat up a heat pack.

"I'm home early Nance! Hope you don't mind!" calls my mum. "Speak of the devil, haha. "Looks like you've been busy!" She gives me a kiss on the forehead, and struts to her office. "Could you make me a coffee sweetie?"

"I already started, haha! I know what you like mum." As I get the coffee machine started, I check the Art competition website, because I wanna see if they have started the voting yet. Tap, tap! Yes, they have. "*The winners will be announced at 2:30pm.*" I read. I check the time. 2:00pm. 30 minutes! How exciting! Uh oh. "Mum -".

"Are you ok, little bug?" asked my Mum. "That was a big vomit, so just rest." she says. I was about to let out a groan, when I looked at the time, 2:39.

"Pass me my phone! Pass me my phone!" I shriek. *Third place; Alexa Stevens!* I don't know her, must be from another school. *Second place, Natalie Browne!* Yay, Nat! *First place... Nancy Smith!* I couldn't believe my eyes!

Oh my goodness, congratulations Nance! I love your art piece, named 'sick day'! what was your Inspiration?

Oh, nothing too crazy ;)! I call out to Mum, "Mum, Mum I came first! I came first place In the art competition! "

"I always knew you could do it!" Mum replies, giving me a huge hug.

"Hey, Mum. I have a question. Where did I get my art skills from?" I say, grabbing an apple from the cupboard.

"Well, I used to be pretty good at art myself when I was your age. I have a few art pieces I could show you if you like." Mum says, sipping her fresh coffee.

"Yes please! Hahaha!" I was a little lightheaded, but walk to her room.

"Here you go little bug!" says Mum.

"Wow! you were really good!"

"Thanks Nance!"

Ahhh. My room is finally complete, with my art piece hanging on my wall. I might even frame Mum's pieces, they were much better than mine! Too bad she didn't make a career out of it. This was a good day after all!