

Not Feeling Well

By Monika

Catherine sat on the edge of the bed thinking that a cold was a very boring thing. And the third week of it only made it more so.

Of course, having a husband who cared and looked after her was not so bad. But she would have enjoyed his company more if the coughing and the fever hadn't stopped some nice kisses.

As she thought about it, she felt much less feverish. All better, thank goodness, only a little sickness in the morning and a feeling like she could go to the toilette all the time. With a clearer head, she pondered ... What could that mean?

AAHH.

Peter was coming in an hour to make sure she was better. And if she were right, she was much better than she'd thought. And wouldn't Vincent get a surprise!!

And this time nothing would stop her from telling him.

She was sure if she hadn't caught this cold, Vincent would have known before she did.

Ha!

Now she needed to plan *how* to tell him!

A little nice dinner for the recovered patient.

The lasagna William promised weeks ago would do nicely. Some juice, no alcohol for Mom (a warm feeling blossomed at that thought). A nice dessert. And when they walked through the whispering gallery after supper, she would whisper something to Vincent.

Jacob would be all right with Jamie.

All set. Now she could sleep a little until Peter came and dream of that day in the near future – She, Vincent, Jacob, and a new little baby ...