

Pirate Cold



How the little pirate got a cold

Once upon a time, there was a pirate ship sailing toward the South Seas to find an ancient treasure. Little pirate Paul was allowed to accompany his father, to learn with him, a distinguished captain, the important facts about life.

The little pirate climbed the masts of the pirate ship in wind and weather – quick like a little monkey, certain of his footing like a mountain goat. You always got wet sooner or later on a ship. Why would he fear the rain? The little pirate wanted to be the first to discover the legendary treasure island on the horizon. For hours, he had been sitting on the highest sail mast, staring eastwards, while the rain was prattling onto his shoulders, already shivering with cold. His father, the captain, had scolded the dripping little pirate several times and threatened to shake him off of the mast like a ripe apple from a tree if he didn't come in where it was dry soon. But the little pirate did not want to listen. They surely would.

"You'll catch cold, son," the pirate captain, standing far below on the planks and waving a rain jacket, roared. They surely would.

"That's nonsense, daddy!", the little pirate called down to him. The little pirate really didn't have the time to climb down. Over there – that looked like the first hint of an island's green hills!

It wasn't. There still was no sign of the treasure island. When the little pirate climbed down to dinner disappointedly, he noticed that his nose had started to run quite badly. He sniffed covertly. Don't let them notice. Otherwise, his father, the pirate captain, would surely not take him treasure hunting then, and the little pirate had memorised the treasure map from the bottle post to the last detail to be able to lead the search party! Tomorrow they would be there.

They surely would.

But when the little pirate wanted to get out of his bunk the next day, he was quite dizzy. He couldn't be seasick! Nonsense, the little pirate thought. He had stopped being a land lubber long ago. But: His entire body ached, particularly his head. And his nose was now clogged completely, as if it had been sealed with tar. Additionally, he felt even though the pirate's ship was sailing the warm waters of the South Sea, uncomfortably cold. No, he was hot. No, that was cold after all. Oh well, he was both hot and cold.

"Daddy, eh, captain! I need you," the little, now rather pale, pirate called. He wasn't feeling like a treasure hunt at all anymore. The worried face of the pirate captain appeared below deck.

"What is wrong, my son? Are you not feeling well?"

The little pirate nodded weakly and quickly crawled back into his bunk. He pulled the thick woollen blanket over his head and shook.

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"I have told you. You will catch a cold!" The pirate captain approached the bunk and put the hand on his little rascal's sweaty forehead. "You're burning up!"

Quickly, the captain got out the fever thermometer from the ship surgeon's sea bag. Within a few seconds, his suspicion had been confirmed: The little pirate was running a fever.

"Fever?", the little pirate asked. "Is that something to eat?"

"No," the captain chuckled. "Fever is what you get when you are ill."

"So I am seasick after all," the little pirate said sadly. "Please don't send me back to land!"

The captain good-naturedly tousled his son's hair.

"Today, I'll send you to your bunk, sailor, where you will stay until you're well again."

The little pirate did not argue with his captain.

He felt horrible. The pirate captain gently stroked the back of his little pirate. The little pirate already felt much better. The thing that prospective sailors need most when ill is lots of attention and care from their parents.

"You have to drink a lot, little pirate. It will make you feel much, much better."

The captain had one of his sailors bring a large pitcher of hot chamomile tea to his son's cabin. The little pirate turned up his nose at it. Yuck, chamomile tea. But he did not argue. He felt much too weak. After the little pirate had put three large spoonfuls of brown sugar into his cup, the usually tart herbal tea actually tasted quite good.

"Now sleep, little pirate. You will see, you'll feel much, much better afterwards."

Gently, the pirate captain covered his youngest sailor with a thin blanket so that the heat of his fever would not be caught under the thick woollen blanket. The little pirate closed his eyes and felt the gentle sway of the ship in the waves of the South Sea. The captain took position at the desk and calculated the latest course. The little pirate felt very protected in spite of still suffering from his cold. Slowly, the waves rocked him into a deep, restoring slumber and he dreamed of richly filled treasure chests and snuffy parrots screaming one swearword after the other.

When the little pirate opened his eyes again, he actually did feel much better. Full of energy, he wanted to get out of his bunk - ready to climb the highest mast and unearth ten treasure chests - when his father came down the ladder from the deck carrying a fever thermometer. Full of energy, he wanted to get out of his bunk - ready to climb the highest mast and unearth ten treasure chests - when his father came down the ladder from the deck carrying a fever thermometer.

"Where do you think you're going, my little patient? Stay here! I told you to stay in the bunk!" he reproached him and put his complaining little pirate back to his bunk. And he was right: As a quick measurement told them, the rascal still had a slight fever. Lucky thing that the captain insisted on checking the little pirate's temperature regularly.

The little pirate growing more and more restless, had to stay under deck on the command of the pirates' captain a whole two and three quarters of a day. Once, twice or maybe thrice, he tried to sneak out of the bunk, but the little pirate had to recognize himself that he was still feeling seasick-like dizzy when getting up. To help the little pirate pass the time, the pirate captain told him stories: Of ill knights and their strict noble mothers, of snuffy sea monsters and sick pirates. The little pirate felt much, much better at once, and his boredom evaporated. Then, finally, the fever thermometer said that the little pirate was completely healthy again (he hadn't felt seasick for almost a day, too, after all, as he had pointed out many times). However, the little pirate had to promise his captain to only look out for treasure islands in the rain in a rain jacket in future, in order not to fall ill again and develop another fever. Only healthy little pirates can enjoy looking for treasure islands.

All's well that ends well.

The moral of the story: Don't forget to measure your temperature.

