

Gatorade-filled sippy cups, empty Tupperware bowls (just in case) and hastily engineered ponytails at the pediatrician's office today.

Ben, my four-year-old, has been sick since Thursday with a fever and now head cold. I am a serial temperature-checker when my kids are sick. I want to have them in bed with us and then poor, patient Larry has to hear the beeping of the ear thermometer every five minutes, like a smoke alarm with a dying battery—beep...beep...almost asleep...beep...startle...beep...almost asleep again...beep..."Suz!"

I dragged Ben to the drop-in hour at my pediatrician's office this morning and there was a line out the door—literally all the way down the hall. Unkempt moms clutching Kleenex in one hand and our coffee in the other, holding the hands of our pj-wearing kids, forbidding them from touching anything in the office. "Sit down, but don't touch anything. Don't even look at the toys," was the futile command of one mom.

You could just feel the sinister germs swarming the room, laughing at our travel sized Purell bottles and Wet Ones.

The waiting room was filled with Gatorade-filled sippy cups, empty Tupperware bowls (just in case) and hastily engineered pony tails. To make things worse (it really isn't that bad), when I finally was able to pop my head in to see the weary nurse in the window, she stood up and announced to the line they were booked for the morning and we all had to make an appointment to come back later in the day. "Ummm, you don't mean me do you?" I said with my sweetest smile. The nurse,

unmoved (and a bit annoyed) by my attempts to charm her, said, "Yes, you too." But, I could tell what she meant was : "Especially you."

Drats! So we are back at 1:30 today.

Update 4:30- The office was empty, but I still didn't let Ben touch anything...