

SWINE FLU

So out trotted James, looked at his mum and said “I’m hot, my throat hurts and I feel sick”

Mum trying to be sympathetic touched his forehead “mom you are a little on the warm side Maybe you should stay out of the cold today. Tuck up and I’ll get you a blanket.” Jimmy snorted and mum wiped his nose.

Out walked Milly “Mum I don’t feel well bit dizzy a bit heady and Tilly feels the same!” mum rushed to her children and looked at them seriously, maybe she was overreacting, being a little over protective, but it’s better to be safe than sorry. She wrapped them all up warm and bedded them down making sure they had plenty of water.

Now she would make the call. She waddled through the straw out of the cosy pen into the muddy sty and began to squeal at the top of her voice, she thought this would attract the attention of the farmer. The farmer grumbling as always, loloped towards the sty. “what is it girty? Where are your piglets?” she began to walk backwards into the snug pen and then she just stood there, eyes in absolute panic. “Ok girl we’ll get the vet, they’ve probably eaten something that doesn’t agree with them, don’t worry old girl the worst it could be is a touch of the flu!”