

“Sick”

by F.R. Southerland

[30 Days of Writing](#) – One Word Prompts
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Day 24: “Sick”

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“Daddy, don't go.” Her voice was so hoarse she could barely get the word out.

Carter's heart was breaking. He hated to see his little girl so sick. “It's okay, baby. Ain't going nowhere.” He sat next to where she'd settled in on the couch with her pillow and blankets. A cartoon played cheerful music, but Jasmine wasn't paying a bit of attention to the television. Her big brown eyes were on him instead, pleading.

And his heart broke just a little bit more.

He seldom had visits with his young daughter—not because there was any custody issue, but for her safety. He was on the road a lot, fighting demons and monsters and that wasn't the life he wanted for his little girl. The one time when he finally got a weekend with her, she ended up getting sick.

“Do you want me to call Mommy?” he asked, touching a hand to her forehead. She was burning up. He'd already called Celia once, but only got her voicemail.

Meekly, she nodded.

“Okay, baby. Sit tight.” Carter dialed his ex-wife's number while Jasmine pressed against his side. Her hair had come loose from a few of her braids and stuck against her cheek. The color was high in her cheeks.

The phone rang, but again, he got the voicemail. Maybe he needed to call the doctor instead. Or take her to the ER. He didn't know what else to do. Did this make him a bad father? There were plenty of things he'd done wrong. He didn't want this to be one of them.

“Is Mommy coming?” she rasped.

He shook his head and rubbed her arm. “Couldn't reach her. Maybe we should go to her. Think you can go for a ride with me, hmm?”

Listlessly, she rolled her head to one side, then the nod came again.

“Okay. Let's get you bundled up.” The hospital was closer than Celia's place. He'd try to call her again, on the way.