

How You Feel When You Have the Flu

When your toes curl up and your eyes are blurred, and your shinbones knock and your tongue is furred, and your nostrils squeak and your hair gets dry and you are doggoned sure you are going to die, but you are sneered you wot and afraid you will, just drag to bed and have your chin and pray the Lord to see you through, for you have got the flu—for you have got the flu.

When your toe curls up and your belt goes flat, and you are twice as mean as an old tomcat, and life is a long and dismal course, and your food all tastes like hard boiled horse, when your lattices ache and your bean is a buzz, and nothing is as it used to wuz, here are my sad regrets to you—you have got the flu—you have got the flu.

What is it like, this Spanish flu? Ask me, brother, for I've been through. It is like misery out of despair. It pulls your teeth and curls your hair. It thins your blood and flays your bones and fills your craw with moans and groans, and sometime, maybe, you will get well—Doc calls it flu, but I call it hell!—W. L. Rigg in Franklin (Nebraska) Sentinel.