

Water by the Spoonful
Monologue

Elliot Ortiz

My sister and I had the stomach flu, right? For a whole day we couldn't keep nothing down. Medicine, juice, anything we ate, it would come back up. Your coworker here took us to Children's Hospital. It was wall to wall packed. Every kid in Philly had this bug. E.R.'s were turning kids away. They gave us a flier about stomach flu and sent us home. Bright blue paper. Little cartoon diagrams. It said give you kids a spoonful of water every five minutes. A small enough amount that they can keep down. Five minutes. Spoon. Five minutes. Spoon. I remember thinking, wow, this is it. Family time. Quality time. Just the three of us. Because it was gentle, the way you said, "Open up." I opened my mouth, you put that little spoon of water into my mouth. That little bit of relief. And then I watched you do the same thing with my little sister. And I remember being like, "Wow, I love you, Mom. My Mom is alright." Five minutes. Spoon. Five minutes. Spoon. But you couldn't stick to something simple like that. You couldn't sit still like that. You had to have your thing. That's where I stopped remembering.