

Christmas 2009



Miley Virus



By Uncle Ed

Miley Virus

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by Edward DeMarco

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Every year, Uncle Ed writes a special new story for his nieces and nephews and now grand nieces and nephews.

This is the story for Christmas of 2009.

Miley Virus

by Uncle Ed

Every year in Cousinville,
They all come together.
No matter what might be,
No matter what the weather.

They just can't wait 'til Christmas.
I mean who wouldn't want to be
In Cousinville this time of year,
With the whole big family.

But, Christmas might not happen!



There may be no holiday.

But I'm getting a little ahead of the story, Let me start and say,

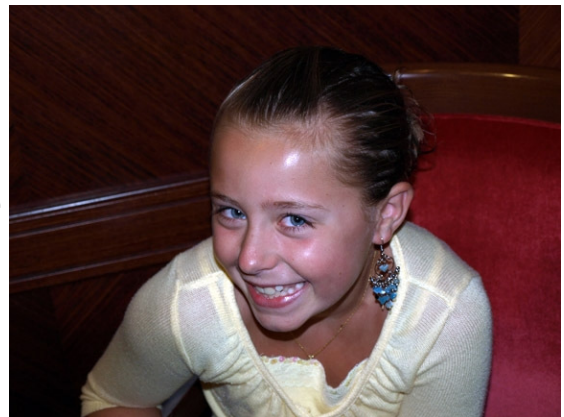


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**If there ever was a place
That you'd come to happily,**



**It would be in Cousinville
Where the folks are all sick-free.**



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For years they haven't worried,
And are never really ill.



They haven't needed lotions,
Or a potion, or a pill.



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And once when Herman Germ
He cast a nasty spell.



The cousins sent the germ away
And everyone was well.



But all that just might change, my friends,
Because on this very day
We sense, we know, the word is out,
That she is on her way.

Riding into town, so cruel,
And so, so mean.
A nasty, hurtful thing,
A slimy shade of green.

She has spiky yellow hair
And red lines on her iris
She's the wild and wicked one...
She's Miley Virus!





And don't get fooled my friends,
Because she seems so smiley,
She'll spread herself around,
that evil, evil Miley.

Some would say she is a flu,
Or some kind of pneumonia.
Some say she just can't be beat,
Even with ammonia.

She plans, she plots, she plunders,
As she runs throughout the land
Quietly, she does her thing,
Touching everybody's hand.

And then you take that hand of yours
With the Miley Virus touch
The one that's filled with all of
Miley's germs and bugs and such.

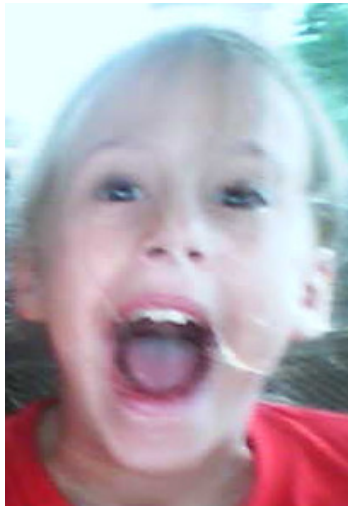
And bring it up beside your nose,
And place it there so quickly.
And before you know it,
You begin to feel quite sickly.



And even though it's way too late,
To keep her from your space.
You think it might be better,
If you just protect your face.



But nothing seems to work,
Miley crawls along your skin,

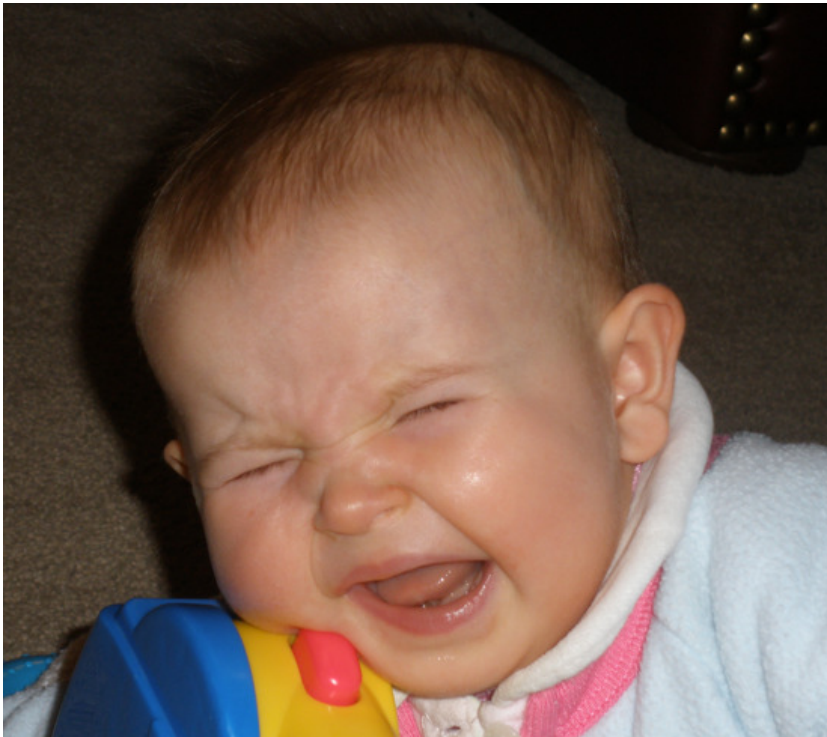


Every muscle seems to know,
The bad, bad shape you're in.

**You itch, you ache, you constipate
And want to go to sleep.**



But every time you close your eyes
They hurt and so you weep.





You're hot and sweaty most the time,
And then you are quite freezy

And in between your nose is stuffed,
That is, when you're not sneezy.



And sometimes you feel flushed,
and sometimes you feel pale.
And sometimes there is so much pain,
it hurts your fingernail.



They say to drink some water
To keep from getting dry.
But you're so weak; you just can't seem
To lift the glass that high.





And if that wasn't bad enough,
Your feet they seem to swell

And there doesn't seem to be a cure

That you think



will make you well.

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Now, it's not so bad to be at home



With neither work nor school

And catching up on reading
Can make being sick quite cool.



**And sometimes there is someone
Who will bring you chicken soup.**



**And sometimes you just need a friend
To take you where you poop.**

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**But all of this gets old.
It takes less than an hour,**



**When no matter what you eat
Your stomach gets so sour.**



And the room begins to whirl and the words begin to blur
And no matter what you try to say it comes out in a slur.

And even watching Wheel of Fortune is painful, yes indeed,
As the clicking of the wheel makes your ears begin to bleed!



You want everyone to go; and someone to please stay.



And you curse that Miley Virus and wish she'd go away.

And when you're at your worst,
You start to feel your heart
And you know that any minute
It will achy break apart.



And when you're sick, your hair will stand
Straight up a top your head.



And you'll be so worn out, oh my,
You'll feel you're almost dead.

But in about two weeks or three,
After writing out your will.
You'll start to feel some better,
Less sicker....but still,



**This might be the holiday when Miley Virus comes to town
When the germs and all their blahness,
Gets you sick and keeps you down.**

**And you must stay at home, under covers in your bed,
And there are no big family parties, just lonely time instead.**



**Not so fast, my
cousin friends, you
don't have to get so
sickly.**

**We can beat that
Miley Virus. She
can be stopped
quite quickly.**

**Just wash your hands a lot, wash them for a while
And kill that Miley Virus and do it with a smile.**





A smile that says to Miley,
Your sick career is through.

We washed our hands and sang a song
And so we're done with you.





Now Cousinville can be a place
That truly is sick free,
A happy place at Christmas,
A cousin jubilee.