

He spilled his stomach's contents against the tent's wall. He looked up and saw Linda fishing through her purse, frantic. She pulled a cell phone out while Cal retched again, the sound filling his ears and eyes with terrible noise and stink. When his ears unplugged, he heard the reporter talking into her phone.

"Just send somebody," the reporter yelled into her flip phone. "No, she's not breathing... but I won't be doing CPR on her either."

Cal wiped his mouth on his sleeve and went back to Gladys. He tried to pull her tongue out, but Gladys went into an epileptic seizure and bit his thumb. He thought the bone between her clenched teeth would crack, but she opened her mouth and Cal tore his thumb from her with loud curses.

She bellowed a man's scream as Cal held his injured thumb, a deep baritone that made Cal's chest vibrate. The red pinpricks in her eyes followed him, and her glaring features became masculine. He glanced at his thumb and saw an incredible amount of blood, then held it against his shirt which soaked it up. When he remembered the green vomit, he held it against his clean pants instead.

Gladys sat up, got to her knees, and stood. Her gestures and movement flowed with bravado. *She's acting... masculine!* She grunted at the reporter who backed away. Cal stepped beside the reporter, a protective gesture.

Linda Orteganeldo's eyes grew wide and her lips trembled. Cal would have held her hand but he felt agony whenever he moved his own, his thumb throbbing from blood rushing into and out of it as he stood.

*Feels like its swelling up. A damned balloon.*

"Kin Bin Tin Nah!" Gladys gestured with fierce, angry movements at Linda. "Kin Bin Tin Nah!"