

*"On the Thursday before Thanksgiving of her freshman year, my daughter Lillian woke up in her dorm room in the middle of the night. She felt terrible. She had been sick all week, had a fever, couldn't breathe, and was worried about all the classes she had missed.*

*Since September, there had been an H1N1 epidemic at the University of North Carolina and the doctor at the university health services said she was likely to get more symptoms. "Don't come back for a few days," he told her, so she had been riding it out in her room. Her friends had brought her saltines and ginger ale, but she kept feeling worse.*

*On that Thursday night, her main concern was getting to the bathroom. Like many students, she had her bed lofted up on stilts so that her desk could fit underneath it. She wasn't sure she'd be able to crawl to the far end of the bed and climb the six feet down to the floor.*

*But she couldn't wait any longer. Forcing herself up onto all fours, she pushed the covers off, then slowly turned around and made her way toward the end. Her muscles burned and her chest felt like there was a huge weight pressing on it. She dragged herself over the railing and down the side, putting one foot on the dresser as she always did, careful not to step on the make-up items she kept there.*

*The hallway light was painful as she shuffled to the bathroom down the hall. When she got back to her room, the climb back up into bed was too much. Wrapping her bathrobe around her, she lay down on the floor and went to sleep."*