

The doctor walks in with no piece of skin showing and a bird like mask places on his head. Or old smelly hut was hot and stuffy with the sun high above. The doctor walked out, and we were alone once more. My mother and farther hugged me close as screams filled the air and a coughing and sputtering man suffered in the hut next to us. I could hear him crying 'more frogs more chickens' but then silence and loads of crying. I went to bed just as a man walked by crying with pain and mercy. The sounds of the whip hitting him and cries that followed mad us all sad. Then i heard the doctor knock on the door again "come in please" my farther said. He put a couple of flowers and a couple of frogs and chickens down on the table and explained the frogs. My mother called me to come and sniff a flower. The doctor said "that this helps not catch Pulmonic Plague which is in your lungs. If you were unlucky enough to catch it, you would die in 2 days and 100% of the people did die. Now, now you don't want to get Bubonic Plague either, but you will die between 4-7 days and there was a 70% chance you would die. You are never more than 6 feet away from a rat nowadays so my dear boy do stay safe. Black death has killed over 25 million people worldwide so please stay home. The frogs are for if you do get the black death so try not to get it." the doctor explained pausing every now and again to check if any skin was showing. My dearest sweetheart please hurry to bed, ok?"

I woke up feeling cold in the night to hear people still crying. I felt cold but hot at the same time. I didn't feel as if this was the same world as it was before. I headed back to sleep. I woke early to be hot ad hearing people crying, praying, and mauling. "Bring out ya dead! Bring out ya dead!" A man shouted as he pulled a cart with dead bodies piled up in it that died of the black death. He had a rag across his face to cover is nose and mouth so he wouldn't get infected but so the stench wouldn't pass through. He started sputtering and lay down with a thud. There was no more of him. My mother came in with my breakfast but dropped it when she looked at me. She screamed and cried running out to get the frogs and chickens. She returned with loads of clothes on and a rug over her head. She rubbed a chicken butt on my arm and i saw that it was covered in boils.