

the bedroom, told me he wasn't home.

Daryl and I left the campus centre and started the long journey down to parking lot E, way on the other side of the campus. As we walked, I asked him how he thought he did on his other exams. As he talked about how cramped his arm was after he was done writing one of his exams, I started to realize that all he ever did was talk about himself. It had never really occurred to me before but he never asked me how I was, how my exams were, what my plans were after undergrad. He was just so totally self-consumed. I began to get sick of him as we crossed the campus, and wished we'd run into someone I knew.

After a bit, he started to complain. Still jokingly, though I could tell he wasn't feeling great. He leaned up against the wall.

"Fuck, I think those pills are starting to kick in," he laughed.

"Come on," I tugged at him. I'd had enough of him for one day, and I was anxious to sprawl out on my chesterfield and watch TV.

We walked a distance more before, out of the blue, he said he had to sit down. Right there in the green space, between the Engineering building and Memorial Hall, he sat down cross-legged. There was a light dusting of snow on the ground, and for half a minute I thought he was going to lie down and make snow angels. But he was really in discomfort.

I crouched down and peered into his face. His pupils were all dilated and he was as pale as a ghost. Even though it looked ridiculous, I sat down with him on the snow as students walked by, gawking at us, wondering what we were doing sitting on the snow-covered grass.

I soon realized that he probably was only going to feel worse, so I suggested we duck into the Engineering building and I'd get him a bottle of Evian or something. He agreed, and he got up slowly and walked slowly towards the door, all the while staring at the ground and taking deep breaths.

I can't say that I wasn't half glad that he was being punished for his stupid antics, but I didn't let on. Certainly I knew it was like to suffer the adverse effects of one's excess — last year's pub crawl, I recall, ended with me in a similar condition. I just crossed my fingers that I wouldn't have to follow Daryl into the washroom.

No sooner had I thought it, and no sooner were we in the doors of the Engineering building than Daryl made a dash for the men's washroom.

"Oh, shit," I said out loud, as I scrambled to follow him. The building and the washroom was, thankfully, empty.

Daryl crashed through the door, and then crashed into one of the stalls and collapsed in front of it. I figured after darting madly into the washroom like that, he would have thrown up right away, but no. He just positioned himself in front of the toilet, expecting to vomit at any second.

I'm no good in these situations. I never know what to say. I try to think back to when I'm the one who's sick and wonder what would have comforted me.

"I can go get you a bottle of water, or if you'd rather I stay here with you, I'll stay," I offered. Nothing. He didn't answer. Then I started to worry. This really isn't the same thing as when someone drinks too much. Swallowing that many pills when there are all those warnings on the bottle ... I began to think it would be really good if he would vomit, but I didn't want to say anything.

We must have stayed like that for about ten minutes: Daryl frozen in front of the porcelain toilet bowl, and me standing guard outside the stall. The door to the stall was open so I could watch him, but I'd close it if anyone came in.

Finally he threw up. Violently. I don't like to think upon it, and certainly wouldn't relay the details of it, but as unnatural as vomiting seems to begin with, his was that much more unnatural and it scared the hell out of me. When it finally ceased, he hovered over the toilet trembling.

"You'll probably feel a lot better now," I said, but just then he heaved again. This time, nothing came. Now I was really scared.

In the strangest way he slunk to the ground, so that he was outstretched on his stomach, his head buried behind the toilet. Even in the midst of all this, I couldn't help but think how unsanitary it was for his face to be back there. I approached him, when I noticed that his whole body was convulsing.

"Oh fuck," I yelled. "Shit, Daryl, are you okay?"

He tried to say something, but the noise he made was just garble. It scared the hell out of me, and I ran from the washroom, partially to get to a phone and call an ambulance, but mostly because what was happening in that washroom was too scary to deal with.

I can't quite remember what the 911 operator said, but I know that she was trying to keep me on the line, trying to get more information out of me. I made it clear that I had to get back in there, and I left the phone off the hook, swaying from its cord, the voice of the operator still audible as I ran back to the washroom: "Sir...sir?"

I crashed back through the door and found Daryl in the same position, but now there was a frothy foam all around