

The Ticking Time Bomb

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Submitted: June 2, 2008

Updated: June 2, 2008

Summary: A member of the Straw Hat pirates is suddenly sick, and not just with a cold. The said crew member's illness is unknown and their life hangs on end. Can they save their nakama? Or will they all have to see another loved one die?

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Chapter 1 - The Fatal Sneeze

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1 - The Fatal Sneeze

--Trust me- The story gets a lot better -writing wise- as you go on--The Straw Hats were scared. Scared of Chopper that is. He had gotten really paranoid about his crew members getting sick, be the flu season, and if you even sneezed one measly sneeze, Chopper would be all over you, checking your forehead, blood pressure, throat, sinuses, poke you with needles, anything that came to mind. Normally they wouldn't be that worried, but Luffy had been messing in the kitchen.../Flashback\ "Haha, WHEEEEE!" cried Luffy. He was sliding on the newly washed floor on a bag of pepper. The door burst open and Luffy encountered a very angry Sanji. "What the Hell are you doing?" he yelled. Luffy cringed, grabbed the bag of pepper like it was his life support, and ran out the door. "Oi, oi, come back with that!" Sanji cried after him. At this point Luffy was in the air by the mast, thinking of throwing it back, but then...it popped./End Flashback\ There was pepper in the air, and every crew member was trying as hard as they could to keep out this "deadly mineral." "Chopper, stop running around like that, you'll give yourself a heart attack." said Nami from her chair. Chopper had indeed been running around the ship, inspecting each crew members as he could. But at Nami's words he stopped with a look of horror on his face. "Really?!" "Yes, now calm down." Chopper squealed and started to give himself CPR. His frantic actions were stopped though, by the sound he'd been looking for. A crew member sneezed. He looked around and saw Zoro rubbing his nose. They made eye contact and Zoro's eyes widened. And then the chase broke out. Zoro was running as fast as he could with Chopper directly behind him. "CHOPPER!! I'm not sick! I inhaled pepper!" he yelled behind him. "Then prove it! Let me check you!" "Hell no!" Just before he passed the mast on their 2 round, Chopper tackled him with sprint point. There was a scuffle, but it ended with Zoro trapped under Chopper's Heavy Point. He struggled to no avail. "Stop moving Zoro!" said Chopper, aggravated that he couldn't check Zoro's blood pressure. "No, dammit." Chopper sighed and pressed a pressure point on Zoro's neck and he went limp. "Damn..." he mumbled. Chopper went on with his job and check down different things on his checklist:--Heart rate: fast Blood pressure: Normal Sinuses: Fine Throat: Fine Forehead: Hot Nose: Somewhat clear Back: No rash Front: No rash Eyes: Normal reaction Reflexes: Extremely fast Note to self: Don't check at other times unless safely out of the way Ears: Clean Strep: No Hair: Intact Note to self: Possibly find out source of Green hair (Real or Dyed?) Bleeding or Bruising: No--And his list went on, but mostly everything fine. "Zoro, you have a fast heart rate and you're hot." "Ya, 'cause I was running for my life. I got sweaty." "True, but that wouldn't affect your temperature. I'm gonna try you with a thermometer." And he shoved the little glass stick into Zoro's mouth and Zoro grumbled. The door to the kitchen burst open. "Dinner is ready Nami-Swaaaaan and you shoot heads. Get you asses in here." announced Sanji, and he walked back in, his strut back in his step. "Don't take that out of your mouth Zoro." Chopper commanded. "I couldn't even if I wanted to." he grumbled. "Oh, right." He activated Heavy Point again and picked him up. "It should wear off soon." And he carried him to the kitchen over his shoulder. Sanji glanced at him. "Oi, what's wrong with you, shoot head?" he asked, not really caring. "Blame Chopper, he pressed something on my neck and now I can't really move and he's stuck with the idea that I'm sick." Chopper yanked the thermometer out of Zoro's mouth. "Well, now we can see if you're right or not." He looked at the thermometer. He slightly gasped. "What?" Everyone asked, trying to get a look at the thermometer. "104.3" "That's not right." said Zoro. Chopper looked at him worried. "Say that again, Zoro." Zoro looked perplexed but obliged. "Thacht's...not..righ..." His words were slurred and his eye's were slightly unfocused. Everyone exchanged worried looks. "Zoro you are not okay." said Chopper, scared at not knowing what was happening to his nakama, "But this is no flu." Zoro started to shaking and then he leaned over and

vomited. Nami screamed/squealed and everyone stood up, alarmed. Zoro's vomit was mixed with blood, and soon the only thing coming out of his mouth was that red liquid. He gave one last horrible, hacking cough and leaned against the wall that was next to where he was sitting. Chopper rushed over to Zoro who was panting slightly. "Zoro, Zoro, are you with me?" he asked frantically. There was no response. Zoro's eyes rolled into the back of his head, eyelids closing and he went limp. "Zoro!"