

Irish Daisies Make You Do *WHAT!*

The Delirium Threemen
Published on FanFiction.net March 2011



Don't own the copyright to any of the characters depicted in Emergency they are the property of Universal Studios/Mark VII Productions. Content from the show is the property of the original creators. No copyright infringement intended.

All original characters and story content is the sole property of The Delirium Threemen and may not be used without permission.

I did borrow a bit from the Dinner Date episode. The part I borrowed was the story Chet was telling the young girl whose arm was stuck in a the pool drain a story about how they saved a little girl's pet parakeet that had breathed in too much smoke by giving it oxygen. You'll KNOW the 'Kelly Masterpiece Theater' section when you get to it.

Irish Daisies Make You Do *WHAT!*

Pop-pop

Using his thumbs, 8-year-old Chet Kelly sat on the back porch of the house removing the heads from the small pile of dandelions that lay beside him. *Pop-pop*, two more down and just a few left to behead, he mused. He was almost done, or so he thought, when he heard that annoying song his sister sang incessantly. He spotted his 6-year-old sister carrying another bundle of dandelions in her left arm and in her right arm she clutched tightly to the sock-doll their mother had made for them.

**"Miss Polly had a dolly
Who was sick, sick, sick.
So she phoned for the doctor,
To come quick, quick, quick;
The doctor came
With his bag and his hat,
And he knocked on the door
With a rat-a-tat-tat."**

"Ceara! Enough with that stupid song," Chet whined as she dropped the bundle of dandelions beside him.

Ceara only stuck out her tongue at her older brother which only served to aggravate him even more.

Chet smiled wickedly as he clasped a dandelion in each hand. "Here's a good song for you. *Miss Polly had a dolly and her head popped off.*" *Pop-pop* went two dandelion heads.

Ceara narrowed her eyes and deliberately sang the second verse of the song as loud as she could.

**"He looked at the dolly
And he shook his head.
He said "Miss Polly,
Put her straight to bed;
He wrote on a paper
For a pill, pill, pill.
I'll be back in the morning
If she's still ill."**

Not to be out done, Chet sang even louder, "*Miss Polly had a dolly and her head popped off.*" He kept repeating that line over and over, accompanied by the *pop-pop* of dandelion heads. He found the ones with the thickest stems made the deepest sounding pops.

"ENOUGH!" Riona Kelly bellowed at her two youngest children, with a good trace of Ireland in her voice. "You two would drive a saint to drink."

Silence now filled the air as brother and sister stared in awe at their angry mother. Some loose dark curls that had escaped her bun, framing her face and neck. Her eyes stared blue fire at them. The two children knew not to mess with her. Even though Riona was only an inch above five feet tall, all six of her children knew she could be a fearsome creature when angered.

"Chester B-quiet," Ceara whispered as their mother headed back into the house.

"Ceara B-rainless."

Both children froze as a third voice all the way from the kitchen yelled, "Children B-ehave!"

Riona was stripping the yellow petals from the dandelion heads, carefully making sure none of the milky stem or green of the flower was thrown into the bowl. She was still around a cup shy before she could begin making her preserves. She checked the *Spotted Dog* in the oven before heading to the back porch to get more dandelion blossoms. She had thought by dividing up the task of picking and removing the blossoms between her two youngest children that it would keep them from bickering; she had guessed wrong.

She grabbed the basket of dandelion heads from Chet and handed him an empty basket in its place. Ceara obviously had gone to pick more dandelions. It wouldn't be much longer until she had enough petals for the jelly she planned on making that evening. She began boiling some water on the stove. A short time later Chet came into the kitchen with his basket.

"Do you still need more of these, Ma?" Chet asked in a reserved tone.

"I think I have enough Irish daisies to make my jelly, dear heart," Riona smiled softly at her youngest son.

Chet returned the smile, "Is it okay if we go play now?"

"Don't go too far. Supper will be ready in about an hour," Riona answered before adding, "And don't pick on your little sister."

Chet scurried out the back door of the kitchen. Riona couldn't help but smile in mirth over her two youngest children. No matter how Chet smiled it his face always had an impish look. She also predicted in a little more than half an hour she'd be hearing Chet and Ceara bickering on the back porch again. Her two youngest seemed to give her a run for her money in ways the other four didn't. Riona shook her head in amusement as she removed the petals from the remaining dandelion heads. When she was finished, she poured boiling water over the bright yellow petals and covered the bowl with a tea-towel. She set them in the corner on the kitchen counter to steep for several hours.

Riona turned off the burners on the stove before she went to the cupboard and grabbed a stack of plates and headed into the dining room. She set the stack onto the long wooden table, then headed to the staircase and hollered, "Carney, come set the table."

"Be right down, Ma," her 10-year-old son answered.

Riona headed back to the kitchen to finish preparing dinner. Chad, her eleven year old son, entered the kitchen through the back door. After exchanging greetings, she directed Chad to the cupboard to get the drinking glasses from the shelf and take them to the dining room. Her other two sons should be along any minute. They KNEW dinner was at five o'clock on the dot. Nobody, including her husband Donald, would dare enter the dining room after five. Late for supper, you ate in the kitchen was Riona's rule.

The front door open, followed by the voices of 15-year-old Cadman and 13-year-old Casey. Riona could hear them trudging heavily to the upstairs bathroom to wash up. Chet and Ceara entered through the backdoor of the kitchen and quickly made their way upstairs to wash up, too. Riona started setting the food onto the table. By the time she had put down the mashed potatoes, all her children had assumed their seats around the long dining room table. The only empty spot was her husband's. He wouldn't be home until morning, when his shift at the fire station was done.

"You *KNOW* you're not supposed to bring that smelly-sock doll to the table," Chet scolded his little sister.

Ceara gave Chet a dirty look before stuffing the doll under her chair. "What about the smelly-sock puppets you and Carney play with?" Ceara muttered referring to the hand puppets her brothers would amuse her with. Of course, she really didn't mind watching the little shows they put on. Her favorite play was '*The Darning of the Socks*,' but she would never let her brothers know that.

Riona waited for her children to settle down before giving a nod to her oldest son. On the nights that her husband Donald worked, it was Cadman who led the family in saying grace. Donald would be arriving home during the morning rush hour at the Kelly household. Amidst the chaos of six children getting ready for school, her husband always managed to give each child a hug, a pat on the back, or a few words of encouragement before the start of their school day.

Once the food had been passed around the table and everyone had gotten a fair portion, the talking and teasing between the children began. The two older boys were engaged in their own conversation while the four youngest started to tease each other.

"So what did you and Ceara do all day?" Carney asked Chet as he finished clearing his plate.

Chet let out a sigh, "I beheaded dandelions while Ceara picked them."

"Oooohhhh, so the two of you were playing with *pis-en-lits*," Casey piped up.

"Wonder which one of you two is gonna wet the bed tonight. Perhaps both?" Chad added as the four older boys giggled at their younger two siblings.

Riona cleared her throat. "That's not the kind of talk for the supper table," she said giving a warning glare at her six children.

The older boys muttered some quiet apologies to their mother as they began to clear the table. Riona went into the kitchen to get the *Spotted Dog*. Chad brought the dessert plates to the dining room table while Riona cut up the fruit bread. Each child spread a generous helping of butter onto the bread.

Once they were finished with their dessert, Cadman and Casey set about clearing the rest of the table off and doing the dishes. The other children went about their chores of tidying up the living room and putting their stuff away for the evening. Once the dining room table was cleared, the six children grabbed their school books and began doing their homework while their mother headed to the kitchen to make jelly.

The noise level from the children began to rise as each child completed their homework. Riona could hear the odd book being slammed shut while the sound of another book thudded onto the table. Then the teasing started.

"So which one of you is gonna wet the bed tonight?" Casey chirped at Chet and Ceara.

"Chad B(e)-full of blarney. Dandelions don't make you wet the bed," Carney said.

"The French don't refer to them as '*pis-en-lits*' for nothing," Casey added.

"NOW back to the original question. Who is gonna wet the bed tonight?" Chad said.

Chet pointed his thumb in Ceara's direction. "The one that carries around the stinky sock doll, of course," he replied smugly.

"I'm too big to wet the bed," Ceara said defiantly to Chad.

"And you two have been handling 'pee-the-beds' all afternoon," Chad added as he looked up from his book.

"Only Ceara B-a big baby is gonna be the one to do that," Chet retorted.

"Chester B-eing mean to our little sister again?" Carney added with a wink to Casey.

"Geesh, it's not like the rest of you don't pick on her," Chet muttered in his defense as he stuck out his tongue at his sister.

"Chester B-eastie," Ceara muttered.

Riona rolled her eyes at the voices of her children that carried into the kitchen. She shook her head over the game they all played with their middle initial. Of course, she went right along with her husband Donald when he suggested that all the children be given names that began with the letter 'C' and all the boys were given the same horrid middle name that began with a 'B'. At least Ceara was lucky enough to have Brianna for a middle name.

She began straining the mixture of water and dandelion petals that she had set aside several hours ago. She carefully made sure none of the yellow petals made it through the strainer. She added three more cups of water to the 'dandelion tea' in the sauce pan. She then added some sugar, lemon juice and pectin. Once the mixture came to a boil she kept stirring until it became thick enough to sheet on the back of her spoon. Once she was satisfied with the thickness of the jelly she took sauce pan off the burner and began pouring its contents into the Mason jars she had lined up on the counter. She secured the lids tightly onto the six jars. Tomorrow morning they would have Dandelion Jelly to go with their breakfast.

She heard her clan finishing up their homework as a chair here and there was pushed away from the table and the voices dropped off one by one. She poked her head out from the kitchen and spotted Cadman studying for his Geography test while the others gathered in the living room.

The three youngest boys had pulled out their sock puppets and the wooden box that they had fashioned into a theater. Casey sat on the sofa reading a book, occasionally keeping a watchful eye on his younger siblings. Riona could hear Chad, Carney and Chet as they voiced their parts in *'The Killer Smog of the Smelly Socks.'*

"Who will help my pet parakeet, he breathed in too much of the killer smog," a high-trilled voice said.

A deep-low voice answered, "Why bring him on over to Fireman Don."

"Please help my poor, widdle birdie," pleaded the high-trilled voice.

Another throaty-deep voice answered, "Time to bring out my rebreather. Breathe deeply little birdie."

"Squaaawwwk! *cough-cough* Squaaawwwk!"

"Oh, thank you, Fireman Don for saving my pet parakeet," the high-trilled voice gushed in gratitude.

Ceara clapped her hands as they play ended. A few moments later, her brothers began their next play '*The Fate of the Mate-less Socks.*' Riona couldn't help but smile over how her sons made light of her most common laundry complaint.

After Riona had finished cleaning the kitchen she quickly went around the house tidying up before finally joining Casey on the couch. In another hour, the younger four would be getting ready for bed. The older two were allowed to stay up a little later than because of their age.

Chet burrowed under the blankets on the bottom bunk while Chad tossed and turned for a few moments on the top bunk until he got comfortable. Carney was already nestled and falling asleep in the single bed across the room. Cadman and Casey shared a room across the hall from them and were just coming up the stairs to turn in for the night.

Chet kept tossing and turning long after his two brothers had fallen asleep. His mind kept wandering to what Chad had said about dandelions making you wet the bed. Was there any truth to it? Perhaps as a precaution, one more trip to the washroom wouldn't hurt, he thought as he threw back his covers and made one last nightly dash.

Chet returned to his room a few moments later and nestled under the covers. The sound of his mother coming up the stairs for the night filled the quietness that had settled into the household. He heard her close the door to Ceara's room a few moments before she entered the room to check on him and his brothers. Chet tried to feign being asleep.

Riona could tell her youngest son wasn't yet asleep. She sat down on the bottom bunk beside him and reached out to place her hand on his forehead. Detecting no trace of a fever, she smoothed the dark curls of his bangs to get his attention.

"Chester should B-sleeping," Riona said softly as Chet opened his eyes. She smiled down at her youngest boy, "What's bothering my youngest laddie?"

"Is it...can dandelions make you...you know what Casey said about them. Is it true?" Chet confessed uncomfortably.

"Is that what's troublin' you? Now Chester, your brother was just teasing you with an old wives' tale. There'd be a smidgen of truth to what he was saying. Your Grandma Kelly uses dried dandelion root to make coffee. She swears it gets rid of the swellin' she occasionally suffers from. She also uses the sap on bee stings. And I bet you didn't know Grandma Monahan drinks dandelion tea to help with her rheumatism."

"Don't forget you're making jelly with them," Chet added.

"Oh, that's not all I use them for. I sometimes slip some dandelion leaves into a salad. My mother swore that the leaves cleansed the blood."

"Wow, its kinda neat knowing dandelions are actually good for you," Chet said.

Riona bent down and placed a kiss below the mop of dark curls on her son's forehead. "Now will you go to sleep? Mornin' will be here soon enough."

Chet wormed his way back under his covers, pulling them up to his chin. Now that the worry of a nighttime accident was no longer looming over his head, he began to think about some of the interesting remedies that a dandelion could be used for before finally drifting off to sleep.

The cheerful whistling of tillerman Donald Kelly, echoed through the bay of Engine Co. No. 17 as he made one final check of the tool boxes and compartments on the ladder truck to ensure they were securely closed. He made sure any other loose equipment was also battened down.

He took pride in making sure everything was in its proper place. The Seagrave Aerial Ladder Truck was only a year old. He climbed atop the back of the vehicle to make sure that the tiller posts, seat and windshield were securely locked and in place overtop the 85 feet of metal aerial ladder. After those items were checked, he made sure the 50 foot Bangor ladder and Baby Bangors were also secured on the vehicle. Finally, he checked the straight ladders and roof ladder before making his way to the kitchen to join the rest of his crew.

The tired men sat around the table patiently waiting for the next shift. A couple conversed about the apartment building fire they had fought most of the night. Donald silently nursed his cup of coffee as he quietly slipped into his own thoughts which drifted to the inconsiderate bystanders and drivers that often got into the way of the large ladder truck during any given run. There were some non-regulation hand signals he would have loved to have given them to get them to move out of their pathway.

As a tillerman, Donald was the second pair of eyes for the driver of the truck and was responsible for controlling the rear axle of the large rig. Working in tandem with the driver, it was his responsibility that to steer the back-end of the vehicle in response or anticipation to the movements of the driver. On the way to the apartment fire they had to come to an emergency stop because of a group of curious onlookers had suddenly dashed in front of the vehicle. He knew his body would be aching later on today from preventing the truck from jack-knifing during that sudden stop.

Nobody had to tell the men twice it was time to go home after Captain Valkenberg released them. The stocky Irishman would soon he would be on his way home to his wife and six children. During the drive home, he anticipated seeing the bonnie blue eyes of his wife Riona. Both of them had emigrated from Ireland as children with their parents. His family had settled in New York where his father was a subway operator.

Shortly after marrying Riona, the two of them moved to Los Angeles. After doing a few odd jobs here and there he joined the fire department shortly before the birth of their first born. During their 16 year marriage they were blessed with five boys and one daughter.

Donald Kelly entered the house through the back door. He wrapped his arms around his wife as she stirred the oatmeal on the stove. "What fills the eye fills the heart," he whispered in her ear as he placed a kiss on her cheek.

"You smell smoky. Battling blazes all night, have ya?" Riona asked as she looked up into the twinkling hazel eyes of her husband.

"Til' the wee hours of the morning," he answered. "I'm pretty knackered."

"How 'bout you go set yourself at the dining room table while I finish getting breakfast on," Riona suggested as she tried wiggling out of his brawny arms.

After giving his wife a big squeeze he released her. He grabbed the bowls she had set on the counter and proceeded to the dining room table. After he placed the bowls on the table, the first set of footsteps barreled down the stairs.

"Da!" Ceara exclaimed as she ran over to her father.

"How's my Ceara B-eautiful," he responded as he hoisted his daughter onto his lap.

Ceara answered her Da with a quick kiss before scrambling down and taking her seat at the table. Cadman and Casey were now at the table, shortly followed by Carney. Donald could hear Chad and Chet thumping around upstairs. Riona brought out the pot of oatmeal and began to dole out it.

"Go tell Chad and Chet to quit lollygagging around," Donald said to Carney.

A few minutes later, the two dawdling boys joined the rest of the family at the table.

Riona finished putting out the bread and the dandelion jelly she made last night, along with some eggs and bacon. She grabbed the empty bowls that were used for the oatmeal and set them into the kitchen before she joined her family at the table.

Donald told the tale of the fiery monster he battled during the night while the children listened intently. Riona couldn't help but notice the only child to sample her dandelion jelly was Chet. She furrowed her brow in annoyance at the thought of the hard work she put in making it. Donald sensed his wife was irritated. It was a matter of moments before it dawned on Donald what the bee in his wife's bonnet was about.

"Hey, your Ma spent a good part of yesterday making jelly, the least you could do is give it a try. Besides it puts...", Donald said

The five boys finished their father's sentence in unison, "It puts hair on your chest."

"Well I don't want 'air on my chest," Ceara pouted.

Donald chuckled at his only daughter. "If it puts hair on their chests," Donald pointed to his sons, "then it only makes a little girl like you grow into a beautiful woman like her Ma."

"*Oh! I KNOW* what their problem is," Chet piped up. "Ma doesn't want us to talk about that stuff at the table."

Riona threw a wink at her youngest son before turning a raised eyebrow to her two oldest sons who started the nonsense last night.

"Too bad the rest of you don't have an appreciation of the hale and hearty benefits of dandelions," Chet added in an all-knowing tone of voice. He took another bite of his jelly covered bread and turned to his mother as he swallowed it, "Mmmm, tastes a bit like honey doesn't it Ma?"

As each child finished eating, they gathered their dirty dishes and stacked them in the kitchen before gathering their books. Each child lined up to say their good-byes to their parents before heading out the front door. Riona and Donald stood in the doorway as they watched their children head off to school.

"Ahhh, there goes our wayward bunch of hooligans, off to school for the day," Donald sighed contentedly as his wife wrapped her arms around his waist.

"You're forgetting, Donald, wayward children are never naughty - they are bold," Riona reminded him as she gave his middle a squeeze.

Dandelion Facts and Myths:

There are many different names for a dandelion but the one fitting for this story is the Irish Daisy.

Dandelions have very strong diuretic properties, because they do not lower your potassium levels, which can be an issue with other diuretics. Children in some European countries avoid picking dandelions because of the old wives' tale that they make you wet the bed. Truth is that the root and leaves are known for their diuretic qualities. These can be absorbed through the skin (such as picking dandelions) so there is a bit of truth to this wives' tale. The Dandelion is known by many different names. The Scottish referred to them as "Pee the Beds" while the French refer to them as "pis-en-lits."

The milky sap of the dandelion can be used to relieve the pain of insect bites and stings. Dried dandelion roots can be roasted and ground to make dandelion coffee or tea. Dandelion tea is often used to detoxify the liver. It can be used in the treatment of gastrointestinal disorders and is recommended for stimulating milk production for women who are breast-feeding. Some people also use it as a treatment for rheumatoid arthritis.

Author Notes:

The *Spotted Dog* Mrs. Kelly was making is an Irish bread/cake that is similar to raisin bread. It is usually cut into thick slices and slathered with butter.

In my story *I'll See You When The Smoke Clears*, I mentioned Roy had worked with Chet's brother Carney and that Chet was the youngest of five boys along with one younger sister. I picked out the names of the Kelly clan based on their meanings. The last name Kelly means warrior; fitting name for the warriors in this fire-fighting family.

The heads of the Kelly household Donald (Ruler) and Riona (Queenlike).

The rest of the children (oldest to youngest): Cadman (Warrior), Casey (Brave), Chad (Defender/Warrior), Carney (The Victor), Chester (Fortress), and Ceara (Bright Red). The show never revealed what the 'B' in Chester B. was so I felt in keeping with the show I wasn't going to pick a name. Just in my version of the Kelly family ALL the boys have the same middle name.

The last name Donnelly (Tim Donnelly/Chet Kelly) means brave, dark man.

Irish Sayings:

What fills the eye fills the heart

Wayward children are never naughty - they are bold

Knackered means *tired*.

The author of the rhyme "Miss Polly Had a Dolly" is unknown but it has been around for generations. I KNOW I wasn't the only one to pop off the heads of dandelions while singing "*(Insert Name) had a dolly and their head popped off.*"