Sick

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Sick

by Subspace_Adventurer

Summary

Whumptober 2026 prompt - "I don't feel so good."

Lloyd thought he had experienced every kind of bullying out there.

Boy was he wrong.

Happens between Small Comforts chapters 2 and 3

Lloyd was used to the glares and harsh faux whispers by now. After two and a half years of attending elementary school as the son of the worst villain in recent history, he liked to think that he'd experienced anything and everything mean a person could do to another. Pushing, shoving, trashing his books, dumping his lunch all over him; he'd been through it all.

Or so he thought.

The first part of the day passed without too much issue, with wads of paper being the preferred projectile of the day. It wasn't until lunchtime that the real issue appeared.

His class proceeded through the lunch line as usual, last of the third grade groups and Lloyd at the back of the line. He was given all six of his chicken nuggets, a scoop of green beans, and a snack cake (the lunch lady was either in a good mood today or she was just too tired to pay special attention to him), and he grabbed an apple juice as his drink. When he sat down at his assigned seat with his tray, there was another juice box already at his place waiting for him. Some of his classmates were snickering, which he took as a precursor to some sort of trick and began scarfing down his food as quickly as possible, leaving the mysterious juice untouched.

Unfortunately, the bad thing about having a thirty minute lunch was that since he was the fastest eater, he had an uncomfortably long wait for lunch dismissal as his classmates chatted and ate. Early on in the year the girl next to him would make conversation with him to make the wait more bearable, but she had been quiet recently and had started distancing herself from him.

Probably for the best, since nothing good ever came from being friends with a Garmadon.

He picked at his jacket sleeves and half-heartedly listened to the noise of the cafeteria around him. All these other kids eating and talking and laughing with their friends always made him sad to be left out, but his mom always told him that someday he would meet a friend he could do that with. And he wanted to believe her, he really did! It was just really, really hard to when the same thing always happened; they would be friendly, then get bullied along with him, and finally they'd leave him alone again—or worse, join the bullies.

"Hey Lloyd!"

Startled out of his thoughts, he looked up to see who had addressed him. Finn, the boy who sat across from him, had an uncanny smile on his face as he pushed the juice box closer to him. "Aren't you gonna finish your lunch? Someone was nice enough to share an extra drink with you today!" When Lloyd didn't react, Finn's smile turned more menacing as he glanced at the teacher seated at the end of the long table. "Come on, you don't want to get in trouble for wasting food, do you?"

Lloyd knew that was a petty threat, as there were lots of kids who would just pick at their food and throw it all away at dismissal. But because of who he was, he could be accused of practically anything and the teachers would send him to detention without batting an eye. Shoving down the unease building in his stomach, he picked up the juice and poked the straw

inside with unsteady hands. With all eyes around him watching, he took a sip and immediately grimaced. It was still apple juice, but there was something else inside that was extremely bitter and made him want to gag. The other kids along the table had started laughing while Finn's smile stayed the same, eyes gleaming with amusement. "A gift from my big brother to you. He told me it'd be fun to watch you drink it, but I didn't know it'd be this fun!"

By this point his teacher was glaring down the table at him, so out of fear he guzzled down the rest of the nasty drink. His eyes stung with tears as the table erupted with cheers before the woman shushed them all.

Pushing his tray to the side, Lloyd laid his forehead on the table and tried to shut out the world. He felt gross, and his stomach felt all weird and tingly. If only he were able to do online school, stuff like this wouldn't happen. Morro could do it just fine; why couldn't his brain work like that too? Something touched his knee, and he briefly rolled his head over to see the friendly girl looking at him with a sad expression.

Several minutes passed before he lifted his head again and noticed that there was still a considerable amount of time left until lunch was officially over. He wasn't feeling any better, so he carefully slid out of his seat with the intention of asking for a bathroom pass. "Teacher, I don't feel so good…"

His stomach had other plans.

A sudden cramp caused him to double over and fall to the floor, gripping his midsection. His throat felt tight, and all he could do was lower his head as he retched and threw up all over the ground. His teacher and his seatmate both shot up and rushed to him, the girl rubbing his back while the woman fumbled around in her teacher's bag before handing him a plastic trash bag in time for another portion to leave his mouth. Ordered to get him to the nurse, his seatmate helped him stand up and walked with him as his stomach clenched again and again; by the time they arrived, he had heaved so many times there was stomach acid coming out his nose.

When she saw Lloyd and the plastic bag, the school nurse dismissed the girl back to her class and sat him backwards on a plastic folding chair, placing a large trash can in front for him to use. Weakly he let his chin rest on the rim of the can in the intervals between vomiting as he begged for the pain to stop.

His stomach was tight. His throat and nose burned. His sides ached.

Everything *hurt*.

Eventually his teacher came in to talk to the nurse, and he distantly heard her say something about some sort of medicinal syrup in the drink. Strangely, the nurse sounded both relieved and disappointed at the news, and shortly after his mother was called to come pick him up. By the time she arrived, his stomach had been completely emptied and all he could do was curl into himself as he uncontrollably dry heaved.

The trip home was filled with agony and angry phone calls as his mom complained to the school yet again (it never changed anything, but Lloyd appreciated that she tried). Eventually she got the principal to confirm that the students involved would be punished (they would probably only get one day of detention), and from then on she signed him up as having special dietary needs and started packing lunches for him.

On that day, nine-year-old Lloyd Garmadon learned to never accept food or drinks from other people.

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