Tom is at the doctor's office trying to find out what makes him sick. Read this story and underline the 7 different things that could have caused Tom to get food poisoning. (14)

**The Tale of Tom E. Ache**

Doctor, I don't get sick very often. Most of the time I'm as healthy as a horse. But about four times a year, I get attacked by some "bug". The "bug" doesn't really last long, but it's a real pain. It happens right in the middle of something fun. My mom thinks it's just because I get so excited, but I get excited lots of other times, and I don't get sick.

Last summer, we went to the beach. We got up really early, packed a lunch, and got to the beach before nine in the morning. Boy, the water was great! The sand was so hot that it burned my feet.

We swam all morning and collected sea shells. When lunch time came around, I was starved. Mom opened the picnic basket and I just dug into the cold chicken (which wasn't very cold after sitting in the sun all morning). I ate until I thought I would burst.

We were supposed to stay all day, but at about two o'clock I thought I was going to die! I got dizzy and my head ached and my stomach felt as if an army of lobsters were doing maneuvers inside of me. The day was ruined for everybody.

Same thing happened last Thanksgiving, so I know it has nothing to do with excitement. I wasn't excited at all that day. I was just hungry for turkey and dressing. After dinner, my mom said we could just leave everything on the table so we could get to the football game on time.

When we got home from the game after fighting traffic for an hour, I ate a second dinner right from the platters. I've always like my food that way.

Well, the next day, I was so sick to my stomach that I made my family cancel their plans to go Christmas shopping.

The two worst times last year, though, were the cookout I helped with and my birthday. I was in charge of fixing the hamburgers, and boy, I have a system. I take a handful of raw meat and slap it together into big old patties with the hamburger turner, then put them on the grill. I use the turner to put the cooked burgers on the buns and stir the barbecue sauce. Saves washing a lot of dishes, right? I also helped make a giant salad by shredding lettuce and cutting vegetables. Trouble started in the middle of the night, when I woke up with stomach pains and a headache.

My birthday was ruined too, but not just for me. Everyone caught the same "bug".

We were having pork chops—yum, my favorite. Mom took eight big chops out of the freezer the morning of the party, before she went to work. Because they were on the kitchen counter all day, they were all thawed out by evening and ready to cook. To save washing an extra plate, the cooked chops were served on the same plate that was used for thawing.

My family can really put away the pork chops. But by morning my dad was sick; then my sister Joy; then me; and Mom didn't feel to great either. What a mess! Doctor what could be wrong with me?