

Outer Banks Vacation: Conch Hunting and Something Evil

Description

The words *evil* and *vacation* are never welcome in the same sentence. Unfortunately, evil doesn't sit around waiting for an invitation before it makes an appearance. Mr. Evil came uninvited in the form of [another staph infection](#) with our poor little girl as the victim.



Her boo-boos were on her bottom, like they have been several times before, which meant going in the ocean was off limits. The salty water was probably fine if not beneficial, but it was the sitting around in a wet swimsuit afterward that would only make the staph worse. However, spirits remained high as we made the most of the day anyway.



With plenty of shells to find and holes to dig, Avery kept busy on the beach. My wife and I felt a constant tension of concern for our daughter, but we tried hard to not let it show. Fortunately, Aunt Tammy works in the medical field and after a few texts back and forth with a doctor, we were somewhat comforted knowing that something I packed was would help to fight the evil infection.

As a [confirmed MRSA carrier](#) myself, I like to be prepared wherever we go. I hate that we had to use it, but the mupirocin ointment did the trick. Not instantly, mind you, as it was something we had to continue every day and only stopped a few days ago. Never ideal, but we DID NOT want to put her little body through another round of antibiotics.

Temps were low on our sixth day at the beach, which meant the water was even cooler than the other days. Cold enough to where you just never get used to it. Grandma and G-Ma had the right idea by just lounging and watching the rest bare the cold temps.



Cold water didnâ€™t keep Uncle Paul and our cousins from getting in though. Nick, the oldest boy in their family, had just arrived the night before and they were out playing catch in the frigid waters. Meanwhile, Uncle Preston and Cousin Aaron continued their fishing efforts.



During their shivering game of catch, the guys noticed something moving with the current at their feet. Blurry hints of red and white caught their eye as it moved around. Was it a big crab? They were uncertain, but Paul made several bold dives trying to catch or grab the object all the while hoping no pincers were involved. This proved harder than it seemed with the current dragging him away from his target on each attempt. Nick tried his luck and finally got a hand on what turned out to be a conch shell!



My [life-long dream as a kid on vacation](#) at the beach had become a reality, only not for me. I couldâ€™ve just lived the dream vicariously through my cousin, but it just wasnâ€™t the same. You could say Iâ€™m a bit *shellfish*. It was time to take the plunge in the cold a search for my very own conch. Besides, I was rocking a sand-stache and obviously need help putting sunscreen on.



Nick was kind enough to help me as I searched with fierce determination to find another conch in the ocean.



See the lack of anyone else in the water? Yeah, because it was freakinâ€™ cold! We literally looked *cool* skimming the waters in search of giant shell to magically appear. Youâ€™d have better luck buying a scratch off. Or even catching a fish off the shore. Just ask Preston and Aaron.



Okay, maybe not.

Taking over with playing on the land, G-Ma and Avery kept warm and dry together as they watched.



The search for a second conch yielded zero results. Time had passed to the point of hunger and nap time approaching, so we trekked back to the house for the same afternoon routine.

Cold water was indeed cold, but with the ocean being calmer that day, I got it in my head to make a repeat kayak trip. This time, with no one else wanting to join, I carried the single vessel down to the shore for a solo trip. No pics since I was alone, but I ended up enjoying the time on the water. Calm, peaceful, and damn, I still couldn't get poor Avery's staph out of my head! Besides that, I had a good time.

The rest of the guys had spotted a miniature golf course on real grass, so thatâ€™s where they were as I paddled solo. They ventured to the not-so-original place called [The Grass Course](#) for tee time.



Uncle Preston worked his charm on one of the girls working that day and arranged for drinks to be delivered as they kept focused on their game.



Kayaking is more appealing to me, but Iâ€™m sorry I missed out on the occasion. From what I heard, it sounded like a great time was had by all. When you have cool shades all around, why *wouldnâ€™t* you have a blast?



With our minds heavy from the evil staph that just wonâ€™t leave our girl alone, my wife and I lacked motivation to do much else that day. We were concerned with keeping Avery clean and ointment applied. As such, the remainder of the day can be summed up by this pic of my mom / G-Ma, dozing on the couch.



Sorry, Mom, I know youâ€™re getting in your car to come over and bonk me on the head right now. Still love me?

We refused to let staph dampen our spirits on the last day of vacation, so we made like G-Ma above, and slept. Iâ€™ll leave you with one lucky turn of events. Preston and Aaron ventured to the [Turtle Pond we kayaked in days before](#) to try and catch something, anything. Aaaaannndddd, they both

caught monsters little fish they threw back!





But still, itâ€™s the experience, right?

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