



Whatcha Gonna Do, Brother?

August 16, 2006 By [Shawn Decker](#)

That's the famous opening to Hulk Hogan's taunt, "... when Hulkamania runs wild on you!" I myself am more of a Ric Flair guy, and on Monday night I got to see both legends in action here in Charlottesville.

My dad used to take me to the matches just after my diagnosis in 1987, so I figured, "Why not take the old man this time around?" I also got a ticket for my brother, Kip, and Zach, a kid who is obsessed with wrestling.

The only dilemma was that this cold or whatever it is is still lingering. It really does seem to be going around, but last night I had a dream that a friend was shouting at me, "YOUR VIRUS IS REBOUNDING!" So there's a subconscious struggle going on, mainly because I thought I'd feel better after starting this, not come down with a summer cold immediately afterwards.

Still, I was good enough to go to wrestling, and getting out was actually a good thing. The cough is superficial, not in my chest at all, and I think I've been kind of a wuss about the whole deal. Especially after watching the 57-year old Ric Flair getting thrown around the ring a couple of nights ago.

The big test is going to be when I get lab work done in a couple of weeks. What happens if the T Cells have dipped slightly? Or the viral load peaks up to say "Hi"? I'll probably have a dream, in which Hulk Hogan is pointing his finger at me as I stand on the other side of the ring, shouting, "Whatcha gonna do, Positoid?"

Shawn

