

Tuesday, January 15, 2008

THIS IS WHAT IT SOUNDS LIKE, WHEN THE CYBORGS CRY

I woke up before my alarm today with the overwhelming urge to vomit. It was another night of dreams that I am having more difficulty remembering, but can remember the theme. Last night's was past guy stuff again. I do not get where this is coming from, and frankly I'm starting to get irritated with it. If I weren't nauseous almost all day long, I'd think this is where the want to vomit was stemming from.

I stayed in bed a while longer and ran my foot back and forth under the covers to make one of my cats chase it. The medicine HAS turned me into a cyborg after all, and this is likely something that half-robots enjoy doing.

I get up, go to work and want to vomit in the worst way. I eat my oatmeal and take my morning pill. The nausea and lack of emotion stays with me through the morning. I finally succumb to purchasing a supply of mini cans of Ginger Ale to keep at work. I swear this stuff is going to save me from some of my misery. I can only imagine that this is somewhat like morning sickness, as my friends who've been preggo all say that it stays all day. It sucks. No other way to put it. Now if only there was a soda to make me feel something again! Well, I ended up getting something better than soda! I got my pee and poop t-shirt and panties!

When I saw the package from Sweden my heart raced with glee! What was this strange feeling surging through my soul? Could it be...happiness? I ripped open the package and whipped out the poo and pee-ware. I raced into my mom's office to show her the new garbs. She admitted they were pretty cute for pee and poo.

"This is the happiest I've felt in DAYS!" I exclaimed!

The t-shirt was totally going to fit, but the panties... I really need to get in touch with the actual size of my ass. I always think I'm bigger than what I am, and these things are pretty close to pee and poo hipster pantaloons on me. Alas, despite what is surely going to be a pair of period panties (Oh! Pee, poo AND period!), the pee and the poo fought the evil Chantix/Cyborg medicine and won! Unfortunately it was short-lived. An hour later I was in my haze again.

The day was mainly haze, but a combination of a couple of workouts and a visit from my niece made me feel a little better...more human. The nausea continued and the only thing I wanted to eat on this Earth was applesauce. God, I was craving it like no one's business. Then I got home and realized my distaste for food probably wasn't helping my energy. I forced some chicken and broccoli down and chased it with my evening pills. Then I settled in with the movie *Once*, and I finally had a flood of emotion! I'm not dead!

I was smiling! I was moved by the music and the story! I sobbed at human stupidity and then the movie was over. However this time the emotion stayed. I'm tired and lethargic, but at least I know it's just the meds and not that my soul is dead like I was thinking.

Tomorrow is the last day of smoking and then it's all about increasing the dosage (Heaven help me) and giving up the tobacco...if I'm not completely crazy by then.

Posted by Heather Duffin in The Chronicles at 17:30