

Wednesday, January 16, 2008

GOING UP?

CHANTIX - DAY 7

Well my friends, today is the day; the last day that this cyborg smokes. I know. I know. You all say that you will believe it when you see it, but mark my word mateys...this is it! I think this is that whole power of positive thinking stuff coming into play. Honestly though, I know this will be it.

So last night's dreams are much clearer to me today. There was no ex boyfriends or mistakes thrown into my dreams, but there was a slimeball. The first dream I had was that one of our buyer's from work had a party and invited me over. It wasn't here and it wasn't her house. It was the penthouse of some high-rise condominium. I was all gussied up and thank god I had my dream nose on! I was having a drink on the rooftop deck when this guy comes up to me and starts talking. He's very handsome in the type of handsome that I like, which is typically kind of quirky. And then he says it.

"You know, I was once arrested for having sex in a dumpster."

What? I am disgusted. I give him my disgusted look and walk away. I am happy to know that if this were real life, I would react the same way. Whew!

The second dream was that I was leaving for my trip to Boston next week, but my entire adult family was living together and it was pure insanity! I couldn't find my plane ticket and everyone was running around trying to find it. Then my brother said, "Just look at your confirmation online!" But I couldn't remember my email address or password. Then my mom suggested that I just go to the airport, go to the airline and do the self-check-in, which would pull up my info, but I couldn't remember what airline I was flying out of. I woke up panicked and reminding myself to print out my itinerary for next week's flight.

Today was same 'ol, same 'ol at first. Nausea, ginger ale, a workout that helped boost my mood for a bit, and then a very slow afternoon. However, I had a bit of a surprise when I peed this afternoon. I was sitting there in the one and only women's single shooter. I was resting my chin in one hand that was propped up by my elbow resting on my knee ala Thinking Man position. I was zoning out, as I seem to do quite often this week, when I saw it...an arch of piss shooting out and hitting the toilet seat.

"WHOA!" I muttered and quickly shifted.

How on Earth did I just arch my piss? Granted, I've done this before, but I was blowing my nose while peeing and realized I tilted my pelvis up when doing so and....oh my god. Oh my god! I just realized as I sat here writing this, that THIS...this detailing of me peeing out of the toilet on accident is going to be a contributing factor to dying alone! Granted, I've been lucky enough to date men who find this type of talk amusing, but seriously...it takes a strong man to stomach this kind of talk. Thing is, it's me though. So onward with the story!

Anyways, I have no clue how I pissed upwards, but I did. I am going to blame this on the Chantix like everything else going awry lately. Okay Chantix people, you can add, "tipped pee hole" to your list of side effects!

Unfortunately what goes up must come down. And it did. It ran all down the front of the toilet bowl, which I had to mop up along with the seat puddle. Frustrated, I flushed and pulled my pants up. That's when I noticed the puddle. Holy shit, I'd pissed ALL over the floor! I must have really been zoned out to not notice that no urine was hitting the water. Did I even pee this much? I thought maybe the toilet was leaking, but when I mopped it up with toilet paper, it was slightly yellow like my urine. Great. It just gets better...a cyborg with an "up elevator" pee hole. Maybe my elevated urine stream will short circuit the robot in me and just put me out of my misery? If that doesn't work, maybe tomorrow's impending ice storm will. At least if something happens on the way to work, I have my tipped urine stream to keep me warm!

Posted by Heather Duffin in The Chronicles at 16:30