

Thursday, January 17, 2008

TOP THAT, TAWNY KITAEN!

Last night I started my higher dose of 1 mg of Chantix. It was supposed to be my last .5 mg, but I was too full or tired to cut the pill in half, and there's another half left I no longer take. My dreams last night were back to being really vivid. The first dream was that I was going to a weekend wedding celebration and a lot of us were camping in the area it was, as it was out in the woods near a river. I remember trying to set up my tent and am getting bitten really bad by mosquitoes. There was a 14-year old setting up his tent nearby and had another tent that wasn't put up right next to it. I talk to him and he's saving the site for his parents who are coming up later. Some mountain bikers tried to steal the kid's second campsite and I start going off on the mountain bikers for being rude to the kid. The dream skips ahead and my sister asks if I want to go whitewater rafting before the wedding. I tell her I'd love to! I really do love whitewater rafting! She says we need to allow enough time to do my hair before I get married. I'm confused. I'M getting married? She looks at me like I'm stupid. "Yes!" I tell her I'm not even dating anyone, that this is impossible. I ask if it's an arranged marriage? She laughs at me, and I'm really pissed and confused. My mom chimes in that "we've" been dating for a couple of years. I can't remember any of this. Who IS this person? Why am I getting married? I don't get this! I ask them to show me who I'm marrying and the dream ends.

Next dream - I'm hanging out in this tree house bar at my sister's old friend, Rachel's house. Her parents are not supposed to know, but one of my friends runs into her dad and tells him that there's a party in the tree house. Everyone has a grand 'ol time and crashes there. As I leave the next morning, Rachel's dad is waiting by our cars and I am handed a bill with all sorts of charges totaling up to \$36.41. I wake up.

The morning started out rough. I woke up with nausea and realized I'd overslept two hours, which was bad. BAD! I didn't even hear my alarm going off! I think I was too happy being in my dream life. I made a mad rush to get ready and to work. There was no ice storm as the weather people predicted, but we did have snow and sleet, but it was raining normal when I left. Of course the entire Triad area canceled school and closed all government offices LAST night before we had any weather issues. So basically kids and government workers got a rain day. Just more proof of the idiocy that prevails here.

As I rushed down the stairs to my car, I made a shortcut across the small strip of grass that borders the parking lot. I was wearing BAD shoes for a sleet pileup. My boot hit the sleet and I went flailing about. I slid to the right. I slid to the left. Then I saw I was flying straight forward and I could tell there was no stopping me. I belly-flopped on my neighbor's car. The suspected drug dealer's car...right on the hood. It was beautiful. My friend Sara said I should to tell it that I was also wearing tight, ripped jeans and a greasy tank top. Unfortunately that was not the case, though. All the junk is freezing up bad tonight and they're anticipating a world of ice by tomorrow morning. I'm thinking that if I eat shit on my neighbor's car again in the morning, I just need to go with it. I'll writhe about on the hood, flipping my hair, all while singing Whitesnake's, "Here I Go Again." It'll be like a bundled up, chemo patient version of Tawny Kitaen. I don't think my neighbors could ask for anything more.

And no, I didn't smoke today. I think this stuff is working! AND the cyborgness isn't as bad. Woo-hoo!

Posted by Heather Duffin in The Chronicles at 19:30