

Wednesday, January 23, 2008

## **THINGS YOU'LL NEVER SEE ON A SEMI-DESERTED ISLAND**

Anyone who knows me well knows that I have an EXTREME obsession with the TV show, Lost. Okay, so it's not quite an "obsession". I think of an obsessed person kind of like the three guys on X-Files who help out Mulder in situations because they're all about the UFO-ness. Okay, so I just revealed more of my geekness. Yes, I also had an addiction to X-Files and almost creamed myself when I recently read they are doing a sequel movie with David Duchovny and Gillian Anderson.

So as you fellow Losties know, the season premiere is on January 31st. I can't tell you the joy this brings me. I'd blame it on life living in North Carolina amongst domestic fights, roosters shitting in my office driveway, and finding entrails on the stairs to the garbage, alas I was like this before I moved here. The last guy I dated, Geno, got me hooked on this show. He had a TV addiction and we'd just lay in bed, watch his shows and have sex afterwards. Pretty sad, but he gave me Lost at least.

I keep backtracking. What I'm trying to say is that in anticipation of the season premier of Lost, I've spent the evening re-watching the season finale and all the Missing Pieces posted on ABC. I don't know if this makes me pathetic, or just really intrigued, but I feel slightly horny after watching all this. Am I THAT excited? Possibly. Or maybe it's that I'm escaping North Carolina tomorrow? Or maybe it's watching a shirtless Sawyer? Either way, I'm feeling oddly aroused, which I think is anticipation for my brain stew, Lost.

I do have to say though that I am deeply disturbed by three things that I've noticed have never been addressed throughout the seasons.

1) What do the chicks do for their periods? Do they shove t-shirts in their pants and then leave them in the latrine after they're done? Did they find a boatload of tampons on the plane wreckage? Does the strange powers of island make their periods stop? What??? This has bothered me to no end since halfway through Season 1.

2) Why does no one have roots? Clearly at least ONE person on the island used to dye their hair. I mean, what the hell? Any of you women, and some men, know as well as I do that this is impossible.

3) Aren't there any nearsighted people like myself on the island? Sure there was an episode where Sawyer needed glasses that they welded together, but he never wears them anymore. Big fucking whoop! What about people like me who can't see more than three feet away without their contacts or glasses? On a flight, I'd be wearing my lenses and my glasses would be in my suitcase. Who knows where my glasses would end up, and my contacts wouldn't last long without their solution. I'd be the blind chick on the island. The girl who tries to have her bowel movements in the latrine, but accidentally shits in the food supply because she can't see. I'd surely be the first to be eaten.

I do not get these things! Do we have an island of pretty much perfect people? Honestly, can we all not agree this is kind of wierd? I mean, it's very unlikely that this is what survival of the fittest means. Sure the nearsighted chick would likely walk off a cliff and die, but she must have lived a little while after the crash! Are the writers simply not thinking about these little things? I'm by no means harping on them, as I think they're brilliant with the show, but the little things also count. I know if I crash on a semi-deserted island, the first thing going through my head is going to be, "Oh fuck. I'm totally screwed," as I think about my glasses in my suitcase. And now that I mention this, I think I'll start bringing them in my purse from now on.

Yay for the 31st!

Posted by Heather Duffin in The Chronicles at 21:30

Saturday, January 19, 2008

## **WALKIN' IN A WINTER, WHITE TRASH LAND**

This place is weird and I want to scream.

### **LET IT SNOW! LET IT SNOW! LET IT SNOW?**

I have been bitching to friends that I want a winter. Hell, a few weeks ago it was 73 and I was starting to get pissed. Then came the big news this week...we were going to get a "wintery mix" on Thursday. It was going to be snow, then freezing rain, then ice. Their way of saying we were going to have an ice storm. They canceled schools and government offices the night before. Everyone's too drunk or lazy to get up at 3 or 4 AM to check and see if it actually happened, apparently. And of course it didn't...not to the degree they predicted. We got a tad of snow and some freezing rain that stacked up on the cars and grass, but by 7 AM the roads were all wet with normal rain. I mocked the NC weather people and belly flopped onto my neighbor's hood when I slid in sleet, as earlier reported.

Friday the normal rain was supposed to freeze and create lot of ice and bad roads. So they canceled and delayed schools again. I woke up and the roads were not only NOT frozen, but dry. So the kids first get a rain day, now a dry road day. I can't wait to see them sweltering in June when they're making up those days. Wait. I won't be here. Thank god. Seriously though, every time I make a point to anyone about them canceling school the night before, I am met with same old story.

"There were these two kids a couple of years ago. We had black ice and they died because school wasn't canceled. So now they will cancel school over ice."

Okay, well first of all yes, that sucks. You can call me heartless, but I still don't get it. First of all, it was a tragic accident, not the fault of the school's. These kids apparently lived in the boonies where of course no bus service was provided and it was tragic. I don't see how the school is responsible. Secondly and most importantly, even if you want to blame the lack of school closure, why didn't someone fucking wake up early and look out their goddamned window? Seriously North Carolinians, who is that fucking lazy? I grew up in the Seattle area where the whole city shuts down if you fart snow. And granted it's often stupid, but at least we have major hills that cause issue, AND there are never school closures until we see the shit on the ground. I don't get it.

So today we were told it was going to snow up to two inches. This is my weekend where I work the 2nd job all weekend during the days. Everyone on Friday night was wishing me safe driving and such. I laughed at them, as I knew that it was once again bullshit. But what do you know? It snowed! It didn't stick but a dusting on the grass, but now there is a serious concern for ice in the morning because it's supposed to stay in the 20's and drop to 12 or 17 or something tomorrow night. So we shall see. But still, I have no faith in the weather people anymore, and more importantly the North Carolina school districts. These are the moments I am glad I am barren.

Motherfucker! They are now running CHURCH closings and delays under Runaway Jury. I can't wait to get out of here.

### **CURIOUSER AND CURIOUSER**

So we know that this place, as my friend Chad says, is "cracked out". Between pygmy goats trying to jump my car, ride-on lawn mowers driving on streets, and turkeys in my office window, you'd think nothing would shock me here. I was wrong.

This morning I was at work mocking the weather with one of the resident's daughters. We were comparing our horror stories from grocery shopping last night. The stores were PACKED! People were buying batteries and all sorts of shit. The two of us were cracking up at the fact that everyone freaked out over what they "thought" was going to be two inches of snow for one day. She told me how her store sold out of bananas and toilet paper. This of course cracked me up. She said one of the clerks said that the toilet paper became a big issue! Apparently they sold out and then the toilet paper truck pulled in, the guy started unloading the toilet paper and people went nuts! They started running out to the loading dock and were grabbing toilet paper off the truck! All of this for one day of potential snow? Who shits that much to the point where snow instills the fear of lack of toilet paper? Even I, the Queen of Poo, doesn't get this.

We got our chuckles out of this and then we moved on to the crazier man. This was what seemed to be a very nice security guard. I had been warned he was a talker though. The guard showed up with his waxed and curled moustache and cane and took a seat. He told me about his bum knee and how he doesn't do full rounds, but looks out the window

to make sure nothing bad is going on. Then for some reason, as conversation with the security guards oddly turns to, we talked about our divorces. I got to hear all about his and his wife's insanity and sexual/physical abuse from her first marriage. Now, I am someone who can take a lot, but this was starting to make me uncomfortable.

Then he said the words that pushed the line.

Guard: I love my ex-wife, but she got my retirement fund and everything I own. If I ever get a terminal illness, I'm going to kill her divorce attorney!

Me: Hahaha! Right.

Guard: No, I'm not kidding! I'll kill the son of a bitch.

Me: (Now uncomfortable). Oh.

Guard: I'll tell you something; the threat to this nation is not the terrorists. It's the attorneys that rape our judicial system.

Me: Oh.

Seriously folks, what do you say to this? I just witnessed a potential death threat! I sat there with a semi-smile frozen to my face and started working on a project. I was skurrrred. Skurrrred, I tell you. Chad, you are right. This place IS cracked out. April can't come soon enough.

On a lighter note, I am feeling more human again, but am extremely constipated from the Chantix. I'm not smoking though! Yay for not smoking, though I feel like I cheated tonight because I am currently drinking wine and I broke down and sucked a nicotine lozenge. Boo for no poop! Not even a couple of glasses of Metamucil have helped me out today. I woke up today with poo baby bloat. It's quite repulsive. I think I shall do a saline laxative. I'm worried; as the last time I did this, I shit tea water in my sleep. However, the poo bloat is just too much to handle. Maybe I'll lay down some garbage bags in my bed tonight?

At this point, I'm sure you are ready to vomit so I will leave you be. Happy pooping, not smoking, and not killing attorneys to all!

Love,  
Me

Posted by Heather Duffin in The Chronicles at 17:30

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

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

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

Monday, January 14, 2008

## **DIARY OF A MEDICINALLY-INFUSED SOON TO BE EX-SMOKER**

As some of you are already aware, I am now a participating member in the latest rage for smokers trying to quit...Chantix. For those unfamiliar with Chantix, here's the lowdown on it from their website.

How does CHANTIX work?

CHANTIX may reduce your urge to smoke. It contains no nicotine. You may wonder how a non-nicotine pill could help you quit smoking. Well, first, you have to know how nicotine works.

There are receptors for nicotine in your brain. When you smoke, the nicotine you inhale attaches to these receptors. This sends a message to a different part of your brain to release a chemical called dopamine. Dopamine gives you a feeling of pleasure. But it does not last long. That's why your body craves more nicotine. This can become a vicious cycle.

Based on research, it is believed that CHANTIX helps keep nicotine from reaching key receptors in the brain. It's the only prescription treatment of its kind.

So yeah, I'm taking pills to block my nicotine receptors. I know quite a few people who have quit using it. It's been suggested to me, so I finally decided to give it a shot. You take a small dose for three days, then take that small dose for four days twice a day. You continue to smoke for those first seven days. On the eighth day you quit smoking and increase your dosage twice a day. I'm on day five right now. It started out okay, but I'm now starting to notice changes. They're not necessarily the greatest, and may be worse because I finally bit the bullet and also started the pill because this last period had me so dizzy I couldn't drive, not to mention I was shaking violently and in my usual horrible pain. So yeah, I'm full of hormones and nicotine-blocking receptors. I'm a total party.

So in all this, I decided to document my Chantix journey. Time to catch up to my fifth day.

### **DAY 1 - Thursday**

I have been warned by a few people to make sure to take it with a good amount of food or else you will get really nauseous, even vomit. I make myself a turkey, no-fat cheese omelet and eat it. Immediately after, I take my first .5 mg of Chantix. I go through my day and it's no big deal. In addition to the nausea warning, I am forewarned about the crazy dreams. I had this when I did the patch in the past and figure it's no big deal. My dreams are pretty crazy to begin with. I go to bed.

### **DAY 2 - Friday**

Holy shit! That dream was awesome! As soon as my alarm goes off, I am sad. I don't want to wake up. I liked the life I was living in my dream. It wasn't crazy at all! In fact, I think the Chantix balances out the insane dreams I typically have, and just creates a peaceful existence. In my dream it was simply just living a really chill, peaceful life. And I had a better nose and was in better shape. I went to a friend's wedding and danced and danced with all my friends. We laughed and toasted the unknown bride and groom. I was living in a place that I've never been to. It was beautiful. The houses were older and a combination of cabins and cottages. It was kind of artsy and hippie-ish, my preferred type of place to live. I would walk in the snow to this house, which had been converted into a coffee shop, and hang out with my friends. Some of the friends were known and some unknown. We'd talk and laugh and sip our warm goodness. Months went by and I was happy. Not an excited happy, but a very content happiness...the kind of happiness you get when you're cozy being in the middle of a relationship. With time the snow melted, the green came out and I laid on a blanket on a hill of very tall grass and smiled as the sun warmed my face. My friends, a couple, were laughing and talking to each other. People were milling about and then George Clooney came and sat down on our blanket and started playing the guitar. A slight breeze whipped my hair about and I rolled over onto my stomach and put my face in my arms and smiled. It was this calm joy I can't explain, but it consumed every ounce of my being. And then the alarm woke me up.

The dream stayed with me throughout the day and made me feel so good. I told a couple of my friends that I decided I liked the Chantix just off this dream alone. In fact I liked it so much that I would volunteer my body to be put into a Chantix-induced coma so I could continue this type of dreaming. I'm hoping that this is what the afterlife is like...just another life in a parallel universe, but really beautiful and peaceful and natural.

Besides the dream, the only thing I really notice changing is that my mouth is really dry. I'm drinking water like crazy! I take my .5 mg with breakfast.

#### DAY 3 - Saturday

I wake up from another amazing dream! In this one I owned a circus and was the ringmaster. I was myself, but had long, blonde hair and obviously was tanner since blonde washes me out. I wore a top hat EVERYWHERE. Didn't matter what I wore, I was always wearing that damned top hat! And my outfits? They were crazy and flashy...glitzy bustiers, whips, all sorts of junk. And no, I was not a dominatrix...I was definitely a ringmaster/circus owner. I would travel the world looking for "freaks" and performers. I met amazing people and had incredible adventures! It actually reminded me a lot of the movie Big Fish. I was once again disappointed to wake up.

I make my coffee and eat a bowl of cereal. As soon as I'm done with my cereal I take my .5 mg pill. Today was different than the other days though. I feel cloudy in my mind. I don't feel grumpy or anything. Just cloudy in thought.

It's been two weeks since I've had a day off, and my apartment looks it. I clean the shit out of my kitchen and start picking up stuff and packing up laundry to do tomorrow. I go to the gym and workout. I feel really jittery after my workout. My legs don't feel connected to my body, but not in a troublesome way, just bizarre. It's slightly strange, entertaining and arousing all wrapped up into one feeling.

I drive to Charlotte to go to my friend's boyfriend's birthday potluck. I feel out of sorts and am not sure if it's the people I don't know that are pretty uninviting at first, or if it's the meds. Things warm up with some people after a while and soon we're laughing and I'm cozy sitting on a futon with my friends laughing over the poo and pee garments I have purchased. I still don't quite feel like myself though. Or maybe it's that I'm not drinking in a social situation? I'm not sure what the deal is with drinking and taking this stuff, so I'm staying away from it for now. I may do a beer test at some point.

I leave at 10, exhausted and my belly feeling like the rhea might hit. No rhea at the party! I am nervous for my hour drive home and decide I will just give in and blow at one of the two rest areas on my way home if need be. Better a dirty rest stop than the party! I make it home without the rhea. My belly feels way better. It is my best friend's birthday party back home and I call and get to hear all about the gifts she's opening, who is there and such. They put me on speaker and set me in the center of the table where people begin to yell that Boston sucks. I am now sad. I wish I could be there, and it's beyond difficult to not just run back home to my safety and comfort and joys of my amazing friendships there, but I have to venture forward. My head hurts again and I lay down to sleep. It's 11:30 and my thoughts are racing. Finally it goes black.

#### DAY 4 - Sunday

Hmmmm. The dreams are changing up a bit. Tonight there were three. The first one I dreamt that my ex-husband called me, but in my dream I thought we were still married. He told me he found a great house he was interested in and he wanted me to look at it. We were still living in Washington and the house was in Issaquah. I said I'd go check it out right then. He gives me directions and I find this odd, little house nestled in the trees. I go in and it's a charming kind of old and interesting, but the rooms are tiny and odd-shaped. I'm walking about when I hear people walk in. It's my husband and his current wife. I am confused. I stare at Jacob and Emily and am trying to piece everything together.

"Are we not married?" I ask. He tells me no, that he and Emily are and I start to remember that we are divorced and that he IS remarried. I feel like an idiot. I ask why he wanted me to check out the house, and he tells me he wanted my opinion on whether or not I liked it for them. I wake up. It's 5 AM and my head is in horrible pain. I roll over and go back to sleep.

I can't remember the second dream anymore. The third was fun. I spent the day with my niece, Kylee and we went to this musical playground in a cafe type place. They had turned the bodies of old classic cars into music stations with keyboards, drums, etc. We ran around giggling and playing, and had so much fun! And then I woke up and realized combined, that I'd slept eleven hours.

I am cranky today. My head is killing me and I'm homesick. I also have a lot to do. Today I go to .5 mg in the morning and at night. I eat and take my pill. I do a deep clean on the rest of my apartment minus the bathroom. This will have to wait, as I need to go to my mom's to do laundry and there's a lot to wash. My best friend calls and fills me in on her party. An hour later we hang up and I head to my mom's. She's at her boyfriend's until late, so I workout on her treadmill and watch a bunch of episode of A Haunting, which always scares the crap out of me. I do six hours of laundry and it grows darks. I want to go home. I'm freaked out. My head isn't thinking as clearly lately and I'm in the country. I start loading up laundry into my car and run from the house to the car, careful to look both ways for werewolves. I know

it may sound like dogs, but after the shit I've been watching, I'm convinced it's werewolves.

I get home around 9 and quickly eat something so I can take my second pill. I spend time putting away all my laundry and watch the second episode of Extreme Home Makeover. I cry as I watch it as usual, because I realize I need to be more grateful for the simple things in life. At 10 I am tired and turn off the lights. My mind races and panics for what seems like forever. I'm trying to decipher if this is the medicine or all that's on my plate right now? There is a couple arguing somewhere out in my parking lot. They are SO loud and this is not quieting my mind. An hour later they are still yelling at each other. I am on the verge of tears out of frustration. I just want to sleep, and I don't understand why people are always screaming at each around this place. It's messed up! I then get angry. Wicked angry (I did it Sara! I used it correctly!). Throwing back my covers, I pull on my pajama bottoms and storm out the door onto my balcony. With every ounce that my tired ass can muster, I scream at the top of my lungs, "SHUT THE FUCK UPPPPPPPPPP!"

The yelling stops. I walk back in and shut my door.

"Bitch, YOU shut the fuck up!" And the yelling continues. Another neighbor, taking my lead, screams something about calling the cops. This stops them. I lay back down, shaking. Finally the sleep washes over me.

DAY 5 - Monday

I am no longer enjoying the dreams. There were three again. I wake up in between each one. I cannot remember the details of all of them nor want to, as I do recall they were all about past men and relationships. It was all horrible and heartbreaking. I remember at one point yelling at one of my exes, "I know this isn't you! You're not this person!" and I began to rotate his head with my hands because I knew there was a different face on the back of his head. And his head was freely rotating as my hands turned it. I woke up feeling really icky and creeped out.

I dragged myself out of bed. I was exhausted! I got in the shower and just wanted to lay down and let the water keep me warm and go back to bed in the tub. I only dried my bangs and put on mascara. I honestly just didn't give a shit about how I looked. I was too tired and I felt disgusting and sad from my dreams. It blows me away how something like revisiting old pains in your dreams, can hit you so hard once you wake up. I have been in anything less than a pleasant mood.

I am so nauseous. As I commute to work, I have to stop at a gas station for a Ginger-Ale because the nausea is bad. I haven't even taken my pill yet. I was going to wait to take it with my oatmeal at work. I sip the Ginger-Ale and savor every sip. I am off kilter all day. I feel like I can't smile, and when I do it's really forced. My mom suggests maybe I hold off on the Chantix until I get the birth control settled into my system. I assume she figures this one is more important because of the years of complications I've had with my period. I tell her I can't, that I have to quit smoking and I will do this.

I force myself to eat lunch today. The day drags. I want to go home so bad. I want to sleep. I want Thai food. That's the only thing in the world that sounds good to me. I call in for take-out and pick up my dinner on my way home. It is pure heaven in my mouth! I feel the closest thing to glee I can feel today. I decide that with Thai food it's the perfect time to test a beer. I finish my food and take my pills after I eat. It's 9 PM? Where did the night go? Organizing paperwork and emailing with friends apparently. Oh my god, I hate this! I feel boring! I can't laugh on my own! I think I am....numb? Ewwwww. This better get better.

Wow. I've been sitting here staring at my computer for a bit. Tony called and I managed to laugh, but as soon as I hung, my face went blank again. It's almost like something a robot would do. I'm wondering if this medicine is really some government plot to create cyborgs? They know if they can aim this "quit smoking" medication at all the desperate smokers wanting to quit, they would have enough to create their cyborg army. That's it! Okay, now I'm wondering if I should just welcome my cyborg transition and hope that I won't smoke as a cyborg, or actually get some human nature back in me and go off this stuff? Or maybe I shouldn't be having this beer on this medication?

Posted by Heather Duffin in The Chronicles at 18:00

Thursday, January 10, 2008

## **FEAR AND BLOWING IN BOSTON?**

It's been a while, but it's a "brown" blog.

The craziness of the day had apparently gotten to me. Between the surging hormones from my period, working 12 hours, and arguing a 19-year old kid at work over politics, my stomach was a bit of a mess. The gas started about 15 minutes before I left. I waited until the security guard went to check on an alarm before I let it slip out. It was bad. BAD, I tell you! I disgusted myself. I ran about the desk trying to fan it away before the guard came back.

As soon as I left, my stomach began cramping up on me. Uh oh. The rhea was on its way. I squeezed my cheeks together and hobbled to my car. The cramping intensified as I started the car and took off. I immediately started my birthing breathing, which has literally saved my ass on many an occasion.

The cramping eased up a bit and I stopped the labor breathing and began my diarrhea mantra, "I will not crap my pants. I will not crap my pants."

I hopped on the highway and the cramps started up again.

"Whooooh-whooooh-whooooh-whooooh. I will not crap my pants. I will not crap my pants."

Ten minutes later I was home. I grabbed my gym bag, coffee cups, purse and bottle of water.

"Oooooo. Don't bend over. Get upstairs now!" screamed my belly.

Once again squeezing my cheeks together, I hobbled up the stairs and into my apartment. I threw everything down on the floor and hobbled towards the bathroom and it stopped. Totally gone.

"Well, shit!" I muttered, frustrated.

And my belly listened. The cramps hit with a horrible intensity and I wobbled towards the toilet, stepping out of my skirt as I entered the bathroom. There was horrible pain and great relief as the problem was solved. And as I blew ass, a thought made it's way into my hormone-ridden brain, "What if once I move to Boston, this happens on the subway?"

Fear flooded my soul. Diarrhea on a subway? Oh my god! I mean sure, logically I could get off at a station and go (I think there are toilets in some), but I can't do my labor breathing on the T! People would think me a freak! Though maybe freaks are okay on the T? I certainly saw a few myself, mainly the man who stared at me while eating Reese's Peanut Butter Cups and then leaning to the side to fart loudly. Hell, Lisa encountered a man with a stuffed raccoon in the shape of a giant Tootsie Roll, which he cuddled and spoke to lovingly calling it Raquel. Maybe I could get away with the labor/diarrhea breathing?

But the rhea itself? I've seen stops with no toilets. That could be very bad. I all of sudden had visions of me squatting in the dirtiest of ways, in some back alley, pooping on a bag of garbage. Was this going to be my life? Oh my god, it could BE!!! Can someone get arrested for pooping in public? I mean I'm sure they could, but if you got the rhea.... that's got to be an exception, right?

My jaw was now hanging open as I ran through my, "Heather, this could be your life" scenario in my head. This could be bad. Very bad. Maybe I should keep my car? Maybe I should start a daily dose of Pepto? Or maybe I can just let go of the fear and deal with it should the occasion arise. At the very worst, I get an interesting story out of it.

Posted by Heather Duffin in The Chronicles at 17:50

Wednesday, January 9, 2008

## **R.I.P. WHATEVER YOU ARE**

I'm in mourning. What over, I'm not quite sure. Makes no sense, right? To me either, but I am. I'm not sure if it's make believe or women's intuition or what. All I know is that this afternoon I was sitting at my desk and my heart broke a little. There was nothing specific that made me sad in that moment, and I knew it wasn't just sadness. I'd lost something...something big...and felt it to my core. I have an inkling what it might be, but it almost seems ridiculous that I'd just KNOW. Yet in thinking back in life, there have been many times I have "known" this type of thing. My inkling just might be right.

Or maybe I'm way off? I'm really hoping I'm way off. Maybe I'm mourning that my reproductive system will no longer be free of medicinal help? Maybe I'm mourning that missing sock that my sister's dryer ate? Maybe I'm mourning my old breasts? Maybe it's the temporary loss of my comforter that needs to be washed, leaving me to sleep under layers of mismatched blankets right now? Or maybe I'm mourning the loss of elasticity in my face that is causing my wrinkles? Maybe it's that I'm down to my last roll of toilet paper and I'm pretty sure I will forget this until I'm sitting on the toilet in need of more? Honestly, I think it's my inkling, but I'm rooting for one of the others.

As I sat at my desk, my heart aching, I decided tonight will be the funeral. Funeral for what, I'm not 100% clear. So I left work tonight, bought some beer and a pack of smokes (I've quit minus a couple of slips...tonight will be one) and now here I sit. I think I'm going to light some candles, maybe meditate. And of course we need a eulogy. So with that, I give the eulogy.

### **EULOGY TO WHATEVER**

Here lies something. I have no idea what, but it's something big and something deep. You apparently impacted my life greatly by the feeling of loss that consumes me right now. I wish you greener pastures. May you bring blue skies to someone else's life. May you bring warmth to someone else's body (literally if you're the old breasts or the missing sock...even the comforter). Maybe you're still there in some parallel universe that another me exists in? If so, I hope that I love you stronger, strong enough to at least pinpoint what the fuck you are. Okay, wait. You can't say "fuck" in a eulogy. I'm sorry invisible loss. Anyways, as I sit here drinking the Yuengling that my dearest brother has made me appreciate, I toast you. Please raise your bottles, folks. Here's to whatever! May it rest in peace and know that it brought some unknown love and light into my life. I miss you whatever "you" are.

Posted by Heather Duffin in The Chronicles at 12:00

Saturday, January 5, 2008

## **HOW TO GIVE THE IMPRESSION YOU'RE A WHORE, WITHOUT EVEN SPREADING YOUR LEGS**

There has been many a moment when I found myself looking like a whore, usually because at one point I was. I can't tell you the number of bras and panties I lost to some drunken, even sober, one-night stand. I would scramble about my place trying to find a specific undergarment only to remember that it was at some boy's house or in his car. Dread would always fill me as the cost of a new bra carved it's way into my mental bedpost.

Then I cleaned up my act...a bit. There was what is now the infamous night to a group of my friends, where one Halloween night on a party bus we were dropped at Cowgirls, Inc., a Coyote Ugly-type bar. There were hardly any women in there with the exception of the bartenders. I was dressed as The Swan, the bad plastic surgery reality show where the "new" women would then compete in a beauty pageant. I made my way to the bar where some guy next to me asked if I was going to donate my bra? Looking up I saw what appeared to be hundreds of bras hanging on the wall. I turned, glared at him, and responded, "I'm sorry, but I am NOT a whore."

The bartender overheard this and said, "Well we can auction off your bra and give you the money." My hands couldn't unclasp my push-up fast enough. She went to her manager who said they couldn't do that tonight, but before I could snatch it back she jumped on the bar with a microphone announcing my name and size, saying I'd donated my bra to their wall and would anyone like to buy me a drink? I'm not one who is often bought drinks, but apparently the idea of a braless floozy at the bar brings the crowds. I was suddenly surrounded with drinks being shoved in my hand. At that very moment a bee and a warrior from my bus grabbed my shoulder and drug me out of the crowd shouting, "We've been looking for you!" I was briskly shoved out of the bar and onto the bus where I later had an embarrassingly graphic make-out scene with my friend's roommate whom I started dating in the morning once we started piecing together how we ended up in bed together. Yeah Heather, you're definitely not a whore.

Then I really did clean up my act. Two and a half years of celibacy. It was grand, and for good reason. The whore was gone and was replaced by a strong, independent woman who wanted to wait until she had feelings for someone before she ended up in their bed. And though I was no longer a whore, there was apparently some mutant whore gene that stayed behind and every once in a while caused a scenario that did not coincide with the reality of my life.

There are two incidents that stand out the most in my mind. The first was about two years ago. My friend Michelle and I had made a ritual of hiking at St. Edward's Park back home. We would meet at a nearby Starbucks, grab our coffee, then ride to the park together and do our hike. It was a precious time for us, as we no longer lived close by and between work and motherhood, our schedules rarely met up.

One morning we met at Starbucks, and I can't remember why Michelle needed a sweatshirt, but I had a spare one in my car. I had rock star parking and was parked right in front of the front doors, not even a two-foot walk to the entrance. Michelle stood outside my car door as I leaned in and flung out my sweatshirt to her. Unfortunately I did not remember that a few days prior, my bra had really been irritating me, so I had taken it off in the car while driving. To avoid looking like a whore with my bra sitting on the floorboard, I had thrown my sweatshirt over it. Apparently one of the bra hooks had attached itself to the sweatshirt while nestling in it's cozy, temporary abode. And even more unfortunately, it chose to release itself from the grasp of my sweatshirt as I flung it at Michelle. I didn't notice it at first though, not until Michelle was bent over laughing. I looked to see what she was looking at and saw it. There, directly in front of the main doors to Starbucks lay my red bra. It looked as though someone had intentionally laid it out as a doormat. My jaw dropped as I lunged for the jug holder. The long line of people that ended ever so conveniently to that specific door, watched in amusement. It could have been on fire for all they knew, as it was red and I ran in horror, flinging it into my car, shaking my hands as I slammed the door. You would think I'd have left right then, but at that point I really needed my coffee. Shaking from embarrassment, I snuck in behind Michelle and focused all my attention on her rather than look any other witness in the eye.

The latest, and quite possibly the greatest, mistaken whore event took place on New Year's Eve a few days ago. Let me back up a bit though. A few weeks prior, I had been doing laundry at my sister's house since I have no washer or dryer. Apparently a pair of my panties fell out of my basket in her house on the way out. Heidi found them a couple weeks later. I received a phone call from my sister asking if they were mine? She said that they'd better be mine. She had asked her husband whose they were and he said he didn't know, that maybe they were mine? That was when she called me. She described them to me. Sure enough, they were mine. So the next time I saw her she handed them to me and I put them in my purse.

I forgot about them for a couple of days. Anyone who has seen my purse knows they could easily get lost in there; a small baby could get lost in there. Then came New Year's Eve. I went to the grocery store after work that day to buy a few items. The store was PACKED! Everyone and their dog was there. I needed to write a check for \$20 over, so I couldn't do the self-checkout. I waited in line for a while with my basket and overheard the guy behind me telling the woman behind him, how he'd never seen it so packed in there before. I was next and decided to get my wallet out and fill in my check as much as I could so I didn't hold up the line too long. And that's when it happened. I fiddled about in my purse unable to find my wallet, so I began pulling random items out of my purse. Sunglasses case, Purell, and then a pair of peach panties with "LOVE" written across the ass.

Time seemed to freeze for a moment. I stood there in a mix of confusion and horror, holding my peach panties in my right hand and just gawking at them. I looked up; panties still in hand, and saw the guy behind me chomping on his gum, grinning ear to ear. He began to nod. Oh the floozy you think I am, and am not! Then I saw the older woman behind him staring at me with disgust. Then I turned forward, shoving my panties back into my purse, but it was too late. The cashier and bagger were staring at me. The older man finishing up his transaction in front of me was staring. How many people had seen this? Who knows, as I really can't tell you how long I stood there staring at my "LOVE" panties. I tried not to laugh, and hung my head down as I made my way to the register with my purchases. I finished up quickly, making sure not to look behind me, and ran to my car where I burst out laughing as I shut my car door.

You can take the slut out of the girl, but you can't take the past out of her purse.

Posted by Heather Duffin in The Chronicles at 16:30