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## My Life as a Klutz...I've Embraced It

As some of you may or may not know I have a personal blog, which I keep private. It's mainly for me to keep track of the crazy shit that happens in my life. For instance, being stuck naked in the locker room under the changing stall, or my gear shift breaking while doing a U-turn, the list goes on.

Here's what happened this time. Early Monday 8/21 morning around 2 or 3 am CT. I remember that I had fallen asleep while crocheting. Thank goodness I put the hook down or the injury would have been devastatingly worse. Anyway, I woke up and thought I was reaching for my water bottle which hangs on the headboard to my right. Instead of getting the water I jammed my thumbnail directly into my right eye. Immediately my eye started to water as if someone were standing over my right shoulder pouring a pitcher of water over my head. It was watering so much that I thought I must be bleeding.

Now keep in mind I wear glasses and did not bother to reach for them due to the searing pain. Also allow me to mention that I have a big ass, yes, I am a proud member of the butt sistahs with, I might add, my own set of serious side bumpers, but I digress.

Anyway, I'm making my way to the bathroom to see if I'm bleeding and to clean up if need be. The way my apt is laid out the linen closet is directly across from the bedroom with the bathroom to the right diagonally. In the process of heading to the bathroom the fact that it's nighttime, I can't see, my depth perception is off and to make matters worse my right-side bumper hits the bedroom door frame and I become a human pinball. I'm bounced to the left where my left side bummer hits the bookcase followed by my forehead. Two shelves of books hit the floor with a major thud, bounce, and crash. Thank goodness the woman downstairs sleeps like a rock otherwise she might have assumed the worse...which is exactly what was happening. Anyway, its nighttime, I can't see, I'm in searing pain and have now hit my forehead. But wait, honey, it gets better!

After I hit my forehead, I move backwards to get away from the bookcase and proceed to step into the framed pictures on the floor that I have been meaning to hang up for about...oh....6 – 7 years now. I know they're there, so I try not to break the glass and I know I have to stop, or I'll do just that. However, my body continues moving backwards and I hit the wall with the back of my head, shoulders and back. Now I feel like I'm in an episode of "I Love Lucy", or a "Saturday Night Live skit." Un-be-friggin-lievable. I stop and gather myself because I'm hurt from front, right and back. I also need to note my side bumpers never felt a thing. I gather myself and take the 2 easy steps to the bathroom that has become a major threat to my life.

I get in the bathroom; finally, leaning over the sink so I can see the damage I've caused to my eye and turn...on...the...4-100 watt bright...lights from complete darkness.

Aaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhh and that's just the pain from the good eye. I'm not even going to try to put into words the, someone threw acid on me, pain from the injured eye Oh wait...I'm not done. I reach to turn off the light and hit the pump on the lotion which now shoots across the sink and onto my shirt because I was leaning over the sink. Lotion is every-friggin-where and

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I'm getting it on the wall because I'm haphazardly trying to relieve myself of the face melting light.

After I finally get the light off, I stand alone, in the dark, dripping wet because my eye is still gushing water, I'm covered in lotion, my head, shoulders, and back are hurting, and I decide to give up living. I walk back to the bed, amazed that I've made it that far w/o incident and lie down because that is the only safe place to be. After a minute, hour, hell I don't even know, I cry myself to sleep.

My alarm goes off at 5 am I hear it but this time my hand stays in contact with the bed until I get to the headboard where I slowly move my hand up the headboard until I reach my phone and bring it to my face. Even the light from the cell phone was too much. My right eye refuses to move...it's just too fucking painful. I halfway open my left eye to find the button to turn the alarm off before I whip the friggin piece of electronics across the room. However, I can't do that because it's my only contact to the outside world. I'm...In...Serious...Pain, and there is no way in hell that I'm going to work, but now I have the painful task of calling my boss at 5:00am. I decide since he's on Mountain Time I'll call the job and leave a message and then I won't have to cry into the phone. My self-esteem is at an all-time low, my gown is soaked with sweat, lotion and my eye is still watering profusely.

This is my message to my boss: "Um, hello Doug, this is Mel, um I gouged myself in the eye and have to make my way to urgent care. It's safe to say I won't be in today." I hang up because I'm on the verge of tears and decide fuck it I'm going back to sleep, sleep, precious sleep is safe, there is no pain during sleep.

At about 11:00 am I can't take it anymore and have to get up and make my morning deposit to the porcelain throne. Allow me to pontificate my morning ritual. Every friggin morning I swear to the Gods the broad upstairs waits for me to turn on the shower so she can RUN to the bathroom and flush the fucking toilet, which causes all the cold water to disappear, and I get a 2 second flash of hot water. @#\*(&@ !!\*\*#\*&-3 @#\$ bee-yotch! To alleviate getting scalded I turn on the shower FIRST, and then have a seat. I'm staling, I really do need to take a shower, and I can't get around it besides the lotion has soaked through the gown. I reach for the toilet paper and my depth perception is so bad I can't find it. I can see it, but I can't touch it. Once again, I have to stop and gather myself. I look over at the shower and am scared shitless. I'm afraid that I'll attempt to step into the shower, my depth perception will fail to kick in and I'll fall, hit my head, slip down into the tub, face up no doubt, legs splayed up and that is how my son will find me.

My son will have to live with seeing his fat, scalded, naked mother, dead in the shower, legs splayed every which way as the bitch upstairs continues to flush the goddamned toilet. It took me at least 15 minutes of sitting there in utter fear, hell by the time I get to the shower lukewarm water was all that was left. That's it I take my shower w/o incident...while listening to the toilet flush yet again.

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UPDATE – URGENT CARE: I'm now depending on my son to get around, walking is not good because of my depth perception and the way my side bumpers are constantly catapulting me off furniture. I have no vision on my right side and can't even feel anything...maybe this is one time in my life that having side bumpers may partially be a good thing – hell I've hit so many things with my body I don't even know anymore. My son gets me to urgent care, and I get in to see Dr. Andrew Gilbert. The nurse asks me what happened looks at my eye and immediately says, let me see who's in the eye dept. It just so happens; the eye doctor is not there so I get Dr. Andy. The nurse has to do preliminary test which is looking at letters on the eye chart. Left eye was fine, right eye.... let's just say I could see the big letter and the woman's hand disappeared after that. Her comment, "Okaay, enough of that. Left eye good, right eye blind as a bat." A nervous laugh went around the room because let's face it, it was true I couldn't see to save my life.

In comes Dr. Andy, I lie back on the table and the first thing he does is load in a few numbing drops and gives me a moment to compose myself from the stinging pain that lessens and lessens with each nano second. Finally, he pries my eye open and says, "Jesus Christ you really did a good job. I can see the damage w/o the dye. Wow!" This is, of course, exactly what I needed to hear. He then sticks a yellow piece of paper into my eye, which by-the-way has never stopped watering. He turns off the overhead light, turns on a black light. Again, he says, "Wow, this must really hurt, have the numbing drops given you any relief?" My answer, "to be honest yes, actually this is the only relief I've felt for quite a few hours." He tells me, I'm referring you to the eye doctor as urgent. Make an appointment immediately. I'll give you an Rx for eye drops so you won't get an infection. He then proceeded to cover my eye with gauze, eye pad and the biggest piece of tape he could find. For a moment there I thought he was going to wrap the tape around my head.



My new look

It's safe to say driving Uber won't be happening this week.

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#### UPDATE – EYE DOCTOR (Tues): Doctor Jean Tass, OD

I was given an appointment for Tuesday afternoon. I arrive and am escorted into the office. My son asks if he wants me to attend and I tell him sure in case I need to cry. While we're in the office we are cracking jokes back and forth, which has the nurse joining in. The pain I'm feeling is terrible because of the bright office lights. Plus, the fact that I did what I wasn't supposed to. I went to USB to get my laptop the previous evening. I knew I had to get online and try to get some work done, which caused major strain to my good eye. I logged on at 7:00am but by 10:30 my left eye started to blur so I called it quits, laid down with an eye mask that I pulled out of the freezer and laid quietly until it was time to go to my appt. I knew I shouldn't have...what...I had things I needed to do.

But I digress...anyway once Dr. Tass gets in the office, she too gives me drops, and wants me to put my chin on this contraction. If you've ever been to the eye doctor, you know what I'm talking about. My eye is open, but even with the numbing drop I feel like I'm going through some type of torture device as she moves this intense blue light around my eye. Her words were just like Dr. Andy. "OMG, yikes you really jammed your nail in there really well. Wow, its covers over half of your cornea. Fortunately, even though painful, these heal quickly as your eye is not torn, but merely scratched." That was the best news I've heard because if I went by the amount of pain I was feeling and the lack of vision one would have thought I pulled the eye clean out.

She goes on to suggest an eye bandage, which as she states will help the eye heal quickly but will also relieve the pain because any time, I moved my eye it rubbed against the back of my eye lid. Putting on the eye bandage will protect the eye from any further rubbing and lock in the medicine from the eye drops. My son thinks it's a good idea and she recommends it, so I go for it. The eye bandage is simply a very large contact lens w/o magnification.

Let me give you a lit'l bit of history, I wore contacts in the early 80's, and even though I could see a heck of a lot better the contact would trap smoke; lint, eye lashes, cat hair and whatever dust floating around in my eye. Because of this, I'm leery about wearing contacts. Dr. Tass puts the contact in and the damn thing folds in half. I can feel it, but she can't see that it until she goes back to the torturous blue light. She now has to take it out and put in another. Oooouch! Once the new lens is fitted the pain goes away almost immediately as the lens is like a new layer of skin...no more intense stinging, but I still can't take the light and the vision is blurred beyond recognition, but...better than it was. She tells me once I get use to the light to take the patch off and slowly open the eye. I have to continue the drops 4 x's a day and go back to see her on Friday. We discuss work and not staying on the computer too long due to the strain to the good eye. She recommends that I can return to work but work from home with reduced hours for the rest of the week. Must see her again on Friday at which time depending on how the eye looks she'll do something over the weekend and then I'll have to go back again on Monday. So, we'll see what Friday brings. Ray takes me back home and I rest before I get back on the computer. I do a couple hours and call it a day.

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My updated look.

Note: I have been teased endlessly by my son and grandson in regard to a matching hat, sword, and can I pull off some craft magic and create a peg leg while finding a parrot that won't crap on my shirt.

WEDNESDAY UPDATE: WOW, what a difference a day makes. I highly recommend this eye bandage aka contact lens. I was able to open my eyes as long as I stayed with nature light, however when I stepped out onto the balcony the sun was too much for my right eye and I had to use the pirate patch. But it did feel good to be in the sun w/o having vampire affects. Was able to stay on the computer a bit longer today, but again had to give the left eye a major rest. This has been a blessing as my side bumpers have been catapulting me off furniture for 3 days now. I'm going to spend the night at mom's house and I'm wondering how I'll survive with her larger furniture. I just hope I don't bounce off furniture and knock her over...but then again, I don't know with this evil imposter inhabiting her body I think it may be my way of getting revenge for ripping my heart out. I do believe I may have to meditate in prayer before going over there...and...ask for forgiveness ahead of time.

THURSDAY UPDATE: I feel almost normal. Spent the night at mom's house and was able to get online from 7:30 – 10:00 which is not bad. Here's the good part I was sitting in the window where the sun shined in and I was able to keep my eye open w/o searing pain. The patch is now worn on the good eye to force it to shut down and rest in complete darkness. I still use my eye mask in the freezer as it feels good in general. Have an early 7:00 am Friday appointment with the doctor, and hopefully everything will be good to go.

FRIDAY - FINAL UPDATE: My early morning appointment was the best day of this entire week. Of course I got the numbing drops, and then drum roll please the contact is removed. Next is the blue light that really wasn't that bad. My eye still felt like there was an eye lash or something stuck inside, but nothing close to Mon. or Tues. Doc tells me the eye looks good, healed up amazingly well, no tears, only a small scratch and mild discomfort.

I'm extremely grateful and amazed that something could heal so quickly. What started out as a traumatic beginning ended up being a recovery of hope and eyesight.

### I Am Grateful

Still a klutz, but a grateful klutz.