Kicked Back to Square One

written by Holly
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I have never been graceful. Fast, yes. I'm a good runner, a quick walker, I like to get places in a hurry.

But graceful? No. In years of nursing, I carried home some hellacious bruises because on my way to codes I would bounce myself off all manner of pointy objects, and not slow down for damage checks or damage prevention.

Years later, when I feel good, I walk fast. And for the first time in months, I was starting to feel good again. So my internal speed regulator bumped me back up to my normal cruise speed—which is about twice as fast as most people seem to walk.

And, because of that whole damn graceful thing, I sped right into an obstacle on the floor in my still-not-unpacked office, whanged myself across the room, careened into the wall, bruised my right wrist and my left thigh from smacking into other objects on the way, and jarred myself so hard my teeth clacked.

But, aside from the bruises, I figured "no harm, no foul," and went back to my regularly scheduled life, as I have always done.

Two days later, I had a sudden cluster of icepick migraines, which had died down to almost nonexistent in recent weeks. When I went to stand up, the room spun in circles.

And now I'm back to square one, back to being constantly and queasily dizzy, back to migraines, back to being unable to look either left or right without feeling the world lurch.

This time I know how to fix the problem, and this time I know what caused it, so A) I’m not afraid it’s something that will kill me, and B) I should be able to shorten my recovery time.

But I HATE feeling like this. I HATE having to slow down. I already have too much I want to do and not enough time to do it in.

This. Does. Not. Help.

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