

The One with the Foot Injury

Description

Ever do something and think that your life could be an episode of "Friends"?

My life is not always funny, but always entertaining. I have an identical twin brother who knows me so well, that we don't even have to talk to know what each other are thinking. Don't believe me? It is 6:25 p.m. on a Thursday, so my brother is sad that there is no new CSI on, happy that dinner is soon and probably thinking about cheese.

My sister is great, but in the mornings has a tendency to de-evolve and communicate solely via a series of grunts.

My mom and dad are a set of characters that I will not even go into here. Suffice it to say, it is where I get my wacky sense of humour, my love for movies and my addiction to all things cheese. Seriously, I need to develop a 12 step thing.

Let me paint a scene of something that actually happened to me yesterday.

I was at home, sick AGAIN. This flu is kicking my ass.

Anyway, I go into the kitchen to make myself some pasta, as it is the only thing my sore throat will let in. So, I am cooking and I walk towards the garbage to throw something out.

So, all I was thinking was, in a sort of sing-songy tune, "Hmmm, garbage, garbage" throwing out the garbage. I take one step, two steps, 3 steps and then I yell out, "OWWWW!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

I then proceeded to drop the garbage, limp over to the table and examine the pain on my right foot. Sticking out through my sock, is a toothpick, that has been bent in the middle, so one half is sticking through the sock and the other parallel to the sole of my foot. It almost appeared as if an ant had reached my foot and planted a FLAG POLE.

I yank out the toothpick OW followed by the sock. At first, I saw nothing, until little trickles of blood began to appear.

As skilled as an antelope, I hop down to the bathroom and wash of the foot. I pour Hydrogen Peroxide on it, and grit my teeth. With Hydrogen Peroxide, it doesn't hurt initially, it takes a couple of seconds ohhh, wait here it comes ahhhh.

The burning means that it is working!

Quickly, I grab a Band-Aid, put more Hydrogen Peroxide on the wound and place the bandage over the pierced foot.

I will have all you know, that I am perfectly fine now but yesterday, yesterday I limped around a bit.

Now, here's the kicker.

I DONâ€™T USE TOOTHPICKS! The guy I live with does!

Sometimes I wonder, if I am at the epi-centre of a large cosmic joke.

â€œLetâ€™s throw this at David today and see how he responds.

Ohh, heâ€™s starting an apprenticeship? Letâ€™s make it really snow, give him a transit strike AND give him a bad flu. Thatâ€™ll be fin to watch!â€•

And before anyone posts angry comments, I KNOW I am not the epi-centre of the universe, and that the fates are not conspired against me. After all, you would have to believe in fate and destiny, right? ðŸ˜‰

One last thing, I am heading home for the holidays soon and I am greatly looking forward to it. Most of my friends from the program have already left, and I cannot wait to see my friends back in Toronto (you know who you are!)

Category

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