Taking a Hiatus

January 26, 2021 By Megan-Claire Chase

Hello darlings. So much has happened in the first few weeks of 2021 that I can't even write sufficiently about it. I feel so out of control, anxious, depressed, angry, and horrified by the insurrection at the Capitol on January 6th. Seeing those white racists and traitors being treated with dignity by the police, taking selfies with the police, and allowed to leave caused me to lose my freaking mind. I became so enraged by the blatant hypocrisy that I lost my ability to speak for a few days.

Then I fell really hard on January 10th thanks to the severe and permanent neuropathy in my feet. I was walking with my awesome realtor Parker and BAM…went down hard. The crazy thing is I got right back up like nothing happened and even walked up stairs, and then ran two errands before I finally felt some pain in my right ankle. By that evening, I could not walk and was hysterically crying. I used my desk chair with wheels as a makeshift wheelchair to get around my apartment. My sweet cat Baby Natey kept trying to comfort me. Being single with an injury and not being able to walk upset me to no end.

Fortunately, I was able to get a 9am appointment with an orthopedic ankle specialist on January 11th. The issue then became how was I going to even get myself up the five steps that lead to the parking lot and to my car? My adrenaline and anger were pumping so hard that I used one of my canes and just forced myself up those blasted stairs, into my car, and to Emory St. Joseph's for the appointment. The valet was not allowed to get me a wheelchair. The guy said I would have to up to the front desk and sign one out.

WTF.

I said forget it, and once again without help, I made it into the elevator and into the doctor's office. The woman who took my temperature immediately saw the pain, tears, and frustration on my face and helped me hobble into the waiting area. She then went to the front desk, signed me in, and told them I need help. I started crying again because I finally was not alone and had some help.

My male nurse, who is so good looking even behind the mask, and my new ankle doctor took great care of me. I had tweeted how surprised I was to be treated with kindness and not talked down to by this white doctor and white male nurse. I am so used to not being heard and talked down to that once again I was crying because my pain was actually taken seriously.

Diagnosis: A Grade 3 sprain in my right ankle. I did not immediately feel pain when I initially fell because of the neuropathy. It masked the pain for a few hours. I felt so validated by the doctor

because he agreed as well. Now I am in an air cast boot that goes all the way up to the knee for two weeks. I will go back on the 25th to be reevaluated and see if I need another week in it or will start physical therapy. At this point, I have no idea how much PT I will need, but assume 6-8 weeks to start. What I do know is I take a really long time to heal post-cancer.

Air cast boot and this lift thing for my left foot to help lift up that side so walking won't be as awkward.

My body already deals with chronic pain from neuropathy, fibromyalgia, herniated disc in my lower left side of back, and now a severely sprained ankle. It is too much to process when all are flaring up. I know my Baby Natey would make dinner and bring me tea if he could. Instead, I just do what I do and take care of myself but more bitterness these days.

I've had to suspend my house hunting because PT will eat up a lot of my time. My lease is up in mid-March, so no way I can even look for a new place, pack or move. I just have to hope there won't be any more explosions or fires in this complex. And yes, you read that right. There was an explosion in one of the buildings up the hill from mine right before Christmas. It was horrible, the air was thick with smoke, and no one could get in or out of the complex, and power was out for hours and hours on a really cold night.

So, I am going to take a hiatus from blogging until I get this blasted ankle back up to speed. It's

too much to deal with four separate and intense pains. I can handle three but not four at one time. I cannot think or process anything and plagued by fatigue. This air cast boot is heavy. Right now, I have named it asshole until I be friends with it. I can't be creative when in this much pain.

Until then, I hope you will look at previous posts and check out the articles on my 'About' page.

Tootles,

Warrior Megsie

This post originally appeared on Life on the Cancer Train on January 17, 2020. It is republished with permission.

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