
A Day In The Life...

by Q

There I was, in the hospital again. Feeling very much like the stuff you scrape off the bottom of a pony's hoof (there are tubes sticking out of my body for Christ's sake). I'm feeling pretty down as you might imagine when suddenly the phone rings. Little did I know that sound would signal a major change in my life.

It was Harley. "I'm coming to see you. Want me to bring any thing?" He says. Now I haven't eaten or drank anything in three days and the thought of food was right out. However, I was thirsty as anything and ice chips only go so far and the thought of a pint of ice cold Gatorade seemed divine.



"Gatorade." I managed to croak out from behind dry and cracked lips. OK. Pretty straight forward so far.

Who could have foreseen the arrival of a dietitian who could only be described as "frippish?" She was 5' 1" tall and 103 pounds soaking wet with the short "bobbed" haircut, stylishly but casually dressed and she held a clipboard. She flashed a smile that was too cheerful for her own good. Now I'm sure she was just doing her job, but I felt like talking to her as much as most people feel like having oral surgery. After all, I had Harley coming over soon and I had to marshal all my energy to put the "face" on and *oh shit* here comes another attack...

(Several minutes pass – what most people would call an eternity - back to consciousness...)

She wants to know about Porphyria. This is important. Tell everyone you see about your disease is the rule here. Luckily, Karen had printed up several pamphlets about Porphyria for this very occasion. So I reach to the bottom drawer of my bed stand and whip out a folder, which I hand over to the dietitian. She opens it and scans the first few pages. Then she proceeds to tell me, and quite cheerfully I might add, how she is going to save my world with just this folder and her ideas of "Modern Nutrition."

I can feel it coming. It's stewed prunes and alfalfa for the rest of my life. Oh God, can it get any worse?

Suddenly, in walks Harley with an eight-pack of Gatorade (I don't know where he got it – It was Fierce Melon for those of you who care) and sets it down on the floor.

The dietitian's eyes grew very large. She looked at Harley, then the Gatorade, then back to Harley and with a sickly smile she said, "That's an awful lot of Gatorade!" You could hear the disapproval in her voice as she assumed the hands on hips, feet spread shoulder width apart, and shoulders back dominatrix position.

Harley turns, gives her his best deadpan look and without missing a beat says "Lady... That's Q. If he wanted an elephant up here it'd be shitting on your shoes right now."

Well, it looked like she imploded but in actuality she sped out of that room faster than the human eye could follow with nothing but a single piece of loose-leaf paper left to slowly waft down to the chair she had most recently occupied.

Harley looks at the piece of paper with a smirk on his face and says “Feeling better now Q?”

I never did answer him because I had already turned inside out from laughing and as you can imagine when ya got tubes sticking out of you it gets really messy. It was also at that moment that I started healing and so I would like to take this opportunity to thank him and pass this Jewel of Life experience on so others may benefit as well.

Although it did take Harley twenty minutes to turn me right side out and sort out the various tubes (very gently).

And the answer to Harley’s question is... “Yes. Much

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The IB dazzled all as the sparkling MC for Milliways. The Barn will be glittering for ages to come.

Meer left his mark by planting “Passion Pucker Red” lipstick on everyone he kissed. And he kissed everyone. Tracey adds the finishing touches as Meer’s compact mirror was inadvertently used to supplement the IB’s jacket.



Stonewall and Chrissy took some time out from parenting to hang loose at Milliways.

The General won the Best (Worst?) Vagon Eulogy with his piece “Broken Tooth Ooze.” The text and additional RATEOTU pictures are available on the Revelwood Web Site at www.revelwood.org.

The Art Show is scheduled for July 13 and the theme is “Dreams and Nightmares.”

