

## Painful Excitement

*By Pete Clark*

In 2005 after I was well on my way to recovering from Norma's death, my life continued at the slow pace set during months of desolate mourning. My life had become simple to the point of being boring. Fortunately every once in a while something would happen to stir things up a little.

I had been watching an odd looking spot on my nose and finally called a Dermatologist. The doctor told me the growth was benign, but if it grew through into my nostril it would present a bad problem. I agreed to let him remove the item from the side of my nose, which he did at his office, one slice at a time until the tissue slices were clear of the intruding substance. I rejected the doctor's offer to cover the scar on my nose with skin grafted from my rear.

That evening the wound began bleeding due to inadequate bandaging. I rebandaged the raw spot and not in an artistic manner. I wore a clump of gauze and tape on my nose for more than a week and it did draw some attention. I was walking through the parking lot at COSTCO when a woman in an SUV pulled up beside me, rolled down her window and said "What happened to your nose?"

I looked at her in that shiny new Rug Rat Ride and said, "My girlfriend tried to bite it off."

She replied, "You need to date a better class of women," and burned rubber getting out of there.

I developed swelling in a lower abdominal area and the problem required surgical repair. An early morning appointment was made for me at a standalone surgical clinic in the southeastern reaches of the Denver metropolitan area, so I had a taxi drop me off at the clinic. After the surgery, a friend picked me up at the clinic and dropped me off at home. I discovered my surgical wound was bleeding profusely, but luckily I had gauze left over from the nose job. I managed to get the bleeding stopped and the wound properly bandaged. At that point I knew I had to abandon the simple life and find something other than blood and bandages for excitement.

I have to admit I miss the small town America that I knew as a child and young adult. I tend to look upon the past through a lens which fills the image with bright, sparkling points of light. That doctored view allows me to believe that once I lived in a near perfect world, free of want, fear and need. That world was populated with people who were more moral, honest and caring than those found today. Life was simple and easy going. This scenario is a pipe dream I conjured up without the use of opium. In reality, that utopian environment, unconstrained by cares and difficulties, has never existed and never will.