

Anita Ray

The doctor couldn't look me in the eye, and it was no wonder considering all the bullshit promises he'd thrown at me. "You'll be fine, just take the injection, the vaccine will protect you. All you'll ever need is one injection and it's all good. Just stay at home as much as you can in case you do pick something up on your hands. You don't want to spread it to anyone else with close contact."

Really? Really? I was so vigilant, no unnecessary contact with anyone outside of my own household. In other words, just my husband. No church, no coffee dates with best friends. In fact, I hadn't seen my best friends in months, not to mention grandchildren. There were early morning grocery runs only after I'd run out of toilet paper and tissues. In the end I'd been left with cutting up old soft tee shirts for any intimate needs. After I'd flushed, I'd wring them out in the toilet and then leave them to soak in either a bleach bucket or an antibacterial cleaner overnight. My mother came out of the Great Depression...I knew how to cope. Even though I'd worn disposable gloves, all those chemicals used to sanitize left my hands as cracked and dry as the Simpson desert.

So, when I received a letter notifying me that my colonoscopy was due, I checked in with the doctor just to make sure it was ok for me to go forward with the procedure. I'd had some minor issues in the past so didn't want to take a chance by waiting too long between exams. Anyway, doc said "no worries, you'll be right mate, you've had your vaccine, you're good to go!" So, I did! Called and made the appointment. Got a date for the procedure for a week from the day I called. They sent me all the information and prepping products (cleansing process) I needed to prepare myself for the full exam...I think you may have an idea of what I'm getting at. The diet that is always necessary for the week pre-procedure unfortunately was one of the strictest I'd ever followed.

By the day of the "minor surgery" I wasn't feeling very well, in fact I felt very depleted. Everything at the day surgery was "spick 'n span". The smell of disinfectant was so strong it almost made me gag! They wheeled me in, put me under, brought me out, fed me an egg sandwich and a cuppa then called my hubby to pick me up. All seemed ok. Well, let's say I was as ok as you can feel after that type of invasion of the human body.

Until about a week later, wow! By then I didn't feel all that good anymore. In fact my stomach had developed very sharp pains that would come and go day and night. So bad they kept me awake. After a couple of days of increasing pain and no sleep...yep, you bet, I called my doctor! The response was "you best come in so that I can examine you myself as there may have been an issue with the colonoscopy exam."

So my husband bundled me up and off we went to the doctor's surgery. Once we arrived, we were greeted at the front door by one of the nurses. We were promptly led around the

building to the backdoor entrance of the surgery and asked to mask and gown up which we did without question. We were also given RAT tests on the spot. With that done we sat down and proceeded to wait our turn. About 20 minutes later Doc showed up in what looked like a radiation safety suit. Protective eye gear, a special mouth and nose mask, gloves, booties and gown. Doc looked like something out of one of my science fiction movies! After slowly lowering himself into a chair about 2 metre's away from us I heard mumbling coming from under the mask that sounded like, "You've dmintalted mcind, sorry!"

I said, "What did you just say, can't understand a word you've said through the mask."

At that point he stood up from his chair, stepped back about another metre away from us, lowered his mask and, without looking me in the eye, turned on his heels, headed for the door and said...

"You've contracted Covid, sorry!"