

Guess What Ass Won't Let Me Run A Half-Marathon

Description

I've been talking about running the [Mother's Day half-marathon](#) that was delayed to the weekend after Mother's Day for a while now. You know, the one that got rained/lightninged (word?) out so [I indoor rowed the 13.1 miles in our garage](#) before kicking off the Mother's Day celebration.

Although the forecast is calling for more crappy rain through next Sunday, when the race was rescheduled, I doubt it will be anything severe enough to be cancelled again. But I already know my running in the race is cancelled because of some ass. Can you guess who or what I'm talking about?



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Yeah, itâ€™s MY ass!

Disclosure: Some details (words, not pictures) may be too graphic for those faint of heart. Consider this your warning before you continue reading.

Starting around last weekend, I noticed a little lump on the inner part of my butt (hey, it happens), and waived it off as a result of the sweaty workout I did the other day where I was completely drenched in sweat. I figured it was just little painless infection that I will just keep clean and dry and it will go away, no biggie.

WRONG!

It only got worse and eventually became so painful every step I took made me squint and sitting down just wasnâ€™t happening. Even after Going Mom made a calming epsom salt bath for me the day before, it was no match for the infection that was already at [DEFCON 1](#) status.

By Tuesday night, after tossing and turning with no sleep, I finally caved at 3 am and had to find an urgent care or ER facility immediately. Luckily Sadly, thereâ€™s plenty of those all over (just like fast food chainsâ€¦correlation?) and I only had to drive 5 miles. That, by the way, was the most awkward drive ever since I had my butt lifted off the seat the entire time.

From what I read on Dr. Google, I expected to go in, have a doctor make an incision to drain the pus/fluid, and Iâ€™d get back in time for my wife to go to work. Once again, I was wrong. I knew it right after having two people look at my ass and gasp as they said â€œOh, thatâ€™s badâ€•. Thanks for the comfort, doctor and nurse. Bam, I was tagged.

One thing was for sure, they had to get the infection drained and under control quickly since staph (especially MRSA which is what we think it is) is a force to be reckoned with. After the nurse stuck me 5 times (not kidding) on my right arm to start an IV, she had to have someone else come and use my left arm instead. He got it after the second time.



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Then I was told to sit and wait a few hours as the surgeon who was on call made it over to operate on my butt. That will never sound rightâ€™â€™â€™ever.

They gave me morphine which helped negate the pain a little, but I still couldnâ€™™t lay on my back without looking like a deformed squirrel trying to crack open an acorn. I passed time between watching the time and a WPT tournament in Montreal.



I tried sleeping, âœbutâ• that wasnâ€™t happening. Note the time was almost 6:30 am then. It wasnâ€™t until 7:40 until the surgeon finally made it in. I know the world doesnâ€™t revolve around my ass, but I have a right to complain anyway, right?

The guy who showed up had long gray hair in a ponytail and was wearing a Harley-Davidson shirt. That made me grateful I didnâ€™t have a motorcycle to ride home on; OUCH! He was actually very nice and upfront with me, which I appreciated.

All he did was numb the area and worked to drain the infection. Holy hell that was the worst pain ever, and thatâ€™s with another dose of morphine! There I was, flat on my stomach and gripping the bed rails as two guys worked on getting crap out of my ass. A new life low had just hit.

Ten painful minutes later I was putting my shorts on over my gauze-stuffed butt and waited for a friend to come pick me up. He drove me home and took Kelley back to my car and she picked up my

prescriptions. 2 antibiotics and Tylenol with codeine. I hate pain killers, but after suffering through the day, I did take one last night. I'm not officially a hypocrite. Damn you, ass!

Kelley ended up staying home all day and her work was completely understanding, so that was nice. She helped and tried to get me to stay still, but it was bad enough that the doctor told me to back off of exercise for a few days and definitely NO running.

“So I can't run 13.1 miles on Sunday, huh?” I asked.

“No.” was the only reply.

And there you have it, I'm typing this with gauze still in my crack (no, not the same from the hospital) and pain radiating there as well. Hopefully the swelling will be down soon and the culture they are running on the drained fluid shows that they gave me the right antibiotics to knock this crap out of my system.

Back in 2011, I had a bad case of MRSA [while on vacation in Colorado](#), so I guess this is the bacteria flaring up in my body again. I'll keep you updated on my road to a hopeful recovery. I know everyone's concerned. ðŸ™, *Default watermark*

Just be glad I didn't share any pictures of the thing! I told Kelley I'm still going to run 13.1 miles around our home once I'm better, so we'll see how that pans out.

Have you ever dealt with staph and/or MRSA?

Did I gross you out at all or as a parent, are you used to gross things? Throwing poop, maybe?

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