



Let's Stirrup Some Trouble!

Description

Chanello! God, I love Clueless. I also love Dazed & Confused, The Negotiator, Taken, any John Hughes movie! the list goes on and on. But you want to know what I **really** love? Pap smears! Aren't they the greatest?

I recently did a boudoir shoot with a photographer whom I not only consider a friend, but easily one of the best photographers in the business. In fact, she's so good, that I was willing and able to get butt-ass naked in front of her - cellulite, c-section scar, saucer-sized nipples and all, with only a minimal amount of whining, and a considerable amount of alcohol. I will say, that it was an extremely liberating experience, and one which I shall be grateful for; **especially** when I'm 85, and my husband constantly confuses my breasts with my knee-caps, and my cheese literally goes down to the soles of my feet.

Anyway, being naked and vulnerable shouldn't really be all that intimidating; after all, one flashback to the OB/GYN's office, and all humility and self-dignity goes out the window. I'm pretty positive that I'm way past due for my annual check-up, but if you think about said visit, not much about it screams, DON'T FORGET!!!! After all, what woman has been to her OB's office and felt completely eager and excited for what was to come, and then left with sheer anticipation for the next one?

(Yea, that's what I thought.)

Every year, I pull into the parking lot of my doc's office, and as I search for a spot nearest to the door, I always do the same thing. I sigh heavily, and say aloud, *Awesome. This is going to be fucking awesome.*

So what happens once I walk in? Let's examine (no pun intended), shall we?

I open the door to the office and walk straight to the front desk to check in, and then I sit and scope out the waiting room. There's a little game I like to play in my head called, *Pregnant, VD, or pap smear?*, and it comes in handy, especially when you know you'll probably be waiting awhile. Now, I don't bother with the obviously pregnant women, because, um, duh! They're

pregnantâ?¡ althoughâ?¡. now that I think about it, they *could* still have a VD, but alas, I move on to the next one.

Knowing that **some** women choose to start their families in their 50s, itâ??s hard to tell them apart from the other older gals. Thatâ??s why I have names for both â?? *Boldies*â?• & â?? *Oldies*â??. Oldies is pretty self-explanatory, but I call the other group â?? *Boldies*â?•, because to start having children so late in life, is **FUCKING BOLD AS FUCK**. Iâ??m 35 with 3 kids, and **Iâ??m** exhausted. Imagine having to chase a toddler around with your walker and an insulin pumpâ?¡! Bold, peopleâ?¡. bold.

That leaves the other two categories â?? VD or Pap. Some women donâ??t look outwardly pregnant, so I wonder in my head if theyâ??re newly pregnant, or perhaps have VD, or are there to get a pap? Do I ask them, you wonder? Hell no, I donâ??t!!!! Even I have my limits. Could you imagine how that conversation would go?

â??Hi. Mind if I sit here?â?•

â??No, of course not.â?•

â??Thanks! â?¡. So, I hate coming to these things, donâ??t you?â?•

â??Oh, I know. Itâ??s so awkward and invasive.â?•

â??Right?!?!?! Especially if you have vaginal herpes or crabs. Know what Iâ??m sayinâ???â?•

â??Ummmâ?¡ yea, that would be hard.â?•

â??Well, just so you know, if you DO have either of those, I am still happy to sit next to you.â?•

â??Ummmâ?¡.. thanks, but Iâ??m just a pharmaceutical rep.â?•

â??Well donâ??t reps get VD, too? I mean, youâ??ve gotta sell your products somehowâ?¡ and shit can get passed around so easily these days. Believe me â?? I ainâ??t judginâ??. A girlâ??s gotta hustle, know what Iâ??m sayinâ???â?•

Pharmaceutical rep says nothing, but quickly gets up, tells the nurses sheâ??ll be back another time, leaves her business card at the front desk, and walks quietly out of the office, avoiding eye contact with me at all costs.

â?¡.. So I wait, and I wait, and I wait, and I wait. Iâ??ve run out of lives on all my game apps, and just when Iâ??m about to pay \$.99 for new lives, I hear, â??Katharine?â?•

I hate being called Katharine. No thatâ??s actually not accurate. I LOVE the name Katharine, but whenever Iâ??ve been called that, itâ??s by an adult and Iâ??m in trouble for something. In this case, I assume the nurses are mad at my vagina and therefore are taking out on me. *â??Katharine! Your vagina is late!â?•* Iâ??ve been going to the same OB for 10+ years, so youâ??d think theyâ??d call me Kate by now, but alas, they donâ??t.

I stand up, grab my purse, and know that the impending argument is only seconds away. And the argument, in question comes down to one thing, and one thing onlyâ?¡. the scale. Look â?? Iâ??m

smart enough, or perhaps obsessively crazy enough to wear as little clothes as possible during these visits, and it all because of that goddamned scale!! Before I leave my house, I weigh myself on MY scale, because MINE is accurate and the doc's is purposely calibrated to make you feel fat. And as I wait for the numbers to stop going up & down & UP & DOWN (why do they fuck with you like that?), I am already coming up with a reason why the weight the nurse is going to indicate in my chart is at LEAST three lbs. too heavy. I never win this argument. I have zero power, and the nurses are all straight women, so I can't even flirt my way out of it.

Next comes the napkin. It's become apparent to me that some girls think that napkins are appropriate for occasions other than the doc's office and hospitals parties, dinners, clubs, school functions, but for me, the napkin has only 2 uses: To wipe food or messes, and to make you feel as awkward and uncomfortable as possible as you wait for what you KNOW will be equally as awkward & uncomfortable as possible.

So there I am, sitting in my napkin, on top of another napkin which is lining the examination La-Z-Boy, and I hear the doc grab my chart from the door, and then the doorknob turns.

This is what goes through my head as the doc sits down on that stupid swizzle chair: Listen, doc, I really appreciate you trying to lighten the mood with banter and idle chit-chat, but can we please get this fucking show on the road?

First, the doctor tells me to gently lie down. Ummm, what? Is there an alternative way to lie down of which I am unaware? Do some women slam their heads back and start dry-humping the air? I'm not an idiot, doc, and thanks for reminding me how to lie down. I'm pretty sure I learned that when I was a baby. She then proceeds to go full-throttle onto 2nd base with my breasts, without bothering to ask my permission. Bajeezus, woman at least offer to buy me dinner first! So, after massaging my breasts for way longer than needed, the REAL fun begins.

I cringe as the sound of metal stirrups bend downwards and outwards, like the claws of something straight out of Alien. They're cold...and that's it. They're cold!!!! Why can't they line them with faux fur or something? Why do they have to be soooooo COLD?!?! And yes, I do wear socks, but they're still fucking cold and uncomfortable. But not nearly as uncomfortable as the stirrups' cousin, the forceps. Yahoo! I mean who *doesn't* love cold, metal forceps?!?! Especially when they're inserted into your vagina and then *SPREAD APART*. (By the way, I hope as you're reading this, the voice in your head is angry and acerbic, because as I'm writing this and repeating it aloud, **I'm angry & acerbic!**)

Okay, Katharine, now this will feel a little cold, and you'll feel some pressure, so just try to relax, ok?

Fuck you.

Okay, now I'm going to spread these apart so I can examine you. Just try to relax, ok?

Fuck you.

Almost done, just need to take this yardstick, also known as a Q-tip and scrape your insides. Just try to relax, ok?

FUUUUUUUCK YOU!!!!

Then, when all is said and done, the doctor simply gets up, snaps off the latex gloves, and smiles.

What the hell are you smiling for? You just basically fisted me while a metal pair of hands lined with razors and covered in ice clapped in slow motion inside my cervix.

This is hands-down the worst fucking date ever. And I know I'll have to repeat it in 365 days. I wish there was a Tinder app for forceps. Cold metal ones just aren't my type.

Category

1. Uncategorized

Tags

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