



Tease

# The Funny thing About Bladder Cancer

We finally got home with my insides still inside of me. Sharon helped me into the house and settled me on the couch. I needed help to even get to my feet and was under strict orders to not carry anything, so that left it to Sharon to do everything else. I just sat on the couch watching TV, still using my hands to delicately hold in my innards at every deep breath or cough as Sharon spent the rest of the evening hauling in stuff from the car getting supper and cleaning up what messes the cats had left.

We'd left the cats with sufficient litter pans, food and water to hold out for the seven to ten days we'd expected to be gone. Brandon had come by on his way home on Tuesday to check on them. He must not have done a head count. One of them had managed to dart unseen through the door to our bedroom, which we closed to keep off limits, as we left.

This rotund ball of gray stripped fur goes by the ridiculous nom de plume Skinny Minnie. It has been many years since she could fit in her prom dress. I'd taken to calling her Fatty Patty, however Mrs Sharon nixed that name. So even as we watch her waddle down the hall, as wide or tall as she is long, we still call her Skinny Minnie. It's amazing how she can get that much fat moving so fast so quickly, but she can. And of course she picked the worst possible time to do it, dashing unseen through a door that would remain closed for the next seven days.

As we opened the bedroom door, headed for blessed slumber, a much more svelte Skinny Minnie zipped between our legs in a mad dash to the feeder and water dish. It

became quickly obvious that we would not be sleeping in our bed this night.

Settling down in the guest bedroom, I lay in bed with the Yorkie puppy Charles and Brenda had returned a few hours earlier. We had a rug topped with towels on the bed, that was his bed. Sharon finished her chores and came to bed. Leaving her and the Yorkie, I went to the bathroom to start swapping and cleaning the various bags and tubes that would be my constant companions for the next four or five weeks. Just as I was finishing up, I heard a distressed, 'Oh no! BINKY!' I guess there was just too much change and too much excitement for that little bladder. Sharon had stepped out of bed for just a second to grab another blanket. Binky stepped off his bed for some other business. On to the second guest bedroom, and our third bed for the night. Thus passed our first evening home.