

That's Hysterical! Now, Get Out!

Season 2 | Episode 1

Ultrasound: Check! Anxiety: Check!

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Let's go. I'm ready to talk all the things because it's hurting me. How dare I not be allowed to talk about something that is hurting me and causing me so much pain? On this episode of That's hysterical. Now get out. I'm coming back from my ultrasound. I've just looked at lots of pictures of my uterus. I got to hear blood flowing through my fallopian tubes, which was cool. It was really funny going to the imaging place, and she was being very careful and telling me everything that was happening. And I think in the beginning, she was like, So have you ever had this an ultrasound done? And I was like, I've given birth. I've been poked and brought it up there. You don't have to worry about me. I could tell she was really gentle. She's like, I'm really sorry. Do you want to put this in yourself? I'm like, No, you know what you're doing? Just go for it. It's fine. I'm on day six of my period. My uterus is already hurting me. Anything a human can do? I don't know. I don't think it's any worse than what my own freaking body can do to myself.

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I was making jokes trying to make her feel comfortable. It's weird trying to make medical people feel comfortable around me when I'm like, no, I know all the shit that's going on with me. You do your thing. You're medical about this. I know other people are squeamish and, Oh, my gosh, you're saying vagina. No, let's just talk about uterus, fallopian tubes, vagina, cervix. Let's go. I'm ready to talk all the things because it's hurting me. How dare I not be allowed to talk about something that is hurting me and causing me so much pain. So anyway, I got that done. You can tell them in a chipper morning, I just got probed by a stranger-mood. She couldn't necessarily diagnose anything, and I let her know I know you can't say anything and the doctor is going to give me the report, but can you walk me through the photos you took? Because I'm curious. I'm a curious person, and I've gotten to the point where I'm just going to ask now. I'm just going to ask about this stuff because it's my body. She was taking photos of my body. I should be able to see them, right?

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So I asked, and she pointed it out, and she showed me, Listen, if you haven't gotten your biopsy done yet, I don't know if it's a good idea to look into what goes into a biopsy. And yeah, I'm talking about something different than an ultrasound. Because on my ultrasound, remember I was talking about my biopsy and not knowing what to expect? She pointed out where my biopsy was. And she's like, See this line here? This is where they took the tissue from your uterus for your biopsy. And I was like, That's a big fucking line. Holy shit. No wonder. I don't know if this is true. See, I don't know medical stuff. I'm pretty sure a biopsy cannot put me into a period, cannot make a period come. However, it sure as hell pushed my body a little bit further because it came early and I was just bleeding. So that biopsy, the ultrasound, I

felt so bad for her. She's like, I'm so sorry. And I'm like, I wasn't expecting the biopsy. This is nothing. You're just poking a little wand in me and poking it around. I'm used to my own body poking me.

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But I will say it was different from ultrasounds you get during pregnancy where you're excited to see what's in there. When I saw her turn the screen away from me, I was like, Oh, I'm not going to see anything. So I just had to stare at the ceiling and listen to her take pictures and apologize. I want to be like, No, you can show me what you're taking pictures of. At my gynecologist's office, there was a screen for me to watch, but I don't know, I'm sure some people don't want to see it. But me, I'm just like, What? What is it? Show me. And it was really nice at the end when she showed me, This is your uterus and you see all these little patchy spots right here. This is probably what they suspect is the adeno. And she even said, This is your ovary and here's a cyst. That's a cyclical cyst, it looks like. And I was like, Nobody said anything about cyst. This is new. It's not unexpected. I was actually expecting fibroids. I really was. I was expecting them to find fibroids. I don't know. She couldn't say anything.

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I don't get anything until the doctor's report. And the report is going over to her today, so she could get all that information. The biopsy came back clear, normal, I suppose. I guess I didn't update you on that, but that was something that I had gotten to be all clear on. So fingers crossed, the laparoscopic will go through as hoped. And I'm still not happy I put it off as long as I did, but I am... I don't know, so far I don't have the results, but I feel pretty positive. She only mentioned a cyst, and she mentioned the I don't know, she didn't say anything about like, This is interesting, or We haven't noticed this before. I'm feeling okay about this ultrasound. I had an anxiety attack last night. I'll have to make an episode about that. Actually, I didn't have an anxiety attack last night. I had the precursor to it. I think I did. I think technically it was an anxiety attack, but it just wasn't... I managed it. I worked really hard to manage it. My husband was there. I was talking through everything. It was like a moment where every single thing at that moment was hitting me all at once.

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I happened to be twisting in a way that I'm not going to be able to twist and bend in a few weeks. And all of a sudden, that started my mind on a, And I won't be able to do this. And I won't be able to do this. And I'll have to ask for help for this. Oh, my gosh. The idea of asking for help, that's, I think, stressing me out the most. And not even help for like, I need help doing these chores. The obvious things. It's more like, I need help doing this really stupid little trivial thing that I took for granted when I didn't have the surgery. And I feel terrible asking because it seems so stupid and trivial. That's what I'm worried about. I mean, on top of everything else. The anxiety attack was not about asking for help, in fact. But that was actually one of the triggers was the idea of, Oh, my gosh, I'm going to have to ask for so much help. But you know what? That's a podcast for another day. Because right now I'm going to live on this adrenaline of I got through the ultrasound.

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I was weirdly worried about the ultrasound because I was all tender and it was pressure. And I didn't want the pain. I didn't want to be poked and prodded. But to be honest, I humored it. It wasn't as bad as I thought because, of course, I psyched myself out. But we got through it. And last night's anxiety attack probably will not be the last. But I'll still talk about it because it was interesting. I woke up today. I wrote a big, long journal entry about it just to go through everything to be like, all right, is there's something underlying? Or was that completely expected? And it was. It really was completely expected. And in that moment, it felt like a lot. And I worked through it. And now that we're home, I'm going to tell my husband the news about the ultrasound. And for the next two days, I'm just going to work. I'm going to work and work and work and work because there's nothing I can do about this hysterectomy coming up other than work and work and work. I know all the answers I need to know for right now, and the universe can take care of the rest.

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All right. Ultrasound down. One more pre-op appointment to go. The official countdown is 14 days. Holy crap. 14 days. Yep. In two weeks. Two weeks, exactly. It's a new moon that day, too. I'm excited about that. New moon? I was about to say new uterus, but no uterus. No moon, no uterus. Let's go. All right. Take care, folks.