



Of a toe that may have broken and degrees of freedom that might have been lost

Description

What is that I'm hearing ??

I don't recognize the sound. Hold on a second. I'll listen again.

Yep, it's coming back to me now. I simply did not have it for the last couple of weeks.

Yes, I'm sure this is it " Silence. SILENCEEEEE. Me. Alone.

There are sounds but not noises.

Outside there are some chattering cicadas, the fan rattling inside, and the sound of my keyboard keystrokes. And that's it. Yes, I am alone.

It does not happen to me a lot here.

On a family journey, most of the time, you know, you are always together.

At best we will have two separate rooms. Like we do now, in our bungalow in Koh Tao. There is a room for parents and a room for kids but almost no time I am alone at, only with myself.

How come I'm alone ..? The One and the children went to dinner and your humble servant stayed at home waiting for the take-away. Or better yet, prayed that they know here how to pack for a takeaway, because I drool severely when I think of my cashew nut chicken, hot and spicy and yummy. And why is it that I am waiting at home for packed food instead of happily treading my way down the hill along with everyone else to the restaurant on the beach ..?

Aha. So that's it. It was last night late at night when I had that dumb fall that was awfully painful! My toe swelled up, I thought I had broken it. It hurt! And always at night everything looks much more threatening and scary and how I'll manage what will happen to me, and everything here is small and full of cruel treks of ups and downs and I can't step on the foot or move my toe, a terrible fear.

In the morning I relaxed a bit. It still hurts, but less. Much less. I'm still limping, but less. So of course it happened that today after a few days of rain the sun came out and I could not go with the kids to the pool. At least I was brought a banana-pineapple smoothie.

What most annoys me is that I fell into the world's oldest female trap " I should have fell and hurt myself to get approval to rest and even to be alone with myself. Why did I have to fall ..? Why can't I just say, bye bye dears, I'm going to drink beer on the beach and please don't talk to me before dinner, meet you at the restaurant ..? Or get a massage. Or work with a laptop in a restaurant

with normal wi-fi instead of our nice porch. Do some change. Set some facts. Iâ€™ve always preached my friends to liberate themselves! I abandoned my freedom just like that. I agreed to reduce my degrees of freedom to an unimaginable level. And for nothing. With no reason. All I needed was to say â€œ cheers, bye bye. Catch you later!

But I didnâ€™t. I just had to fall on my toe. Okay. One of my dear friend Shira calls it â€œthe first month giftâ€. She sprained her foot in Dharamsala. I think thatâ€™s more painful. So last night she told me, â€œWhen you receive a blow you should stop.â€ I stopped. Iâ€™m here. Alone in the dark, pretty hungry, but how much fun, I am all by myself!

Category

1. Health
2. Thailand

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