

Dinner

I'm back at home after my trip to hospital. Mum and dad are coming around to take me out for a delicious BBQ dinner. Awesome! I love brisket and my appetite is ferocious!

I've begun to feel a bit off about mum and dad. Something doesn't seem right.

Recently I'd taken the position that I take notice of actions, not words. I decided to observe their actions tonight with open curiosity.

They must be so relieved to see their son is alive and well after being carted away in an ambulance only a couple of days ago.

I awaited the knock at the door, assuming they'd want to hug and fuss over me. I received a call from dad telling me to come downstairs.

I was pretty keen to tell them what had happened in the last few days. When I jumped in the back seat, dad told me "Shoosh, mum's on the phone."

I was touched by mum and dad when we got out of the car at the restaurant. Dad nervously shook my hand and kept repeating, "How ya doin', good?"

We sat down and I started to unpack my story. Mum told me stop, let's think about food first. I put my story on hold for a few minutes as dad happily bonded with the restaurant owner. They spoke about large burgers. Eight and a half pounds of beef if I recall correctly!

I'd just passed the point in the story where I explained how I could not breathe and I was experiencing the worst pain of my life. Ironically the unit buzzer was broken. I hobbled downstairs on my own and collapsed into the ambulance. Mum was quick to ask if I'd gotten on to maintenance about the broken buzzer yet. I didn't feel like that was a priority in my life at the moment.

We chatted a bit more about the last year and how I was so glad I just focused on my own health. I'd been needlessly worrying about people perceiving me as a dole bludger. Mum often reminds me I have the tendency to be lazy. Personally I think she is quite worried about being seen as lazy.

Mum got upset and told me I should have informed her of my intentions to not work when I had resigned late last year. I thought I don't have a time machine and cannot change the past.