

# OrionWorks Sonova Quark

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This edition was created for *Turbo Charged Party Animal*, #409  
Completed somewhere around the date of July 21, 2020

## Knitting Needles

I suspect July has been a tough month for all of us. In my own case, it's not just the fact that we have a global pandemic on our hands, and an orange tinted malignant tumor festering in the WH, a tumor which has metastasized within the senate, I'm still recovering, seven months on, from my prostatectomy.

I'm happy to report that all of my follow-up tests and examinations indicate I remain cancer-free. PSA blood test: good. Urine samples no infections or other anomalies. A recent National Geographic tour (complements of fiber optics) up my urethra and into the inner lining of my bladder indicate no lingering issues. All very good news.

But my bladder continues to complain. Beginning in July the organ decided to start throwing spasm tantrums. My urologist prescribed Tolterodine to sooth out the discomfort. The literature tells me the medication can take 2 to 6 weeks to kick in. I'm hitting the two week mark as this TURBO installment goes to print. I have experienced some minor improvement. Could use more improvement.

Why the spasms? Literature tells me spasms occasionally occur for anyone who has undergone bladder/reconstruction surgery. That happened to me when they removed my prostate. Other reasons, this based on what the surgeon told me, is that my innards are still healing. Healing can take up to two years, and maybe even longer. Major surgery results in significant organ/tissue trauma, including nerve damage and subsequent nerve regeneration. I suspect a lot of nerve tissue in my lower abdominal cavity are in the process of knitting back together. *Can you hear me now?* Remember that prickly feeling one experiences when falling asleep on your arm or leg, denying it oxygen? When waking up we realize there's no feeling in the oxygen

starved limb. So, we shift your body and allow the blood to flow back in. And then the limb goes whacky for a spell as revived nerve endings start firing off randomly, frantically, gasping for air.

This discomfort has been going on for months. I managed to distract myself preparing two TURBO installments for May & June - concerning the orbit of Mercury and Einstein's theory of Relativity. I enjoyed assembling them for print. Alas, the discomfort became more acute by the end of June when I had completed my last installment. Also, the initial anxiety I had experienced back in March returned in July. Fortunately, taking over-the-counter Melatonin combined with my prescription of Trazadone do help me get to sleep at night.

I don't know how long this lower abdominal nerve "knitting" process is going to take. Each week can usher in a new bag of tricks, aka unexpected sensations. Most of them, unpleasant. *Very prickly or mean spirited.* Trying to determine how much water to drink, and WHEN to drink, it can be a hit-and-miss process. Drinking too much water can overwork the bladder muscles and encourage more spasms. But too little water, is not good either. I suspect focusing on my Orbital Mechanics work will likely improve my disposition. But I have to be careful not to sit for long periods in my office chair. Doing so can aggravate my abdominal cavity.

In the meantime, I'm still here. And Darlene, bless her heart, continues to be supportive. She is a god-send. We recently signed up for Disney Plus and watched Hamilton. It's not ALL gloom and doom.

I am reminded of a famous 12-step saying: *This, too, shall pass.* I'm also still waiting for November 3rd. *Patience, Grasshopper. Patience.*

Or

## Images of Summer



Lilies in full bloom in our back yard

**To Lisa and Greg:**

Thank you for your recent reporting of the rioting in your neighborhood and the status of Dreamhaven books. I can't imagine it was a fun topic to broach. I thank you for stepping up and doing so. Descriptions of destruction witnessed were horrible and devastating. And then, a new hope coming from the local community quickly banding together to help each other out during these dire times. It gives me hope that somehow we will eventually get through this.

*Or*

Tires, Charm, and Crocks