

September 29, 2008

## **A Bug's Life**

Last weekend, I flew down south to catch up with my San Diego friends. It had been nine months since I had last seen most of them. I selected the third weekend of the month so I could attend “Jay at Night,” my friend Jay’s monthly get-together. This month’s party was hosted by my friend Rick. Many of my favorite peeps were there, and I had a great time.

The party ended at 10:30 p.m., and I couldn’t resist the urge to go out dancing. I went to one of my favorite old hang-outs and ran into a few of my club friends. I had a good time (though I must say San Francisco is much more fun).

I headed back to the hotel at 1:30 a.m. and crashed in one of the two beds in the room (alone, mind you). At about 7:00 a.m., I woke up and noticed that my nether regions were slightly itchy. I didn’t think much of it and fell back asleep. When I woke up 30 minutes later, my crotch was incredibly itchy. I rolled out of bed, put on my glasses, and examined myself. I was shocked to find welts all over my most delicate, unmentionable body parts. I even saw two bugs crawling on me down there! GROSS!!

With all the bites concentrated in one area, I was certain I must have gotten pubic lice from the bed sheets. I was mortified! I jumped out of bed and into the shower.

I never felt so unclean despite my lengthy shower and thorough scrubbing.



## **Stripped of Dignity**

It was bad enough I was suffering from about 30 painful welts on my private parts. I now had to share this information with the hotel manager. How humiliating! She apologized profusely, put the room out of order, and booked me in a new room for that night.

With the swelling and pain getting worse, I decided my condition warranted a visit to the emergency room for the first time in my life.

In a rather quiet waiting room, I had to announce to the nurse behind bullet-proof glass that I got crabs from the hotel bed sheets. I was certain everybody heard.

Luckily, there was a television set that was on way too loud. I sat down just in time to watch a horribly violent show with a sniper outside a shopping mall. Police tried to keep everybody inside, but somebody set off the alarm. Panic ensued. As people ran outside, the sniper started shooting. He was blasting people left and right. Blood was everywhere! The injured were flailing! People were screaming! Gunshots and squirting blood were emphasized in slow motion. I started getting queasy from the violence. In the end, the police blew him up to smithereens.



While all the commotion was going on, nurses took my temperature and blood pressure not once, but twice. I'm not quite sure what they thought was going to change in 30 minutes. OK... maybe my blood pressure was rising a bit.

The nurse that took my blood pressure the second time was a bit squeamish about the fact that I might have crabs. She was almost afraid to touch me. At one point, she jumped back and yelled, "AAAH! Is that a bug?" It turned out to be brown fuzz ball from my blanket in San Francisco.

Finally, I was escorted to a room and directed to take off my clothes. I had to put on one of those ghastly hospital gowns that opens in the back. I hope the inventor of that design is dead and buried in one of those gowns. I left on my underwear and socks on so I could maintain at least a sliver of dignity.

All of a sudden, while waiting for the doctor, I heard snoring. There was a guy sleeping behind the curtain separating our sides of the room. I had no idea he was there. I suppose it was OK, as

long as he remained asleep. Of course, with my luck, his wife came in while I was sitting there like an idiot in that stupid robe. She left the door wide open so everybody in the hall can see me in all my partial-nakedness glory. She then woke up her husband.

Luckily, the couple was Mexican and didn't speak English very well. Thank goodness, because I was soon sprawled out naked while explaining to the doctor how I think I got crabs. The doctor examined me and said, "Oh, looks like that's quite irritated." Actually, it was me who was irritated, not my testicles.

"Have you been scratching it?" she asked.

"No," I responded. It suddenly reminded me of my brother's elementary school teacher who used to scratch her snatch all day. Did she think the children didn't notice?

The doctor said, "It could be a lot of things," but then she failed to come up with any other alternative. In the end, despite not finding any bugs, she agreed it was pubic lice and gave me a prescription. I left the hospital, but missed a lunch with friends who I was looking forward to seeing.

## **Good Night. Sleep Tight.**

I didn't get back to the hotel room until 1:30 a.m. I was too tired and lazy to move my stuff to the new room, so I told the front desk clerk it wouldn't be necessary. I figured the second bed couldn't possibly be infested.

I lifted up the blanket of the fresh bed and inspected it carefully. Sure enough, it was infected. I could see bugs crawling around. I then inspected the old bed, which was untouched from the night before. It was covered with bugs! There must have been 40 of them!

I started to suspect they were not pubic lice. I had an idea they were something else. A quick Google search verified my suspicion... [bedbugs!](#)

Bedbugs have become a huge problem in the United States recently, especially in hotels. If the buggers weren't so keen on my crotch, I might have figured it out earlier... and gotten the correct medication! These bugs were also really small (poppyseed size at the largest), so it might have been a new infestation.

Just out of curiosity, I turned over the pillow. That's where I found the biggest specimen - YUCK!! - which I brought down to the front desk still crawling around the pillow. We captured the bug on a piece of tape.



I switched rooms, of course, being careful not to bring any bugs with me. Needless to say, I didn't sleep very well.

The next morning, I toured a hotel worker through the room. Most of the bugs were nowhere to be found, but we did find one specimen crawling around.

The pain and blistering was worse the second day, but I'd have to wait until the following day to see my regular doctor. I couldn't afford another \$50 and hours more of my time. Besides, I had to make a trip to the laundromat to kill all the bugs that might be in my luggage. Everything except the clothes on my back went through the washer and/or dryer. That included my suitcase, which banged around the dryer for 20 minutes.

Upon my arrival home, I jumped in the tub as fast as I could. The clothes on my back including my shoes got double-bagged and washed the next day, as did my sheets and blanket.

After more than a week, I finally healed from the bedbug bites, though I still can't shake that creepy-crawly-buggy feeling all over my body. And would you believe the hotel only comp'ed me for one of the two nights! THAT'S what bugs me most of all!

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4qx751dNw7Q>