

Listen to your husband...at least part of the time

Warning: If you hate feet stop reading right here.



I will be the first to admit that I am not the best at going to the doctor. I go, but not until I have used all of these tactics...

“I’m SO busy I couldn’t possibly go”,
“deny the problem a little while”
or just plain “lived with the pain”.

My big toe nail was in grown. I knew it. My husband knew it. Everyone who knows me knew it...because not only do I not go to the doctor...I whine about the problem too. My husband, of course, told me to go to the doctor and I, of course, didn’t go to the doctor. In most families, it’s the husband that doesn’t go to the doctor and the wife who nags, but not in our family...we both nag and neither one of us go until we can’t put it off any longer.

I finally called the doctor thinking they wouldn't have an appointment for a couple days...but they had one...in two hours. So off I went and off came my toenail. I had let the problem go too long and the best option was to remove the nail.

Two perscriptions,\$475 and four months later my toenail is back. My husband was r_ ght (I can't spell that word). I should have gone sooner. Had I gone when it first became a problem, it might have been cured by an office call and a prescription.

So learned from my mistake. Listen to your husband...at least part of the time and by all means...don't buy shoes thinking they will stretch...that's what made my toe get infected in the first place.