

# A multitude of tests

Well I spent most of the day at the optometrist today to have a series of tests run. The Dr. found something that concerned him in my last visit, so I had to undergo a testing for glaucoma today. First there were pictures of the retina (those were cool) and then a series of pressure tests every 45 minutes. Numbing drops and the blue light coming toward my eye.... Now my eyes are sore and tired. I'm not sure if that is from all the prodding or effects of the numbing drops. I was told I may have discomfort this evening. Good news is that I don't have to worry about glaucoma yet, but they will keep an eye on it in yearly testing. It's hell getting older.

Now for the fun part.. The blue light coming at my eye caused me to think many a strange thought. After seeing it for the umpteenth time, I was imagining alien examinations, eyes that go "POP!", CSI probing and the like. My multitude of voices were wanting to be heard, but since the Dr. was a bit concerned I felt levity in the situation was a bit out of place.

But now I can let that come out...

Imagine Bullwinkle (wow, Bullwinkle is in the spell check dictionary!!!) sitting in the chair. "Hey Rocky, why all the blue lights?" "I can't feel my eyeballs anymore, Rocky". "Where'd everybody go? Who turned out the lights?"

Or Stitch? "Blue Punch Buggy!!" "Stitch be good, take blue light away now."

Or JarJar Binks (Yeah!!, not in spell check)... "Weesa gonna die heere."

Some unnamed voice... "Go ahead strap me in. Turn on the juice. Say good bye to my Ma and Pa."

Forget the imagination, why shouldn't you be able to hear my thoughts...

[some unnamed voice](#)

[jarjar](#)

[stitch](#)

[bullwinkle](#)

[The funny thing is, they are all me.](#)

Strange I thought of a lot more sitting in the chair, but seem to have forgotten most since I've been home...

Well, looking at the screen doesn't seem to be helping much, so that should do it for a bit.