

2025-03

First dislocation! First fracture!

Summary: Crushed my right foot under my motorbike.



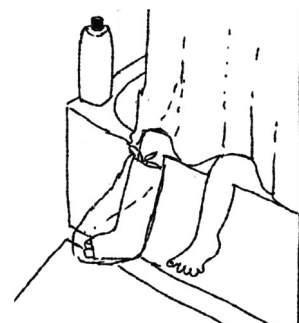
I was considered cheerful even though I had to wait alone for three hours before being admitted :-)

1859 Received to Room 32 via wheelchair from Waiting Room. Alert, oriented x 4. Cheerful affect. Right foot pain, swelling. Fracture confirmed by XRAY

Injuries sustained

- (1) Displaced fracture of distal third metatarsal shaft
- (2) Displaced fracture of the fourth metatarsal neck, with apex medial angulation
- (3) Dislocation at the fifth digit MTP joint

I was dreading the reduction of the dislocated toe (3). Five different medical professionals spent hours trying to pull and straighten the 4th and 5th toe to no avail. Finally the podiatrist came, tried to reduce the 5th toe, failed, brought in the portable X-ray, realigned the 4th metatarsal head to the shaft (2), and reduced the toe back in place. Needless to say, there was a lot of crying from the pain, but I am happy to report that enduring it meant no surgery was required.



My rendition of showering with a rubbish bag-covered splint.

Recovery

sam and bird with fractures



I've picked up some new habits: so many X-rays (the radiation dose!), bathing on a stool, taking daily feet pics, walking with a boot and crutches. I've learned to allocate 15 mins to walk to conference rooms because my coworkers love accosting me in hallways. I've started developing an expensive Uber habit against my will. I binged watched Severance.

By the end of the second week, my right leg has visibly atrophied. I've started slowly putting weight on the foot since it has been hammered into my head from a university biomechanics course that **LOADING BONES STIMULATES GROWTH AND INCREASES MINERAL DENSITY!**

My biggest struggle is unsurprisingly the result of capitalism and poor infrastructure; the lack of fully remote work (yay lab experiments) coupled with poor healthcare and actively disability-hostile urban planning has been mentally and financially stressful even for someone as privileged as I am. I can't drive but there is no public transit alternative. The outright hostility for being temporarily disabled was disheartening. A lot of my mental planning is now relegated to the logistics of moving in a constrained physical space. I missed out on celebrations with friends. The lack of activity has slowly eroded away my good spirits. Despite the inconveniences, I am lucky to have bird and a partner who remind me that nothing bad lasts and that I will be back on my (hopefully fixed) bike in no time.