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BY LUCIE FROST · BODY

## Hi! I Am Your Migraine, and I'm Just Here for a Quick Visit

Migraines. They're an uninvited guest—the awful kind that leaves wet towels on the floor and toast crumbs in the butter dish. If migraines could talk, this is what they'd say.

It's been a while since I popped in your head, so I just wanted to give you a quick hello. I'll just be here for a day or two. Don't want to overstay my welcome!

I'll be making a high pitch squealing sound while I'm here—24 hours a day. I hope that's not too distracting. Have you heard the emergency tests on radio and tv? It'll sound like that, but it'll come from deep inside your brain and never go away. I hope you can still work like that. I'd hate to interrupt.

I'm going to want to get out of your head from time to time, so I'm just going to try to push myself out of your right ear. It'll feel like your ear is trying to deliver a 10-lb baby, except I'll be ripping your brain instead of your perineum. Just a heads up.



I'll be making a high pitch squealing sound while I'm here—24 hours a day.

Also, I hate to be a picky guest, but I'd prefer you tiptoe around me while I'm here. I don't like bright lights or loud noises, so if you could draw the blinds and get everyone around you to talk in whispers, that'd be great. If you forget, no worries. I'll remind you.

Oh gosh, has it been three days already? I think I'll stay a bit longer. Maybe 10, 20 days? Just long enough so you can call me "chronic," because I like the way that word sounds. It's like "crying," but with a honk.

Hey, while I'm visiting, I'll only want to eat *sometimes*. I'm not going to tell you when because I prefer to be an enigma. If I'm not in the mood for food, I'll wait until you've eaten it and surprise you with my displeasure.

## Are We Having Fun Yet?

You probably already know this, but I love me some light shows!

While I'm here, I'll throw some lightning bolts in to your brain. I may even take your sight away for a bit. It'll be like a Grateful Dead concert, but without the good music or fun time.

Don't worry. I'm going to do my best to make you look totally normal while I'm staying in your brain. I wouldn't want anyone to think you had a legit need to miss work, so I'll just hide in the back corner of your brain while you're describing my stay. Fingers crossed, the only mention you'll hear others say about me is, "Wow. That's weird. You *look* fine."

I also prefer when you wonder if it's really me in here, just for the silly fun of it. I may do some sneaky things to mimic multiple sclerosis (bring on the tingly arm!) or a brain tumor (just a little touch of amnesia!), just to keep you guessing. After the doctors run the pricey tests, I'll jump out and go, "Surprise! It's just me! Gotcha, didn't I?" It'll be a riot, and it will help you reach your out-of-pocket max!

I'm afraid I may put some tension on your neck while I'm here. I prefer to contain the drilling to your brain, but sometimes, the rat-a-tat-tat will make its way down your neck and into your right shoulder. If that happens, just sit tight. It'll go away in a month or so.

## Surprise, Surprise!

I'm so thankful that you're having me, and I'll do my best to visit more often. I know, I know. You'd like my contact info so you can be the one to extend the invite, but I prefer to leave you wondering what you did to summon me.

Was it the banana you ate? Ha! Not gonna tell you.

The stress at work? Wouldn't you like to know?

Am I the one keeping you from sleeping, or is the not-sleeping what got me to come visit in first place? The classic chicken-or-the-egg riddle, that I will leave you puzzling over.

The only hint I'll give you is this—I will come visit when you least expect me and likely at the most inconvenient time.

Were you saving all year for that trip to Italy? Yeehaw! I'd love to come along!

Is Saturday your wedding day? I wouldn't miss it for the world.

A new job, you say? Congrats! And yes, I'd love to meet your new boss on your first day of work.

Well anyhow, I look forward to this visit. I'm gonna make you laugh cry so hard you'll cry!

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*Lucie Frost recently retired from a lifetime of lawyering and now happily lives as a writer in San Antonio, Texas. You can find her at her [website here](#).*

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This essay was originally published in *The Belladonna Comedy*, a satire site by women and other marginalized genders.

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