

Jennifer Brown commentary: I may be allergic to life

Ahh, it's that time of year again. The sunshine! The birds! The flowers! The calming patter of raindrops on the roof on a lazy afternoon. The green grass! The freedom! The great outdoors!

The allergies that make you want to remove your face in the morning and keep it in a glass of formaldehyde on your bathroom sink until September.

I've been an allergy sufferer all my life. My mom has always sworn it was apple blossoms or maybe pollen or mold that had me sniffing and sneezing, but after years of carefully logging my symptoms each spring, I've been able to narrow it down considerably and pinpoint exactly what it is I'm allergic to: May.

Dust mites? Yep. Grass? You betcha! Flowers? Uh-huh. Latex? Uh, yeah. Mold? Animals? Candles? Perfumes? Children, carpet, static cling, bad hair days, sudden movements, daylight? Come to think of it, maybe it's not May I'm allergic to; it's life.

It doesn't help that this year seems to have been an especially aggressive allergy year. Everyone I know is suffering. The pollen is so thick I swear I have to dust the dogs when they come back inside from the backyard. My ears are so clogged I couldn't hear Donald Trump talking. My eyeballs have left ransom notes in the night - "Cough up the Claritin or your sinuses get it." Unfortunately, all I can manage to cough up is my socks, which I do on an hourly basis.

Because I've spent so much time battling my allergies, I like to think of myself as something of an expert at recognizing the symptoms of an impending allergy attack. Maybe you'll find my symptom checklist helpful, too.

The Brown allergy symptom checklist:

You've gone to the license bureau and had your eye color officially changed to "Scratchy."

You've been invited to open a Vegas stage show as a Louis Armstrong impersonator.

You're thinking of renaming your children Puffs Plus, Zicam and Chloraseptic.

You've petitioned to have the letters "n," "p," "r" and "m" removed from the alphabet. Not permanently; only during "Da bundth of Bay."

You don't understand why those beautiful flowering trees in everyone's front yard aren't on the FBI Most Wanted list.

You're not sure, but you think you might be having an affair with someone named Rob I. Tussin. And his brother, Vicks.

Your response to every question is, "Huh? I didn't hear you." And then you instruct the speaker to "speak into the good ear" and point at someone else.

You're pretty sure you're the lost Snow White dwarf: Wheezy.

You've wallpapered the kitchen with Kleenex. Just seems easier that way.

Ten out of 12 words that come out of your mouth end with one of the following sounds: -cillin, -mycin or -achoo.

You can spell words like "pseudoephedrine" on the first try.

So what do you do if you recognize these symptoms and think you might be allergic to life, too? Well, I'm no medical expert, but my suggestion is to wrap yourself in Saran Wrap, glue a box of tissues to your face, avoid outside and inside air at all costs, and complain loudly and constantly until July gets here.

If that doesn't work learn the lyrics to "What a Wonderful World." You'll make a killing in Vegas.

Ahh, it's that time of year again. The sunshine! The birds! The flowers! The calming patter of raindrops on the roof on a lazy afternoon. The green

grass! The freedom! The great outdoors!

The allergies that make you want to remove your face in the morning and keep it in a glass of formaldehyde on your bathroom sink until September.

I've been an allergy sufferer all my life. My mom has always sworn it was apple blossoms or maybe pollen or mold that had me sniffing and sneezing, but after years of carefully logging my symptoms each spring, I've been able narrow it down considerably and pinpoint exactly what it is I'm allergic to: May.

Dust mites? Yep. Grass? You betcha! Flowers? Uh-huh. Latex? Uh, yeah. Mold? Animals? Candles? Perfumes? Children, carpet, static cling, bad hair days, sudden movements, daylight? Come to think of it, maybe it's not May I'm allergic to; it's life.

It doesn't help that this year seems to have been an especially aggressive allergy year. Everyone I know is suffering. The pollen is so thick I swear I have to dust the dogs when they come back inside from the backyard. My ears are so clogged I couldn't hear Donald Trump talking. My eyeballs have left ransom notes in the night - "Cough up the Claritin or your sinuses get it." Unfortunately, all I can manage to cough up is my socks, which I do on an hourly basis.

Because I've spent so much time battling my allergies, I like to think of myself as something of an expert at recognizing the symptoms of an impending allergy attack. Maybe you'll find my symptom checklist helpful, too.

The Brown allergy symptom checklist:

You've gone to the license bureau and had your eye color officially changed to "Scratchy."

You've been invited to open a Vegas stage show as a Louis Armstrong impersonator.

You're thinking of renaming your children Puffs Plus, Zicam and Chloraseptic.

You've petitioned to have the letters "n," "p," "r" and "m" removed from the alphabet. Not permanently; only during "Da bundth of Bay."

You don't understand why those beautiful flowering trees in everyone's front yard aren't on the FBI Most Wanted list.

You're not sure, but you think you might be having an affair with someone named Rob I. Tussin. And his brother, Vicks.

Your response to every question is, "Huh? I didn't hear you." And then you instruct the speaker to "speak into the good ear" and point at someone else.

You're pretty sure you're the lost Snow White dwarf: Wheezy.

You've wallpapered the kitchen with Kleenex. Just seems easier that way.

Ten out of 12 words that come out of your mouth end with one of the following sounds: -cillin, -mycin or -achoo.

You can spell words like "pseudoephedrine" on the first try.

So what do you do if you recognize these symptoms and think you might be allergic to life, too? Well, I'm no medical expert, but my suggestion is to wrap yourself in Saran Wrap, glue a box of tissues to your face, avoid outside and inside air at all costs, and complain loudly and constantly until July gets here.

If that doesn't work learn the lyrics to "What a Wonderful World." You'll make a killing in Vegas.

Jennifer Brown is a featured blogger at Mom2MomKC.com on Saturdays. To reach her, send e-mail to zoise30@gmail.com. Jennifer Brown is a featured blogger at Mom2MomKC.com on Saturdays. To reach her, send e-mail to

Share your observations and experiences about news. Lively, open, civil debate is the goal. Please refrain from personal attacks or comments that are racist, vulgar or otherwise inappropriate. If you see an inappropriate comment, please click the "Report as abuse" link.

About the Author

Ppd Free Hair Color

Allergies : Allergies to Hair Dyes

The Songbirds Hair : Always Perform an Allergy Test

Hair Dye Allergies Can Cause Real Dangers

Hair Color Disasters: Allergic Reactions

Allergic Reaction to Hair Dye? - Bargain Hunters - BabyCenter

EcoColors Hair Color : allergy to cobalt dichloride / ingredient in

Six Natural Allergy Remedies

EcoColors Hair Color : ppd allergy ?!

Tone Refiner - For Blonde Hair

Source: <http://productsherbal.com>