I sometimes wonder if there are hidden cameras watching me as America shares a laugh at my expense.

I am getting over an illness this week, and it seems like everything goes crazy when I'm not on my toes.

There were a few bizarre incidents I encountered this week when I stayed home from work for one day. I may have been alone for a few hours, but I can't help but think someone out there was getting a good laugh out of me during my weak moment.

For the record, I can't stand being sick. And I am one of those hard headed people who try to continue their daily routine even though they probably need to be in bed.

I woke up Wednesday morning, and I knew something wasn't right the second I eased out of bed. My throat was on fire. My head felt like it was about to explode. My entire body felt like it had been run over by a bulldozer.

As my husband Jason arose and saw me bundled up in my pink robe, he knew something wasn't right.

"Hey," I said, sounding more like the horse Mr. Ed.

He told me I should call the doctor and take it easy at the house that day.

As Jason and the kids left moments later, I poured a cup of coffee and made my way to my trusty recliner.

I figured a hot cup of coffee might help my throat, and it would wake me up so I could pick up my medicine in town.

Sitting in my chair, I felt a huge sneeze coming. Under normal circumstances I would have turned my head, but in my weakened state I guess I wasn't thinking.

I sneezed right into my hot cup of coffee, splashing it onto my face. I ran to the bathroom to wipe my eyes, which were on fire at this point, and I stumbled over our baby's walking stroller.

I looked like a monster wrapped in my pink robe with coffee dripping off my face as I struggled to free myself from the stroller, which had somehow wrapped around my foot.

After that scene, I figured the best thing to do would be to get ready and head to town to get my medicine and some cans of soup.

Not worried about appearances, I threw my tangled hair into a ponytail and found a white shirt wrinkled beyond belief.

When I walked into the pharmacy, I realized how ridiculous I must have looked.

My hair was thrown on top of my head like a bird's nest. My wrinkled shirt had a few stains from the DayQuil I forced myself to swallow while walking out the door. And my eyes were still red and watery from the coffee that hit me in the face earlier.

The clerk must have sensed my embarrassment because he held up my prescription the second he saw me approach the counter.

There was no need to call my name out. Everyone knew I had arrived.

And why is it when you come to town looking your worst is when you run into everybody? As I made my way out of the pharmacy, a reader stopped to tell me how much she enjoyed The Herald. I appreciated it, but I was scared of what she must have thought of me in my current condition.

I was so relieved to return to my house. As I made my way up our porch stairs, our cat thought it would be a good idea to run through my legs.

She always thinks I have food on me, and the bag of medicine sent her in a frenzy.

Grabbing onto the rail, I slowly made my way to the door uninjured as my cat continued to try to claw her way up my leg.

The neighbors must have thought someone was trying to break into our house with all the noise I was making just trying to get inside.

A few hours later, I was in a much better mood. I was still very sick, but my bad luck seemed to have eased off.

I had taken my medicine, ate a bowl of hot soup and eased onto my couch with no more incidents.

Later that evening, the house came alive with two children and a husband who had a hectic day at work. I was too embarrassed to even tell them how my morning had went.

The next morning, I wasn't completely recovered but was feeling better enough to come into work for a few hours.

But as I slipped on my robe and made my way to the kitchen in the darkness, I ran right into the baby's walker stroller....again.

Grabbing a chair, I was able to balance myself out as I kicked the stroller off my foot.

I couldn't help but look around to see if anyone saw me. For a second, I thought I heard baby Elsie laughing from her crib.

And laughing for a moment too, I made my way out into the world.

I made my way with a clumsy stumble, but the laugh sure made the walk seem a little easier.