

A Christmas Letter from Stephanie's kidney (please note my new address: Sheryl's abdomen, right side)

Hello! I started out this year with my first trip outside.

So I moved (new body), left my old job and started a new job. At my old work, I didn't have to do even half of the work because there were two of us, right? And the other kidney was kind of a show off so he was always doing like 52 – 53% so all I had to do was pick up what he didn't. I'm like whatever, knock yourself out. At my new place everybody here is really old; way older than me. And they're all pretending like they don't know I'm even here. And there are three of us doing the job but I'm doing like EVERYTHING. It's way more work than my old job. The other two kidneys are basically doing nothing.

At first I tried pitching a little fit and let everyone know I'm here right? Then medical people threatened biopsy. They'd stab me and cut out a teeny tiny piece of me! Fine I'll just keep my head down and do ALL the work. You're welcome, other two kidneys who are ignoring me just like everyone else in here.

I do get lots of compliments (not from anyone inside, but from like everyone outside): I'm great. I'm perfect. I'm exceptional. AND, guess what else? How perfect I am gets relayed back to the kidney at my old place so now he knows he's not so special. Nobody's saying anything about how perfect he is.

At my new place, they are not vegan. I tried doing what I could to get them to try plant based foods, except they're super excited about sausage because apparently before I came they were restricting salt.

I still get to travel like we did at the old place. I went to Germany on my first trip with the new job. And then South Korea and Thailand. We definitely don't work out as much as at the old place (maybe because how they're all practically senior citizens). There's been some running, but it's super slow and it's like intervals where you walk for a minute and then run for maybe 45 seconds. It's okay.

We also drive like a lot. I like it because we're usually going to the place where everyone compliments me. In the beginning we went there two times a week, then once a week, then every other week, and now it's once a month. Some of the other body parts are complaining about driving and stuff. I think they're just mad because it's kind of all about me and nobody's complimenting them.

Overall I'm happy with the new place. I'm pretty sure I can get them to switch to vegan and the whole thing about nobody knowing I'm here (I mean nobody inside)... it's okay. It's like I'm a secret agent or spy or something. If I think about it, it's scary because even though they're old, they would kill me if they found out I'm here. Which is stupid because they need me. It seems like maybe this body isn't as smart as my old workplace.

It's a little funky not having nerves so not feeling anything (because they can hook up some things so I can do my job but they can't hook up nerves). Oh, and besides the threat of being killed if anyone in this body finds out I'm here, this body has a condition that, guess what? Kills kidneys. That's what happened to the other two. That condition could come back and kill me. I would like to point out that at my old job, I didn't have to worry about being killed on the job and now: two death threats hanging over my head. Like my job wasn't hard enough already, right?

I am totally celebrating two birthdays. There's my birthday right? And then the birthday for this body.

Love,

Stephanie's right kidney, the perfect one.

