

## Your most Embarrassing Health Confessions

AWOL tampons, gas, losing your breakfast on the doc? To prove that you are so not alone when it comes to mortifying health mishaps, Health readers shared some of their stories with us.

### Sticky situation

I sweat a lot. Let me rephrase that: My armpits spurt bodily moisture like a high-pressure fireman's hose. I've tried everything to fix the problem -- clinical-strength deodorant, extra layers of clothing -- with little to no results. Last summer, I was a bridesmaid in my cousin's wedding, which was outdoors during the thick of the July heat.

Knowing full well I was going to sweat profusely, I decided to stick panty liners in the armpits of my cap-sleeved gown. It worked through the ceremony and photos -- no pit stains in the wedding album! By the time the reception rolled around and I'd had a few drinks, though, I'd forgotten about them. As I was dancing with a groomsman, one pad had come out and stuck to his shoulder. Health.com: [Celebrity sleep secrets](#)

"What's that?" he asked. I snatched it up and said, "Oh, just my shoulder pad." I don't know if he believed me, but I was impressed with my quick-thinking save. --Sadie, Dallas, Texas

### A windy waxing

I'm lactose intolerant, but I just can't kick my cheese and chocolate milk cravings. The unfortunate result of my dairy bingeing is usually gas, but I consider myself something of a flatulence ninja because I'm a pro at concealing it. That wasn't the case, though, when I recently went in for a bikini wax after a night of lactose gluttony. I wanted the full monty, so when the aesthetician was done with my front, she made me flip over on all fours. Health.com: [8 tips for telling your partner a health secret](#)

As she smeared wax in the most nether regions of my behind, I just couldn't hold it in any longer and accidentally let one rip right in the poor woman's face. If that wasn't enough, I fell down laughing, which made my butt cheeks stick together from the wax, so the aesthetician had to separate them and re-apply. Let's just say she got a very big -- and (well-deserved) tip. --Sasha, Sheboygan, Wisconsin

### What's cooking?

When I was 21 years old, I got my first yeast infection while on vacation in Greece. A doctor recommended that I pick up some over-the-counter medication and gave me a list of helpful hints for treatment and prevention. I pored over the list and focused on the benefits of yogurt, so I picked up a carton of the traditional, thick Greek cultures and slathered the stuff all over my crotch -- right before boarding a 12-hour boat ride to one of the islands.

As the temperature got hotter, I became more and more uncomfortable, not to mention smelly. My cousins on the trip noticed, too. That's when I told them about my self-treatment, and they informed me that the yogurt was supposed to be eaten, not slathered on below! --Maria, Alexandria, VirginiaA

### What's that smell?

A week after my period ended, I noticed an abnormal discharge and a strong odor emanating from down below. I couldn't figure out what was causing it and why, so I scheduled an appointment with my gynecologist. During the examination, he pulled out an icky black lump, which he identified as a tampon. That's when I remembered that I had put in two tampons on a heavy-flow day and must have forgotten to remove one. Health.com: [25 diet-busting foods you should never eat](#)

He threw it out, and then asked the nurse to remove the trash. It was obvious why -- the thing stunk to high heaven! Even though the doc told me not to worry because it happens often, I was beet-red with embarrassment and definitely learned my lesson about doubling up on tampons. Now I back up heavy-flow days only with pads. --Tina, Atlanta, Georgia

### A gross gag

I came down with a nasty sore throat and convinced myself it was strep. I canceled all my plans, whined to my friends, and went to an urgent-care clinic so I could get on antibiotics and back on my feet pronto. The doctor took one look at my throat and told me I had a tonsilith, also known as a tonsil stone, which is essentially just gunk (food particles, dead cells) that binds together and forms hard white balls that stick in your tonsils.

I could have waited for them to fall out or had the doc pluck them out himself. I opted for the latter. The doctor went in for the kill with a swab, but I'd forgotten to tell him about my very sensitive gag reflex. With one little nick of my throat, I threw up right on his arm. At least we were in a sterile environment and I had eaten a light breakfast. --Kate, New Brunswick, New Jersey

### A "hairy" tale

Thanks to menopause and stress, I have drastically thinning hair, which I'm really self-conscious about. So late one night after a few glasses of wine, I ordered a "hair replenishing" product that was being sold on TV. When I received it, I realized it was basically just a spray designed to camouflage thinning spots on your head. I thought, What the hell. I ordered it, so I might as well use it.

And, although it did make my hair look less thin, I found out the hard way that it wasn't exactly waterproof. One day, I got stuck in a downpour during my lunch break -- and I returned to the office in my white shirt that sported a newly-dyed brown collar ... the same shade as my hair. --Denise, Keene, New Hampshire

### R-rated undies

My husband and I were celebrating our five-year anniversary the same day I had to go to the doctor for a general checkup. Since I was going immediately to our date after my appointment, I dressed accordingly, meaning sexy dress and even-sexier panties.

I didn't realize that the doctor was going to do a full-body mole check and ask me to strip down to my bra and underwear (with a robe), and I immediately regretted wearing the G-string I had personalized to say "Happy anniversary, Tom. Your present is underneath."

I hoped the doctor wouldn't see it, but halfway through the screening, he said, "I take it Tom is a friend of yours?" I wanted to die. --Jocelyn, Boston, Massachusetts Send us your stories @ [chatboutjamaica@gmail.com](mailto:chatboutjamaica@gmail.com)