# 14 September: Death in Venice

September 14, 2015 By David Pieper

Some of my followers have been asking about side effects of the treatment I am on, and I honestly haven't had that much to report. I have been a bit tired and breathless, but pretty much OK. Perhaps this was the reason I decided that right now, on holiday in Bali would be the ideal time to take up surf board riding. It might seem strange that someone who grew up on the eastern sea board of Australia, with easy access to some of the best and most beautiful beaches in the world, had never before tried it, but there you go.

Free from the self consciousness of youth and feeling like I am soon to begin a new chapter of my life, post hepatitis C, I seem to be up for anything. Well it turns out surfing is much easier than I thought it would be - I was standing up on the board first go. But after two hours of catching wave after wave I hit the wall.  My partner noticed it first. I had turned as white as a sheet, I could barely speak and I was shivering in 32Â°C heat. (that's stinking hot in farenheit)  A similar thing happened on the beach in Telaviv, while I was on my first inferferon based treatment in 2006.  We always refer to that as my "Death in Venice" moment, after the film in which Gustav von Ascenbach tragically colapses into a deck chair and dies, waiting for the beautiful Tadzio to notice him.

So it turns out I am not invincible and I will spend tomorrow just reading my book. It is good to know your limits, but I believe it is also good to live life to the fullest extent you can, in spite of hepatitis C. I've spent two awful years of my life on interferon, and I dont want to waste another minute.  Who's up for a surf?

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