Day 04 - Aches, Pains and Granny’s Blanket

February 15, 2013 By Gemma Peppe

This is my regular view.

I’m shattered today. I think I’ve been on a high all week. I’ve tried to make a point to myself by walking a lot and working a lot and arranging late meetings.

Starting this treatment has allowed me to let the mask slip. I’ve never felt right since my last round of treatment. I’ve steadily got more and more tired. Felt more and more aches and pains and seen fewer and fewer people. Life has become really quite narrow.

I can’t rely on myself to turn up to work every day. I never arrange meetings past 4 o’clock as I’m highly likely to cancel them. And I can count on one hand how many times I’ve been out in the evening over the past year.

I haven’t felt hard done by or even cared particularly. I’m really lucky to work at The Hep C Trust and have a boss who understands, although my attendance recently could push even him. I haven’t let my situation get me down at all until now when I know it might be close to the end and I’m allowing myself to think, this is shit actually!

In case you were wondering, my granny crocheted the blanket.

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