Day 122 - Ribavirin is a BITCH

June 12, 2013 By Gemma Peppe

Turbulent is the best way to describe the last few days. I think it's a combination of Ribavirin messing with my head and the last month or so catching up with me. Either way I don't feel myself.

For someone who has hardly cried in years I've made up for it recently. Everything and anything is setting me off. Any stress put on me feels like I'm up for a murder trial. It plays so heavily on me that I feel it physically as well as mentally.

I spoke to a friend who is on a similar trial with a different pharmaceutical company. She started treatment on the same day as me. It sounds like she is experiencing some of the same mental shifts.

This morning I needed to talk to Colin who works on our help-line but also manages our IT (we all have 2 or 3 jobs at the Trust). Colin did a trial a year ago. We talked about getting flawed by Ribavirin. Colin said when it comes to treatment experience counts for nothing; the ribavirin will still come at you like a thunder bolt. It's been very uncomfortable and at 46 I've found myself needing my mum like I'm a child. The next few weeks can't go quick enough.

The pic is the same trees outside my window but now with flowers (which the pigeons think are tasty).

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