Day 103 - Never, Ever Do a Work Trip on Treatment

May 24, 2013 By Gemma Peppe

I spent a couple of days in a hotel near the venue to recover from the initial wave the exhaustion of the first two days. I still didn't have a phone so I went to Ibiza town to try and sort it out. I tried to buy a Spanish sim but I didn't have my passport with me. I've been too tired to go back there again.

The auction was great. Mike Keat, the Cuban brother and our auctioneer was brilliant, the Urban in Ibiza lot who I work with were fun, Fat Boy Slim was a lovely man. We raised a lot of money. I even got the energy to make a speech. That's me there in the picture. I told them that with the new drugs a cure is a reality. That soon no one will have to die of hepatitis C and that they can be part of history by supporting us.

I got back to my hotel at 2 a.m. and had to be up again for pills at 8 a.m. In the morning I felt like I'd been on crack for 5 days. I had ends to tie up from last night. People were pissed off with me because I hadn't moved the artwork. I physically couldn't. I had to check out of the hotel and drive to the other side of island.

I got to the new place I'm staying in (which is beautiful by the way) I was locked out and there was no Internet. I had so much to do on-line and I was so destroyed that I had one of the biggest meltdowns of my life. First I was angry and then I was crying like a lunatic because I've never been more exhausted. Eventually my brother turned up with my calming friend Bea and things started getting fixed.

This morning I hooked up a great guy to do all my work which involves more physical work than I can deal with right now. I was so happy. Then we got locked in by an electric gate and his van broke. I had people phoning stressing about where he is. When I get stressed at the moment I feel like a have a million tiny pins pricking me from the inside out.

Guys if you are thinking of taking a work trip on treatment DO NOT DO IT. I've never been as tired and stressed and upset. People here are super busy. It's the start of the season and it's IMS's busiest day. No one can carry me. At a time when I should be at home taking care of myself I'm doing this. It's kind of crazy. F*** that placebo!

A good piece of news is that I got some results through & my viral load has dropped from 17 million to 76. My nurse says this is remarkable. I am happy but it's overshadowed with how shit I feel.

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