Day 152 - Setting New Limits (in how fat I can actually get)

July 11, 2013 By Gemma Peppe

Oh my God I'm so fat. I think I'm fatter now than I was at full term pregnancy with Louie. I've been watching back footage that was shot a week ago of me with disbelief. Even my face is fat! In the big scheme of things I know it will come off once I can exercise again. In the small scheme of things I feel like a big fat balloon with a loaf of white bread for a face.

Yesterday three people asked me why I haven't blogged so much recently. I think it's because I've been more active. I've been out doing more things and when I get home I've been tired from all the activity.

I've been setting new limits. I'm either unrealistic about how much I can do and overdo it or I'm over cautious because I think I'm going to overdo it. Last week I drove to the chemist about a mile from my house because I thought the walk would make me tired.

On the way there I saw an old infirm neighbour walking up the hill and felt a bit stupid. I don't know my new limits yet.

The last two days have been long and productive. I'm tired today. I just had a chat with Louie about not attaching guilt to being tired which is easy to do. Now I'm able to do more my down time is even more frustrating because I want to up and out. Louie didn't start really feeling what he calls 'normal' until about 4 months after the treatment finished.

The pic is Louie's 20th birthday cake which didn't help with the fatness.

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