Day 89 - Here I Go Again....

May 10, 2013 By Gemma Peppe

After 2 days of nearly solid sleep, I'm in a much better head space. When something hits me hard I generally respond by becoming comatose. I think I work things out in my sleep. I get moments of clarity in between being asleep and awake while I'm still in dream-state. On the Monday before I got my results I had one. I realised just how much this whole thing has taken it out of me.

Doing treatment means so much and it's constantly on your mind which is exhausting. I had a real buzz from feeling the drugs had given me control over the virus. I'm finding it difficult to care about the real treatment now as I believed I'd got through it already. I'm not in control at all.

Louie says we absolutely must lower our expectations. He's right. What this has shown me is I know nothing. I would have put money being on the right drugs.

I translated a lot of my everyday hep C symptoms into side effects of the treatment. Before I started treatment I'd been worried that my work would have to let me go because I was ill most of the week, most weeks. The headaches, bad skin and dry hair may have been a placebo effect or may have caused by an additive in the pills.
Or maybe I notice the bad skin more because I've grown my fringe out...and I've got a big forehead.

I've started putting things in order. I've rebooked flights, I'm getting more help in Ibiza and I feel like it's all sunk in. Throughout the last few days I've forgotten to look for side effects and as far as know I haven't had any.

My ribavirin looks different now. They are little pink pills that say Roche on them. I was happy when I saw that. Out of all the pharmaceutical companies we've worked with at The Trust I love the guys at Roche the most.

The pic is flowers that are making my downstairs smell gorgeous right now. And if I sound a bit down, I'm not... I'm fine.

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