Hepatitis C: almost halfway!

June 12, 2015 By Grace Campbell

When I started this treatment for hepatitis C (AbbVIe's Viekira Pak with bonus ribavirin through a compassionate access scheme in Australia because these drugs are not yet available here), 24 weeks looked like an infinity away. Twenty four weeks stretching way into the horizon; it was a length of time so distant I didn't even bother working out an end date. It was going to be FOREVER. Or it was going to seem that way.

I started the regime of pills and meals and pill boxes and reminder apps on my phone and blood tests and medical appointments and more pills and collecting and reading studies, articles, blogs, forums and websites. And more pills.

The first week went swimmingly. With hindsight I know now that ribavirin had lulled me into a false sense of security, only to whack me upside the head in weeks 2 through to 4. Turning into a sobbing mess in my office was a dead giveaway that something had to change. So I did. I cut back my work hours, made more time for myself, said "no" a lot and did things I wanted to do, not things I normally did for other people.

The last two months have merged into a sort of boring Hepatic Viekira Journey. And boring is good when it comes to medical treatment, don't you agree? Boring means you don't get many "we need to talk" phone calls from your doctor. Boring is "I have so got this under control". Boring is - well - comforting!

So when I looked at my calendar and saw I had to fly down to see my specialist next week, I thought "Holy guacamole, I am nearly halfway through!"

I can't believe how old hat everything has become. Strategies for not missing tablets in place? Check. Emergency tablets in bag? Check. Ability to throw down 6 tablets in one go, while dealing with an email and getting ready for work? Checkity check.

I'm nearly halfway there. And it feels - boring. And normal. And like life is just going on and I'm going on with it.

I'm okay with that. Here's fingers crossed for no loopy results next week.

Halfway Down

Halfway down the stairs
is a stair

where i sit.
there isn’t any
other stair
quite like
it.
i’m not at the bottom,
i’m not at the top;
so this is the stair
where
I always
stop.

Halfway up the stairs
Isn’t up
And it isn’t down.
It isn’t in the nursery,
It isn’t in town.
And all sorts of funny thoughts
Run round my head.
It isn’t really
Anywhere!
It’s somewhere else
Instead!

A. A. Milne

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