Hepatitis C: See you round, Week 5

April 26, 2015 By Grace Campbell

Another one bites the dust. Week 5 of my Hepatitis C treatment falls under my wheels and all I can see is its lights in my rear view mirror.

The word for Week 5 has been “fatigue”.

I’m just so darned tired. I struggle to get to work, I struggle to walk in the morning. I struggle to get to bed in the evening. I struggle.

You’ve probably read my “Woman on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown” post, with apologies to Pedro AlmodÃ³var. Those who have been in my position will sympathise, those who didn’t get these particular side effects will think “thank god!” and people who had to live through it by proxy will pray it never happens again!

My cheer squad (aka friends and family) are telling me to take some more time off work. I’m seriously considering it. I’ve run it by everyone at work. They keep saying I have to look after myself and they can look after the work. Frankly, they’re probably better with someone who is able to commit the energy I don’t have. By limping round like a lame duck, I’m wasting everyone’s time, mine especially.

Right here, right now, this is my most important battle. I want to battle the hep c virus, not fatigue. I don’t want anything to get in the way of that. And if that means I take some time off work, so be it. It’ll be better for everyone in the long run, but most importantly it’ll be better for me.

I’ve always suffered from Martyr Syndrome. I’ve always pushed myself more than I should. I think I might hand the hair shirt to someone else. Someone like me a few years ago.

Any takers?

Onwards to Week 6! My Little Old Lady (tm) pill box is full and I’ve got a ticket to ride.

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