Hepatitis C: You've lost that lovin' feelin'

July 13, 2015 By Grace Campbell

I've hit the grind. It's like a relationship when the first flush of love has faded and you're left with something ... comfortable. Predictable. Everything related to my hepatitis C treatment is so ordinary and embedded into my daily routines that I have started second-guessing myself as to whether I've done them at all.

"Did I take those tablets this morning?"

This despite the fact they sit on the table where I have breakfast, that I have a reminder set on my phone and that I don't turn the reminder off till I actually swallow the tablets. It's just all - well honestly? Tedious.

Please do not misunderstand me. I know how lucky I am. I know this is an amazing opportunity. I would hate anyone to think I didn't appreciate the great gift I've been given. It's not difficult treatment. It just goes - on. And on. And on.

The dual edged benefit of 24 weeks of Viekira Pak.

I just worry that I'll become complacent. That I'll forget things, like my tablets. Or my blood tests. Or an appointment. But mainly my tablets. Today I nearly drove 25km home from work during a break just to make sure I'd taken them, despite the fall-back checks I have in place.

What a problem to have!

Eight weeks left.

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