Thirty

February 11, 2016 By Rick Nash

When i was first diagnosed with Hep C, i was under the impression that thirty is realistically when life as i know it would end.

I vividly remember a day in Health class, where the teacher asked us to map out a timeline of our lives.

This didn't go well.

I'm certain that in hindsight his goal was to help us understand health risk factors as we age.

But again, it didn't go well.

My timeline stopped at 45, with a marker going back every five years denoting potential liver transplants. The teacher and I got into a heated argument over it and I was kicked out of the class for a week.

For a teenager, I had a decent grasp of the finality and the problems that would later plague me. Other factors not so much, but this much I got.

That after 30, I would be receiving a transplant, but it wouldn't stop HCV.

That after 30, my quality of life would degrade quickly.

So here I at thirty, I'm on the transplant list, and awaiting a breakthrough treatment which could save my life.

I may not even be able to get the treatment, due to contraindications for Child Pugh B or C liver damage.

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