19 Days and Counting...

Me and my sister have made this plan to travel a bit next year. If cancer isn't a good enough opportunity then when is?!

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It's strange, I don't really have anything interesting going on this week. Mum's gone back to work now that I can function better and actually look after myself. Haha. It's great, because it means our life is returning to some sort of semblance… but it's not quite there yet.

I'm still waiting. That dreaded awful waiting. I can't really do anything until I know what will happen. It's like the big fat elephant in the room. I'm trying to give my life a bit more of a routine so I won't end up a lazy slob addicted to daytime TV. I'm trying to exercise in the day and give myself a bit of a better diet. I don't eat bad as it is but the last load of antibiotics they put me on has really knocked me for six and I need to find my balance within myself again. The trouble is as soon as I've distracted myself with some sort of task that elephant is back there staring me in the face. It's funny, looking at me now you could pass me in the street and you wouldn't even know anything is wrong. I've done a complete 180 and I would say I've returned to health like before all this happened. I try to look back and find where it all went wrong… December was definitely a write off and November was a bit icky but I wouldn't have said I was bad then. I guess it all started to go wrong in October… Or well obviously go wrong looking at it now.

I've never been much of a complainer when it comes to life. I always try to see the positive things and I'm pretty sure in my whole working career, from the age of 16, I've only ever taken one sick day… I know right, one! And even then I remember phoning up work worrying that I didn't sound sick enough. I guess on that side of things I'm a bit of a goody two shoes. There has been many a time where I've gone out the night before a shift, partied hard but still rocked up to work wearing last night's make up, having only had 3 hours sleep, if that, hanging out of my arse bitching about why I didn't pull a sickie. But I always managed to get myself to work and… semi function. Even if I felt rough as hell I saw it as my own fault. I did this to myself so I have to carry on. Now, my hardcore party days are pretty much behind me, they're few and far between so I'd say I'm probably more of an all-day-catch-up-with-friends-drinker now than a go-wild-until-the-sun-comes-up-party-animal.

I don't want to live my life stuck in a rut. Finding that I'm working to live and never going anywhere. I said when I was going through treatment that I'm gonna make the most of this summer. If I want to go to the coast. I'd go. I'll see friends up north, down south, wherever they are I'm going, and I'll do what I want without the restrictions. But in reality, is that even possible? I

have to work if I want to go and do these things. I want what everyone says they want, full-time pay with part-time hours. Its just never enough. You want more and more and more. But I'm gonna try. I'm gonna try and not let my life become too predictable. I'm gonna try and go and do all the things I want. I'm gonna try and find that job that has a full-time wage with part-time hours. Haha.

Me and my sister have made this plan to travel a bit next year. For years we've kept saying we're gonna go here, we're gonna go there and life just got in the way and we never organised it. So when all this cancer crap kicked off that's the first thing we said. We're gonna do it. If cancer isn't a good enough opportunity then when is?! So when I was going daily to my bloody radiotherapy appointments that's what I focused on. "This time next year I'll be here…" "This time next year I'll be there…" It started to become a bit of a mantra for me. Because life was moving on for everyone around me and you try not to resent it but it's hard.

We're gonna try and get flights out of the country for the end of the year. That's when the shit hit the fan and life really flipped on its axis. So we thought it would be quite fitting to be going out and around a different country a year to the day since my diagnosis, a year to the day that chemo started, a year to the day radiotherapy started and so on. Trouble is, this whole waiting again has put this on hold. I can't book my flights yet. What if I end up having treatment again?

Ergh… This is just so annoying now.

I hate this.

I hate it.

It's driving me crazy that I am semi-normal again but I can't do anything! I'm fidgeting. Which is a good thing when you think about it because it must mean I'm recovering well. When I was poorly it was hard to keep focus on anything. I'd just sleep the majority of the time but now I'm bored! I can't direct my life back on track if I don't know what is ahead of me.

People keep saying to me that they think these latest results is just an infection. Which is really sweet and I'm grateful for their positive thinking and kind wishes but I can't think like that. I think its cancer. At least that way I can't be disappointed if they tell me it is. I'd have already prepared myself. If I start thinking it's an infection now then it will kill me to know (…Can I say that? "Kill me to know"? Screw it I'm gonna say it) that I've still got cancer.

13 days until my next scan

19 day until I know what my next step in life will be

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