Chemo 21 and Counting...

I'm just sick and tired of being pricked and poked and scanned and tested.

November 3, 2017 By Amanda Hayes

I'm writing this one from the hospital today. It's my chemo day. Session 5/6... Well technically I think it's chemo number 14 altogether. 14... That's crazy. And that's 14 sessions not 14 chemos because if you want to get technical with how many actual chemotherapy treatments, as in chemo drugs, it's 21... I think.

It's stupid. You would have thought the amount of treatments I've had would be engrained in me. But it's not. It all blurs into one now. I feel like I am here so frequently every session becomes the same. I've nearly spent a whole year in this state now... A whole fucking year. What a waste.

I'm finding it all pretty mentally draining now. I'm fine in myself 90% of the time but it can get to Wednesday/Thursday before chemo and it's like a dark cloud engulfs me. I know what's coming.

The day of chemo, driving into the hospital, I mentally feel like I'm a petulant 3 year old being dragged in kicking and screaming. On the outside I'm cool and calm taking it all in my stride. But inside... It's a whole different story. I don't want to be here anymore. Don't make me do this. Please.

It's stupid really. I have to have this. Chemo is making me better in the long run. But I can't tell you how hard it is for me to not cry and say no to something that in the long run will make me better but for the short term make me feel so fucking awful.

I think I've just reached my limit. Don't worry, I'm not giving up or anything and I'm no way near that point yet but I'm just sick and tired of being pricked and poked and scanned and tested.

They took an x-ray of my chest today. Nothings wrong but my consultant just wants to see how things are going. This is to prepare me for the next round of treatment after chemo.

The x-ray will only give a brush over view. It won't highlight in detail the tumors. But I guess it gives my consultant a bit more of a guide. Apparently I can't have a PET/CT scan until 6 weeks after my last chemotherapy session. So I guess any scan won't happen until the new year. At least I'll have December and Christmas free of all this shit.

Ah man... What a long day. My neutrophils were low today. Which are to do with my white blood cells and how you fight infections with your white blood cells. They like them to be 1.5 and over

but blood tests showed they were below at 0.85 so I didn't actually start chemo till after 2pm… I've been at the hospital since 8am but at least I had it.

Fed up of waiting, I can't say I was in a great place this morning. You can probably tell from above. I just wanted to go home. But at least I had it. If I didn't it would have been delayed to next week and that would have just been a faff.

I really think my new puppa Hugo has helped me. It may be coincidental but it's the first chemo I've had that hasn't made me feel lousy afterwards. I'm tired but that's pretty normal. Let's hope for a better weekend.

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