

# Devastation

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August 8, 2017 By [Amanda Hayes](#)

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OK... So this will probably be my hardest post to write yet.

Devastation. Such a menial word to some. Great destruction or damage. Severe overwhelming shock or grief.

Yep, that pretty much sums everything up...

So yesterday was results day. As you can already predict it wasn't great. Yes, my "fluffy," suspicious area on my lung is cancer. I expected that. It has now doubled in size. Shit, that's not good. It has now spread to my other lung. Fuck... I didn't expect that.

They used the word "aggressive". It's aggressive. For it to double in size and spread in 4 weeks isn't great.

Its funny, although it's now spread to my lungs it's not lung cancer. Well they don't call it lung cancer. It's still classed as vaginal cancer even though the original cancer site is clear of cancer. So really I have vaginal cancer but in my lung. Confused? Yeah... It's weird.

So what's the plan? More chemotherapy. I start treatment tomorrow. I know, so quick! Well as it's pretty aggressive they need to start things quickly.

Its looking like I'll be having 6 rounds of chemotherapy again spaced 21 days apart. That'll take me right up to Christmas. As always, they can't really predict what will happen so my treatment plan may change. I'm waiting on a call from my consultant today as there was a big talk about me last night (I'm a pretty big deal you know.)

They're having a big conference about me with all the gynae oncologists. As it was rare for me to get vaginal cancer to start with, as I was so young, I get the impression they don't really know what will happen. Yes, they've seen the cancer spread to the lung before but it's been in patients over the age of 60. So previous treatment has deteriorated their health so they haven't been able to take treatment further. I'm an anomaly.

I still think they will throw everything at me to combat this but they can't guarantee that it'll work. They just don't know. It will get to a point where chemotherapy on the body will become too much. It is a poison at the end of the day.

Operating isn't an option. It's too unpredictable and it could cause it to spread more. Radiotherapy isn't an option. There's too many spots. So chemotherapy it is. At the moment they're looking to contain and control the cancer. Then they can see what other options are available.

I will lose my hair again. That's pretty minor in the grand scheme of things.

I'm still keeping positive though.

Although they tell you all the bad things that will happen, coz they have to, I feel fine! I've put weight on. I look good, I exercise, I don't feel wheezy or breathless. I think that's why it feels so devastating. If I was in pain or having trouble with everyday tasks then you can get to grips with it.

It's such a punch in the face for me, my family and friends.

It's upsetting everyone all over again.

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