The Happy Pessimist

I hate that this now makes me look at the other side of life. The more pessimistic side… That's not me.

October 11, 2017 By Amanda Hayes

I got some good news for once this week. Chemo is working! My scan from last week has shown an excellent response. The chemo has reduced the size of the tumors and one is barely visible. With this news it will mean that I will continue with the rest of my planned chemotherapy treatments.

I should be happy, right?

And I'm pleased. I am. But I can't exactly say I'm over the moon, bouncing from room to room, can't stop smiling happy. And why you ask?

Because this isn't the end.

Yes, it's a good result. But how long for?

I told you last time, after the devastating results from my 3-month post-treatment scan it'll shit on any other happy news in the future. And it really has.

I'm pleased. I am. And I'm happy for my family and friends that they're finally hearing something good… But it is definitely shadowed by the fact that this isn't it. Even if it clears up after all of the chemotherapy and whatever treatment follows after, it won't be the end.

It will most likely come back. It might not be straight away. It could be 5 months, a year, 5 years, 10 years or more but it will at some point return.

Until they figure out a way to completely eradicate it from my lymph or blood… Wherever it is travelling from, it's not over.

I'm OK with this. I'd rather it wasn't this way but I've accepted my fate in life. I'm still positive about my diagnosis. Don't misconceive what I am saying. Just because the news before shat on every other bit of goodness now or in the future, I am still positive about my treatment. I feel good in myself and I won't let that stop me from living how I want to live.

It's just… I don't know… The big fat elephant in the room that's staring me in the face is still there. So I'm happy but I feel like I can't truly be 100% happy because before I know it the rug will be

pulled from beneath my feet again and I'll be back to square one. And it'll crush me.

But worst of all, it'll crush the people I love.

I hate that this now makes me look at the other side of life. The more pessimistic side… That's not me. But I have no choice. I have to be realistic.

So this week I am happy. But probably not as happy as I would have been this time last year had I received good news. Because although I am happy, any big fat sunny happiness I have now gets shadowed by the dark and ugly side of cancer. And forever will be no matter how small it may become in the future years… It'll always be there in the background waiting to pop back up and ruin everything all over again.

On another note, apparently I have shingles! I'm an anomaly again as I don't have the "normal" symptoms. Just a rash on my back, other than that I feel pretty normal… Considering.

It shouldn't interfere with my chemo on Friday thank goodness but bloody hell… Can't catch a break at the minute!

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