When Rationality Up and Leaves

What happens when the rational, level-headed girl I used to be starts to lose her mind?

March 30, 2018 By Amanda Hayes

It's been a long week. I expect you all have been looking forward to this short working week so you can relax for the Easter holidays.

My mind has been burning over time. I'm pretty emotional this week. Not over anything in particular just the usual, the next step.

I'm starting to make plans again. I'm off to Switzerland in a few weeks, that was the first plan I made.

A motherfucking holiday.

I've been thinking a lot too about what happens after my next scan.

If all goes well it will be work.

I can't seem to write what I'm feeling at the moment I feel like it's all over the place.

Work is such a simple step to get back to. Then why does it scare the living shit out of me?

Its not the thought of going back to work. Apart from this whole shit storm that's been my story for the last 15 months I've always worked.

Its the whole what do I do? I feel so fucking lost. As hard as I try to stay the same person that I used to be I'm just not. It's impossible to be that person anymore.

I had a cough this week. Well… I convinced myself I had a cough. And I convinced myself that this cough was coming from my left side. The left side that they've not treated. The left lung that they decided the tumours were too small to treat with radiotherapy.

How do you keep a rational and level head? I've forgotten.

I will forever be this person that is a hypochondriac that thinks they are dying of cancer before anything else.

I was asked a few weeks ago if I've ever considered not making cancer my life.

Kind insensitive right? It’s shitty comments like that that stick with me. It’s hard for it not to. Is that how people see me now? This boring cancer story. It wasn’t meant in a malicious way or for me to take so sensitively… But how can I not? This is my life now.

My friend was explaining to me her feeling of anxiousness. I’ve never really understood anxiety having never experienced it myself. I understand the workings of it. And I’ve always respected those who have to deal with it but I’ve never really experienced it for real.

I wouldn’t say I have anxiety. (Reading this you would probably say that I do. But I don’t.)

I just actually understand it now. You know that lump in your throat that you get when you feel a little emotional but you don’t want to show it? And you try to swallow to get rid of it but that doesn’t work? I’ve got that but instead of my throat it’s in my chest like right under my sternum. And it’s not a little lump it’s the size of a tennis ball I would say. It’s not always there. It just crops up when I’m making plans.

What if I have to cancel them?

What if I get sick?

What if I make people upset again?

What do I do?

How do I live my life?

Do I have a headache coz I’ve not drunk enough water today or is it something else?

It goes on and on and on.

These questions just never shut up.

It’s continuously going round and round in my head. All I want is for it to SHUT. THE. FUCK. UP.

This post originally appeared on Happy Smiling Cancer Girl on March 30, 2018. It is republished with permission.

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