A Scrambled Mess of Prosecco and Overthinking

Every cancer story is personal. You could find you have exactly the same cancer as me, but that doesn't mean the situation is the same.

June 27, 2017 By Amanda Hayes

It's been a weird few days. A bit of an emotional roller-coaster of ups and downs. It has been a week of cuddling babies, turning 29, popping prosecco and partying with the most awesomest of awesome friends that have helped me through the last few months… Although if you asked them they wouldn't say that. They think they haven't done enough or anything at all that deem them awesome but they honestly really have.

Even just a 'hey, how are you?' when the world around you has turned into an unstable mess can mean the world. You may read this with skepticism and think how? But there were days that I would struggle to even think about getting out of bed, let alone actually do it. So a 'hey, how are you?' can really go far. It gives purpose. It gives hope. It gives you a reason.

Now, I'm not gonna lie to you, there have been many times those 'hey, how are you?'s went unanswered… Why? Well when your arse has been ripped raw from being burned from radiotherapy and you struggle to climb in and out of a car to go every day to the place that'll make you better, but you know in the short term will make you worse, you do get a bit wrapped up in your own self-absorbed world. Please don't pity me or my arse rubbed raw story. Haha. It's all better now and you would never even know. However, I may look at our pothole filled roads in a whole new light!

Now, I'm not randomly going up to strangers and cuddling babies, you don't have to worry about my sanity quite yet. Haha. But I'm finding that I'm of that "age" now where babies, engagements and weddings are becoming a frequent occurrence. Having one of these factors of mine altered, and I say altered because it's still possible, remember! I've started to question aspects of my life. Nothing is ever going to change what has happened but I think it's healthy to look at things differently. But it's another "why me?" kind of moment, unfortunately, because say for example, I did decide to foster or adopt, every aspect of my life will be under analysis. And that's fine, I don't have anything to hide, as you already can tell! But it wouldn't have been this way if I was 16 and pregnant… Damn it!

I received a very generous message this week from a friend and her situation with cancer. I won't

go into the details because it’s not my story to tell but you just don’t realise or appreciate how many people cancer hits. I always knew that she was attacked with the nasty little bugger that is cancer before I even met her, but I can’t help but wonder if she had enough ‘hey, how are you?’s I know her story was before I even knew her but I certainly know I didn’t give enough ‘hey, how are you?’s after. Because although my cancer story will soon be behind me… It never really will be fully gone from my life. That little bugger will always be niggling at the back of my mind.

Every cancer story is personal and different. You could find you have exactly the same cancer as me but that doesn’t mean the situation is the same… Or the treatment for that matter. In my radiotherapy days, as you’re up at the hospital 5 days of the week for it, you start seeing the same people up there. And slowly, as treatment goes on and on and on, you never see them again. You think “they’ve made it!” like it’s some sort of game and that they’ve reached the top level. It’s weird seeing these people everyday at the worst moment of both of your lives, never to see each other again or to never know what happened to them…

There have not been many days where I have been caught up in my emotions and been pleading the “why me?” card but this last week has most definitely and unfortunately been one of those weeks that I have found the most trying. Damn me and my overthinking brain!

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