The Trucking Aftermath of Self-Pity

I know the things I have been through are life-changing and most probably damaging to my body. But all I want is a break from it!

July 26, 2018 By Amanda Hayes

There's no pre-thought of topic for this post. I'm just writing it as it comes so I apologise if it goes off in places. I guess I'm using it today to vent my frustrations… that's the whole point of this, isn't it? It's just an open diary that everyone can read!

As I'm sure you can tell, I've been getting my life back. Day trips out with friends, weddings, festivals. Anything I wanna do, I do, I have over 18 months worth of life to catch up on, you know!

The Recovery

Today I am tired. Down to my bones, dog tired. When I get like this It's hard to move. Everything is sluggish. My movements, My brain. It's a big self-pity fest and I fucking hate it. I get emotional and cry over the stupidest of things. That just pisses me off more. I am not an irrational person.

The worst of being tired like this is when I get like it my head hurts again. Not headaches I mean the hair follicle pain that I talked about before in "Hair today, gone tomorrow" is back. It's just constantly sore. I can't touch it, sleep on it and when it's at its worst wash it. It's only in patches, running from ear to ear, on what I call my grandpa line. But it stops me from wearing my scarves and headbands for long periods. As you can probably tell from recent Instagram pics it's growing fast, and up! So I've been using headbands to keep it up in this heat.

I'm finding I'm very forgetful at the moment too. I can quite literally be in the middle of a conversation and it's gone. Or some one can tell me to do something and I've forgotten. We've got builders round at the minute and I had to be told repeatedly what the orders of drinks were… and I don't mean after a few minutes! I mean I was told, instantly forgot, told again, forgot, retold, forgot it's enough to pull your own hair out! Hurting follicles or not! Don't even get me started on today. Working on my laptop, I got up to make said builders a drink (don't worry, it's written down now!) and came back to find my glasses. I actually had an "oh shit" moment checking to see if I have become that person who leaves them on their head and walks around aimlessly! But no! I could not find them anywhere! I even went upstairs to find them knowing full well I hadn't been up there!

Turns out Hugo nicked them and they were down the side of the chair!! How the hell he was so gentle with them beats me but things like this actually makes me feel like I'm going mental…

apparently he’s not on my side in all of this!

I’m just frustrated because I feel like I’m being punished for every time I go out and have fun. It’s like a constant “ah ah ah, don’t forget I’m still fucking here!” I know I can’t expect to escape all this scot-free. That the things I have been through are life-changing and most probably damaging to my body. But all I want is a fucking break from it!

It could be possible that within time, the aches, pains, emotional despair and self-pity will ease. If you catch me on a good working day, then I’m good. I’d say I’m like 85% back to my normal self.

This is not going to be a long post today… to be frank, I just can’t be bothered. Any suggestions to help with sore hair follicles will be greatly appreciated. Over-the-counter painkillers, showers and scalp massaging do not help.

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