

Darina's Story

It was Christmas Eve and I already felt hungover even though the festivities had not yet began.

I was 6 weeks pregnant with my first child.

The vomiting started on Stephens Day. It was violent and often. My family doctor called the next morning and I was told to get straight into hospital. I could barely talk, walk or even open my eyes because I felt so ill. I was told very casually (with the nurses back turned to me) that I probably had hyperemesis gravidarum, a term I had never heard before and which was not explained to me subsequently. And so my hyperemesis journey began.

My symptoms were countless but included:

Vomiting

Dehydration

Nausea

Sleep deprivation

Weight loss

Headaches

Back pain

Restless leg and foot syndrome

Leg cramps

Diarrhoea

Acid reflux/heartburn

Nose bleeds

Insert the word **severe** in front of each of these. I suffered from HG right up until the very minute the baby came into this world (the contractions were easier to handle than the nausea and vomiting).

There were points when I was so scared that I didn't know whether I could go through with the pregnancy and it was a planned one. I desperately want more children but I am terrified of getting this debilitating illness again and not being about to cope mentally and physically, let alone look after my first born.

It broke me, broke my relationship and broke my hopes of having a big family.

But. . . And there is always a but. . . **It DOES end.**