

A Beautiful Wednesday afternoon my GP confirmed our much wanted pregnancy for me.

### **6 weeks that day.**

I was beginning to feel nauseous but my GP said it was too early to be feeling anything but maybe I'd caught a bug. I drove an hour long journey home to our house and literally each minute I was getting sicker. Definitely a bug I thought. I couldn't even greet my poor husband I just said I have to go to bed. I didn't last in bed the vomiting soon began. I had to ring in sick to work the following day and little did I know I wouldn't return. For the next 2 days I slept in the bathroom my legs wrapped around the toilet bowl and I'm not ashamed to say it I was so tired my head rested on a towel on the toilet bowl. My husband went as far as to bring a duvet in to cover my feet. I can clearly remember him begging me to come back to bed for my own comfort and I can remember not having the energy, I was so weak. After almost 36 hours of constant vomiting and not keeping anything down I went to see an out-of-hours doctor who admitted me to hospital with severe dehydration. This was to be the first trip of many.

For the next few weeks I fought with vomiting, dehydration and ketones in my urine. I would often be so weak from the never ending sickness that it felt like I'd drift in and out of consciousness. I'd wake up with my head on the toilet bowl vomit running out of my mouth. Friends would text, can they call?? I'd reply no please don't. I didn't want to see or hear from anyone. By now I had moved home to my parents so they could mind me. My husband would come to see me and he'd literally sit on the edge of the bed and I wouldn't say 1 word to him. The effort of opening my mouth would make me want to puke. My mam would hop into bed next to me to offer support. I used to put my finger to my mouth and make the hush sound -enough said. She'd lie there and hold my hand -such comfort in the reassuring squeeze of your mum's hand.

The hard thing was it was never ending. I was admitted to hospital every week from week 6 to week 14 for 2/3 nights. I hated going in but the instant relief I'd feel once I'd feel the fluids entering my bloodstream was amazing. I always got a Zofran injection and within 30 mins the vomiting would stop. The nausea would still be there but the urge to vomit would leave. I'd catch up on sleep straight away. It's hard to describe but with HG you are even sick in your sleep. It never leaves you. It's circulating inside you it's like an itch that you can't scratch. You want it out you want it gone but it's still there swirling inside you churning your tummy, eating your reserves away, your tongue tastes like you've a dirty coin on it, your lips hurt from the dehydration, your skin is flaking, and one of the worst parts for me was when I'd going through an exceptional bad patch the lining of my tummy would tear and I'd bring up strings of blood and nothing you could do would stop it, it would keep happening. The burning sensation in your throat from the constant vomiting.

No one understands it unless they go through it. If someone told me they were this sick before I'd had HG I would have thought they were exaggerating. Well there is no exaggerating it. It's bloody awful I remember one evening my mum going out to work at 6 pm and I was in the toilet puking. When she returned home at 12 that night I was still in the exact same spot. I hadn't moved. The same day my husband's county had won the Munster Hurling final and were all out celebrating and here I was

thinking I was dying, that was a low point. How in god's name could something so small make you so sick?

Well that something so small did make me so sick, it made me question so much, my mental state was affected-how could it not be. Puke dripping out of my hair not having the energy to wash myself. I remember asking my husband to wash me -another low. Brush your teeth-I couldn't feel the brush in my mouth I'd gag. I couldn't travel in the car more sickness. I literally lived in my parent's house and the hospital. **A cousin of mine tells a story that she'll never forget calling to see me one evening and my Dad was sitting at the fire and my mum said shed make me get up it was 6pm in the evening and I hadn't left the bedroom and bathroom all day and that she sat in horror as she saw me come downstairs in my vest and knickers, no bra no pants I just physically wasn't able to dress myself.**

As the weeks went on I was improving, by week 20 the vomiting had eased. I wasn't getting sick 20 times a minute it was more 20 times a day, it was easier. I could drink water the nicest feeling ever after being so sick. I could eat homemade chips bread rolls. Everything seemed super delicious after being deprived for weeks. I swore id never go on a diet again and always say now if your able to eat it eat the dam thing. Life is short. I went on to have the most beautiful perfect baby girl I could ever have wanted and the mad thing is I did it all over again a second time.

My brother Conor said to me once it can't have been that bad you went back for more-if only he knew.

I went back for more because I so badly wanted my little girl to have a sibling and who knows you might not be as sick 2<sup>nd</sup> time round-how wrong was i ??

**If anything I was sicker it was torture, absolute torture.**

I got through it with great support from my husband, family and great friends. They minded my toddler and took me to and from the hospital no matter what hour it was. I was gifted with a second beautiful girl who I am so grateful for. Yes they both nearly killed me but i would kill for them.

People say "You might have a third you might be third time lucky you might not get HG". I don't know if mentally, physically or emotionally I and we as a family would be able, but who knows?! Stranger things have happened!!