

On the Inside looking Out

Diary of an Me/Fibro sufferer

Nowadays everyone can look up what ME and Fibromyalgia are on internet and get a list of never-ending symptoms, and all the hows, whos and whys. Though no one can really tell you what we pass through daily! The day to day agony and daily struggles... not only physical but also emotional, mental and financial!

There is quite a bit of awareness going round, though what I see lacking is the personal touch to the story. How we are slowly put aside by society, friends and by life. This is called the silent sickness for more than one reason. Although we look normal on the outside we are not, and most are too weak to ask for help, and it is in our silence that we scream for help!

I am a 29 year old girl... and the best years of my life where destroyed by this illness and I can never get them back!

I lost jobs, opportunities and friends in these past 9 yrs, and still continue loosing important parts of my life.

Every morning I wake up exhausted, before the day even begins. I battle my way out of bed and tell myself ''today will be a different day''. Though, it never

really is. How often do people say "every single part of my body aches"? Well, in my case, I take this literally, because every part of my body does hurt!

My hair feels too heavy for my head, my skin burns and anything I am wearing burns against it. My fingernails feel like they are being pulled out, and I feel like someone is hitting me with a hammer all over... while carrying a tonne of bricks on my shoulders! Oh, and forgot my chest pains too! Oh yes... and the brain fog!!!

As soon as I open my mouth to say I am not feeling well, I am often greeted with a "what now?" and who can blame them? I would be sick of myself being sick everyday too!

I cannot work, and my mother is a 67-year-old single mother with barely enough income to keep us going. So I use my "artistic talent" to earn some little income from fairs.

In fact, yesterday morning I had a very important fair which could earn me some money to fix up my car, which is falling apart! I had to wake up at 7am. For most people this is a normal occurrence to wake up at this time throughout the week. Though for me it's one of the hardest things I could ever do!

It takes ALL of my strength to get out of bed and, when I do, I need to run to the bathroom and throw up! My body reacts this way when I'm too tired! (When I used to work part-time in the morning my first 15 minutes of the morning was spent like this, throwing up, very normal for me).

I managed to make the fair, late of course. After that day, it took me a whole week to recover and regain some energy to get out of bed.

My life is lived through the eyes of others. I look at the pictures they post on Facebook and can see all the new things around, and feel like I am still part of this world through their photos. Being too weak to go out, friends go out without me. Bit by bit they started inviting me less and less to join, until I became invisible to them.

Every day they post new pictures on Facebook, and I go through them. Although, all it does is remind me of all the things I am missing out on, all the fun and all the laughter... I go through the pictures and wish I were with them... I tell myself, next time I will be in that picture... though the invitation to join never arrives. And I once again see all those amazing moments of another part of my life missed! I feel all alone in a world full of strangers!

Do you ever have one of those horrible nights, where you get very little sleep and feel very uncomfortable in bed and just wake up angry because of that night? Imagine having 9 years of that! Everyday's frustration growing inside because you cannot wake up rested! Now in all this put in the constant numbing, throbbing pain, the throwing up, the migraines, the constant running to the bathroom, and the list can go on and on (75 symptoms long actually) . How would you feel?

Today I had a meeting at 10.30am. My dad is here in Malta for a week, and I help in his complicated family business. Woke up at 8 30am. My first 15 minutes were spent in the bathroom, as usual, feeling sick because my body was too tired and could not handle it. Fought through it and went to the meeting, put on my best smile and went for it.

No one would have guessed how sick I really was, guess this makes me an excellent actress. Later went over a few notes and tried to rest, though had to go for my grandmother.

The sun hurts my eyes, the noise in the streets sounds like speakers tied to my ears on full volume. My ears hurt so much my eyes tear up, and jaws clench tightly in pain which, in turn, hurts too.

Though I smile, I continue, I try. After eating dinner my body could not digest food too well, my body is too weak and rejects the food. By the end of it all, all I want to do is sleep, put my head down on the comfortable pillow and drift away in a happy happy resting land. Though the mattress feels rock hard under my pained body, and is someone hammering a nail in my head? I guess this will be another one of those restless nights. Again!

This is the Diary of an ME/ Fibromyalgia sufferer. Spend a few days in our shoes and be truthful to yourselves and us. Do we deserve/need help? Should we be labelled as spoilt? Mad? Hypochondriacs?