

## **It started with a tremor (Part 2)**

I walked out of my personal tutor's office, and because I knew if I didn't do it that day, I never would - I eventually told my other tutor. I did however spend several hours figuring how I would and why I was going to tell him; more than anything what I really wanted to do was either run away from all of it or bury my head in the sand - but that's the problem with your own thoughts - they follow you everywhere, no matter how far you run or try to hide from them.

Before I finally went home that day I plucked up the guts to wait to speak to him, he was busy but I knew there would be no other day. I don't know what made him listen to me that day but he did. His colleague was in the office too but she assured me she had her earphones in - for her own sake I hoped she did and asked her to put it up as loud as possible. Probably the one and only time I have ever actually sat down in his office, the chair was positioned with my back to her, not that I remembered she was there most of the time.

He was blown over, I don't think he knew what to do or say. At one point I remember he suggested that I took a year out to deal with it. Half smiling, half on the verge of tears I told him KFS was degenerative and that that option was not viable; if I didn't do my degree now, there was no guarantee I would ever be in a better position to do it in the future - in fact it was highly unlikely. Much of that meeting was a daze, but I remember that if the next student hadn't come when it did, the tears that fell as I walked out his office door would have started rolling as the conversation continued. That was the first time I ever cried outside and I cried almost all the way home; that was when I knew I really needed to see a counsellor.

First I booked to see my University's counselling service but they did not have an appointment until late the following week, and there was no way a 10 minute drop-in session was ever going to be viable, so I contacted my own ex-counsellor in the hope she would see me sooner. She did bless her, and I will be eternally grateful for the time she spent with me that Saturday. In the entire time she had counselled me previously I had not even come close to shedding a tear - in that meeting, it was an emotional one, let's just put it that way. By the end of it however, I did feel a whole lot more centered and back on track. I don't know how she did it or what she did to bring me back to rational but she managed it. I left there that day feeling better than I had in weeks.

Going through most of what I did was not easy, and it took its toll. I am after all, human, with thoughts and feelings. I am glad I wasn't afraid or ashamed to seek help and talk about it because I would have lost the plot if I hadn't. I couldn't write about my experiences at the time, and I certainly didn't want to discuss them with any of my friends or family, hence the time lapse in these chronicles.