

## **I made it to the end!**

Outside of all things medical, my parallel universe was/is University. Whilst the on edge surgical waiting was on the agenda, I was trying to complete my assignments for two modules. One I needed to get a really high mark in to make up for the mark I got in December (each counts for 50% of my overall grade). I did one of my exams early so that I actually got to do it, because by this time we really did think surgery was imminent. It was a 2hr exam; after having my head bent over the paper for the first hour I was in considerable pain, but I stuck it out and I am so glad I did.

The final exam was in May, that too was touch and go for a while, I'm fairly sure I did both my personal tutors in going back and forth with that one. The weekend before I was due to sit the exam, I could neither sit up nor walk. Yep, my lumbar selectively joins the party these days when it feels its missing out. Thankfully the day before the exam I was much better and I was all good to go on the day. I revised well and luckily from my personal plan made by University, I did this one on the computer. Being that the screen was eye-level and I did not have to bend my head down it went much better than the other one.

I left my final exam, having finally completed all my assignments and completing the entire year, I was practically floating with happiness and I pretty much went directly to find my personal tutors. After everything I had put them through over the past months, it was only fitting that they got to hear the news first, I had made it to the end, and for the longest time it seemed like I was never going to be able to say that! And I was so very thankful to them for getting me there because even though they barely see it that way, I could not have done it without them.

Uni and my tutor were more than prepared to accommodate surgery, we had discussed alternate forms of assessment, doing it later, having a scribe - the works. It was my desire that I did it on time because I didn't want to be out of timescale with everybody else. It had taken 3 members of staff to convince me that sitting the exam later was a viable option, but I am still glad I got to do it on time in the end. Both of my personal tutors were very happy that I made it to the end and that meant a lot.

In balance to all my academic stuff was also my extra-curricular activities that needed wrapping up. That's something I should have considered perhaps before opting to do all of them, but I just love being involved. I choose to guide my life by 'there is a difference between being alive and living' and doing all the things I love are integral to my idea of living. Planning things and seeing them come to fruition gives me a thrill, mostly because they are all aimed at creating some sort of beneficial change or making someone happy in some way.

In recent weeks, with everything being wrapped up for this academic year, I am honoured to say I was nominated for several awards and won half of them. By the end of it, I was actually very near to speechless, because no sentence was forming in my head at the time. It took me days to get over winning three of them on the same night, and I think the shock still hasn't totally subsided. My year regardless of the medical rollercoaster has been a completely amazing adventure and I've loved it.

As of yesterday, still living by the same motto, I also completed two things on my bucket list - I have ridden on every great rollercoaster in Britain and been to all the major theme parks. I guess the moral culminated from all this saga, is that no matter what we have to face, if we

stick with it and keep striving towards our goals, somehow we will get there. Everything may not always be bright and sparkly but in those times it's okay to let others help you through and guide you. We have to keep faith and hope in those times that they will end and though some things may have changed along the way from what we originally envisioned/planned, we can reach our goals if we keep going!