

RNOH and Starting Year 2

From July to now, much has changed, so there will be several other chronicles supporting this one with a greater level of detail on specific things. The past months have been a slightly more stable rollercoaster, but a rollercoaster all the same.

August was the month I met my consultant at RNOH for the first time, it was a thorough appointment. I had to do the usual neurological tests and have yet more x-rays. It was evident that I wasn't escaping surgery at this point, so we had the type of surgery debate again. They are going with fusion with a number of reasons, but mostly because of the findings from the CT report. He took the time to elaborate that they would need to put extra-long screws in and they would have to most likely plate from the front rather than the back like they normally would. Another MRI was requested to confirm the latest spinal condition, before surgery was booked in.

Needless to say, life was back in limbo. I went to see my counsellor again because I couldn't get my head around jeopardising the blissful dream in which I was living with surgery. I had accepted and come to terms with having surgery this time, there was no fear. After all was said and done, I realised there is going to be no completely ideal time to have it, so it is a case of just accommodating whenever surgery has to be. It was a strange situation to be in, I didn't know whether I was going back to Uni on time, if I was - for how long or indeed if I would even be able to return after surgery to catch up this year. Nonetheless, I was going to go with the flow of surgery this time.

September came around and despite not knowing what would happen, I continued with the projected forecast for all things Uni just in case I was staying on board. Out of everything, the start to year 2 is what took the biggest hit. I was doing so much, mostly because I didn't know when my time was going to be up there, reflecting back I didn't get a chance to enjoy any of it. I think my induction was the most heart-breaking thing I had to get through in 2014; I sat there on the verge of tears if not actually shedding a few at the thought of how much I would miss it all. Quite literally, the biggest thing that bugs me is knowing that surgery could potentially be the end of my life at Uni, and I have no words to explain just how painful not seeing half my tutors again is to contemplate.

October rolled around, surgery was still no clearer, the MRI hadn't showed them what they needed to see, a SPECT scan was requested (separate chronicle) and facet joint injections (separate chronicle) were bought into question. At this time though I was at the beginning of a pain flare up, I was trying to delay commencing painkillers but they had won by the time I was in clinic the 2nd time. I left in a daze induced by being highly drugged and in a lot of pain - not a good combination. I didn't want to think about any of it because my rationality becomes highly impaired with that combo. I wasn't happy about the additional time that I was going to have to miss from Uni but I knew it had to be done.