

As one door closes another one opens

Sorry for the time lapse, a lot has happened and been unclear for some time. In all honesty I just did not possess the will or want, time or energy to discuss anything KFS related more than necessary. I was too mentally exhausted to go through another explanation again on top of medical professionals, family, friends and Uni.

The last time I wrote was 14th December 2013, and I was harping on about abdominal pain and my kidneys - the following week I got the all clear that they were back into the borderline low end of normal functioning. But that was a painful time, it took several weeks even following that to bring the resulting symptoms back under control.

Whilst dealing with that though, and the end of a 7 week pain-flare up where I could not sit longer than 3 hours and felt half dead most of the time because I was drugged senseless; I managed to get the first set of assignments for Uni completed. I didn't want to have an extension granted or have them lingering over me, because at that time I didn't even know if the flare-up would end. I had waited literally the entirety of November hoping the flare-up would fade, so when December rolled around and it hadn't I just had to do whatever I could. I handed them all in on time, but as I wrote the final words of the last one in the early hours of the morning (I wasn't going to sleep until it was done), my heart filled with endless joy and there was a beaming smile on my face that lasted for days. I can honestly say it was worth it too because I passed them all with excellent marks.

Having stopped Naproxen, I anticipated that there was going to be resulting problems. In my final seminar before Christmas break, my left arm took an unexpected turn - I was sitting there and suddenly the tremor became uncontrollable, I was holding a single sheet of paper and it was visibly shaking in my hand. The only way I could stop it was by resting my entire arm on the desk. My seminar tutor registered the incident in his head but didn't say anything, at the time that couldn't have been more appreciated, because I was just sitting there in shock thinking why and was half bewildered it was happening the way it was. I knew then I had to see my GP and that it wasn't going to be good. I was just glad I had a few weeks to sort it out before I was due back in Uni again.

That was pretty much the end of that saga, right in time for the next one to unfold...