

PAIN

When you see me how do I look? I can answer that, I look fine.

Get to know me and you will find out different.

Every day some part of my body hurts, one day my legs one day my arms another day every part of my body.

How would you cope with it?

I struggle every day to get out of bed with pain stiffness or just to tired.

Over the years I have learnt to put up with the pain whether it be low moderate or high.

I use crutches on the really bad days to stop me from falling over because my jelly wobble legs don't want to hold me up or to move.

I beg of you legs please move, take one step at a time, that's it just one foot forward then the other, that's right just like you use to. It is not hard to walk for you, try having my legs for a month you would soon want yours back.

I love going out shopping, can you carry your shopping bags because I can't.

What is a jumper in a plastic bag? To you it is jumper to me it is a bag of bricks. The pain in my shoulders and in my hands goes down my spine and into my legs that is what carrying a jumper is to me.

Do you find it hard to peel a spud? I do the pain in my fingers and hands shoot up my arms and into my shoulders, yes then into my spine down to my legs.

Yes I could sit down to peel them I hear you say, but that won't stop the pains in my hand as I struggle to hold the spud.

Just sitting here writing this puts pressure on my spine my shoulders my wrists and fingers. I use to write stories but now my fingers hurt to hold the pen, the pain shoots up my fingers into my hands, they start to stiffen my hand writing goes to a scribble I cannot control the pen. At my age I cannot control the pen.

Do you know how that feels?

I love to watch films but I can never remember what they were about when they have finished.

I could be talking to you having a great conversation then suddenly stop, what were we talking about I have forgotten.

No I am not going senile, no I am not stupid and most of all no I am not kidding.

Your in pain, your body does not want to work all you want to do is sleep. Can you sleep for days on end? I can. When you wake you don't know what day it is or how long you have been in bed. The tears roll down your face, is this what my life is all about.

All of this and more just because I have an illness called fibromyalgia.

What is that I hear you say, it is a miserable lonely life that unless you know someone with it or have it yourself you would never know or understand.

What can we do about it, what do the doctors say?

The doctors say you have to live with it because we don't really know enough about it to take it away.
Isn't life fun.