

I have so much respect for anyone who has the misfortune to suffer with this horrible condition.

I was 19 when I fell pregnant with an ex-boyfriend. He was quite a bit older than me, very unsupportive and basically left me to suffer.

I began to be very sick, my partner told me I was over reacting, and the Dr did to. I started to believe them.

I went about 4 weeks where every single thing, food or water, would come straight back up within minutes of it going down. I was so tired, so sore, and yet each time I went to the doctors or to the hospital after fainting or collapsing, I wasn't offered any medication or support, I was told to try ginger and sea bands and told it would pass.

I was also told at my 1st doctor's appointment to come off my anti-depressants straight away, which sent me into a further downward spiral.

I got to about 8 weeks pregnant and collapsed, hitting my head on the floor. I came round to paramedics putting me in the back of an ambulance. I had lost a lot of weight, my throat was bleeding from the constant vomiting, I was beyond exhausted, I could barely walk, I had ketones in my urine which I was told meant severe dehydration, I was so depressed and felt like a complete failure in my life, I had totally had enough. The hospital finally realised I was very ill and told me I had HG. I was bed bound, nil by mouth, and given meds via an IV.

The whole hospital stay was very blurry. I can't even remember how long I was there. Sadly the hospital staff who were supposed to be taking care of me neglected me and most of the other ward, and it was a horrible experience. A couple of them made snide remarks at me, as if they thought I was suffering from morning sickness and as if I was somehow wanting to be there and to take up bed space or something.

I was so low, I shut everyone out, and mentally and physically couldn't cope any more.

At 11 or 12 weeks I knew that I couldn't cope anymore and after a lot of thinking and soul searching I made the very difficult decision to undergo a termination. It took me a long time to mentally deal with it, but I knew that it was the right decision. I wasn't mentally or physically well enough at that time to be able to take care of myself, let alone another human being. And the thought of that on top of 28/29 more weeks of the torture of HG- I just couldn't cope.

I was never offered any kind of support or counselling in dealing with what I went through.

I'm now almost 28, married, and after 9 months of trying we were lucky enough to find out we were pregnant. I was of course terrified that I would get HG again, but I was in a much better place in my life, surrounded by a supportive family and in a much more stable environment, and knew that if I had to deal with it this time, that I could get through it.

At 7 weeks I started getting quite sick. And as anyone who has had HG knows, the nausea and sickness is like a whole other level, which doesn't compare at all to normal morning sickness. I went to the dr to explain about my HG history and to ask for help. I explained that I wasn't as bad as last time, that things seemed to ease by late afternoon and I could keep things down sometimes. I was told that it could be to do with my partner. (Apparently you + Person A could = Bad HG, and you + Person B could = Mild HG or even none at all??... Something to do with your DNA??)

But I had had so much time off work because I was so exhausted and knew I needed help before it got any worse.

I was prescribed Cyclizine and advised to try sea bands and ginger. Of course sea bands and ginger didn't work, and neither did the Cyclizine. I went back at 9 weeks and was prescribed Stemetil, which again did nothing. I felt so low and exhausted again and was worried about it getting worse. I went back to the doctor at around 11 weeks and in tears demanded that I be given something stronger

and to not even mention the word ginger!! I was finally prescribed Ondansetron and thankfully it worked. It was like magic!! 4mg x3 daily, and I felt almost normal!!  
I have been off work since July last year as I couldn't deal with the sickness in work, I wasn't alert enough to do my job or drive, and my mental health had taken a bit of a hit.

At the beginning of this pregnancy when the sickness started I suffered horrible flashbacks of my 1st pregnancy and of the trauma caused by the HG, it caused a bout of anxiety and depression - I had therapy for this throughout this pregnancy which has helped immensely.  
I am now almost 38 weeks pregnant and am so thankful that I was finally prescribed the Ondansetron- and that it worked.

I wanted to share my story just to let other HG sufferers know that they are not alone. I wish I'd have known about these forums back then, but everything happens for a reason. HG is hard. Really hard. There is a distinct and shocking lack of understanding and knowledge about it by medical professionals which needs to change! I hope that my story gives some of you hope in the fact that life does get better after it, and I know that sometimes it feels there is no way out. And for those that have had to make that difficult decision in the past, it doesn't mean it's the end for you. Keep strong. Good luck to you all x