

## Katy's Experience

I started to vomit before I found out I was pregnant, at approximately 2 weeks pregnant, I was 27. I had married my childhood sweetheart and we were ready to have a rugby team of babies. I confirmed my pregnancy early approx. 5-6 weeks, working in a clinic & having access to ultrasound scans whenever the Dr had a break!

I was still vomiting but I was dutifully trying out the soup and the crackers and the awful ginger. By 8 weeks I thought I was dying, and I had been a Bulimic teenager so vomiting & I had been hand in hand many times.

I listened as I was told it was because I was carrying twins, it was because I had "pre-historic DNA" that would have stopped my caveman ancestors from eating poison berries, it was because of my age, it was because I wasn't strong enough.

I remember looking at my face in the mirror, my eyes blood shot, my face covered in a pin prick rash all from the vomiting and the blackest rings under my eyes. I remember sitting on the stairs begging for it to end, praying to anyone to take everything away. I felt I was losing myself.

Over the next few weeks came the IV re-hydration, the A&E visits, my husband driving around looking for a chemist that had the right suppositories. The hospital admissions when because of my food allergies they had no food to offer me but I could not leave until I could eat. I was haunted by the whispering in the ward about the women who couldn't continue with the pregnancies, the young girl who was given a map to the clinic for a termination but was going to have to get the bus, while vomiting into a plastic bag. I was still only 15 weeks.

I was waiting for this to end, I was waiting to glow and bloom, I was waiting to wear denim dungarees like in the magazines, I was waiting to feel like I had a child inside me rather than feeling like I was dying.

I became an expert on my own urine, looking like Lucozade syrup is not a good thing! I learnt quickly about ketones and protein.

At 21 weeks I had found a barely liveable routine, sleep, nausea, fluids, and then antibiotics for the never ending water infections.

At 40 weeks + 2 I was still vomiting in the delivery room being told I had made extra work for the cleaners because I missed the bowl and splattered the floor. An hour later I gave birth to our beautiful daughter Georgia who flew out as fast paced as she lives her life now.

At 7 yrs. old she is very aware and proud that she is a HG Hero and that Mummy is a HG Warrior. I won't tell her about the Dr calling her a parasite, telling me that I had to take responsibility for deformities if I chose to take the anti-emetics, because this year she became the youngest Tae-Kwondo black belt in the country and every day she makes us laugh and smile.

But I grieved for my pregnancy, for my dreams lost and because I knew I couldn't ever do it again, although I believe the women who have multiple HG pregnancies are amazing, it's something I cannot do.



*Poster Designz  
Photography*