

Before reading this post please read my first which documents the first 12 weeks of Hyperemesis and how we reached this point citing medication and hospital admissions. This continues on from my 12 week scan. It is tricky to document exactly what happened and how bad I truly felt, but I hope this does justice for any HG sufferers.

From reading the first part you'll have gathered how difficult it was just getting to this point. After our scan which reassured us somehow our baby was doing fine we decided to tell people as I'd been off work so long without explanation. It was a relief to be able to say why and also a huge comfort to have so many messages of support. I was so hoping the sickness would dissipate at 12 weeks but sadly that wasn't to be. It was the most bizarre experience driving home with the leaves all green and the sun shining, I'd not left the house apart from for hospital for weeks, I barely made it out of bed most days. Winter was suddenly spring.

The sickness continued to be horrendous, but we discovered St Michael's hospital in Bristol has a Hyperemesis unit. We were trying to get access to some treatment as I was being so sick and the doctor referred us, my ketones were very low and I needed fluids urgently. We'd been to a different hospital twice before where I'd been on a drip and anti sickness but it was extremely hard to be admitted with red tape at every turn and many medical professionals simply not understanding what I was feeling and how very sick I was.

The treatment at St Michaels was amazing, they actually understood what it was like to feel sick every moment of the day. It was so hard getting the cannula in to my arm, every time I was admitted I'd dread it as my veins were so thin due to dehydration. One time blood spurted everywhere, I was around 14 weeks and this is really the only time I full on cried the whole time I was pregnant. I was so upset, I just didn't think I could go on like this. The nurses were amazing and my husband who'd become my carer was so understanding. It was hard going into hospital so much, but I had no choice. A few nurses and even doctors told me to try ginger, I just couldn't believe it. This was not morning sickness, alarmingly not everyone realised this and some were less than sympathetic. I valued those who took me seriously so much.

At home I couldn't even drink an inch of water a day. I used to watch Love Island as they swigged from those bottles in the sunshine and just wonder if I'd ever get back to even being able to have a drink of water! Mainly I lay in bed as still as I could with Barney our dog and Poppy our cat by my side.

I'd sometimes set a target of showering, it would take hours and hours to muster the strength to make the couple of steps to the bathroom and the shower lasted about 20 seconds at best. Any movement made me want to be sick and often I was. Climbing the stairs was absolutely sapping. I'd have random cravings so my husband would rush to the shops, I'd try to eat a bit of whatever it was and almost immediately bring it back up. We tried me sipping sprite, slush puppies, Coke, bottled water and many more but nothing worked. It was demoralising, debilitating and incredibly lonely. I was a prisoner in my own home, I couldn't stand the kitchen as I could smell a weird smell, our fresh laundry smell made me sick. The smell of food cooking was too much, to the point my husband had to go to our neighbours to cook meals!

If I made it downstairs to the sofa I'd be sick, when I came home from hospital I'd be sick from the car ride or walking upstairs to bed. I remember the day of the FA cup final I was in hospital and probably had too many IV fluids to fast as on returning home I was uncontrollably shaking, there's was no let up.

Friends and family were amazing. Half the time I couldn't look at my phone, I'd have to ignore calls and messages too weak or too sick to try and reach over and look at my screen. I remember one morning a huge bunch of flowers arrived from my fellow Sky Sports News presenters, I was so touched people even thought of me. Good friends sent cards and gifts, it really did boost me. My sister was amazing, having had 4 miscarriages herself she was so supportive, I felt guilty moaning knowing how lucky I was but at the same time feeling so awful.

On what turned out to be one of my last admissions during the pregnancy I was so desperate I asked the doctor about steroids. They'd been reluctant when I'd mentioned them before and the doctor gave me a choice. I could stay in as I still had ketones and discuss steroids in the morning with a consultant or I could go home but they'd add metoclopramide into my medication schedule alongside the ondansetron and cyclizine. I chose the latter and although I was still sick every day I think it did help being on all three. It was tough as it required me taking pills every two hours which was so hard when I couldn't drink, many times I tried to take the pill and it came straight back up. I used to hate my husband appearing with the medication, it meant trying to get them down which at times was impossible. Without him working from home I dread to think what would have happened, most days unable to make it to the bathroom or take medication unaided.

Nothing helped, reading was too hard, the tv made it worse especially adverts with food on or anything similar. My job I adored was so far away as the end of the season went by and I lay in bed barely aware of what was happening most of the time. I was off work not earning money which added to the stress.

I remember when I began feeling sick in March googling how long this could last and being alarmed for some it lasted the whole pregnancy. If you're reading this and suffering from HG please don't compare yourself to others, there's no telling how it could be for you but I hope this next bit offers some comfort.

We cancelled our holiday to Corfu, I was so gutted. That week the sickness continued, then one day, I just felt slightly better. The sickness was down most days to one to times rather than multiple and that Wednesday I told my husband I was determined to leave the house. We only went down the road and sat outside a cafe by the seafront, the smell inside was too much, but this was a turning point. The rest of the week continued to improve, by now I'd lost over a stone at 18 weeks pregnant. I was so worried I took a sick bag and bits with me everywhere only going locally and too weak to walk far but finally getting out of the house. A week later I returned to work still on anti sickness but feeling much better. I honestly couldn't believe it.

I still had some nausea and in the heat of summer it wasn't easy. I continued taking my anti sickness pills but cut down the amount. I struggled to take any pregnancy vitamins and began taking gaviscon advanced for the horrendous heartburn. I had a few UTIs from dehydration in the second and third trimester, and I was still sick a few times but in the main it was standard pregnancy complaints of swelling, hip ache and uncomfortableness. All of these felt like nothing compared to the HG. My teeth kept snapping at one point and I had numerous colds but once you've dealt with HG other problems just seem a little more manageable.

Our son beautiful Zac was born at 36 weeks, my waters broke spectacularly in bed and following a hypnobirthing online course I found the labour part surprisingly ok. We arrived at hospital at 5.30am and by 10.30am I was 9cm dilated. I was worried about how sick I might be during labour but luckily only oramorph made me sick so I used gas and air. Unfortunately he was breech with his foot poking out so I had to have an emergency c section, I'd taken elements of hypnobirthing to keep me calm as possible but this bit was upsetting as I fretted for Zac's wellbeing. The doctors, anaesthetists,

midwives, nurses and staff were beyond incredible and at 11.42am on 23rd October Zac was lifted into the world. Initially I wasn't emotional just concerned he was ok, but as soon as he was placed on my chest the tears came as I told him we'd done it. The hardest months I'd known and now he was finally here, and just perfect.

When everyone used to say it will be worth it I didn't quite understand, now as Zac lays on my chest (after quite the meltdown this afternoon!) I completely get it. What I've found hard since his birth is the talk of a second, the doctor popped her head around the c section screen and assured me for my second I could have a natural delivery! Innocent comments about having a second or a sibling I initially found very difficult, there's no malice meant but only I truly know how hard and long pregnancy was. Zac was absolutely worth it, and I would do it all again for him of course, I'd do anything for him but beyond that I'm not sure I could face the total torture of HG again and that in itself is upsetting as many people who have it once have it again. The odds of having HG are 1%, the chances of it returning around 80%.

I'm so lucky, I can understand why some women feel they cannot carry on in the worst moments. The reality is HG is a killer, it's an uncomfortable truth that some babies are not born because of it and some women are suicidal and depressive. I can't thank PSS enough, my WhatsApp buddy Lucy understood, the charity advised me on medication and charts and was such a good reference point. We are so very fortunate to have Zac, I just hope there can be more support and research into this dreadful illness so everyone can make it through and one day no one has to face it.

There is a guilt about taking medication in pregnancy, I know I felt bad but I didn't have a choice so please don't be too hard on yourself if you also have no choice. You're doing your very best, getting through each day is amazing.