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Hyperemesis Gravidarum - I thought it would be a good idea to capture quite how bad I am at pregnancy before hormones do their thing, generally erasing past horrors from my mind, and make me crave a third baby.

Before the Duchess of Cambridge suffered with Hyperemesis I didn't know it was a thing. I think even when there were news reports about her having it I am ashamed to say I probably thought wow, she's just having a bit of morning sickness but she's really milking it. Fast forward twelve months and pregnancy taught me a lesson. Being so violently sick that you wee yourself a little? This was new. Being sick is never fun, but it usually brings with it a cathartic feeling that something bad is leaving your body and after a few bouts you'll be on the road to recovery, treating yourself with whatever you fancy eating. Hyperemesis sickness is so different, when you're being sick you know that it's not a means to an end, it's just a new state, and far from making you better, it can leave you dangerously dehydrated and worse.

The D of C emerged from her Hyperemesis cocoon looking glossy and fragrant, so I harboured hope that the same would happen for me. Alas it never did. I was not the glowing healthy pregnant lady of my pre-pregnancy imagination, and the mere thought of sitting under a hairdryer was akin to torture. Most of my time was spent working from home, muting conference calls so that I could be sick. I found that element particularly difficult. I wanted to be cementing the image of corporate me on the brains' of my employers so they didn't forget me or write me off on maternity leave, but it's hard to be impressive when getting dressed in a day becomes something you consider an achievement.

It feels really self indulgent to wallow in this. Every single day during pregnancy I used to rationalise with myself - look, the absolute maximum this can happen for is 40 weeks, then you will hold your baby; people would kill to be in your shoes; some people endure worse suffering than this and they are looking at a bleak prognosis too; man the hell up. But Hyperemesis impact wasn't limited to the physical symptoms - I had black, horrible, hopeless thoughts - perhaps partly because I felt so guilty that I should have been feeling happy, lucky and excited, but all I felt was dread until the middle of each pregnancy. While pregnant with my second I was consumed with guilt at what a rubbish mum I was being to my baby boy.

I'll admit while I'm at it that I felt guilty about being a fairly useless wife too, but most of all I still harbour a grudge against my husband. Don't get me wrong, he was brilliant at keeping the washing basket empty, and - gasp - making his own dinner, but he couldn't really support me with the emotional side of things. I'm not sure what I was expecting, maybe a medal ceremony at the end of each day for just surviving another one? A lot of others with Hyperemesis say similar things, it is difficult for people to support you over a prolonged period of time perhaps, when everyone knows you're 'just pregnant'. I'm sure it's not true for everyone, but my relationships took one hell of a bashing.

The lack of support from my GP staggered me. When I felt the tide of Hyperemesis rising in my second pregnancy I marched optimistically to the GP thinking that forewarned was forearmed and getting started on antisickness medication early might prevent some of the symptoms. I had lost over a stone in my first pregnancy, and had become something of a recluse. Wrong. Despite my tearful protestations, the GP prescribed a drug that had no affect in my first pregnancy with a cheery 'let's just see how we get on'. A week later I was admitted to hospital where they struggled to find a vein to rehydrate me through because I had been so spectacularly sick that week.

Even after that sorry episode, when I went back to the GP clutching my post-it-note with what my hero hospital consultant (he has a glowing halo in my memory, part through hallucination, part through just how much better his actions made me) told me I needed to be prescribed, I got a sniffy, 'it's not for patients to recommend their own treatment' response. I was sick on his floor. At that point the right drugs were prescribed on repeat, I guess to prevent me darkening their door again.

I'll never know if I would have found the time after birth sunnier had pregnancy been a doddle, but I can't help feeling that I started on the road to motherhood depleted on energy both physically and mentally. I have seen lots anecdotally about Hyperemesis sufferers being particularly hard hit by postpartum depression and I think that's fairly understandable; motherhood is a tough gig, and while a bit of discomfort and sleeplessness may be good preparation for what lies ahead, Hyperemesis strips you of your reserves. I struggled big time, and I wish I had sought help.

Towards the end of pregnancy I stumbled across support groups run by the likes of Pregnancy Sickness Support (I think being pregnant and feeling appalling stopped me twigging that of course there are support groups, there's a support group for everything). At a bare minimum if my GP had enough belief in Hyperemesis to point me in the direction of a charity like PSS, this would have helped, rather than making me feeling like I must just be particularly hysterical about a touch of morning sickness. I am going to drop their details into my surgery, because sometimes just knowing that someone else gets what you are going through is the chink of light you need.

I'm going to make myself read this if I start looking misty-eyed at my beautiful babies (when they're asleep naturally), because although 'every pregnancy is different', it just wouldn't be would it? I'd have two of them hitting me with stuff and generally hanging off me while I was being sick, and I would be torn up with the guilt of being a shadow of myself in mothering them.

If someone you know is being 'dramatic' about a touch of morning sickness, do consider that they may be tackling this darker beast and be a good friend to them - give them the details of Pregnancy Sickness Support, and don't breathe a word about ginger nuts.