

THEN THE DAY ...

Then the day ... the weeks ... arrive when I feel I cannot cope anymore.

My sofa becomes my refuge.

My pj's and dressing gown my 'comfort blanket'.

My hours shared with Billy Elliott, Bridget Jones, Kes...

And a bottle of Sloe Gin!

I lock the door, close the blinds, draw the curtains.... I want to tell the world to F--K OFF and leave me alone! I don't want to talk to anyone at all, just want to be left alone!

Tourette's syndrome has sort of kicked in... apologies for the swearing! The feffing & Jeffing or fecking, and fuffing as a friend calls it, seems to somehow assuage and appease my anger and grief.

Now the dust, thick and dense; the piles of washing; the carpet not hoovered, the hob not glistening clean ... not important. Me... not eating, bathing or getting dressed, not even brushing my teeth or hair... nothing matters anymore. I had gone from being so fastidious, so clean and tidy, with everything just perfect to this!!