# Chapter 8

## Tuesday 13 September 2011 – Thursday 5 April 2012

When you think you’re dying you accept it. It’s that simple. I had long accepted that I would die. In fact, I had been broken so hard that I wanted to die and now that I hadn’t there was a lot to think about. There was the guilt. How had things become so difficult that I was willing to abandon my family? What did that mean about me? I could not recognise myself.

I had lost 2?kg and at …kg was now a fraction of the man I once was – both physically and psychologically. I was an emotional wreck and physically, well it was difficult to walk more than 100m at a time.

Just been discharged from hospital…