

“AS I WRITE THESE DIARIES, I AM UNCERTAIN OF THE STORY’S OUTCOME. EARLIER THIS YEAR, I QUIT ALCOHOL FOR FIVE MONTHS DURING ULTRAMARATHON TRAINING.

UPON RESUMING, I EXPERIENCED DISCOMFORT.

IN SEPTEMBER, AFTER A FIRST STEAK IN 5+ YEARS WHILST IN MENORCA, I FELT PERSISTENT PAIN IN MY LEFT SIDE,

MARKING THE BEGINNING OF A MUCH LARGER ISSUE.”

“BOXING DAY, I DRAG MYSELF AND HEAD TO THE GYM.

I RUN 6 KM, AND I DO SO REALLY WELL; IT'S ME TELLING CANCER TO F%^K OFF AND LEAVE ME ALONE.

EVEN THOUGH IT WON'T,

I FEEL LIKE I GET ONE UP ON IT EVERY TIME I RUN, EVERY TIME I EXERT MYSELF TO THE POINT WHERE I FEEL STRONGER, BETTER, MORE PREPARED FOR SURGERY.”

“WE LEAVE HOME AT 6:35 FOR A
07:00 HOSPITAL CHECK-IN.

AT 11:30, I'M IN A GOWN, NERVOUS
BUT NOT PANICKING.

I OVERHEAR A WOMAN SOBBING
AFTER A MISCARRIAGE AND
SUDDENLY REALISE I'M ABOUT TO
HAVE SOMETHING REMOVED THAT
I NEVER WANTED – SHE'S LOSING
SOMETHING SHE DID.

THE BRIGHT LIGHTS IN THEATRE,
THE MACHINES, THE SCREENS
READY TO DISPLAY MY INSIDES...
THEN THE KNOT IN MY STOMACH.
IS IT FEAR, OR MY TUMOUR
SENSING ITS TIME IS ALMOST
UP?”

“WHAT I DO KNOW IS THAT I’M MANAGING TO FART, WHICH, FOR ME, IS FANTASTIC SINCE I KNOW IT’S SOMETHING I HAVE TO DO BEFORE I LEAVE THE HOSPITAL.

THAT’S ONE THING TO CHECK OFF. AND WHEN I SAY FART, I MEAN FAAAAAAAARRRRRRRTTTTTT.

RIP-ROARING, EARTH-SHUDDERING FARTS. I EVEN CATCH THE NURSE LAUGHING.

THE NIGHT IS A BLEND OF BEEPING MACHINES, MORPHINE ON DEMAND, AND PACING THE WARD – OVER 5,000 STEPS CLOCKED UP BEFORE THE MORNING ROUNDS.”

“TODAY IS DORKING WANDERERS’
1000TH GAME,

SO I HAVE DORKING ON ONE IPAD AND
LIVERPOOL V BRENTFORD ON THE
OTHER.

SADLY, DORKING LOSE,

BUT LIVERPOOL WIN 2-0 WITH
GOALS IN THE 91ST AND 93RD
MINUTES.

I FIND THAT CHEERING REALLY
HURTS!

THOSE 90 MINUTES NOT THINKING
ABOUT CANCER, THE PAIN, OR THE
BAG HANGING FROM MY STOMACH
ARE TRULY WONDERFUL.

D-D-D-D-D.....DARWIN NUNEZ!

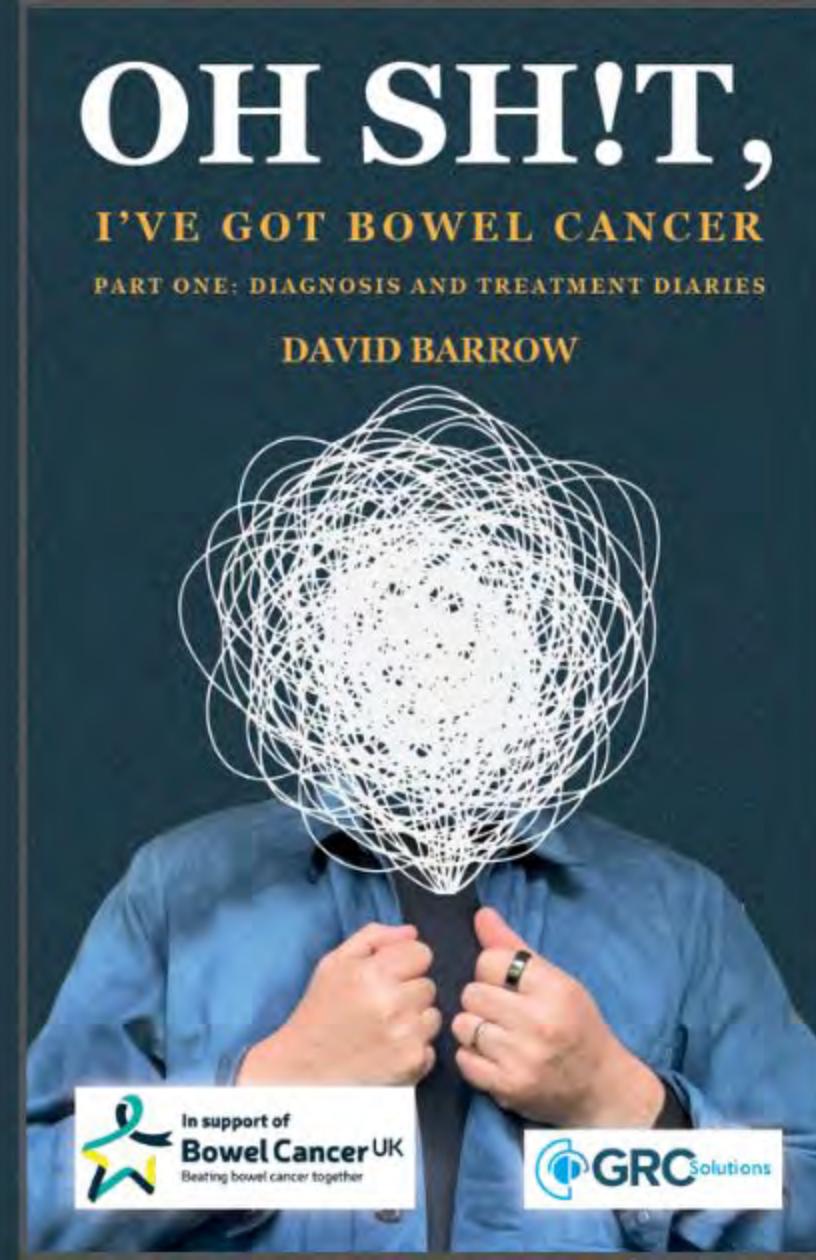
“MENTALLY, I AM SCARRED.

I STILL CANNOT SHAKE THE FEELING THAT ONE DAY THIS CANCER COULD TAKE ME AWAY.

BUT THANKS TO EMMA, MY FAMILY, MY FRIENDS, AND EVERYONE WHO HAS SUPPORTED ME, I FEEL LIKE I WILL GET THROUGH THIS.

THAT'S WHY THIS BOOK DOESN'T END WITH 'THE END' – IT CONCLUDES WITH, 'WHAT NEXT?'

BUY NOW



BUY NOW

OH SH!T,

I'VE GOT BOWEL CANCER

PART ONE: DIAGNOSIS AND TREATMENT DIARIES

DAVID BARROW



In support of
Bowel Cancer UK
Beating bowel cancer together

 **GRC** Solutions