

HYPERTENSIVE EMESIS GRAVIDARUM

the ezine

I think I'm
going to throw
up... AGAIN.



W.T.F. is H.G.?

WIKIPEDIA definition



HYPEREMESIS GRAVIDARUM

Hyperemesis gravidarum is a complication of pregnancy

characterised by intractable nausea vomiting and dehydration and is

~~estimated~~ estimated to affect 0.5-2.0 percent. Malnutrition and other serious complications may result. Sufferers may have difficulty with activities of daily living. If HG is inadequately treated, anemia, hyponatremia, renal failure, atrophy, pulmonary embolism, jaundice, ~~pe~~ pneumomediastinum or vasospasms of cerebral arteries are possible consequences. Depression is a common secondary complication.



eww NOB
moan BARF
BARF BARF
eww
bleck oof URGH
bleck

My Story

HYPEREMESIS GRAVIDARUM



BABY #1

☹️ HG WEEKS 5 → 10

* Knew I was PREGNANT when I couldn't STOMACH

eating MY kebab 

* Didn't KNOW it was

H.G. THOUGHT  WAS JUST

weak

}≡ Spewed a LOT. Lost

5 KILOGRAMS IN a MONTH.



BABY #2

☹️ HG WEEKS 5 → 40

* T.O.K ME (4) YEARS

T. WORK up the

COURAGE to get preggo Again.

(SO SCARED OF BEING SICK

LIKE THAT AGAIN)

☺ Tried every HIPPIY REMEDY
UNDER the ☀️ SUN

☹️ Became SO DEHYDRATED,
MALNOURISHED + ILL,

the EMERGENCY DEPT +



I.V. DRIPS became my
best friend + only
outing.



ADMITTED for
multi-NIGHT STAYS to

SLEEP WITH a NEEDLE
IN THE CROOK OF MY ARM,
FEEDING MY BODY the



WATER + GLUCOSE

it needed to keep me + BABY

ALIVE.

e: If ☹️ was born 200 YEARS AGO,
I would be DEAD FROM THIS.

Was VERY CLOSE to being part
of the 15% of HG sufferers
who undergo a "therapeutic
termination."

IM VERY GLAD IM NOT BUT I
10000000000%. SUPPORT,
UNDERSTAND + have
deep ♥ COMPASSION ♥ FOR THOSE WHO
make that choice.



A MILLION, TRILLION HUGS
FOR YOU + FOR
ALL OF US.

NONE OF THIS
IS EASY.

I WISH H.G. WAS

NEVER
INVENTED.

WHAT did HYPEREMESIS
GRAVIDARUM **feel**
like?

DESPAIR.

• chronic, debilitating,
unrelenting nausea +
irretractable vomiting
on **SPEED.**

• **STRUGGLING** TO KEEP
ENOUGH WATER DOWN TO
STAY ALIVE. • Becoming
best friends with IV
drips + Emergency department.

• **A BODY IN REVOLT.**

• **Nobody UNDERSTANDS.**

• I am utterly **ALONE.** • THERE IS NO
WORLD OUTSIDE THIS ILLNESS.

How on earth can I bear
it? THIS IS **TOO**
MUCH. • I HAVE
LOST my **self.**



AN INCOMPLETE LIST OF THE REASONS PEOPLE THOUGHT I HAD H.G.

- I was having twins
- I was cursed
- I was having a boy
- I was having a boy + was subconsciously rejecting it because I have daddy issues
- I didn't really want my baby so my body was rejecting her...



WHAT CAUSES H.G.

Nobody fucking knows.

They also don't know how to treat it either.

They barely know how to diagnose it.

FUCK.

The best explanation comes from
my acupuncturist:

~~XXX~~ It's like the body
having an
intense
allergic reaction
to pregnancy hormones.

Whatever it is, H.G., is fucked.
Fun fact: It is believed Charlotte Bronte, author
of Jane Eyre died from H.G. while pregnant with
her first child.

AN INCOMPLETE LIST OF THINGS PEOPLE THOUGHT WOULD CURE MY H.G.

- REIKI
- Homeopathy
- POSITIVE
THINKING
- Vitamins
- FRESH AIR



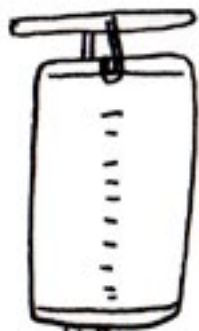
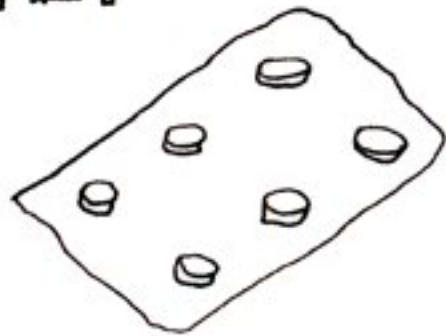
- GINGER
- Dry
crackers
- SPIRITUAL
HEALING
- EXERCISE



THINGS THAT DID HELP

* MEDICATION

{ondansetron / Zofran
You ARE A MIRACLE}



* I.V. DRIPS

(Nectar of the Heavens,
THANK YOU FOR KEEPING
me ALIVE)



* HOSPITALS

(aka Happy
Healing
Temples of Tenderness)



* ACUPUNCTURE

makes a BIG BIG
difference. Whoever
invented this shit
is a magician.



THINGS THAT HELPED MY SPIRIT SURVIVE H.G.



Joining HG support groups ONLINE.
Just to know I wasn't ALONE

HYPNOSIS

I know it helps some people to remove nausea. For me it just helped to be okay + not panic ^{as much} while my body was convulsing.



UNCONDITIONAL LISTENING

I'm very grateful for my husband + friends who just LISTENED, was compassionate + cared.

SUPPORT

- Childcare
- Food
- Pharmacist
- Therapy
- Midwives + Dr's who understand



THE WORST PARTS OF H.G.
A SHORT LIST
THAT IS COVERED WITH TEARS

* I was so sick I couldn't even look at another person's face because their face moving would make me throw up. I missed my daughter's face. What did she think when her own mama couldn't look into her beautiful blue eyes and

hold her tight?

* I spent so many seconds, minutes, hours, days, nights, ~~xxxx~~ weeks, months of my life laying on my side, in my bedroom, rocking backwards and forwards, trying desperately to not throw up, utterly crippled with nausea.

* My body was a prison I could not escape from.

* The tiniest piece of relief each day: I would crawl to the shower (many H.G. sufferers have to be carried) and lay on the floor of the shower, crying and vomiting as the water washed over me. Praying to God to make it stop. It didn't.

* Vomiting so hard each day I would wet myself.

One day, I convulsed so hard as my body heaved ever whisper of bile from my stomach, that I wet my pants and SHAT in them too. That's one for the photo albums, right?

* Feeling so very alone in the hospital.

* Vomiting because I woke up. Vomiting because I ate something. Vomiting because I didn't eat something.

Vomiting because I smelt something. Vomiting because I dared take a sip of water. Vomiting. Vomiting. Vomiting.

z I feel like I have blocked out so much of what happened in those nine months. I didn't want to write about H.G.

I wanted to forget.

I still do.

That's why nobody has heard of H.G. Those who have it are invisible, suffering, speechless, unseen, in bedrooms and hospitals. Those who had it have their arms filled with babies and motherhood. They want to forget. Who wants to remember that time ~~xxxx~~ their body tried to kill them?



I WOULD SAY TO MYSELF
OVER + OVER AGAIN:

Every breath, every
vomit takes me
one closer to the end
of this... I will never
have to do this vomit
again...

AND I WILL
Never
Ever

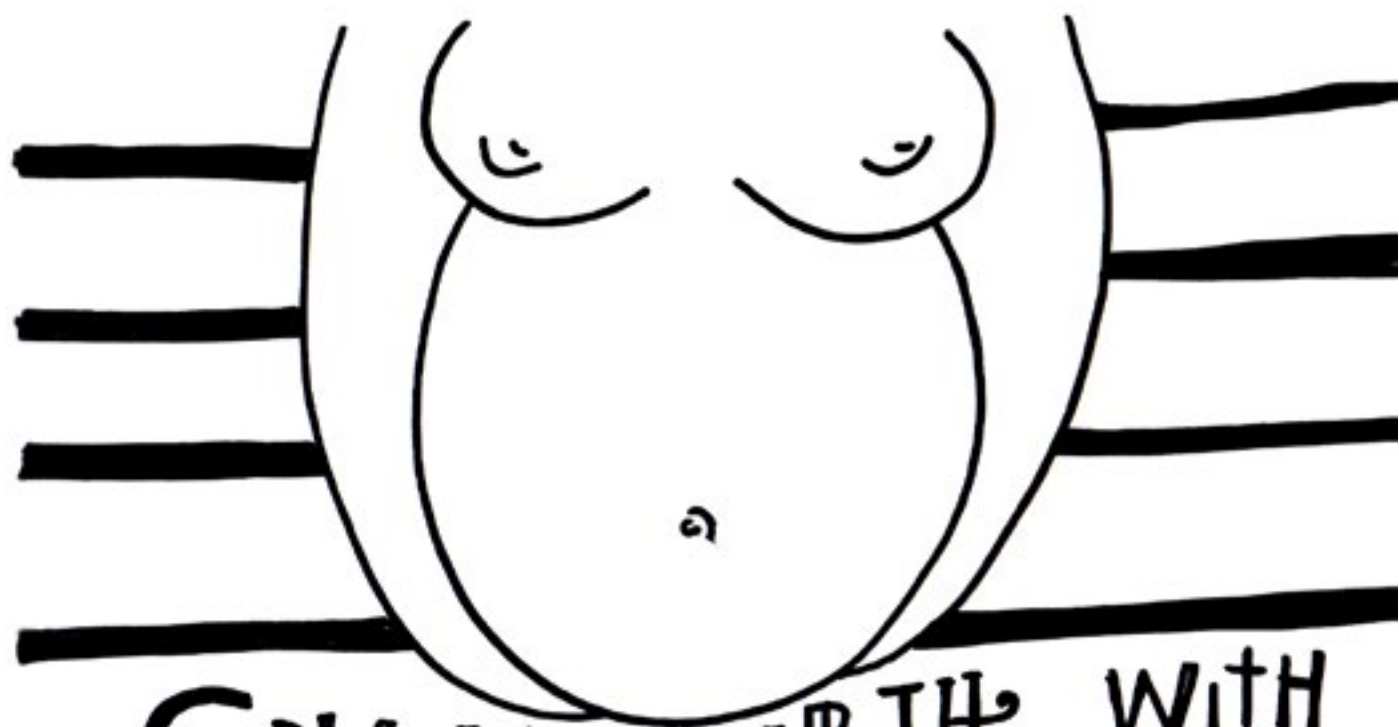


← Leahie's
WOMB all
tied up in a non
HOT way.

DO IT AGAIN.
EVER. I CAN'T +
I WON'T.

That's my promise to myself
and my body.

(P.S. I UTTERLY UNDERSTAND THOUGH
IF YOU CHOOSE IT AGAIN FOR GROWING
YOUR FAMILY. YOU ARE INCREDIBLE.)



GIVING BIRTH WITH H.G.

By the end... I was broken + exhausted. My body was weak + malnourished. I couldn't imagine doing the marathon of labour in the physical (+ emotional) state I was in. I talked to my midwife. She understood + booked me in for a C-section. I felt relieved - that I had options.

And I researched the recovery phases of both + decided it would actually be best for me to do another Vago Birth. (Holy fck though, make the decision for ~~you~~ you.)

It doesn't matter what my "right" decision was, only that it felt "right" for me. }
At 40+1 weeks, I was laying in bed (as per usual), nauseous (as per

usual), when my contractions began. I managed to not start spewing until a few hours in. At that moment, I thought "I can't keep doing this if I have to lose all my energy through spewing too."

Spewing stole all my life energy. How the fuck could I cope with labour AND HG? Such bullshit.

I spewed all over the floor, clambered out of the birthing tub shakily + told my midwife I wanted drugs. As she prepared them, my waters broke, and we discovered week old meconium in the waters. "Jeonie, I can't give you any drugs. Baby is in stress. I need you ~~here~~ here with me now. I need you to bring baby into the world."

At those words, I shook off all my own misery, grumpiness, anger. I started talking to my baby in my mind.

"Okay Beth. Mummy's here. It's going to be okay. We've made it this far.

We can do this too. ~~the~~ I'm here."

And I got on hands + knees, push, push
pushing, pushing, pushing my
precious baby into the world,
turning my head to vomit into
the spew bag my love held beside
me.

We'd gotten through nine
months... and now I just
needed to finish this
ultimate sacrifice +
bring her here.

Blood, sweat, tears, vomit, bone...
A wild animal driven only
by love...

And then she was born.
Into my arms.



Utterly
Perfect.

MY BETH.
ONE BILLION TIMES WORTH IT.

IT TAKES A LONG TIME TO GET OVER H.G.

Even after baby is born, a mother is still affected by HG.

We come to the newborn days a shaky, frail, malnourished body. It takes months (and even years) to get our bodies back to being strong, nourished and healthy.

And we are supposed to do this healing WHILE in the midst of one of the most physically taxing, sleep deprived, time deficient times of our lives. It is BULLSHIT.

The whole thing is such a dumb invention.

It is one year and three days since I gave birth, ending my last bout in the ring with HG. For me, my teeth were fucked and enamel stripped ~~fxixx~~ from so much damned vomiting.

I was weak and depressed. I had (and still do to some degree) PTSD. "Most of all, I feel like I lost my faith in the world and its goodness.

I don't trust my body. I ~~amxxx~~ don't understand why God/Great Spirit made me go through that. It felt like a cruel joke.

It felt very unfair. I feel like I lost that optimistic, universe-~~kix~~loving naïve young girl inside me. I feel more jaded, more raw, more hopelessly, desperately human for having H.G.

I used to soar like a bird. H.G. shot me down out of the sky. How will I ever fly again?

I thought I was safe in the world until I had H.G.

~~FC~~ After Beth was born, I felt stir crazy.

Fuck having a month in bed, I just had nine months of that shit. I WANTED MY LIFE BACK.

Thankfully my midwife got it. SHE SAID:

LEONIE, USUALLY I TELL ALL MUMS TO STAY IN BED. BUT I THINK IT IS BETTER FOR YOUR MENTAL HEALTH IF YOU GO OUT IN THE WORLD WITH YOUR FAMILY. YOU HAVE CABIN FEVER. CABIN FEVER IS A CONDITION. YOU HAVE OCEAN PICTURES ALL OVER YOUR HOUSE. GO TO THE SEA.

Best.advice.ever.

So we did.

We made parenting choices (i.e. TAKE THE EASY ROUTE) because we knew we were all traumatised from the past nine months. My eldest daughter Osta had effectively lost her mum. Chris had lost his wife best friend and co-parent. And I had lost my self and my life. We needed each other and most of all, we needed normality.

Sisters, ~~xxxx~~ dont't judge yourself on how other~~x~~ mamas are doing. You have just made the deepest sacrifice of soul, body and mind to bring your baby into the world. BE GENTLE WITH YOU. DO THINGS YOUR WAY.

H.G. = ultra fucked.

Dont worry if no one else understands.

Your H.G. sisterhood does.

And if anyone dare tell you th at ginger or dry crackers will cure you, WE WILL STAB A BITCH.

With love and Buddha compassion and all that.

I will roar like a fucking mama bear to protect the women still in that horrific cave Of H.G.

TO ANYONE WHO
THINKS H.G. IS
MORNING SICKNESS
& DOESN'T
UNDERSTAND WHAT
ALL THE FUSS IS
ABOUT:



THANK YOU VERY MUCH.



What to say to someone with H.G.

oh darling.

I'm ^{so} so sorry you
are going through
this.

I love
you.

How are you
feeling today hon?

(AND LISTEN. THE ANSWER
WON'T BE GOOD. BUT SHE
WILL BE HEARD.)

Can I babysit
your kids
once a week
until you are
better?

Is there anything
you feel like eating?
Can I get it / make
it / buy it for you?

Can I clean
your house + do
the washing this
Thursday for
you?

How is your
spirit feeling?

PLEASE DON'T SAY
THIS TO A WOMAN
SUFFERING FROM H.G.



You can't
be that sick.

oh yeatt. I had
morning sickness
with my pregnancies
~~to~~ too.

You don't look
that bad.

Are you sure
it's HG?

Have you tried
ginger?

Have you tried
dry crackers?

You **NEED** to
get up + About.

I think the reason
you are so sick is
because.....

My hippy cure
will definitely
fix you

i'm soooooo sick.
i've had a cold
for three days!
IT SUCKS!!!

When are you
having your
next baby?

WHAT H.G. TOOK FROM ME:

9 months AWAY from my ♥ life



9 MONTHS OF NOT BEING ABLE TO LOOK AFTER MY ♥ BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER

MY BODY



ENAMEL FROM MY TEETH

- Dehydration
- Malnutrition
- Loss of muscle due to 9 months of being bedridden
- Takes months/YEARS for BODY to RECOVER

LOSS

- my faith
- my sanity
- my courage
- my trust in my body
- my trust in God/Universe.

FUCK YOU H.G. ^{NO} REALLY.

FUCK YOU A LOT.

WHAT GIFTS H.G. ^{gave} ME

Sarcastic	Truthfully...
<ul style="list-style-type: none">• Haemorrhoids (sp?)• Even a year Later, my vomit muscles over react to hunger / smells / queasiness. (SUPER SPEWER)	<ul style="list-style-type: none">• Endurance• Patience• Compassion + understanding of chronic illness.• Acceptance• Wisdom

BUT MOST OF ALL...



XXXX

IF YOU HAVE H.G.

1. I am so so so so so so so sorry you are going through this.
 2. H.G. is fucking bullshit. I know. I'm so sorry. I understand.
 3. Please get yourself the support you need. I'm so sorry. I know it is hard.
 4. Get yourself a doctor / midwife who understands and will treat you seriously and give you the medical treatment you need.
 5. Hospitals and medication and IV drips are critical to treating this fucking asshole of an illness. This is coming from a full on flower-essence, kale-chipping hippy motherfucker too.
 6. You are not weak. You are fucking incredible for going through this huge bullshit.
 7. Join H.G. support forums on Facebook. It made me feel so much less alone and so much less fucked up when I could hear other people's stories and get advice from women WHO KNOW WHAT THE FUCK I AM TALKING ABOUT.
 8. Helper.org is a really useful website.
 9. The one thing I know for sure one ~~xx~~ year later
- is H.G. is a fucking asshole

and that my
baby girl
is a million
times
worth it.

Nine months of hell
so I can have a lifetime
of the heaven
of loving her.

I love you.
You are not alone.
This fucking bullshit WILL end.

About The H.G. ZINE Author + Champion Stewer



- Leohie Dawson is a
- * mermaid with legs
 - * author of www.2015workbook.com
 - * mama of 2
 - * Entrepreneur
 - * Overexcitable Labrador
in a Human's Body

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