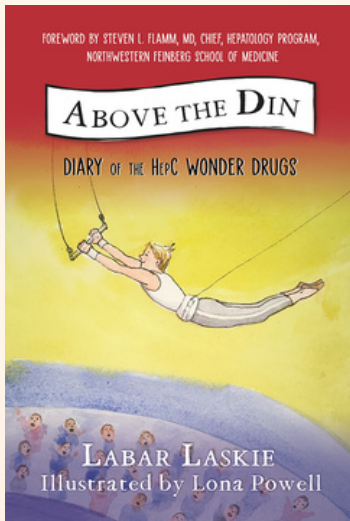


ABOVE THE DIN: Diary of the HepC Wonder Drugs by Labar Laskie



EXCERPT:

Chapter 2 “HepC Plays Hard to Get”

“...Following the birth of our first child in 1969, I developed a bit of a bleed – what is called in medical parlance a postpartum hematoma.

I had a hard time convincing the night nurse (this birth occurred in the wee hours of the morning) that something was amiss. She insisted that whatever pain I was experiencing was “just par for the course, Honey!” and declined to even take a look. It was only after the day shift arrived and conducted a physical examination of my lower parts that the obstetrician on call was summoned and I was hustled back into the operating room for emergency surgery. Fade to black....

The next thing I remember is groggily sitting up in bed, holding my firstborn for his first attempt at nursing. One arm was around him, the other arm was strapped to a flat board. This somewhat medieval sounding practice was routine IV procedure before the advent of bendable needles.

The transfusion was bringing me back to life after a serious internal hemorrhage. I was rejoicing in 1) being alive, 2) holding this wonderful miracle in my arms, and 3) being a member of a blood bank that had gifted me the two units of blood that had just saved my life. I didn't know at the time that they were gifting me with the hepC virus as well.

My roommate in the semi-private hospital room had the TV tuned to the Miss Universe pageant that evening. Having just emerged from a drug-induced sleep, the conceptual region of my brain was desperately trying to correlate the sexy runway images on screen, the discomfort of my now engorged breasts, the throbbing pain in my groin, and the ultimate meaning of womanhood.

It was a lot for a 19-year-old to figure out.”