



CHAPTER 1

GOOD DAYS, BAD DAYS

“Mum! I’m home...”

I stop, key still in the lock. No smell of dinner cooking. No TV. Something isn’t right. I just know it.

Dropping my school bag, I race through the house. “Mum!”

“Ellie...”

She sounds weak and my heart sinks. It hits rock bottom when I see her slumped on the kitchen

floor. There's a puddle of tea and smashed crockery all around her.

"Oh, Mum!" I kneel and throw my arms around her. She's been crying, but her tears are dry now. "Did you fall?"

"My legs just gave way. I couldn't get up." She tries to smile. "Nothing new."

"How long have you been stuck here?"

Her eyes stray to the smashed mug and bowl. Her breakfast.

I feel like weeping. "All day! You've been stuck here all day? Why didn't you ring me?"

"Couldn't reach my phone." Her chin crumples. "I'm dying for the loo."

"Oh, Mum!" I hug her. This ME illness she suffers with is so unfair. It's a big mix of problems. There's no real treatment for it. It just saps all her energy and makes her body ache. She wasn't