

All these stories are so moving, and scarily seem to be following a pattern of misdiagnosis and DKA. Our story is much the same. At the beginning of March 06 Katie seemed to change personality - she became very prickly and very easily upset, and also she started to lose weight. But she was eating huge amounts, which I thought was good because since her illness when she was 4 (I'll put a sentence about that at the end) she has always been a bad eater. She was weeing a lot, and getting up in the night to drink. Twice I took her to see the GP - we saw a newly qualified one because all the others were booked up, and twice we were sent away, telling us firstly that she had a virus, and on the second occasion that it was a urine infection and to come back with a sample, but no hurry. I particularly remember Katie being in a school dancing competition on a Friday night, and thinking, 'there are skinny kids but none look ill like Katie'. I knew our usual GP had a clinic on Tuesday, so I finally got Katie to wee in a bottle (she is very very reluctant to do anything like this). I had not slept the night before because I had this feeling that we were on the edge of something big. I went to work and Phil took her to see the GP. She did a test on the urine and it showed lots of sugar and she was sent straight to hospital. Phil rang me - I was teaching year 8 - I had told the class that I was leaving my mobile on. When he told me I ran straight to the head and said I was going. His comment was 'why - diabetes is curable isn't it - I don't see why you need to go to hospital' (I have since left that job!!). Luckily my school was en route to the hosp. In hosp she was put straight on a drip. The consultant was on holiday and the PDSN was on holiday. We went on a Tues and by Friday I asked why we hadn't seen a consultant. Within 10 mins one of the paediatricians appeared who gave us a brief explanation of what was going on. All Katie's treatment had been administered by junior doctor on the ward. No one told me about DKA, nor any of her levels or what they meant. She was told she couldn't eat fruit because it had too much sugar in it. We left on Sunday, with hardly any supplies, no lancets, no prescription list. It was horrendous. I went to our nearest Tesco Pharmacy and just burst into tears - I didn't even know what to ask for. I'd like to say things picked up after that, but until I found this list a year later,

we were stumbling in the dark. We have had several instances of misdiagnosis. When Katie was 4 she started waking in the night, screaming in pain. I kept taking her to the GP (we're with a different practice now) who kept saying it was a virus. Twice we were admitted to hosp in the middle of the night. Katie said the pain was in her tummy so they checked her tummy and they could find nothing. The upshot was the hosp decided it was my fault because I was a working Mum and she was doing this for my attention and we got an appointment for family counselling (!!!!!). Luckily one of Phil's friends is married to a GP - he told his wife who rang me and said it was crap that a 4 year old would make this up and wake herself in the night. She told us to go to see a friend of hers - another GP - who would then refer us to a different consultant who she would speak to. We did this - Katie was admitted to hosp for a spinal x ray and it found a tumour in the base of her spine, which had hollowed out her vertebra causing her whole spine to collapse. We were ambulated to Alderhey overnight. After 3 weeks there, the tumour was found to be benign, and she came home. Everything is growing normally now, but I have a deep seated mistrust of doctors and it has left Katie hating anything to do with hospitals because she remembers all of it. Another misdiagnosis was when I had Ruby - I went for 8 months with an overactive thyroid but was being treated for post natal depression. I got so emaciated I couldn't walk across a room, and was going hypo half an hour after eating. Thankfully the health visitor came to visit and got me admitted to hosp. I can remember people praising me for having lost weight!