

Here goes, hope people don't think I should have known better (being diabetic myself). I think I first noticed things change slightly was in October 1997 Paul had just had all pre-school boosters and soon after he began wetting the bed at night which he hadn't done for over a year, but he was still quite young and one of the twins was still wet at night so didn't think much about it. Then after Christmas he seemed to be asking for lots to drink and eat but then they are spoilt with eating and drinking over Christmas so thought that was reason. He was sleeping over 12 hours at night but being a busy mum I took advantage of that.

Two weeks before diagnosis things got worse but in my own mind I thought Paul would present as being very poorly if he had diabetes. He was drinking lots (but always had done) but now screaming when I wouldn't give him another drink, he was also incredibly hungry and I had to take food with me to nursery when I picked him up. I was with my mum one day when he fell over and when I picked him up he seemed light in weight (mum said he's growing tall and thinning out don't worry).

We went away to St Anne's 2 weeks before diagnosis and he just sat by my side all weekend (but just thought he was going through a clingy stage). The weekend before diagnosis I went on a girly weekend to London to see a show, shop etc I remember saying to Darrell and his mum and dad just before I went that I was a bit concerned about him and if worried or things change to take to A/E, but I remember on that trip confiding in my sister-in-law on the trip that I felt all was not well with Paul.

When I returned they said Paul had been fine, maybe missed me but that was all. I took him to nursery the following day and when I collected him they said that he had seemed off colour, but I explained that I had been away and he probably had missed me.

The following day when I collected Paul at lunchtime I asked if had been ok and they said he had been fine but if any of the other children had left any milk he had gone round drinking it all, the nursery teacher said she couldn't understand it as he isn't naughty child but he continued to do it even when told him not to.

That afternoon my friend was picking Paul up to take him to playgroup for the afternoon, she is a midwife and I asked if she would bring the urine testing strips with her. I got him to wee in potty before he went. Then dip sticked urine, it was off the scale for sugar and ketones. I sat on bathroom floor and just wept, the house was empty. Darrell was at Manchester airport getting a flight away on business, I rang him just saying get home. I went to the Doctors but no GPs to speak to so went to get Paul from playgroup, the leader didn't want me to take him because I was so upset and all I could say was that he was very ill, another mum came with me and we went to children's ward where he was admitted for 9 days, his blood sugar 44mol. I was absolutely devastated, I blamed myself and I felt worthless, the day after Paul had his first hypo and I completely broke down.

I stayed by Paul's side for 9 days not eating properly or letting anyone else take over.

Even 10 years later I can honestly say that not a day goes by that I don't worry about him.