

When you're a child you always expect your Parents will always just be there. As you grow they grow but you never expect them to be taken from you by a faceless enemy. I was 22 when my Mum was diagnosed with a Glioblastoma, she was 54. Even though she was given a death sentence by the Doctors she opted to go on a trial just to try and get any extra time she could with my Dad and two brothers. She knew what she was up against but she still tried to fight it. The trial at the Royal Melbourne Hospital gave her time, we knew that it would not cure her but allowed us to say Goodbye.

In the 12 years since my mum died she has missed out on watching me marry and become a mum myself, now as a mum I hope I never have to feel like my time has been cut short because of a faceless enemy that is not important enough for funding.

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