



Carol

They found Stan had cancer of the liver and cancer of the bowel. They booked him in the next day for chemotherapy. It was very overwhelming. The people were so good, and they gave us the feeling that they would look after us. But after the second treatment, which was a stronger treatment, Stan was very sick. He wasn't eating any more. He lost 10 kilos in a fortnight and he hasn't put it back on.

Stan wants to die at home. He doesn't want to die in hospital. We feel secure here and we've got our privacy. I think that's really important in your old age.

My first thought is always Stan. What can I do for him? Is he comfortable? As a carer, I carry all his burdens, because from early in the morning, he lets me know if he's had a bad night. That's where it starts. But I don't let that affect me personally.

I just adore him. I love him and I loved him as a bike rider. I just love every bit of him. I've never loved a person like Stan. He is extremely determined and he never gives up on anything. I can't really explain it.

Of course I would change places if I could. But I don't know whether I'd want to swap places because I don't think Stan would be a particularly good carer, and I don't know how I'd cope with the treatment. I would worry about Stan. I think it would be hard for him.

Stan always says he wants to go before me because he hates to be by himself. He relies on me a lot, and that's okay.

We've had such good times and you can't be here forever, so we've decided that when the time comes, it wouldn't bother us too much. But I don't want him to die. I love being with Stan. We're very special to one another. We always have been.

Stan

I was perfectly healthy for 28 years after my first liver operation, so it was a bit of a shock. I cried. All of a sudden someone's telling me that I had a tumour in my liver... It must be the way we're living; we're killing one another.

I'm really lucky that this diagnosis happened now rather than earlier. Carol and I had nearly 20 years of travelling together around Victoria on a motorbike, and we covered nearly 200,000 km on the last bike. They were great years.

I don't worry about dying. When it comes, it comes. I may have two years, but by then I'll be 88 anyway, so I don't think about it. Everyone's going to die to make room for the younger ones coming along. I'll accept it whenever it comes. Worrying about it won't stop it from coming. My biggest thing is living as long as I can, to enjoy life with Carol.

I appreciate Carol's personality. Her caring. Her loving. Everything. Mostly I enjoy our compatibility because we enjoy the same things. We argue about some things but it is gone the next morning. My character has changed a bit with this treatment though, and I take it out on her a bit.

I have no idea what it would be like to change places. I'd do my best, but I don't think I'd cope as well as Carol. I'd do my best, but you can't say those things until it happens. I wouldn't know.

I wouldn't swap. No way. I don't think I'd be able to look after Carol as well as she's looking after me. I don't think I'd be as capable. I want to die before her, so I wouldn't want to swap places.