

# The Never-Endo Struggle



Published by  
**Tailored Tales Collective (OPC) Private Limited**  
[tailoredtalescollective.com](http://tailoredtalescollective.com)

At Tailored Tales Collective, we believe that the most powerful stories aren't always the loudest—they're the ones that reflect real moments. Tiny Tales is a curated series of short booklets that explore life's many layers.

This publication and its contents are the intellectual property of *Tailored Tales Collective (OPC) Private Limited*. All rights reserved. No part of this booklet may be copied, distributed, stored, or reproduced in any form—digital or print—without prior written consent from the publisher. Brief excerpts may be quoted for reviews or educational purposes with proper attribution.

**Thank you for reading. We hope this Tiny Tale stays with you long after the final page.**

Being hunched over, cradling your stomach like it's something broken you're protecting, has become second nature.

Every task, like brushing your hair, making tea, or walking (stumbling) to the bathroom, feels like a battle waged under your own skin.



People think of pain as a moment. But this isn't a moment. It's a permanent resident. And it shows no signs of moving out.

Then comes the heaviness. Not the emotional kind, though that's there too, but the physical, dragging kind. A weight on your limbs that makes them ache even when they're still.

You wake up tired. You yawn through conversations. Your body begs for naps, but the world rolls its eyes. "Lazy."

That's the word they use. As if rest is a luxury, not survival. They see the bed, not the battle. And chronic illness, after all, has no cast or crutches to prove its presence.



Still, life demands attention. You open the fridge and realise you need to cook...again. And not just anything. It has to be a meal your body will tolerate, one that won't flare things up.

No dairy. No gluten. No spices. Just another layer of decision fatigue on top of everything else.



You don't just cook with your hands; you cook with caution, reading your body like a moody recipe that changes every day.

Then the clock ticks louder, and your inbox calls. You push yourself to sit up, to start the day's work, because the bills won't wait.

Groceries won't buy themselves. And your medication, your very ability to function, devours a chunk of your earnings each month.

Working with endometriosis isn't noble. It's necessary. There's no backup plan. Just caffeine, grit, and a long to-do list you never asked for.



And yet, you smile. You laugh at memes. You send voice notes. You pretend. Because this is your life, and you've learned to live it between waves of pain.

You smile because it's the armour you wear while wondering if tomorrow will be better or worse.

There is no certainty. Only resilience.

**And you, despite it all, are still here.**



# Tailored Tales Collective



Tiny Tales

Because small stories  
leave big imprints.