

# The 3M's

Motherhood, Marriage & Mental Health

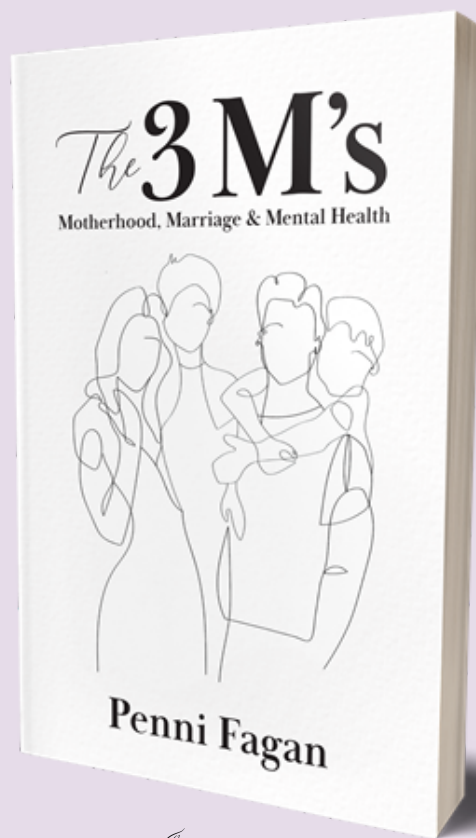
By Penni Fagan

This is the frightfully relatable but ever so raw memoir of a woman's struggle with early motherhood, all whilst battling the demons of mental illness in the midst of keeping her marriage together.

The story tells of a mother's fight to keep her family afloat, her sex life alive and her sanity intact, even though the person she once was is no longer to be found.

It's a very honest book on motherhood that you will find hard to put down.

Ride the emotional train along with the author as she tackles the daily grind of motherhood, wife life and the suffocating grip of anxiety head on.



tellwell

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## About the Author



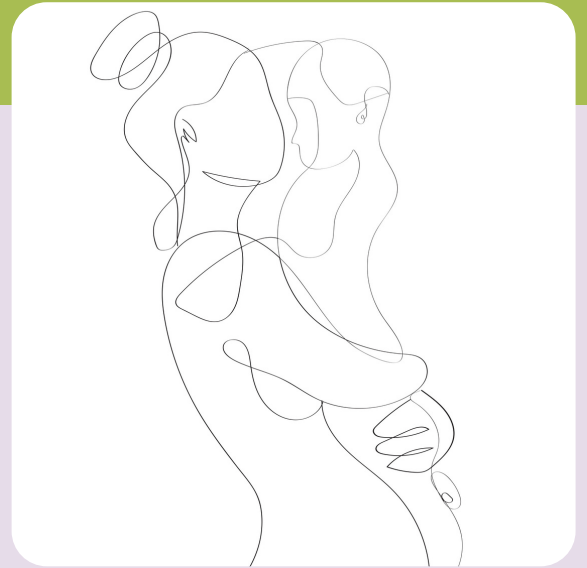
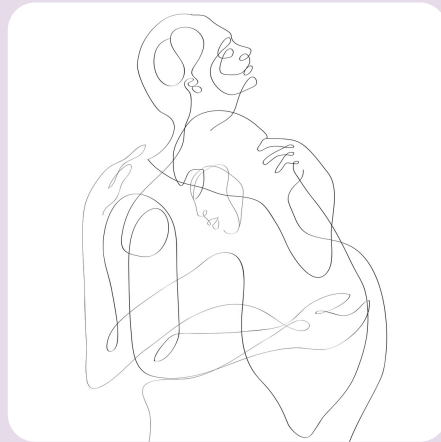
Penni Fagan lives in the Hunter Valley, New South Wales, in a household where she is outnumbered by males, except the two cats.

Her favourite things in life are coffee, wine and kid-free getaways.

She is a self-taught expert on how to survive life in a house full of farts, mess and noise. And even though she dreams of something called personal space one day, she loves her country lifestyle with her two sons, husband and French Bulldog Loui.

There has never been a dull moment in the Fagan household, and being locked down during the COVID pandemic this year finally gave Penni the chance to put these life experiences into words.

# A Look Inside



## Anxiety's a Bitch!

Let's get straight to the point.

I remember one evening as if it had only happened yesterday. It was a workday for my husband; I was home with both the boys. I think my eldest was about three and my youngest six months old. I was preparing a roast for the family dinner.

I had spoken to my husband earlier that day, and he had confirmed he was going to be home at a quarter to five. The kids were screaming at my feet, and I was trying to have everything perfect for when Ray arrived home. I'd been watching the clock since four p.m.! The minutes were ticking by; the kids were becoming more feral by the minute. Four forty-five came around, and I could feel it in my chest, the lump of anxiety, and right on cue my mind started racing at a hundred miles an hour.

Where is he? He said he'd be home by now at the latest!

The kids can feel my distress; I know they can because they want to be on me and comfort me, but I just can't deal. I message him and ask how long—no reply. He finally calls me back:

'Sorry, babe, had to drop into the boss's place and stayed for a couple beers.'

I hung up and flipped out. Screaming like a wild animal that had been wounded, I picked up the roast meat and threw it against the wall, followed by the tray of vegetables, all over the kitchen walls and floor. The kids were screaming and crying; I was screaming and crying. I shut myself in the bedroom and rocked back and forth on the bed with heavy sobs.

Ray arrived home to find the shit fight in the kitchen and came looking for me to ask if everything was OK. (How annoying is that question, when clearly everything isn't OK if the family dinner is painted all over the kitchen walls?)

I ran out. I needed fresh air. I needed silence. I just wanted to escape what my life now was.

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