

Panicked/Doubted/Saved

~~2010. Doctor, I fear that there may be something wrong with my body. The world sways at my feet, and purple and yellow dots bubble up in my vision when I'm in PE. I try to yell for help, I try to tell them that I can't see. But the Earth has stolen my breath, and it threatens to steal my hearing too. It is when the world fades into black like the end of a play that my legs decide it's time to bow. One classmate catches me before I kiss the ground, and all I can do is repeat that I've gone blind. That was only the beginning of my exhausting journey. So why did you tell me that it was merely anxiety?~~

~~2023. Doctor, my heart beats as fast as a race car when I sit. Purple rice dots my vision and my body feels like the Earth's gravitational pull has multiplied. My breath escapes me as if it's being sucked out of my lungs like a vacuum. I can no longer wait in line without fog entering my brain and weighing it down. Do you still think it's merely anxiety? You shake your head and tell me that my resting heart rate is 125 and my blood pressure is 84/50, and I finally feel clarity. I smile shakily as you prescribe me medication I will take for the rest of my life.~~

in / out / ed

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P / o t /S

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