

# Asthma - short essay



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Asthma Most people take breathing for granted. But for many people that suffer from breathing problems as I do, each breath is a major achievement. Have you ever felt you can't breathe? I have, imagine someone putting a pillow over your face and not being able to do anything about it. What is Asthma? Asthma is a chronic disease that affects your airways. If you have asthma the inside walls of your airways become sore and swollen. When your airways react to allergens they get narrower, which makes it hard to breathe. According to The American Academy of Allergy Asthma and Immunology, more than 4 million children have had an asthma attack in the previous year. Approximately 44% of all asthma hospitalizations are for children, and there have been approximately 5, 000 deaths from asthma annually. I remember getting really bad asthma attacks when I was a child, and I still do but maybe that's why it has changed my way of thinking. I inherited asthma from my mother because she developed asthma when she was pregnant from me. I am the oldest of three girls. My little sister also struggles with asthma, but not as much as I do. I've been living with asthma my whole life. Even though for some people asthma is not a big deal, it is for me. Every time I get an asthma attack it scares me to think that maybe this time I won't make it through. It is one of the worst feelings, to feel that you can't breathe. To feel that your body is starting to get numb to a point where you can't feel anything anymore, and all of a sudden you black out. I was ten years old when I got my first asthma attack. I remember the horrible feeling of not being able to breathe. I didn't want to tell my parents because I was terrified of hospitals for the fact that I hated the painful needles. After a while of struggling to breathe, they walked in my room to check up on me like they always did before going to bed. When they saw me trying so hard

to breathe they asked " what's wrong? With tears running down my face, as I grasped for air, I replied " No! I'm not feeling so well. " As time went by, seeing this doctor had really helped me get better control of my asthma, until one night at my grandparent's anniversary party in Mexico. I was thirteen years old when it happened again. When we got to my grandparent's house after the party I started struggling to breathe, and again that awful sensation I wouldn't make it through this time. We were in Mexico, it was in December and it was very cold at midnight. The nearest hospital in Texas was in Rio Grande and we wouldn't make it because the bridge was closed. There was another way of getting there, but it would take longer. My parents didn't want to risk it because they were scared that I wouldn't make it. I will never forget my daddy's reaction of desperation. He looked so anxious and worried, that he couldn't do much to help me out. My inhaler was not helping me at all. Luckily my mom had hers, which was stronger because she suffers from asthma too. So my mom put me her inhaler, and she put me to bed with a fan blowing air at my face. She rubbed vicks all over my chest, and a little through the outside of my nose, so that it would help me breathe. That night I was scared, and I'll never forget the anxiety and kicking trying to grasp for air. As time went by, I remember I got several attacks at school throughout middle school and high school. I felt embarrassed every time they would call up the nurses because I was having an asthma attack. It was embarrassing having all the kids at school stare at me as the nurses would take me on a wheel chair because I couldn't walk.