

# Type one diabetes

Business



Every morning it the same thing over and over again. Prick finger. Check blood sugar.

If to high give a correction. If to low eat something with lots of sugar. But I have to make sure I count those carbs. For big meals( Breakfast, lunch and dinner) I can only eat forty five-sixty carbs. For snacks only fifteen- thirty.

I have had type one diabetes for a whole year. It was rough when I first found out that I had diabetes. Once I got type one diabetes, I didn't know what I was supposed to do. Will it ruin my life? Will I still be able to all the things I am doing right now? For example, continuing ballet or work. To be honest I thought my life was over. I didn't know if I was going to be able to be able get used to having diabetes.

However, I did get used to it. Also, after finally having type one diabetes for a year, I know now that it isn't that bad. I just needed to get used to having diabetes and everything would be okay. Summer was over. I was going to be a sophomore.

My classes that year were the best. I had child development, Chemistry, physics, Finance, investing and more. But what was more exciting was that I got to see my friends again. To be honest, summer for me was really boring. However, one of my friends Maddie went on a cruise. I couldn't wait to ask her how it was.

I was so jealous. Anyway, the bell rang at 7: 45 and I had my first class which was Italian. " Buongiorno classe!" Mrs. Butera said all excited. The whole class responded back with, " Ciao, buongiorno Mrs.

Butera" " How was everyone's summer?" She said. " Good" Everyone said back. Mrs. Butera continued and she talked about what we were going to learn for the semester. That was pretty much what I did all day in every class because everyone's classes were shortened because it was only the first day of school. A month had passed by and it was September 1st.

I was headed with my friend Alissa to Chemistry class and we had to walk up the stairs. Now you know what it's like walking up the stairs. Walking up the stairs can be very tiring. But for some odd reason, while I was walking up the stairs it was very hard for me to breath. It wasn't just like I was out of breath because their were too many stairs.

I was breathing heavily and I slowed down and had to stop for a minute to catch my breath. My Friend asked in a concern way, " Are you okay?" " What?' I didn't hear her at first because I was trying to catch my breath.' Oh yeah I am okay." I said. Although, everyone who walks up the stairs is out of breath. So I just brushed it off and went to class.

After Chemistry I went to gym. I liked gym so much because my gym teacher would always make us run, but also because one of my best friends was in the same class as me. Her name is Emily. We would always mess around in that class. Our class was running the mile that day.

I was really excited because I love to run. My best score was six minutes and thirty minutes. " Ready... Set... Go!" Mr. Smith said. I started to run and everything was fine.

However, I didn't finish my first lap and I was already out of breath. I started to slow down and I was breathing really heavily like I did up the stairs. This is impossible. I thought. I am healthy and I just had a checkup with my doctor recently. Everything was fine then.

What is happening to me. I was so deep in thought that Emily saw that I stopped and asked if I was okay. I said I was fine, but I knew that I wasn't. I finally finished the mile and got 9:00. I wanted to cry because that was my worst score ever.

I went to my next class and I was fine. My last class was Child Development. My teacher passed out our syllabus and she talked about having a field trip to Lutheran General Hospital. Mrs. Schmidt said that we were going to see babies and a nurse was going to give a presentation about babies having disorders when they are born. My teacher thought it would be a good idea since we are learning about babies who have disorders when they are born.

Mrs. Schmidt said it was going to be on September 24. I was really excited that I didn't even hear the bell ring. My mom and dad asked how my day was. I told what happened and how I had trouble breathing.

I said, " Can it be asthma? I mean I had trouble breathing. And that is one of the symptoms." " No, you are being dramatic. You are fine". My dad said.

My mom said, " You just had your check up with your doctor and she said you were fine. But I can set up a doctor's appointment just to make sure. But I think you are fine and I don't think you don't have asthma". And that was the

end of that conversation. I knew something was wrong. But my parents assumed that I was fine.

So I decided to leave it alone. But I started to drink more water and I started to go to the bathroom four times each night. Two weeks have passed and it was the day of the field trip. Everyone had to meet by the auditorium and then everyone from the Child Development would go onto the bus and we were going to go to Lutheran General Hospital. One by one everyone got off the bus and Mrs. Schmidt told us to follow her.

She told us that the nurse was going to talk to us first. I had to walk up the stairs and I was really nervous because I knew that I was going to be out of breath and I was going to have trouble breathing. And as soon as I got to the top of the stairs that was exactly what happened. But it didn't stop there; I started to feel sick and dizzy. I didn't want to say anything to anybody because I didn't want anyone to ask me questions like, "Are you okay?" or "What's wrong".

As soon as we got to the room where the nurse introduced herself I felt better. Everyone was walking in and the nurse told everyone that they can sit where they want. After a couple of minutes Mrs. Schmidt told everyone to sit down and be quiet because the nurse was going to start her presentation. The nurse started talking about babies and she said that some babies are born healthy, but other babies aren't so lucky. Some of them are born with disorders.

Some babies will be fine because the disorders they have aren't that bad. However there are babies who have disorders that are really bad and don't

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make it. I wanted to cry because it was just so sad. I mean some of the babies wouldn't be able to grow up and go to high school like I did. She went deeper and started to talk about the disorders that some babies have when they are born.

It has been almost an hour. I started to feel uncomfortable. I felt myself shaking. I felt like I was going to throw up. Finally the nurse finished the presentation and said, " Okay, everyone we are going to take a break.

And then I will take everyone to see the nursery". I couldn't take it anymore. I went up to my teacher and I said, " Mrs. Schmidt, can I please go to the bathroom?" " Yes, you can, but are you okay? You look pale." she said.

" yeah I am okay". I lied though. I felt terrible. I felt sick. I went to the bathroom. Then I felt dizzy like I was spinning in circles.

Right then and there I threw up. I threw up three times. That as when I knew something was really wrong. I went back and told my teacher that I threw up and she said that I should just sit down for a while. So I did. The field trip was finally over and we headed back to school.

We had only five minutes until the bell rang. The day was finally over and I got to go home. " Mama, something was wrong!" I said. I told her what happened. She said, " Okay, honey your doctor appointment is tomorrow.

Can you wait one more day?" " I guess." I said. " Okay and then we will see what the doctor says, I'm sure you are fine. It might just be that you have the flu." Finally, I am at the doctors.

My mom and I were waiting and then after seven minutes a nurse calls my name. We go inside and first thing she does is she weighs me. She said that I lost a lot of weight and that wasn't good. My mom looked at me with a worried face. I looked at her with a straight face. I didn't want her to know what I was feeling because I didn't know if it was bad.

I mean I probably just had the flu like my mom said. The nurse put us in a room and said that my doctor will be in shortly. She came in and asked, "What's wrong?" I told her, "I have been feeling dizzy, I threw up a couple of times, I am always out of breath, but what was really weird was that I have been going to the bathroom a lot and drinking lots of water." "Hmm." She said.

'Well, from what you are telling me it sounds like these are all symptoms of type one diabetes." My mom said scared, "Type What?" "Type one diabetes. Now I am not sure. So I am going to make you pee in a cup and we are going to test to see if you have ketones. If you do that means that you have type one diabetes. I am also going to prick your finger to see if your blood sugar is.

"The doctor said. Confused? So was I. I didn't know what Type whatever was. I wanted to cry because at the time when she said it it sounded like I was going to die or something. I couldn't ask any questions. I was speechless.

So I looked at my mom and somehow she knew what I wanted to say but asked for me. "What is type one diabetes?" My mom asked. "Is bad?" The doctor looked at us with a smile and said, "There is nothing to worry about.'

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Then she looked at me and said, ' you will be okay you might need to stay at the hospital for a while. And type one diabetes is when your pancreas stops working completely and you need insulin to make sure I don't go into a coma. I will be right back I am going to see the test results.

" And just like that she left the room. My mom started calling family and telling them what happened. My mom and I both knew that I probably had it. Everyone was shocked and some thought that it wasn't true. That I could have diabetes. I was scared and my mom came over and hugged me and said that it was okay.

The doctor was opening the door and came in. And just for a second I was hoping she would tell us that it was a false alarm. That I do not have diabetes. And I will be okay. " You will need to be admitted to the ICU.' She said.

That was when I started to burst into tears. But it was going to get worse. I could tell by the look on her face. The doctor continued, ' the test results came out positive and you do have type one diabetes, however the reason why we are admitting you to the ICU is because you have a lot of ketones and your blood sugar was 600. It is good that you came in now otherwise if your blood sugar got any higher you would have been in a diabetic coma.

" I continued to cry and my mom was trying to comfort me. But I just couldn't wrap my head around this. I mean I was born healthy and I was in good shape. So why me? Why do I have to have type one diabetes? I was in the hospital for two weeks. Everyday a nurse would come into my room and



before I can eat a meal I would have to check my blood sugar. The nurse would prick one of my fingers.

The nurse told me that I also have to count carbs. But that's not all. The nurse then told me that if my blood sugar gets too high, for example if my blood sugar is 190, I have to give a correction. That means that I need to give myself more insulin and then check after two hours. However, if it low, for example being under 80, I do the opposite. I will eat something that has a lot of sugar because that will help bring my blood sugar up.

And she also said that I have to make sure it's not too low either because then I can pass out. So I can't have that many high or low blood sugars because they are both bad. Before she left she told me that I will be a pro at it in two months. What! Two months. To me that seemed like forever I will probably never know how to do this.

The last day I was in the hospital. I felt comfortable doing everything on my own like, checking my blood sugar and counting carbs. I can finally go home. When I got into my house, my family came running towards me and said, "Welcome home!!". I was so happy to have them as my family they were so positive. And I loved them for that.

But it was dinner time. And I just froze. I needed to measure it, but then I didn't know how many carbs it was. However, it was not only that I didn't know how much insulin to give myself. I began to cry. I didn't know what to do.

But my loving family helped me and they told me they were going to help me through this and they did. And after a couple of days have passed and I was finally starting to get used to it. Pricking my finger was becoming easier. I was a pro at counting carbs. And it was less than two months I was shocked.

Finally, went back to school. All of my friends have heard what had happened to me and told me if I needed anything that they will be their for me. So two months have passed by and the pricking, counting carbs, giving insulin became easy for me. It was like second nature to me now. So now I am actually kind of happy I got type one diabetes because it was a challenge for me.

But now it's not. And I couldn't have done any of this without the people loved and cared about me. If it weren't for my family and friends I would probably still be struggling. So that is my story of how I got type one diabetes.