Ian Holm

10/5/2024

Bro. Harrell

ENG 150

How I Overcame Asthma

I wiped the sweat from my forehead as I kept telling myself that all I needed to do was put one foot in front of another, and eventually we would make it off the mountain. I was on the eleventh mile of a twenty-mile hike in the middle of nowhere Wyoming, and I was dead tired. It was just then that my vision started to blur, my legs gave out from under me, and I fell to the dusty ground, the pebbles pressing into my hands and knees. My lungs had started to constrict as a result of my asthma, and I started hyperventilating. My body was desperately trying to get more oxygen into my blood, but the high altitude, the allergens in the air, and my tired state had made it impossible for me to breathe properly. I heard the voices of my friends as they gathered around me as if it was in a dream. Their cries of concern were lost on me as I lay there on the ground, certain I was going to pass out, or worse. Eventually my breathing stabilized, and I was able to hobble my way back down the mountain, but I felt completely embarrassed, ashamed and weak that my lungs just couldn’t keep up with my friends.

I had been dealing with asthma since I was about twelve years old, and it had started to take a toll on my life. I had a hard time with keeping up with my teammates when I played sports, and it would also spontaneously flare up some mornings, making it impossible for me to go to school.