

The War Inside

My lips parted into a lengthy and satisfying yawn as I rolled over to my side. I shifted my gaze up to the clock sitting on the white shelf next to my bed. Its silver, reflexive arms read 5:47 AM. Tired, my eyelids fluttered shut as I proceeded to return to sleep.

Suddenly, a sharp pang in the center of my lower abdomen gradually increased in intensity. My body curled into the fetal position. Thirty torturous seconds of pure agony trudged by me, and finally, the pain ceased. However, next came the nausea.

Vomit trickled up my esophagus rapidly, like a lighting bolt shattering through the sky. Again, immense pressure and a piercing twinge dominated my belly. Clutching onto my red, checkered pajama gown, I slowly helped myself into a sitting position.

My vision became grainy and white as I attempted to regain composure. A cold sweat streamed out of every pore on my body. I listened for my heartbeat and found it was weak and arrhythmic.

Am I going to die? I thought to myself.

Waves of toe-curling belly aches and nausea came and went numerous times. My eyes darted back up to the silver arms in the clock. 6:43 AM.

Everything eventually settled down by then, but the cramps in my stomach returned every five minutes with less intensity.

My bowels were torturing me. I'd been in the ame snow-angel-like position for almost an entire hour, just waiting, waiting, waiting for ages for all my suffering to come to an end.

The pain barely affected me by around 7 AM, but my intestines weren't done with their business.

After running to the bathroom and releasing whatever war there was in my stomach, I walked out and placed my hands on my drenched hips. Flashbacks from the day before filled my mind.

I remembered chugging down an entire carton of fat-free cow milk due to my morbid curiosity of its flavor. It tasted so horrendous, I couldn't even bring myself to describe it. Recalling this traumatizing event, my chest filled with dense and heavy remorse.

Diarrhea has taught me only one good lesson: To never listen to my intrusive thoughts.

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