

## Doctor # 1

I usually try to avoid mentioning the fact I am a nurse when I am on the receiving end of health care. Sometimes, however, a doctor actually reads the forms I fill out as a new patient and notices this fact.

“So, I see you are a nurse.” Said young Dr A.

“Yes,” I replied.

“And what brings you in today?”

“Well, I am extremely fatigued and I get short of breath with minimal exertion. I have also been having trouble with my balance and a lot of nausea.”

He looked over my 250-pound figure knowingly and said, “So, do you ever exercise?”

I told him that for the past two months I had been walking two miles every morning but this problem had started about three weeks ago and seemed to be getting worse.

He looked in my ears, down my throat, into my eyes and listened to my heart and lungs. Then I lay back on the table for him to palpate my abdomen. It seemed that all was in order. “I think you just have a virus. You should start to feel better within 10 days, it seems to be going around, I have seen a lot of this in the last couple weeks.”

That afternoon at work I took my computer keyboard off the slide-out tray it was on and put it on top of my desk so I could prop my elbows on the desk. I was too tired to lift my arms and type.

Annette, my manager, came around that afternoon to consult on a case. “Are you all right? You look awfully pale.”

“Oh sure, Dr A said I just have a virus of some kind and I will be better in about 10 days.”

“Well, go home early if you need, you look like you feel really bad.”

“Just tired,” I assured her.