

In September 2021, I got COVID. I was 31 years old, healthy, and had recently graduated from college. I was told I would probably be fine. But after I disclosed that I had refused the COVID vaccine, I felt abandoned. As I became frighteningly sick, my messages to my primary care providers went unanswered.

About a week later, I collapsed trying to walk to the bathroom. I couldn't breathe or lift myself from the floor. By the time the ambulance arrived, my oxygen had fallen to 71%.

At Evergreen Hospital, terrified and alone, I told an ER doctor over the phone, "I don't want to die. I'm scared I might die." His response was, "You probably will."

Soon afterward, I was placed on a ventilator. My lungs failed. My kidneys and liver failed. My heart stopped. I was given approximately a 5% chance of survival. My family began preparing for my death.

ECMO saved my life. Somehow, I woke up weeks later at Harborview in Seattle.

But the woman who woke up was not the woman who became sick.

I had a tracheostomy. I had to relearn how to speak and walk. Then something happened that remains deeply traumatic for me. I did not want the vaccine, but they waited til I was drugged up to high heaven and gave it to me. It was violating and I felt as if I had no choice. My mom did not approve it. The physicians gave it to me anyways and harassed me when I woke about how I was bad because I didn't take it. In fact, they allowed media on the floor to spin narrative pieces, but my family couldn't come see me

Less than a month later, I was diagnosed with myocarditis and a blood clot in my leg. Also I have menstruation problems now.

COVID didn't destroy my business. It destroyed my life.

I went into that hospital at 31 and came out feeling 81. Today I live with chronic pain, breathing difficulties, financial hardship, and severe PTSD. I have struggled to work and have been denied disability assistance. Graduate school has given me something to work toward, but I am still trying to build a future from the remains of my old life.

I thank God that I survived. But survival and getting your life back are not the same thing.

If anyone deserves answers from Dr. Anthony Fauci and the officials responsible for decisions made during COVID, it is people like me.

I may never get those answers.

But God damn it, I deserve them.

I survived. I will not give up. And I will not stop asking why.