

What is a patient?

A look inside the patient's emotional experience through qualitative research



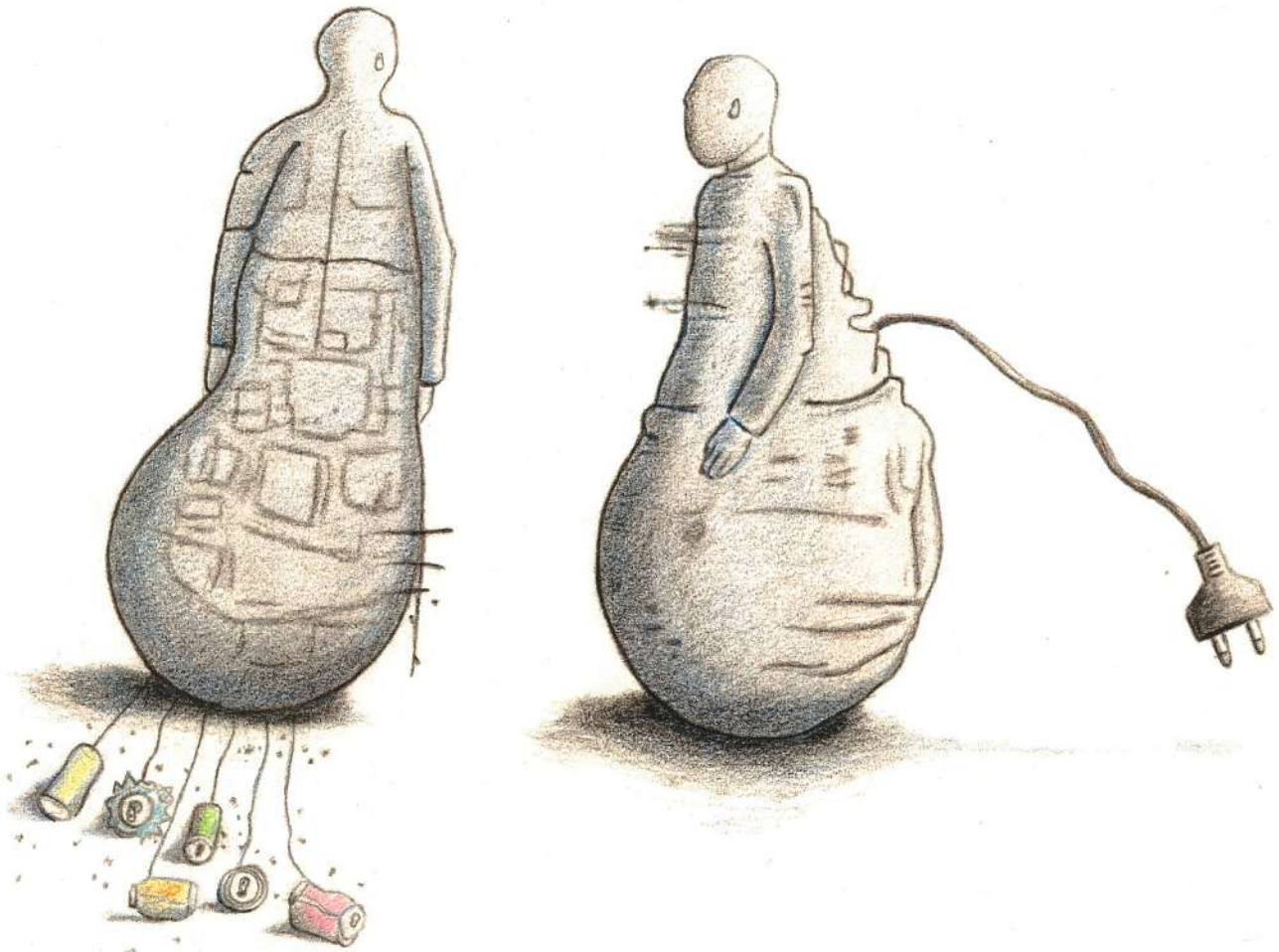
Cloudy head

My head is inside a box. My head is very slow, very drowsy. I can't think properly. Every single small thing is a huge effort, almost an impossible task, jigsaw pieces impossible to reassemble. Meanwhile, tons of clouds keep getting into my head and I can't do anything about it.

Don't come in

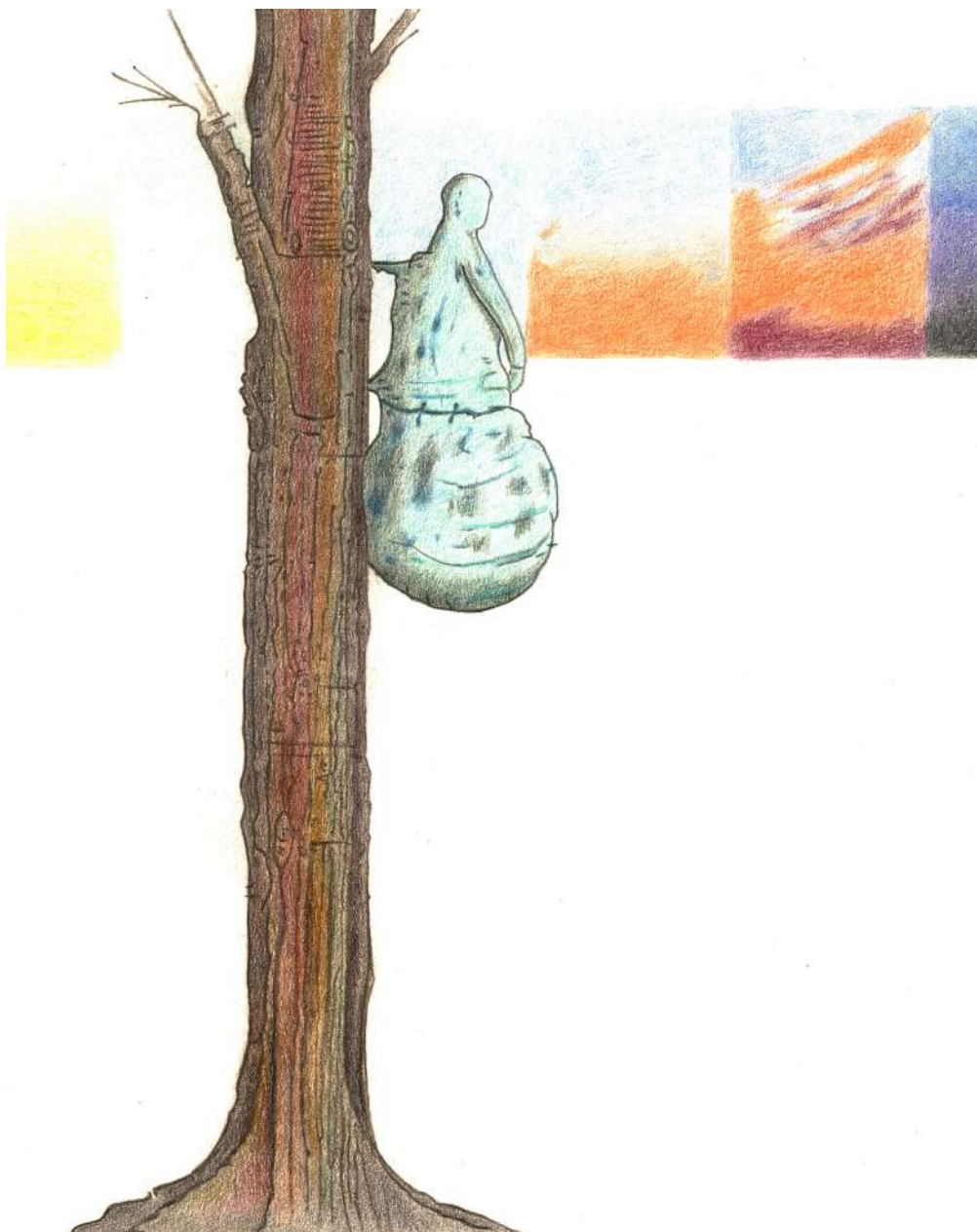
Don't come in because I am in pain, I am afraid and anxious. Don't come in because I don't want to see anyone, I can't do anything, I am paralyzed. Don't come in because I feel filthy, furious and dangerous. Don't come in.





Dis-connection

When I am out on the street, the volume has raised to hell-level. I get very nervous, uneasy, insecure. It looks like people are wearing clothes with empty cans attached, clattering so noisily. Every voice, siren, alarm, every car passing by is too much. I can't take it anymore, so I go back home and remain in silence. The noise is lower, but still there.



No day

I feel so tired and sleepy, I can't move. Time is just light changing, early morning to midday, afternoon to night. Time exists when I open my eyes and I am able to stay conscious for a few minutes. Then, I close them, I fall asleep. I feel someone is stealing from me. It's another no-day. Again.

Oxygen

Suddenly I feel dizzy, I am trembling, sweating, I have crawling sensations in my arms and my lips, my vision is blurred, I hear a sharp pitch sound in my ears, I can't control anything and I am scared, I am panicking. When is this going to stop? I need to drink oxygen or I am going to die.





Monster's daily visit

Every morning the monster wakes me up. On Monday, he brings me dizziness, sweating, confusion and headache. On Tuesday, he feeds my anxiety, depression, tiredness and my suicidal thoughts. On Wednesday, he comes with insomnia, constipation, numbness and lack of concentration. On Thursday, he hits me with nightmares, distorted taste, appetite loss and vomiting. On Friday, he gives me trembles, palpitations, stiffness and dilated pupils. On Saturday, he carries stomach pain, diarrhoea, muscle spasms and a sense of unreality. And Sunday, he shows me constant thirst, irritability, loss of libido and weakness. On Monday, he delivers sleepiness, crawling sensations, nausea and abdominal pain. On Tuesday...



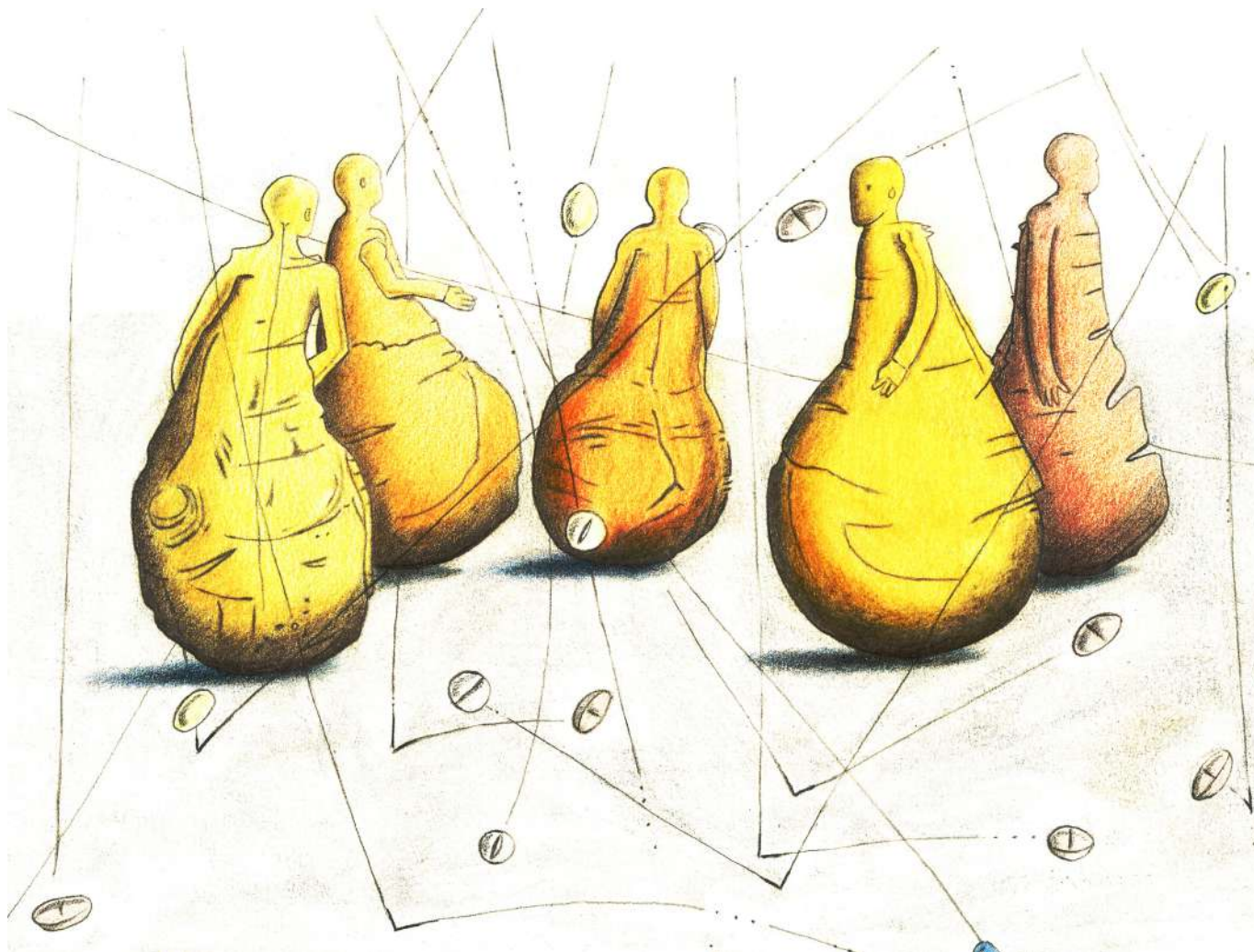
Anxiety:
1000 epileptic ants
going all over your body

*Wake up, get up, dress up,
eat breakfast, I feel nervous,
my jaws are stiff, I need to
shout. Go to work, stay fo-
cused, be nice. I want to be
on my own, I am irritable, I
could break things. Talk to
people, try to read, watch a
movie. I feel restless, I can't
concentrate. Is it so bloody
hard to be quiet?*



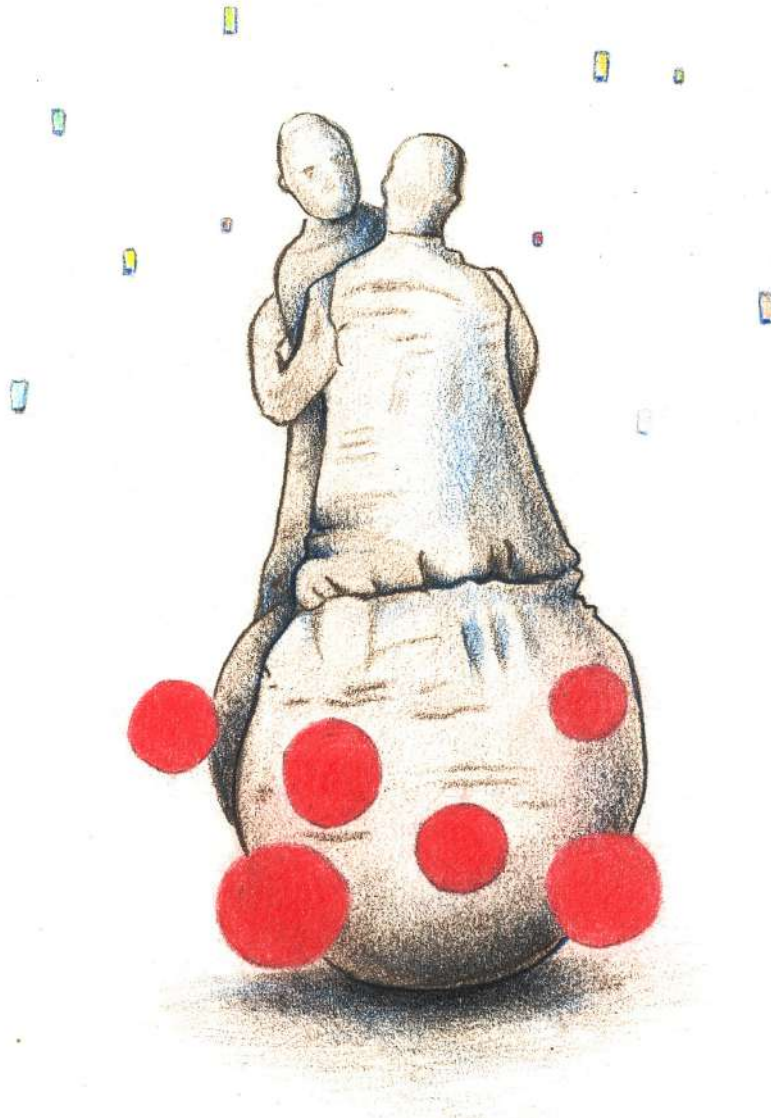
Head swapping

Someone tells me: 'It is all in your head'. As if to say 'blame it on your thoughts'. It's that easy. I feel angry and frustrated. I can't switch my brain off. Is there any device to remove my thoughts? I can only think of something: head swapping. Let's see what you can do.



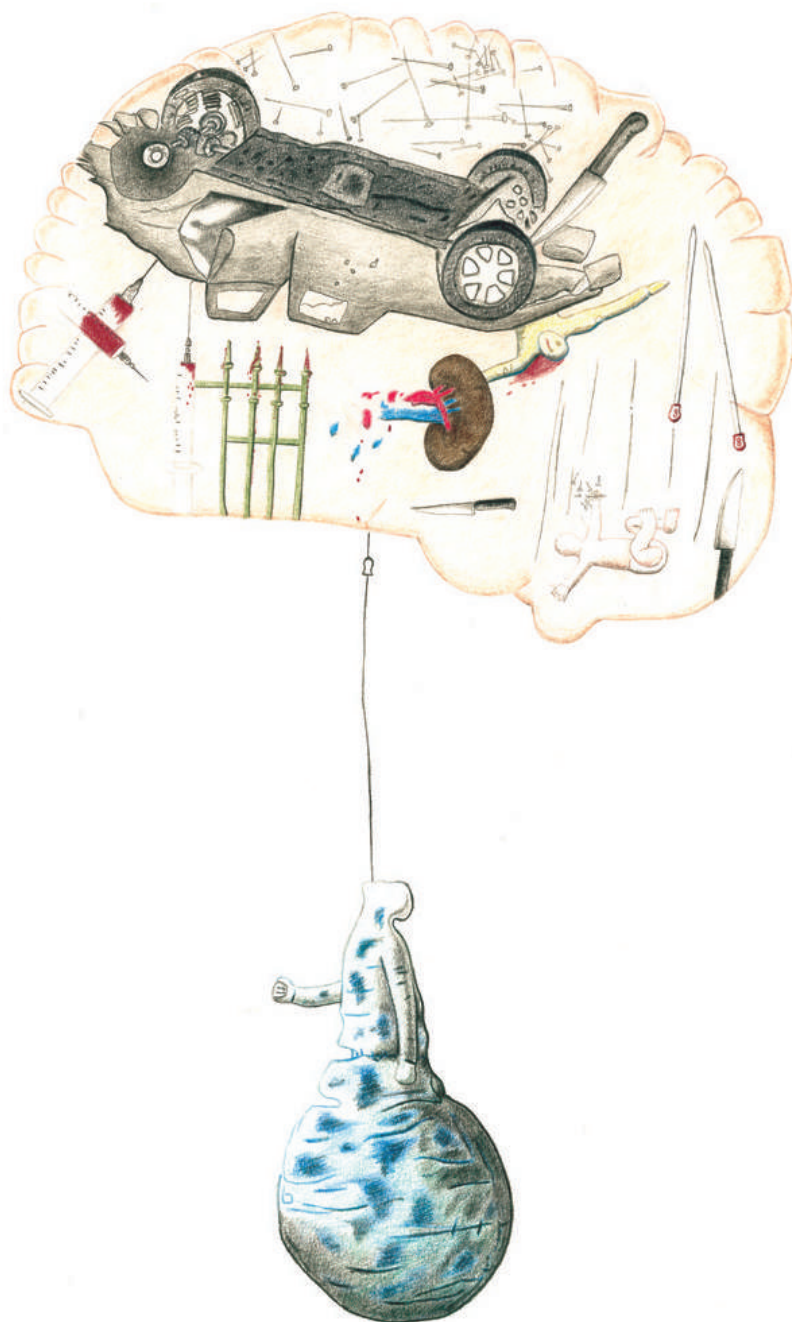
The alchemist psychiatrist I

The psychiatrist looks at me seriously. He seems to be thinking deeply, eyes half closed. My head is a blender with the lid off. After hours in silence, he comes closer and pours pills into the blender and turns it on. I try to fight against the side effects, while he keeps pouring pills. But there's no gold in my head, and there won't be.



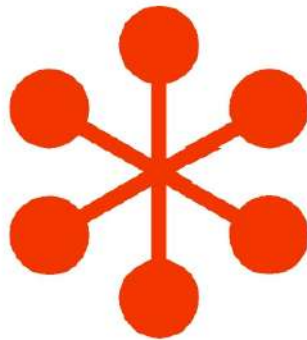
Sorrow (in state of emergency).

Night falls in the city. I feel sad, desperate, broken, damaged, lousy. I have red lights because I am in a state of emergency. A friend embraces me and I am grateful. Someone might think that since I have found someone, I should feel better. But I am helpless.



Turn it off, please!!!

You don't see it coming, just happens. Suddenly, it bursts in your head. Someone starts to search roughly for your right kidney to pull it out. Blood, dizziness and the colours of a Francis Bacon painting. Pointed things perforating my forearms, my eyes, I don't want to be another Tim Burton's character. Shuddering and more blood. A baby falls from your arms and the skull crashing noise is terrible, like the one of your own car running over someone while you are driving on a roundabout. Chilling roads of uneasiness. I close my eyes, try to drag the images out of my mind, nothing works. Is there any way to switch off my brain?



You can see the full collection at our facilities:

TAB Healthcare Research

Via Laietana, 36 3º2º - 08003 Barcelona (Spain)

Tel: 933 193 336

tab@tabhealthcare.com

www.tabhealthcare.com