

# Wake-Up Call

## Part IV—"Call 911!"

by

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It was March. Emily was home for spring break and Denise was enjoying having her 19-year-old daughter around. Unfortunately, it was going to be hard to spend much time with her because it was that time of the year when weddings and other catered events were picking up again after the post-New Year's lull. Denise was feeling the pressure pile up again. She constantly felt fatigued and out of breath, but she attributed these to perimenopause.

Emily could sense that her mother was tense and out of sorts, so she planned a relaxing evening for her parents and offered to cook mushroom lasagna, her mother's favorite dish. All was going well until dessert, when Emily noticed her mother's face growing paler by the minute. Suddenly, just like that night back in October, Denise began to have severe trouble breathing and her heart began racing. The room began to spin and, without warning, she fainted on the dining room floor.

"Oh my God! Dad, call 911!"

*"Uh oh. Oh! Oh no! Denise. Denise! Do you read me? I'm in the middle of a heart attack!! I know it. I can feel it! That plaque in your left anterior descending coronary artery just ruptured. Now everything is going crazy. Everyone in the whole body seems to be swimming by. High levels of fibrinogen, C-reactive protein (CRP), and interleukin-18 (IL-18-inflammatory markers present in the bloodstream when there's unstable plaque) are combining with your high blood serum cholesterol. BAD things are happening, Denise. Really, really BAD!"*

*Plaque ruptures. Platelets stick to the exposed lipid core at the site of rupture. The blood clot grows...too big. Oh too big. Is it going to break? Say it isn't going to break. Not thrombosis, please....*

*.... It's been 10 minutes since my heart cells supplied by the blocked artery have been without oxygen. If something isn't done soon, my cells are going to die. Necrosis! I never thought I could say that word. They say a heart attack can take over four to six hours. This first hour is horrible—the most critical period. Parts of the blood clot may break loose, travel in the blood, and stick in some tiny little blood vessel. My God, it could get in a coronary artery or the brain! An embolism. I need help! Now... NOW. HELP!!*

*I've got to get my self in hand. It's the only way in a crisis. Right? Right! Why didn't Denise go to her doctor to complain about her chronic breathlessness, fatigue, and nausea? All this stress elevated her blood pressure and further increased her risk for a heart attack. Alright, so she didn't know that she had a mutation in her LDL receptor gene. How could she know that LDL was not being efficiently removed from her blood? Whatever. At least she should have known her LDL blood levels were very high. So were*