



AWAY FROM PANIC

**GETTING TO KNOW IT, FIGHTING IT AND
SETTING FREE FROM IT IN 7 DAYS**

www.awayfrompanic.com

*I want to dedicate this book to my mother, my sister and especially to the woman who for years has accompanied my life. They have **tolerated** me when the issue made me unable to live my life to the fullest and have **supported** me in putting together all the advice that made possible the writing of this book.*

You are MUCH greater than you think...

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PREFACE

I am a little over 30 years old; I suffered from panic attacks since my adolescence. I can state "with lively and vibrant satisfaction" that I've set myself free, for years now, and I want to share my experience with you, giving you all the tools you need to achieve the same result: living life to the fullest without any more panic attacks!

I'm not a doctor, I have no academic psychology knowledge but I do know one thing: we have **inner resources** that can help us to get rid of, or even destroy certain patterns, in ways that go beyond our control. Science has been seeking for centuries rational explanations to all kinds of problems and without a doubt it is the scientific method, that studies with objective data the causes and the effects of a given event or problem, the one tool that often allows us to understand and act upon to resolve it. But when the issue is related to the mechanisms of our brain, a super-complex machine, we become aware of multiple interpretations and methods of intervention, also through Internet, where we find useful advice, thanks to experts and professional or even the next-door neighbor who posts stuff on FaceBook, shared experiences, anecdotes and a variety of different methods.

Anyone who suffers from a problem often accepts authoritative opinions of doctors and professionals who have had formal training, maybe on the specific problem that afflicts us.

However, what can you do when the methods and the proposed treatments don't work? We find ourselves "shopping for consultants," over and over again, spending a lot of money and often ending up with either the acceptance of the situation without intervening or we starting using drugs, alternative treatments, spending more money and time hoping to find what will have an effective result on our case.

I have tried many of them and for a long time: from the family doctor to a specialist, from a friend's advice to homeopathic treatments, transcendental

meditation practices, I've read books on stress and anxiety and have seen an infinite number of videos on the web. The result was often leaving me with an even more confused perception, with the problem still existing and the consciousness of living a very limited existence.

I treasured the acquired information, but then I understood something I couldn't find on the web, and that actually worked, both in my case and later in the case of other people I know with the same problem that have followed my advice.

What I want to propose you through this book is a **specific method**, a series of experiments, of the duration of only 7 days. **By the end you will have understood why this happens to you, what really happens to your body and in your mind and what you can do to overcome it.** Whether the remedy will work for you in a definite way is only up to YOU. You are the only one who can act in a drastic and decisive way on the problem, treasuring the reflections and methods that this book proposes, taking a conscious decision to **overcome it once and for all.**

I'm now going to tell you about me, when it all started: I was a lively boy, fond of informatics and free of large concerns, I was "social" drinker and smoker (a beer and a few cigarettes here and there when in company at the weekends). Thanks to my passions I've always had fairly stable jobs, I even allowed myself to move several times and change companies for which I worked, friends respected me and thought of me as an intelligent person, pleasant to be with, humorous and fun, always ready to joke and with a contagious laughter. I was no Brad Pitt, but girls were not lacking: I'd established pleasant frivolous relationships, yet not overlooking the importance of a possible serious relationship.

But one day, while showering, I realize that I have an annoying pimple at the height of the sacrum. Naively I try to get rid of it but I feel an excruciating pain! I look at it in the mirror and I notice that it is big, very big and irritated. I decide to go to the doctor, who visits me and prescribes an ichthyol based cream: which should "purge" the pimple and make me feel better.

Never in my life had I felt such pain! I spent the night biting on my pillow. The next morning, I go to work and ask my mother to search for a specialist opinion on the

matter. Meanwhile, the Internet helps me to worry even more: without going into further details, that'll save you, I find I have a sacred coccygeal fistula. The only possible solution is surgical excision. On a visit to a specialist I find two options: surgery or laser cut. The laser would cost me 3000 euros so I go for the other, much more annoying choice, but the persistent pain and not being able to lie down or sit lead me to an urgent decision. I had never had any kind of hospital experiences, I only saw death in movies and video games, except for my grandparents death of old age. My family is mostly in good health and so I was never exposed to any case of serious illnesses around me. Yet here I am, in a hospital room with people talking about terminal diseases, explicitly mentioning real cases with many detailed descriptions of dreadful symptoms and tragic endings. Life is this too, they tell me ... I try to not think about it, in vain.

"Doctor, I have never been in a hospital, I'm scared ..." - He winks at me with the mask on the face, seems to smile, then nods to the anesthetist to proceed.

I will now go fast: Fear - lumbar anesthesia - pain - fear - atropine - intervention - f**k I am awake! - hospitalization - Christmas in hospital - return home, wearing a gym suit for over 15 days (I remember the advice received while leaving the hospital: "Do not jump, run, make any efforts, and obviously avoids impacts on the affected area. Be very careful as your problem often involves relapses...").

The summer of that same year I quickly drink what's left of a lemon iced granita and I get a "nice" congestion which brings me right back to the emergency room: spasmex injection and off we go.

Now, bringing back memories, I would even make a joke about it: a fistula is a quite common problem and congestions are no big deal (yeah but who would drink an iced granita on an empty stomach first thing in the morning?!). We should worry about more serious issues, like quitting smoking for example. That would certainly be more useful. But something in my head had changed, I can't say for sure if it was due to these two particular episodes, but I had become "aware of being vulnerable" and I soon realized that I was starting to worry more about my future, about the health condition of the people I cared about, making "undeniable" reasoning which would

often lead to tragic outcomes, which accompanied my sleepless nights and that would “bounce” around my thoughts while talking to people without my intentional will.

I recall only for the purpose of the book **my first panic attack**.

Hanging out with friends, we end up in a crowded pub, the music’s volume was more than loud: a situation which is quite usual to us young people. However, that night I felt strange, I felt a sort of weakness in the knees and attributing the feeling to the double martini , I sit down but my head feels heavy, everything starts to spin around me and I can’t really tolerate the music and the people who, by now, are shouting in my ears to be understood. I then decided to walk away, I get into the car and notice that my forehead is sweating, I try however to keep both hands on the steering wheel and I realize that my palms are wet. I feel even a slight tremor in my legs and I'm surprised that I haven't even instinctively turned on the stereo. I still blame the Martini, I think of the chance of getting pulled over with consequent driver's license suspension and follow the road, fortunately only few kilometers are left to get home , while I’m having to use the white stripes on the asphalt as a reference.

I walk into my house, tired, and in the bathroom mirror I see myself pale, with a strange look, almost frightened. I think it's absurd that the Martini had such an effect on me and then I decide to let it go. I turn on the TV and I sit motionless on my armchair. I'm still sweating and my attention is now all focused on my breath: it's fast, I try to paste it but I feel a lump in my throat and feel my heart beat in my ears. I try to focus on what was broadcasting on TV but I can't find anything interesting. Then my mother wakes up, maybe to get a drink, and says, "You're back earlier.....are you all right? You have a strange look on your face ... have you been taking drugs?! ". I smile and answer that I am simply tired, and then go to sleep.

I therefore find it hard to fall asleep but in the middle of the night I feel a sense of "thud in my chest," I wake up suddenly with my heart pounding and jumped out of bed, turn on the light, it is four o'clock am. I feel I'm about to faint. Everything around me starts to spin, my heart beat won't slow down, it actually accelerates even more, I'm afraid to die, is that what a heart attack feels like? Terrified I run into the kitchen to get some water, my lips are dry and my tongue feels stiff in my mouth. My mother and my sister, hearing my quick steps and the sound of glasses, rush into the kitchen where they find me holding my chest with one hand, I explain them how I feel

while it is increasingly more difficult to stop shaking and my arms feel numb, my breathing is irregular...

"We'll go to the doctor ..." my mother says, looking at me while caressing me, obviously very worried. My sister is observing me petrified: I have always been her role model, flawless, almost like a supernatural being. After about ten minutes of being questioned heavily about what I had done out that night, I start to feel better, I feel every single beat of my heart, and this time it seems calmer. I had no explanation for what had happened and I decided to spend the rest of the night on my PC, surfing the Internet in search of information, with the head still dazed and worried about things that I won't mention.

I find that there are so many people in the world suffering from this disorder: it is called PANIC DISORDER, and is generally treated with therapies such as pharmaceutical or psychotherapeutic, or both combined. I'll go ahead and discover a world that was unknown to me until that moment : there are people of all ages , especially young people, who have suffered and still suffer from this disorder , in some cases with embarrassing traits . Some have severely limited their sex lives, some would not leave the house for months not even for inevitable things such as work or the groceries, some literally stuff on drugs and antidepressants, some who cannot hold their urine even some who end up committing suicide. These are only cases that emerge from my own research, obviously real numbers will attest further more worrisome data. All of these people live with **the constant fear that it will happen again**, it becomes no longer possible to do what you once used to do freely, and before I knew it, even I was among these cases: the attacks would come intermittently, each time with similar symptoms, I often ended up throwing up in the bathroom, at work I was shy, unapproachable, I started going out much less even in the absence of symptoms, but with fear in my body, I wanted to avoid any situations from which " I wouldn't have been able to get out." Over time I stopped taking the highway due to the fear of feeling sick while driving and causing harm to myself and others. I did not make love for a long time because it almost always followed some pretty strong tachycardia with consequent "moment of crisis." I then lost my girlfriend too..

I could go on with the sequence, which I think you know very well, of decisions and feelings that literally made my life a living hell, including doctor visits where I was often just told "you're only a little anxious but you're fine " etc.. etc...

I want to focus instead on the most important moment: the one in which I decided to fight back, to **get rid of the beast**.

Accompanied by my mother to the hundredth medical specialist, he listened carefully to me describing all the symptoms and tells me that it is a completely normal reaction to anxiety, which many people suffer from and that I just had to live with it. He prescribed me Lexotan drops, tells me to take them with me so that I can take them in times of need as they would have calmed me down for sure. Returning home, I run to seek a pouch in which to put "the elixir of calmness" to have it with me at all times, thinking about how it would be to go back to my normal life and how I would conquer the world!

I decide to go for a walk, but at the sound of the "clack" of my pouch, in my mind I suddenly feel a strong sense of rejection, I burst into tears, I do not want to depend on medicine already at my age and I do not agree with living that way even in the absence of major physical problems. So I take my best decision ever: **REACT**. No matter how, no matter how long it'll take or if in the end I'll end up hanging from a rope: I will NOT go crazy and I will NO LONGER allow this issue to be a part of me!

I feel anger, maybe even a little towards myself, but **the desire to change is stronger and I feel that I can do it...**

I KILLED THE BEAST, YOU CAN TOO

What follows is a method developed by me, the result of sleepless nights and efforts that have led me to identify, after some time, all the factors and elements to exploit and defeat "the beast". The inspiration came with the worried phone call of a friend of mine, who had been experiencing for months how it felt to "*live in the unreasonable fear of being about to die,*" he remembered when I had told him about it and asked me what I did to handle it, and I calmly replied that it was a passed matter for me. So I decided to do a test on him: asked him not to resort to any medicine and try my

system **for 7 days**, after which he could continue with the therapies that were recommended (in his case combined cycles of psychotherapy supported by drugs). The end result was that Paul (whose name has been changed for privacy reasons) now lives peacefully and free from the crisis that panic attacks bring. With pleasure I can honestly say that I've successfully helped other people with the same method, with the same result.

Wanna bet it works for you too?

You simply have to stick to these rules:

- 1) Do not consult doctors or professionals for the next 7 days.
- 2) Choose a specific time of the day to devote to reading the entire chapter. Strive to get to the end of each chapter by reading no more than one a day. Do not rush it: follow the method.
- 3) Apply the advice the next day as well, when required, even unwillingly. You will be rewarded!
- 4) Do not talk to anyone about the problem for the duration of the experiment. If people aware of your situation were to ask you how you feel, simply answer that you're coming out of it and that's going better.

I wish you a good and enjoyable reading then, with the promise that the chapters will be short, easy to understand, wishing you to be able to get back the control of yourself and your life.

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DIDN'T YOU KNOW?
...