

# I was diagnosed larynx tumour

Contributed by Doctor Herbie  
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This personal story tells about many situations we have to pass through, when the ailment appears in my throat. Diagnosis, treatment, controls, feelings and suspense. Up to now.

I describe my own experience, not to collect pity from readers, but to encourage people to fight against this problem.

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In January 2006, I began to suffer a persistent aphony, up to the point to difficult me to communicate with other people. I started to think in written cards in my pocket. Local treatments, didn't get results.

{bot\_wrgoogle}More than anything my couple and reality led me to a doctor. The specialist, after a quick checking said "I do not like this", "I want you to see a throat surgeon." Here, my couple and I, began to worry.

The surgeon (otorhinolaryngologist), made me a laryngoscopy, and there it was, a pretty sore, just over 1 cm in diameter protruding on my left vocal chord. I looked at the screen, as if that were of someone else.

While writing the report, the surgeon commented us that it should be necessary to schedule a "microsurgery".

We were on April 2006. The surgery was scheduled for May 31. Anyway, he commented that, although we have to wait the outcome of the biopsy, "he believed that it was malignant", though with a high healing possibility.

Then we began a tour, visit a cardiologist, my first electrocardiogram (64años). After a centellogramme. It was a new experience for me, to ensure that my heart would accept a general anesthesia. Next days, other checkups followed and all results were fine.

Finally May 31 arrived. At 12 am o'clock, washed and neat, we went to the Sanatorio Americano (Montevideo). After a while, I was prompted to a room to get changed and I had to put a diaper, a skirt and a cap (all disposable) on, pity not to have had a photography camera.

On a stretcher, after a handshake with my couple, I was transferred to the operating theatre (again, my first time).

Around of an imposing central light focus, the surgeon, an anesthetist and two nurses, were waiting for me. Blood pressure measure, intravenous via connected and conversation, to "break the ice" until 10 minutes or less when, I was gone.

In a bit more than 1 hour I woke up in the get changed room, with my couple besides me, with a worried face, asking me not to speak. I could not control myself and in a whisper I recalled her details of my experience (euphoria post-anesthesia). Shut up please, she pleaded, watching me with very big eyes.

After a couple of hours, they gave us permission to leave. Back home, no words. Each of us with our own thoughts.

They were about 3 weeks quite tough. The suspense is catching in movies or books, but not in my own throat. My experience allowed me to think of something dangerous, but as the voice was recovering fast, I was convinced that total healing could be possible. She still did not talk about it.

{bot\_wrgoogle}A few days later, she not endured over and told me, The surgeon said that suspicions were confirmed, the sore is clinically malignant, although we must wait for the pathologist's diagnosis.

Meanwhile the curiosity was too strong, PC, Google, larynx tumor, look, please! thousands of pages, which of them more shocking. We decided to stop that and wait.

Finally, on the phone, from the laboratory somebody saying, it is ready, allowed me to go (this time by myself) to a specialized laboratory. They handed me an envelope with the report, I acknowledged and came out slowly, with the envelope that weighed in my wet hands.

Then my request to the Lord, my couple has done this from the very beginning. Outside, I opened the envelope, unfolding the report, squamous cell carcinoma was written, it was like a bad dream, I read it for a second time, it was still saying the same thing.

After a few minutes with a blank mind I began to react, I read again the piece of paper, which spoke about me. In addition to what I had already understood, it was written "low mitosis." Here my veterinary knowledge almost gone, began to reappear, the pressure of the situation, I think, low mitosis means of slow growth. That's good!

I took the cellular phone, I thought for a while and called her. "Be calm that everything is going to be O.K."

Before returning home, visited a Cyber Cofee, Google, larynx carcinoma..... .. and then several pages concurred: "It is highly feasible their recovery or not regression, with radiotherapy and monitoring for several years.

The next day we went back to the surgeon specialist, a nervous waiting and prognosis, "it is curable in a high percentage" (My God... put me within the majority), the surgeon continued, with radiotherapy sessions we had been successful in most cases.

I was also subjected to a CT scan to ascertain whether there were lymphatic nodal touches. Beyond that we had been notified that this was difficult, because the vocal cords do not have lymphatic vessels.

The result was negative. The embrace when leaving the place, was full of relief, support, transmission of emotions and feelings.

An oncologist told us, I recommend 35 sessions of radiotherapy. He warned as that the treatment could cause an important throat irritation (perhaps I could be able to tolerate only liquid food) and local skin burns.

In July (always 2006) we achieved a place in a well known Oncological and Radiotherapeutic Clinic. On July 26th, nearly 6 months after the aphony started.  
We choose early morning turn.

That morning, at 5 am, this poor human being, was removed from bed, prompted to a shower and get dressed. We caught a bus at 5.55 am.

Close to 7 am we were at the Clinic and after a short and tense waiting, the call, a technician guided me to a room where a stretcher and something like an enormous hammer above the stretcher, were, the Cobalt 60 Pump.

The technician told me to lay aside in the stretcher, moved the device down and opened a small window, "stay quiet" said and disappeared. A few seconds the device made a sound like a distant ignition (still hear it) tnnnnnnnn. And began, now silent to emit, whatever it was.

To pass the time, I began counting the seconds (obvious, until 180). At the end, another noise, like a mechanical sigh. The technician reappeared, turn to the other side said, back on the stretcher and over again.

I acknowledged and left. On the street I explained her, as I could, how it was. Later, at home, again breakfast and work.

The following days again, early wake ups, shower, breakfast, same bus, with almost the same people, Clinic, technician, stretcher, 3 minutes on each side (counting seconds).

The skin burns did not appear, thanks to an aloe gel cream applied every day and the throat inflammation minimized with a mixture, Kombucha tea with medicinal herbs, no difficult swallowing problems.

Were 35 sessions, were 7 weeks.

I had a mild throat irritation, which prevented an immediate exam by the surgeon, viewing that my voice had recovered, even before starting radiotherapy, he said things are going well. 15 days later we returned back, this time with laryngoscopie, and the diagnosis, I was clinically cured, but for about 4 years I should come every 6 months to be controlled.

We are in 2008 winter, soon we have a new control, but I am still with normal voice and without symptoms of something unusual. Thanks God!

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More details on my websites: <http://aev66aev.allinonehealth.com>