

I walk in and see a plate of freshly baked cookies. I pick one up and take a bite.  
As soon as I start to chew, I know I've made a mistake. I wasn't thinking.  
I tell Chelsea that she needs to call 911 right now.  
I know that I don't have much time.  
My mouth is starting to go dry.  
It always happens this way.  
I can hear the sirens now.  
It's hard to swallow.  
Trouble breathing.  
Things going dark.  
Can't breathe.

## **HELP.**

Can't breathe.  
Tears in my eyes.  
Trouble saying anything.  
Because I'm laughing so hard.  
I can hear Sarah cracking up too.  
It's always so much fun with these girls.  
I can't believe what comes out of their mouths.  
We've been having so much fun, we lost track of time.  
It's almost lunch. I tell Chelsea she should call our friends over.  
Then I smell something delicious. I think it's coming from the kitchen.  
I walk in and see a plate of freshly baked cookies. I pick one up and take a bite.

### **Help change the story.**

Text EAT to 35871 to donate \$5 to life-saving food allergy research.  
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