

Kliniska exempelbeskrivningar

"A thirty-eight-year-old mother of one child had been obsessed by fears of contamination during her entire adult life. Literally hundreds of times a day, thoughts of being infected by germs would occur to her. Once she began to think either she or her child might become infected, she could not dismiss the thought. The constant concern about infection resulted in a series of washing and cleaning rituals that took up most of her day. Her child was confined to one room only, which the woman tried to keep entirely free of germs by scrubbing it – floor to ceiling – several times a day. Moreover, she opened and closed all doors with her feet, in order to avoid contaminating her own hands. (Passer & Smith)

"On initial assessment, Dr. J, who is manifestly tense, complains of never being entirely free of a sense of impending disaster, although he cannot further specify the nature of this anticipated catastrophe. He notes a number of signs of autonomic hyperarousal that he experiences on virtually a daily basis, emphasizing in particular excessive sweating, which has become a source of embarrassment. He is medicating himself for persistent attacks of diarrhea. He complains of an inability to attain a refreshing level of sleep even on those rare occasions when he can count on a few uninterrupted off-duty hours, and his very few waking "leisure" hours are filled with restless irritability." (Passer & Smith)

"As the attacks continued, Ms. Watson began to dread going out of the house alone. She feared that while out she would have an attack and would be stranded and helpless. She stopped riding the subway to work out of fear she might be trapped in a car between stops when an attack struck, preferring instead to walk the 20 blocks between her home and work. Social and recreational activities, previously frequent and enjoyed, were severely curtailed because an attack might occur." (Passer & Smith)

"The overwhelming sadness. To med – it's my menace. My menace was with me in the shower, on the phone, in class. Everywhere. I would become lost in a thoughtless stretch or blank – where distraction to nothing in particular would take over. Consumed by nothing – thinking of nothing, but my mind was locked down – stuck – paralyzed. Studying was difficult if not impossible. I was becoming overwhelmed, and not understanding what I was dealing with – no relatable experience – made things almost intolerable. A good day was sleeping until 10 – getting up – maybe going to a morning lecture. Taking another nap in the afternoon – skipping class – reading books to pass the time that seems inescapable. Your mind gets into internal conflicts. Plenty of time for that. Time seems to always stretch in front of you – you can't bear thinking of doing anything to fill the time, but are beaten up by the fact the routine will routine will exist the next day, and the next day, and the next, and why at all bother? What is it all for?" (Davey)