

## PE1651/KKKKKKKKK

Terry Hall submission of 21 November 2018

I would like to update and send in my story of my antidepressant withdrawal and treatment as I believe that my initial account really doesn't do justice to my story and suffering. I was prescribed an antidepressant way back in my early twenties after going on holiday in Cyprus and getting food poisoning I spent a week in hospital out there before I returned home after about a month of not feeling well I went to my doctors to complain that I felt fatigued and generally unwell he prescribed me my first antidepressant as he said I was low in my mood and that I had a chemical imbalance and that it would address this and pick me up I had no depression prior to this I was a happy fun loving guy the life and soul of every party, with in a few days of taking the medication I had thoughts of killing myself overwhelming thoughts of drowning myself or hanging myself this was very disturbing to me so I returned to my doctor who referred me to a mental health hospital in which I was kept in for 6 weeks but the medication wasn't changed I was released but didn't feel that much better so after 6 months the doctor agreed to change my medication to a new one which again didn't have that much of an impact on my health and well being but only seemed to intensify my anxiety so I was sent to a psychiatrist who labelled me with chronic depression and anxiety and added another pill so this became my life for the next 15 years trying different medications suffering horrendous side effects going on and off the drugs that caused horrific problems but this was to be a breeze to what was coming next.

My life had now somewhat changed from being unwell from food poisoning to being labelled a depressive person with acute anxiety all because of the medication that I was given when perhaps antibiotics were all that were needed I had gone from looking forward to life I had passions plans a zest for life to now someone who was struggling with bouts of severe anxiety which was affecting my whole way of life. Finally I was placed on venlafaxine which I took for just over 12 years this allowed me to live some sort of life but I didn't stop the anxiety and somewhat made me feel flat as if I had the attitude that I couldn't care less but it numbed out a lot of the feelings that were causing me to be so emotional I stayed on these until the worst event ever to hit me in my life occurred I hit tolerance what at first seemed to me that my anxiety was getting worse also brought on a lot of physical symptoms that I had never experienced before over a period of twelve months I became very sick 24 hours a day anxiety worse than anything I had ever experienced sweating shaking overheating crying 24/7 then I realised that the drug was working against me I had tried every trick in the book to combat my anxiety but it wasn't going to work because this anxiety was a chemical induced anxiety so different to anything that I had experienced. So I returned to my doctor and he welcomed me to Hell what he did next to me no living human should ever have to go through. If I knew then what I know now I would have shot myself and that is the honest truth.

The doctor just stopped the medication no taper even though I ask him about a taper as to limit withdrawal but he felt it was not necessary and he placed me on 40 mg of citalopram this was a huge mistake it sent my nervous system on fire for the next six months I lived in Hell my brain would hurt I sweated so badly an anxiety that was so intense I was frozen with constant fear I couldn't sleep or eat I was on fire this became unbearable so I returned to him and told him not only was I going through severe

withdrawal from venlafaxine that the citalopram had increased all my symptoms ten fold so he stopped the citalopram with no taper and added mirtazapine and pregabalin this was the straw that broke the camels back the first pill of mirtazapine sent my brain on fire I was now wallowing in a chemical soup my body and brain were so fired up my body couldnt comprehend what had happen to it . I returned to my doctor who said that I had to give them time to work as it was all anxiety but this wasn't anxiety I was showing all the signs of serotonin syndrome I stayed on the meds for 12 months until I could no longer go on I had reach the point of no return I was then placed in a hospital where I was subjected to more torture the two meds were stopped I developed akathisia and believe me you don't want that it is hell on earth so I was forced to take clonazepam and lorazepam to keep me from pacing back and forth rocking in the most uncomfortable feeling of agitation you could ever imagine finally the doctor put me on fluoxetine and I was left to suffer the most horrendous symptoms ever as I deteriorated I was then forced into twelve sessions of ECT as I was told it was my only hope no one should ever have to go through that experience.

It is now two years since I came out of hospital all medications were stopped since then I now face a daily torture so bad the human mind could not comprehend it , I sleep on average 1-2 hours a night if I'm lucky if I do fall a sleep I wake to the feeling of acid running through my veins I shake and even now two years off all meds the akathisia has returned with a vengeance my whole body burns my mouth hands and feet are the worse I have a crushing pain either side of my head which I believe is damage from the ECT I am heat and excercise intolerant I have the worst depression I have ever known so crushing I beg for death most days I have been constantly followed by suicidal thought for months now that don't leave me alone they are 24/7 I cry everyday I am isolated and fatigued beyond belief I can't eat and have been left with a apathy that rocks you to your core I have no interest in life or anything I cannot feel excitement or love only sadness and hopelessness but worst of all it has destroyed my life and my family it has taken from me everything I cannot live the same life as the ones I love they now suffer as I do I was a hard working loving caring man and now I wish I was dead anything to stop this suffering the sad part to this is that I think that is what will finish me as suicide seems now the most peaceful end to all this suffering two year out now from all medication and I am getting worse all this because I had food poisoning what did I do that was so wrong , thanks for listening wether anything comes from this I very much doubt it.