

**Public Comment**  
**Colette, Age 16**

Volleyball three days a week, school 8 hours a day, other extra-curricular clubs, socializing with friends, at thirteen I never thought that in 24 hours my life as I knew it would be yanked out from my reach. I am still unable, over two years later, to grasp it for more than a treasured day in countless months. Chronic. Fatigue. Syndrome. Those three innocent, yet life-altering words have taken my life and thrown it in to a gigantic tornado, and it has not shown any signs of slowing down for me to catch up. In a call for help I plead for mercy to be given to me. Not to struggle opening my eyes at the signs of morning, and using every bit of strength within me to place one foot in front of another each second of every day is nothing but a distant dream, that would be the best gift I could ever imagine receiving. To be able to go to high school like a teenager should be able to without question. To in the future go to college and get any job I could hope for, without Chronic Fatigue Syndrome holding me back. Not to be housebound for weeks at a time, seeing nothing but the perimeters of my home.

Research. Answers. Information. Another three words, only 8 syllables that would bring hope, joy, and happiness to my life in so many ways. I am not asking for your sympathy; I am requesting your help. The greatest gift ever given. I haven't lost hope yet, and my fate is in your hands.