



It's the PITS!



I was sweating so much, I had to carry spare clothes...

By Sorcha Antonia, 36, from west London

Boiling hot, I fanned myself at my desk then darted to the loo.

Phew! I thought, whipping my top off and pulling on another.

But as I folded it up, I cringed. It was drenched with sweat!

It wasn't the first time either. It'd started when I was 15. I'd be sitting in class and suddenly sweat would trickle down my arms.

Gross!
When my periods started, the sweating got worse!

Mortified, I carried spare clothes everywhere. My confidence plummeted.

As for boyfriends, forget it. I was too self-conscious to date anyone.

Over the years, I tried everything... aromatherapy, acupuncture, rock-salt deodorant. Nothing worked.

Finally, when I was 21,

I plucked up the courage to see my GP.

Grabbing a magnifying glass, he peered under my clammy pits.

'You've got severe axillary hyperhidrosis, or excessive sweating under your arms,' he said. 'Sweat is produced to regulate your body's temperature. As a hyperhidrosis sufferer, you produce more than is needed.'

'And then some!' I nodded.

'We don't know what causes it,' he explained. 'Sometimes it's genetic, other times it's brought on by stress.'

'All I want is a cure,' I replied.

'We can remove your sweat glands,' he said.

'No way!' I blurted.

So he prescribed strong deodorant that made my armpits sore and blistered.

It was agony. And it didn't



Hands up...
...who's feeling happy with her treatment? Me!



even work for me!

Then, when I was 25, my friend asked me to be her bridesmaid.

'What am I going to do?' I worried to my mum Grace.

In the end, I had to grin and sweat it. I couldn't even dance, because of my sweat patches seeping through my gold dress. *Enough!*

Luckily, Mum had spotted an article about Botox.

'It can help with excessive sweating,' she said.

So I emptied my savings, and in mid 2004, I paid £500 for a treatment at The Cosmetic

Skin Clinic in London.

'How does it work,' I asked.

'The botulinum toxin type A blocks the impulses from the nerves to the sweat glands, so they stop producing sweat,' the consultant said.

So I lay back as he injected each armpit about 20 times to get the Botox into my body. I was awake at the time and it just felt like tiny pin pricks.

Even better, two days later I hadn't sweated a drop!

Now I only need Botox injections once a year. *And whatever happens, I simply don't sweat it!*

Forget boyfriends. I was far too self-conscious to date

Luckily, my mum had spotted an article about Botox...

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