

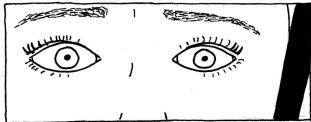
LITTLE STEPS

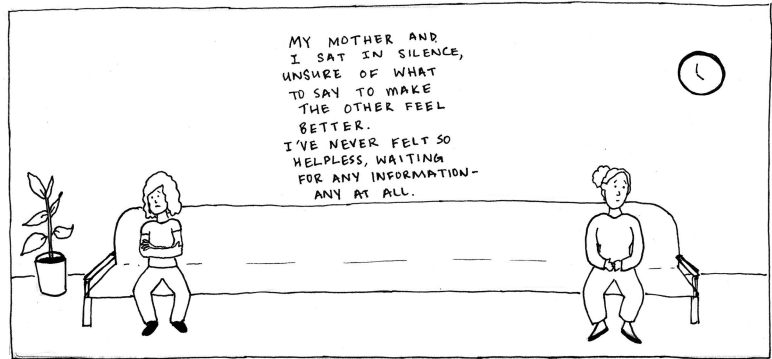
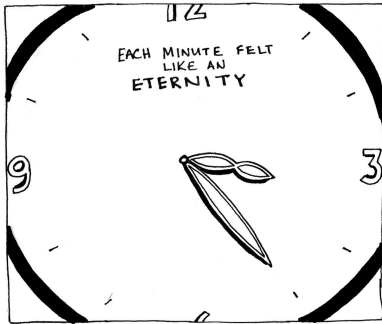
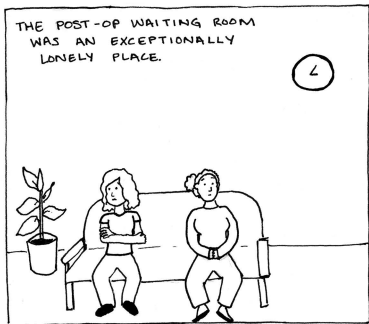
I DIDN'T ALWAYS WANT TO
BE A PHYSICIAN.

I ORIGINALLY WENT TO
SCHOOL TO BE AN
ENGINEER.



HEY MOM, WHAT'S UP?





MY DAD'S SURGERY WAS SUCCESSFUL,
AND HE EVENTUALLY WAS ABLE TO
WALK AGAIN.



BUT I NEVER FORGOT THE HELPLESSNESS
I FELT IN THE POST-OP WAITING ROOM.

MAYBE THAT'S WHY I SWITCHED GEARS
TO MEDICINE - TO HELP OTHERS
NAVIGATE SIMILAR EXPERIENCES.

WHITE COAT CEREMONY



DURING THE NEXT FOUR YEARS,
I LEARNED A LOT.



THINGS LIKE RASHES,
GASTRIC REFLUX, AND
SCREENINGS HAVE
BECOME ROUTINE.

BUT SOME DAYS, I
WORRY THAT I'VE
BECOME JADED, OR
THAT MY EMPATHY
IS SLIPPING AWAY.

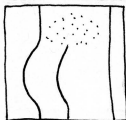
I'm burping...
... throat burns
... hurts to lie
down...

ARE YOU EVEN
LISTENING???

YEAH, TAKE
SOME
TUMS.

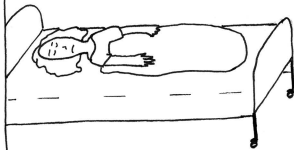
COUSIN

CAN YOU CHECK OUT
THIS RASH?

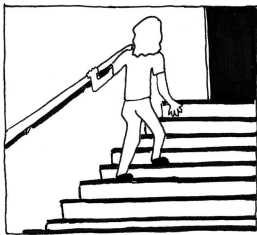
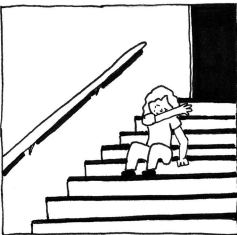


...

THEN THERE
ARE SOME
DAYS THAT
ARE SO
UNBELIEVABLY
HARD THAT
I WONDER
IF I'M TRULY
CUT OUT FOR
THIS.



HOW AM I
SUPPOSED TO TELL
HER THAT SHE
HAS CANCER?



BUT STILL, I TRY MY BEST.

