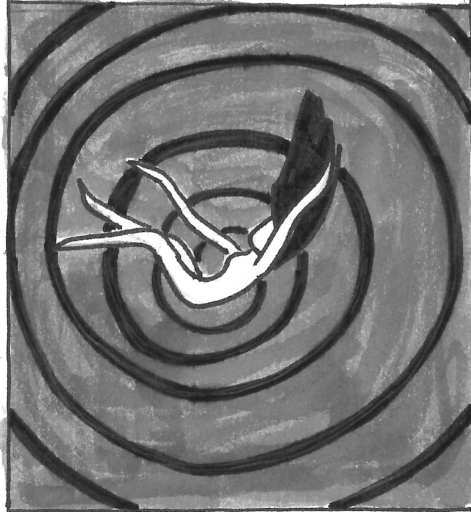


# PEEK A BOO



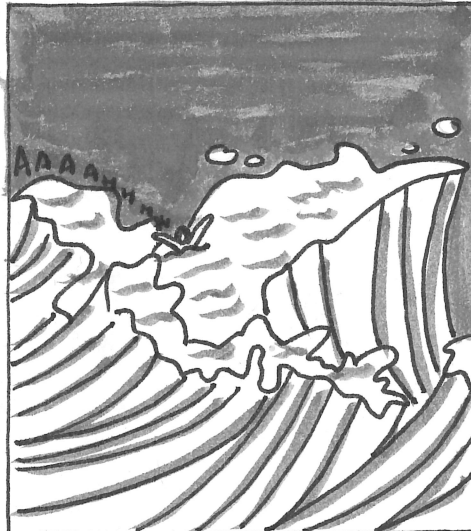
Estelle  
Green

Something HAPPENED  
MY SECOND YEAR OF  
MEDICAL SCHOOL...



THAT LEFT ME  
feeling LIKE...

I GOT HIT BY  
A TRUCK

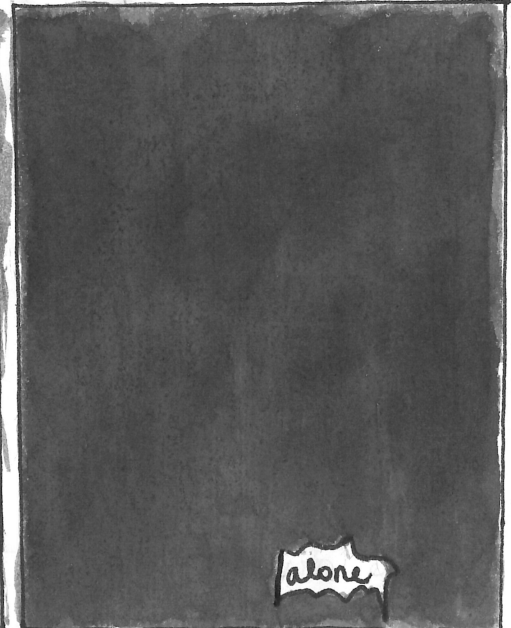
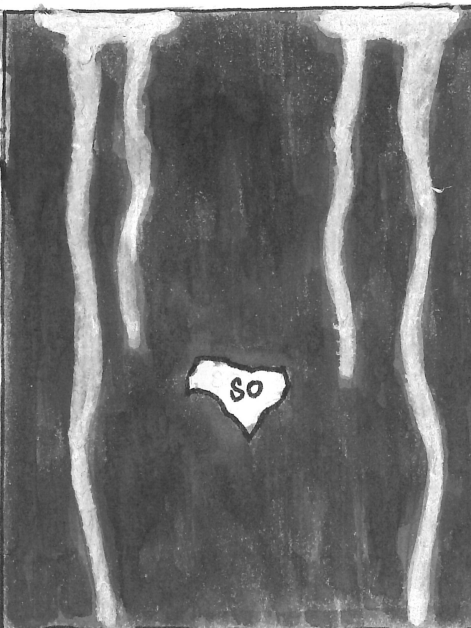


AND LANDED IN  
ROUGH WATERS

FAMILY AND FRIENDS  
RALLIED AROUND ME

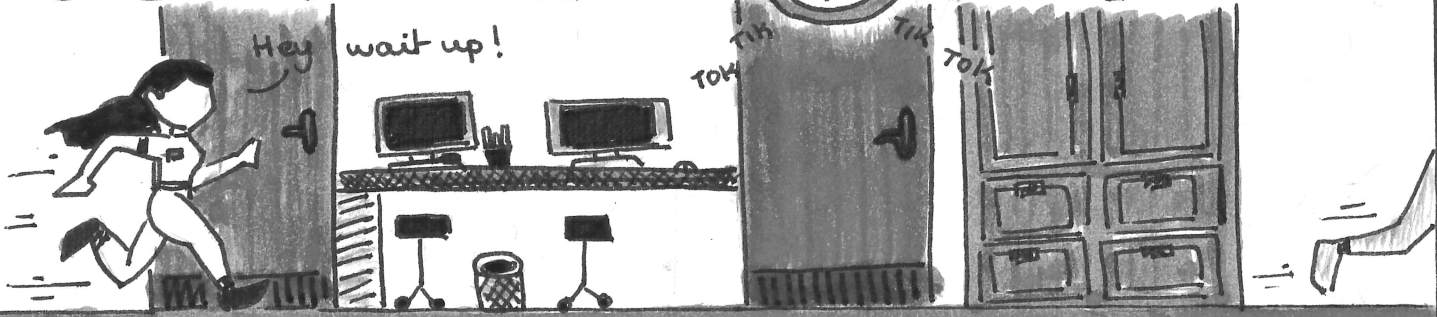


YET I STILL  
FELT



THEN ALONG CAME ...

# CLERKSHIP YEAR



PSA: Time doesn't wait for anyone. So... buckle up buttercup.

CLOAK OF

FAKE POSITIVITY

ACTIVATED



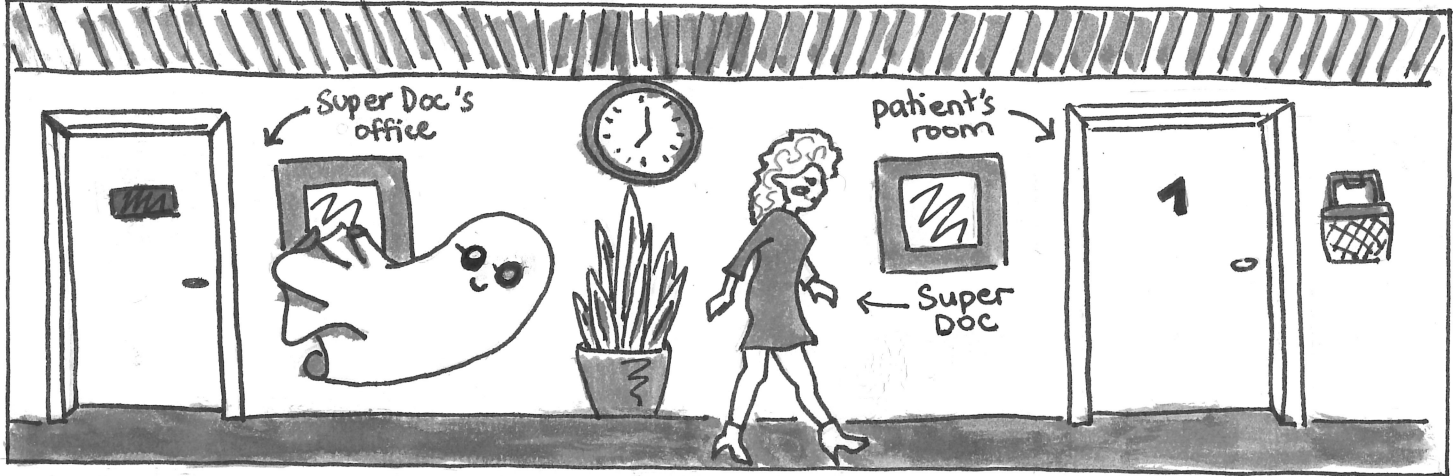
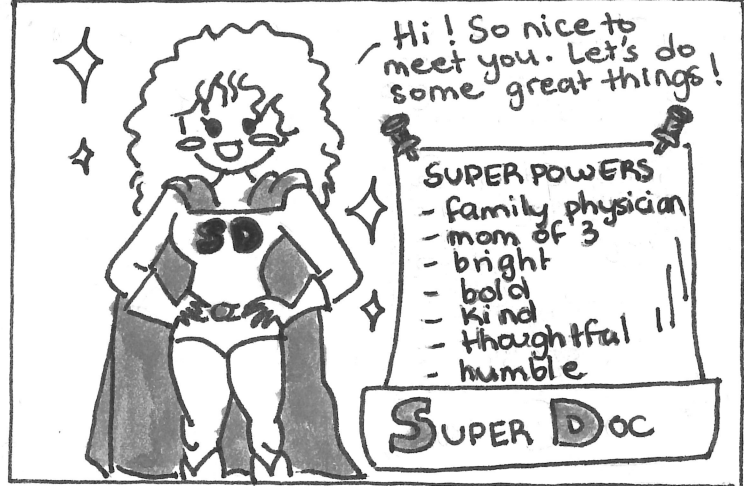
though I was still struggling by the start of clerkship

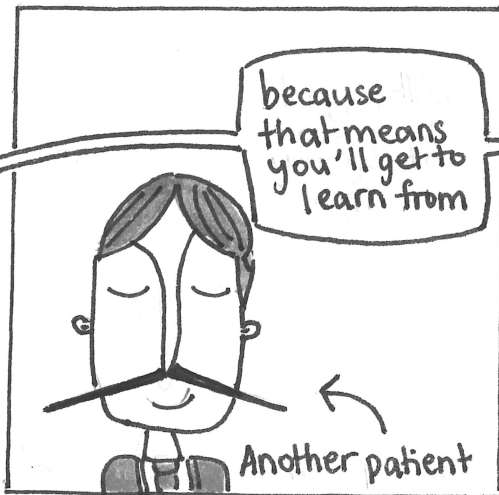
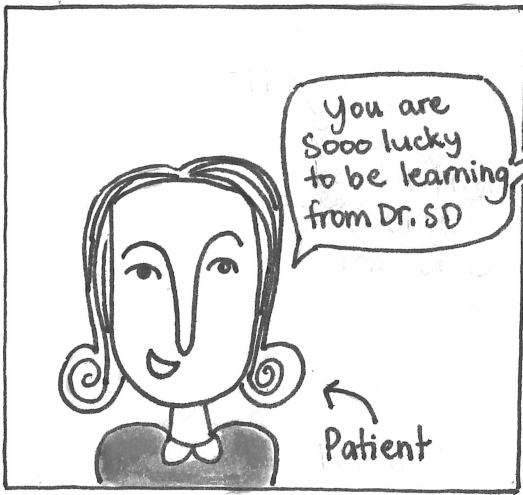


I knew that to succeed I had to put my best self forward

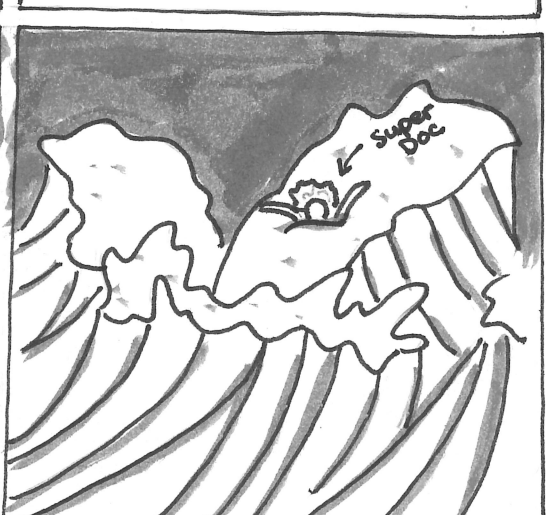
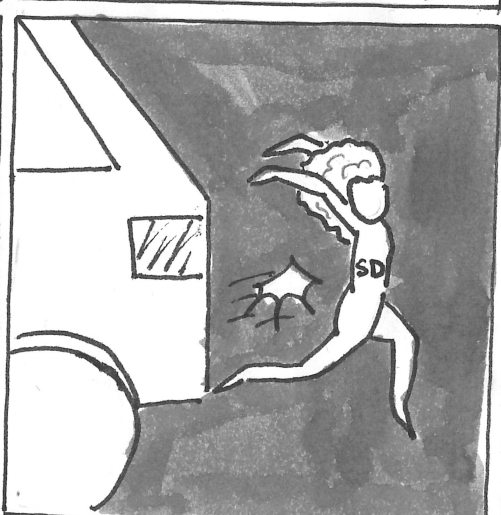
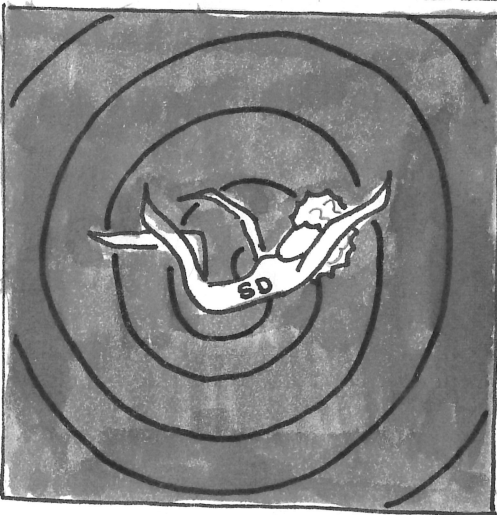
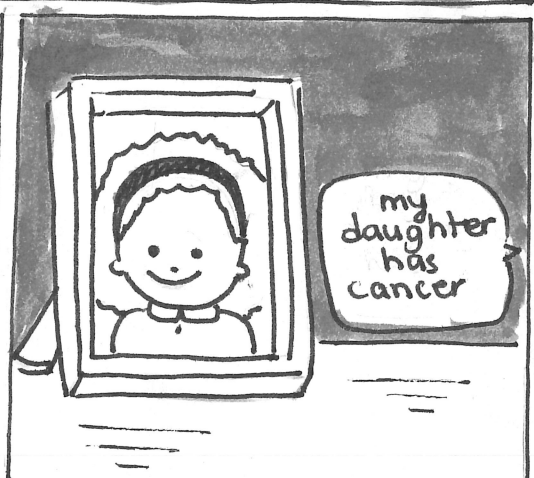
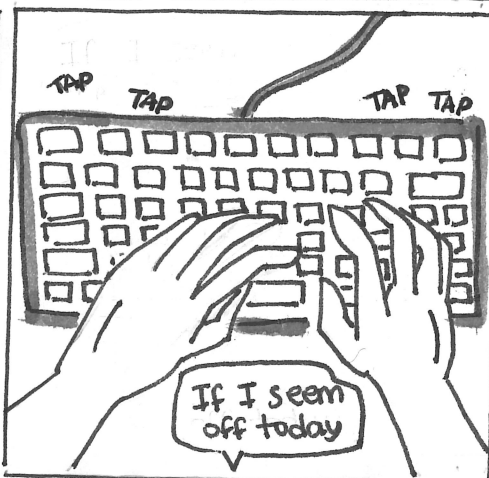
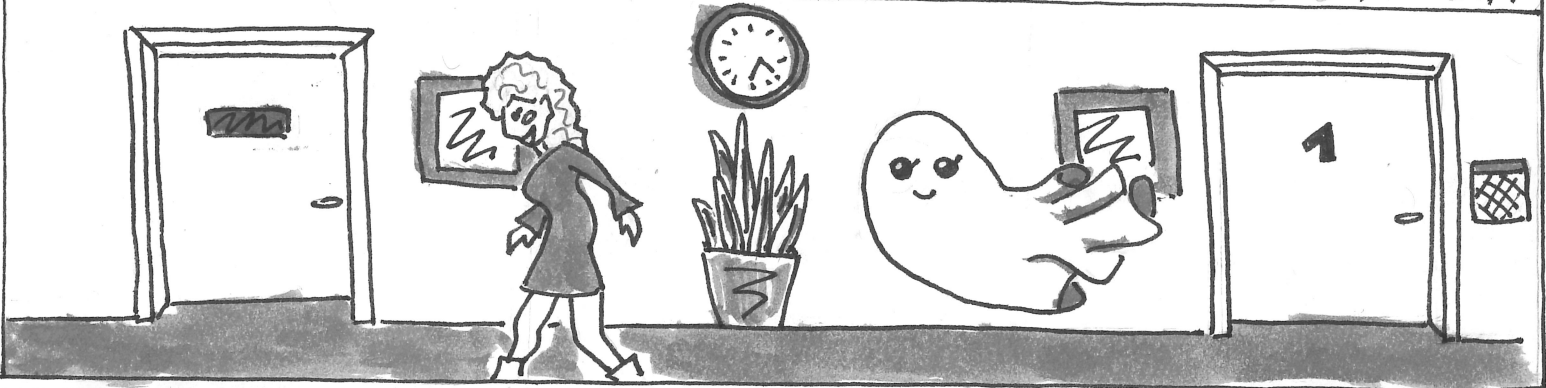


to me, that meant hiding my struggles behind a cloak of fake positivity

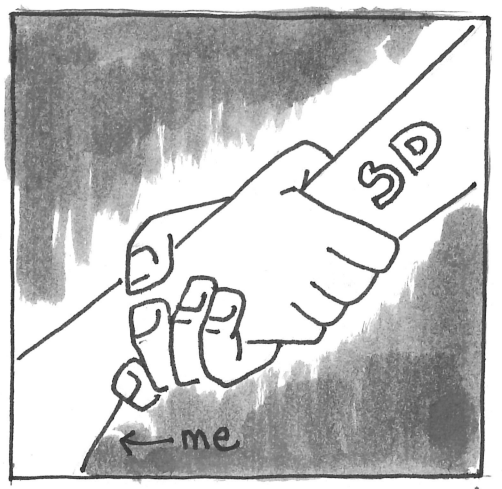
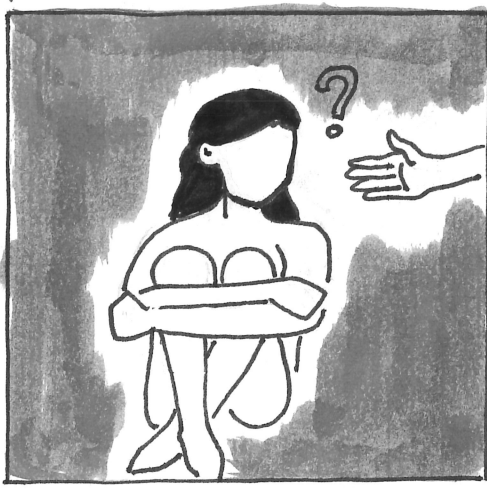




Months later...







THAT DAY



I LEARNED THAT



SUPERDOCS  
...

CAN HAVE

HAVE OFF  
DAYS  
TOO

