

Chapter 1 : SOMEBODY'S HEART IS BURNING by Tanya Shaffer | Kirkus Reviews

*Somebody's Heart Is Burning: A Woman Wanderer in Africa [Tanya Shaffer] on www.nxgvision.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. "It's my life, and if I want to run from it I can, " quips Tanya Shaffer.*

Warning signs and symptoms of heart disease URL of this page: You may have early signs or symptoms long before you have serious heart problems. Or you may not realize you are developing heart disease. The warning signs of heart disease may not be obvious. Also, not every person has the same symptoms. Certain symptoms, such as chest pain, ankle swelling, and shortness of breath may be signals that something is wrong. Learning the warning signs can help you get treatment and help prevent a heart attack or stroke. Chest Pain Chest pain is discomfort or pain that you feel along the front of your body, between your neck and upper abdomen. There are many causes of chest pain that have nothing to do with your heart. But chest pain is still the most common symptom of poor blood flow to the heart or a heart attack. This type of chest pain is called angina. Chest pain can occur when the heart is not getting enough blood or oxygen. The amount and type of pain can vary from person to person. The intensity of the pain does not always relate to how severe the problem is. Some people may feel a crushing pain, while others feel only mild discomfort. Your chest may feel heavy or like someone is squeezing your heart. You may also feel a sharp, burning pain in your chest. You may feel the pain under your breastbone sternum , or in your neck, arms, stomach, jaw, or upper back. Chest pain from angina often occurs with activity or emotion, and goes away with rest or a medicine called nitroglycerin. Bad indigestion can also cause chest pain. Women, older adults, and people with diabetes may have little or no chest pain. They are more likely to have symptoms other than chest pain, such as: Fatigue Shortness of breath General weakness Change in skin color or greyish pallor episodes of change in skin color associated with weakness Other symptoms of a heart attack can include: Fluid leaks into the lungs and causes shortness of breath. This is a symptom of heart failure. You may notice shortness of breath: You may also cough up mucus that is pink or bloody. Swelling in the Legs, Ankles, or Feet Swelling edema in your lower legs is another sign of a heart problem. This causes fluid to build up in your tissues. You may also have swelling in your stomach or notice some weight gain. Narrowed Blood Vessels Narrowing of the blood vessels that bring blood to other parts of the body may mean you have a much higher risk for heart attack. It can occur when cholesterol and other fatty material plaque build up on the walls of your arteries. Pain, achiness, fatigue, burning, or discomfort in the muscles of your feet, calves, or thighs. Symptoms that often appear during walking or exercise, and go away after several minutes of rest. Numbness in your legs or feet when you are at rest. Your legs may also feel cool to the touch, and the skin may look pale. A stroke occurs when blood flow to a part of the brain stops. A stroke is sometimes called a "brain attack. Fatigue Tiredness can have many causes. Often it simply means that you need more rest. But feeling run down can be a sign of a more serious problem. Fatigue may be a sign of heart trouble when: You feel much more tired than normal. You have sudden, severe weakness. You may feel your heart racing or throbbing. A fast or uneven heartbeat can also be the sign of an arrhythmia. This is a problem with your heart rate or rhythm. When to Call the Doctor If you have any signs of heart disease, call your health care provider right away. Call your local emergency number such as if: Cardiovascular disease in women. A Textbook of Cardiovascular Medicine. Stable ischemic heart disease. Learn more about A. The information provided herein should not be used during any medical emergency or for the diagnosis or treatment of any medical condition. A licensed physician should be consulted for diagnosis and treatment of any and all medical conditions. Call for all medical emergencies. Links to other sites are provided for information only -- they do not constitute endorsements of those other sites.

Chapter 2 : Heartburn - Wikipedia

Somebody's Heart is Burning is a memoir of the author's time in Africa. She has the usual African travel adventures run ins with con artists, a bout of sickness, transportation difficulties. All the while, she's thinking about the fellow she left at home.

An incorrigible wanderer, Shaffer has a habit of fleeing domesticity for the joys and rigors of the open road. This time her destination is Ghana, and what results is a transformative year spent roaming the African continent. Eager to transcend the limitations of tourism, Shaffer works as a volunteer, building schools and hospitals in remote villages. At the heart of her tale are the profound, complex, often challenging relationships she forms with those she meets along the way. Whether recounting a perilous boat trip to Timbuktu, a night of impassioned political debate in Ghana, or a fumbled romance in Burkina Faso, Shaffer portrays the collision of African and North American cultures with self-deprecating humor and clear-eyed compassion. From the Trade Paperback edition. Author Biography Tanya Shaffer has spent time helping human rights groups in Guatemala, picking coffee in Nicaragua, and even digging ditches in the Czech Republic. She lives in San Francisco. Tanya first wrote about her experiences in Africa in the "Wanderlust" section of Salon. Strangers get a chance to amaze you. Sometimes a single day can bring a blooming surprise, a simple kindness that opens a chink in the brittle shell of your heart and makes you a different person when you go to sleep--more tender, less jaded--than you were when you woke up. When my relationship with Michael got too complicated, I did what I always do under such circumstances: As I grew older, my meanderings led me farther and farther afield. As I traveled to increasingly poorer places, I began to volunteer. It also allowed me to stay a long time without spending much money. I picked coffee in Nicaragua, met with human rights groups in Guatemala, dug ditches in the former Czechoslovakia, and tilled the land in rural Maine. This time, I was headed for Africa. The organization I was going to work for was extremely flexible. It operated year-round, offering two- to three-week construction projects in villages across the country. On each project, a team of foreign and Ghanaian volunteers worked in conjunction with the villagers to build something: I decided to travel to Ghana the long way, taking in as much of the world as I could en route. Seventeen grubby days later, our group of fourteen Moroccans and five foreigners had transformed an uneven plot of dust-dry land into a relatively level one. The next group, our project leader informed us, would plant the grass and the trees. When the project ended, I hooked up with a young Spaniard named Miguel for a week of exploring before hopping a plane to sub-Saharan Africa and my next volunteer adventure. Miguel was one of the five foreigners on our project, a twenty-one-year-old vision of flowing brown curls and buffed golden physique. Unfortunately, Eva had to head back to Barcelona immediately after the three-week work camp ended, and Miguel wanted to explore Morocco. Since I was the only other person on the project who spoke Spanish, and Miguel spoke no French or Arabic, his tight orbit shifted onto me, and we became traveling companions. This involved posing as a married couple at hotels, which made Miguel so uncomfortable that the frequency of his references to Eva went from half-hour to fifteen-minute intervals, then five as we got closer to bedtime. I can handle myself, I swear. Unlike the romantic image its name conjured, Casablanca was a thoroughly modern city, with rectangular high-rises sprouting everywhere and wide boulevards already jammed with cars. Horns blared, and the air was thick with heat and exhaust. My T-shirt, pinned to my skin by my backpack, was soaked with sweat. Since my plane was leaving the following morning, we wanted to get an early start so that we could spend the whole day with him. A taxi would only cost fifteen to twenty dirham, he said--less than three dollars--and the buses would take all day. It took us an hour to find a cab. When we did, the poker-faced driver informed us that the address which Abdelati had written down for us was somehow suspect. When we got to the neighborhood, he told us, he would have to ask directions. After some small talk, he pointed vaguely toward a park a few blocks away, where a group of barefoot seven- or eight-year-old boys were kicking a soccer ball. One of the boys told him that Abdelati had moved, but he could take us to the new house. The little boy came with us in the cab, full of his own importance, squirming and twisting to wave at other children as we inched along. The roads were narrower now, sometimes barely wide enough for the car to pass through.

Finally the little boy pointed to a house, and our driver went to the door and inquired. Soon a lovely, delicate-featured girl of about fifteen emerged from the house. Whereas Abdelati appeared quite African, his sister was an olive-skinned Arab. She too joined us in the cab and directed us to a white stone house a few winding blocks away. We waited in the yard while the girl went inside the house and returned, accompanied by several cousins and a brother-in-law, all of whom greeted us with cautious warmth. Unlike the girl, the older female cousins wore traditional robes, though their faces were not veiled. This family seemed to encompass a generous portion of the spectrum. We paid our taxi driver, and I tipped and thanked him profusely, until he grew embarrassed and drove away. We were ushered into a pristine middle-class Moroccan home with an intricately carved wooden doorway and swirling multicolored tiles lining the walls. The mother told us in broken French that Abdelati was out, but would soon be back. We sat on low cushioned seats in the tiled living room, drinking sweet, pungent mint tea, poured from a foot above out of a tiny silver teapot, and eating sugar cookies. Tea in Morocco is like Guinness in Ireland--it has to be poured from the proper height in order to be aerated on the way down. Different family members took turns sitting with us and making shy, polite conversation, which frequently lapsed into uncomfortable silence. An hour passed, and as the guard kept changing, more family members emerged from inner rooms. I was again struck by the fact that they were all light-skinned Arabs. How did Abdelati fit into this picture? I was eager to find out. After two hours had passed with no sign of Abdelati, the family insisted on serving us a meal of couscous and fish. The food was a delectable blend of sweet and savory, with plump raisins, cayenne pepper, slivered almonds, and loads of garlic. The bathroom in our low cement dormitory had spigots from which we filled our buckets and dragged them into the toilet stalls to bathe. She pointed at Miguel. A look of abject horror crossed his face. You with the men, me with the women. In the innermost room, you could barely see two feet in front of you. The floor was filled with naked women of all ages and body types, sitting directly on the slippery tiles, washing each other with mitts made of rough washcloths. Tiny girls and babies stood in plastic buckets filled with soapy water--their own pint-sized tubs. There they filled the buckets at a stone basin from a spigot of boiling water, mixing in a little cold from a neighboring faucet to temper it. Over and over they attacked the same spot as though trying to get out a stubborn stain, leaving reddened flesh in their wake. Some women washed themselves as if they were masturbating, hypnotically circling the same spot. Two tiny girls, about four years old, scoured their grandmother, who lay spread-eagled on the floor, face down. At the steamy heart of the baths, where the air was almost suffocating, a lone young woman reclined, back arched and head thrown back, soaping her breasts in sensual circles. With her stomach held in and her chestnut hair rippling down her back, she appeared serene and majestic--a goddess in her domain. She called to a couple of other girls, who scooted over on their bottoms and ran their fingers through it, giggling. Turning me around, she went at my back with her washcloth mitt, which felt like steel wool. They joined her in appreciative giggles as she continued to sandblast my skin. When it came time to switch roles, I tried to return the favor, but after a few moments Samara became impatient with my wimpiness and grabbed the washcloth herself, still laughing. After polishing the front of her body, she called over a friend to wash her back. The girl scrubbed valiantly, while Samara giggled and sang. I wondered whether his experience had been anything like mine. Excerpts are provided for display purposes only and may not be reproduced, reprinted or distributed without the written permission of the publisher. We are currently experiencing difficulties. Please try again later. An electronic version of this book is available through VitalSource. By purchasing, you will be able to view this book online, as well as download it, for the chosen number of days. A downloadable version of this book is available through the eCampus Reader or compatible Adobe readers. Please view the compatibility matrix prior to purchase.

Auto Suggestions are available once you type at least 3 letters. Use up arrow (for mozilla firefox browser alt+up arrow) and down arrow (for mozilla firefox browser alt+down arrow) to review and enter to select.

From a scholarly or journalistic standpoint this approach makes plenty of sense, but it also has an inherent weakness: In the process of ferreting out social, cultural and historical facts, objective travel writers usually fail to communicate the actual experience of travel amidst other cultures. A Tale of a Woman Wanderer in Africa. As she describes interactions with the Africans around her, she draws the reader into the simple mysteries that arise when working in an unfamiliar culture: Are the men she meets do-gooders or scam-artists? I like the stripped-down quality of his writing. Oh, for access to a scanner. Sorry about any typos. The flag of the small West African country of Benin was green with a small red star in the upper right corner, and every Monday to set the tone for the school week, the students and teachers gathered round the flagpole on four sides to watch the fading green cloth ascend. The pole was anchored in the center of a red cement star which rested on the sandy dirt of an empty field between the two long classroom buildings. Eight hundred students stood one Monday morning under the tropical sun, arranged in neat rows, all wearing their khaki uniforms, and many of the dark heads already shone with perspiration. Ragged looking trees with light green leaves grew randomly in the field between the classroom buildings. Every year the trees were hacked down brutally during weeding week. At the beginning of the academic year all students had to report to school with a hoe or a machete to tame the weeds that had grown up freely all over the campus but which were especially thick near the buildings and the vegetable garden. The square during the day was busy and dusty with motorcycle taxi and minibus traffic. At night the square was still busy, but dark, lighted by the slickering smoky flames of petrol lamps on the tables of women selling food or men selling coffee drinks. Around each table the faces gently glowed as around a campfire, and stepping away on a moonless night, one could barely see the ground. Motorcycle taxis came and went through the square, moving shafts of yellow light in the dusty air, and bicycles clattered through, too. Many young people sat around chatting in the comfortable dark. On such a night I rode my bicycle into town to buy some rice and beans for a later dinner. Children moved about the tables in the dark, picking up and washing dishes for the fat woman who served u food from her big pots. I was eating at her table when Ildevert arrived. I recognized his voice immediately as he ordered hs bowl of tapioca, sweet. He sat down not far away, and in a moment he had spotted my glow-in-the-dark skin. It is good to get out here since you have no one at home. Maybe there is no money, but you can walk out here where there are always people and friends and get a good bowl of tapioca. No, Ilove living here. If only we had a little bit of money. He ordered me a bowl of tapioca and it was delicious.

Chapter 4 : Warning signs and symptoms of heart disease: MedlinePlus Medical Encyclopedia

About Somebody's Heart Is Burning "It's my life, and if I want to run from it I can," quips Tanya Shaffer. An incorrigible wanderer, Shaffer has a habit of fleeing domesticity for the joys and rigors of the open road.

Tools to measure heart rate There are a variety of tools on the market today that can help you measure your heart rate during exercise and even while doing your everyday tasks. **Traditional tracking** The cheapest way to measure your heart rate is to use your fingers to track your pulse. Count your heartbeats for 60 seconds or for 30 seconds and multiply the number of beats by two. The number you get is your heart rate. **Wrist monitor** Wristband heart rate monitors have become popular in recent years because they strap onto the body just like a normal watch. For example, the FitBit Charge 2 records your pulse all day and determines if you are in your fat-burning, resting, moderate, or maximum zone during different activities. Often, these types of devices also measure your daily steps, distance of workouts, calories burned, and floors climbed, all while giving you the time like a regular watch. **Chest strap monitor** Chest strap heart rate monitors strap around your chest and record your heart rate during exercise. These straps are made of a soft fabric and are adjustable to fit a variety of body sizes. You can wear chest strap monitors during most activities, including swimming. Read all features carefully before purchasing, however. Some devices are waterproof, meaning they can be submerged in water. Others are water-resistant, which means they can be used for only short periods in the water. Some athletes prefer chest strap monitors because they feel they are more accurate. In a recent study , however, researchers discovered that wrist monitors may be just as accurate. As a result, the monitor you choose may come down to personal preferences, your exercise of choice, budget, and any features the specific device has. **Choosing a fat-burning workout** The best workouts to get you into your fat-burning zone vary from person to person. The key is to monitor your heart rate during different activities to see where you land and go from there. For fat-burning, stick with moderate activity. Another way to determine your exercise intensity is by your individual capacity. Moderate, fat-burning activities may feel like an 11 to 14 of your capacity on a scale from 1 to Here are some exercises that may help you reach your fat-burning zone:

Chapter 5 : Somebody's Heart Is Burning |

Filled with warmth, candor, and an exuberant sense of adventure, Somebody's Heart is Burning raises provocative questions about privilege, wealth, and the true meaning of friendship. From the Trade Paperback edition.

The pain may not be concentrated in the chest at all. It could feel like pressure in the chest and pain in other parts of the body. Upper back pain is another symptom women more commonly cite than men. Pumping blood through clogged arteries takes more effort from your heart, so your body sweats more to try to keep your body temperature down during the extra exertion. If you experience cold sweats or clammy skin, then you should consult your doctor. Night sweats are also a common symptom for women experiencing heart troubles. Women may mistake this symptom for an effect of menopause. However, if you wake up and your sheets are soaked or you cannot sleep due to your sweating, this could be a sign of a heart attack, especially in women. Fatigue Fatigue can be a less commonly recognized heart attack sign in women. According to the American Heart Association , some women may even think their heart attack symptoms are flu-like symptoms. A heart attack can cause exhaustion due to the extra stress on your heart to try to pump while an area of blood flow is blocked. If you often feel tired or exhausted for no reason, it could be a sign that something is wrong. Fatigue and shortness of breath are more common in women than men and may begin months before a heart attack. Shortness of breath Your breathing and your heart pumping blood effectively are very closely related. Your heart pumps blood so it can circulate to your tissues as well as get oxygen from your lungs. Shortness of breath can sometimes be an accompanying symptom to unusual fatigue in women. For example, some women report they would get unusually short of breath and tired for the activity they were performing. Going to the mailbox could leave them exhausted and unable to catch their breath. This can be a common sign of heart attack in women. Lightheadedness Lightheadedness and dizziness can occur with a heart attack and are often symptoms women describe. Some women report they feel like they might pass out if they try to stand up or overexert themselves. Heart palpitations Heart palpitations can range from feeling like your heart is skipping a beat to having changes in heart rhythm that can feel like your heart is pounding or throbbing. Your heart and body rely on a consistent, steady beat to best move blood throughout your body. Heart palpitations due to heart attack can create a sense of unease or anxiety , especially in women. Some people may describe heart palpitations as a sensation their heart is pounding in their neck, not just their chest. If your palpitations are accompanied by dizziness, chest pressure, chest pain, or fainting, they could be confirmation that a heart attack is occurring. Indigestion, nausea, and vomiting Often people begin experiencing mild indigestion and other gastrointestinal problems before a heart attack. Because heart attacks usually occur in older people who typically have more indigestion problems, these symptoms can get dismissed as heartburn or another food-related complication. If you normally have an iron stomach, indigestion or heartburn could be a signal that something else is going on. What you should do during a heart attack If you think you are having a heart attack, you or someone nearby should call emergency services immediately. While you may feel awake and alert enough to drive, the chest pain could get so severe that you may have trouble breathing or difficulty thinking clearly. After you call emergency services When you call emergency services, the dispatcher may ask you about the medicines you take and your allergies. If you have nitroglycerin tablets, you may also wish to use these as directed by your doctor to reduce chest pain. If you have a list of medications you currently take or any information about your medical history, you may wish to take this information with you. It can speed your medical care. At the hospital When you arrive at the hospital, you can expect the emergency medical personnel to take an electrocardiogram EKG. The EKG can help your doctor determine if the heart muscle is damaged and what part of your heart was damaged. A doctor will also likely order a blood draw. Your risk of severe heart damage is lowered if you start treatment within several hours of developing symptoms. How to prevent future heart problems According to the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention , an estimated , deaths from heart disease and stroke are preventable. Even if you have risk factors for heart disease or have already had a heart attack, there are things you can do to reduce your risk of having a heart attack in the future. People who have already had a heart attack should make sure to take all medications prescribed to them by

their doctor. If your doctor placed cardiac stents to keep your heart vessels open or you had to have bypass surgery for your heart, taking the medications your doctor prescribed to you are vital to preventing a future heart attack. Sometimes if you require surgery for another condition, your doctor may recommend stopping some medications you take for your heart. An example might be an antiplatelet anticlot medication like clopidogrel Plavix , prasugrel Effient , or ticagrelor Brilinta. Always check with the doctor you see for your heart before you stop taking any of your medications. Medically reviewed by Elaine K.

Chapter 6 : Somebody's Heart Is Burning: A Woman Wanderer in Africa by Tanya Shaffer

Performance artist Shaffer vividly records meaningful encounters with the locals during her yearlong jaunt across Africaâ€”but remains obtuse about the reality of their lives. In the early s, when the disastrous impact of AIDS on sub-Saharan Africa was not as apparent, perhaps the author's.

Chapter 7 : Notes on Tanya Shaffer's Somebody's Heart is Burning | Rolf Potts' Vagabonding blog

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Chapter 8 : Duran Duran - Burning The Ground Lyrics | MetroLyrics

Somebody's heart is burning: a woman wanderer in Africa. [Tanya Shaffer] -- "It's my life, and if I want to run from it I can," quips Tanya Shaffer. An incorrigible wanderer, Shaffer has a habit of fleeing domesticity for the joys and rigors of the open road.