

Drowning

I hate school. I hate it, hate it, hate it. I can't stand the stress of being there five days a week. Sometimes it makes me want to drop out.

Inhales

Why does everyone ask me if I'm okay? Even now I'm getting asked if I'm ok. Well, the obvious answer would be to say no, but I have to say, "yeah," "yes," "don't worry," "I'm great," "I'm fine," "I'm doing spectacular." I have to tell them what they want to hear. Nobody wants to really listen to what I have to say. Nobody actually wants to listen to another person's problems, they just ask because they want to feel better about themselves, more comfortable in their environment even. What I *want* and *need* to say is of no interest to them. "Ryan, are you okay?" "Ryan, are you good?" "Ryan, how's it going?" Every time I have to present something, speak about something, use my voice, nothing comes out right. I sound confused, I trip, slip and fall. I lose before I can compete. I can't do this anymore. I hate feeling scared, I hate feeling like a hollow shell, I hate being me. I spent years figuring out what was wrong with me, only to realize that, I'm not shy, I'm anxious. My stomach tightens, my head scrambles, and my body shakes to a point where I can't get it to stop. Even now, standing in front of this horribly grimy bathroom mirror. I can't say a word. The worst part about this is that I remember when I didn't feel this way, back when I had many different friends in my middle school. They've all changed for the better and I'm in the middle of a class trying to hold my head above the water. What happened to me? Around 7th grade everything changed. Maybe I feel this way because of a new environment? I wonder if the reason that these old friends ask me those questions are because they care about me still. I doubt it though.

I start my morning by repeating to myself in my head,
"I have anxiety and that's okay."
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"I have anxiety and that's okay." But it isn't, I don't feel like it is. I feel like I'm being submerged into a thirteen foot deep pool and I can't come back for air because everytime I struggle the force that's holding me down there strengthens its grip. I feel drained. The constant

fidgeting, fiddling, and fumbling of my fingers against my desk lets everyone know what's going on in my mind. I need to fix this. I can't walk outside without some sort of apprehension latching onto the back of my mind. What should I worry about today? There is nothing else to think about but anxiety because it's a never ending cycle that I'm stuck in and I want to get out. I want to start connecting with people. I'm in the middle of 9th grade and I want to be able to talk to people, not just people who speak to you and afterwards say, "I spoke to that distressed kid over there, I feel really bad for him." The more I think about it the more I realize that this feeling isn't temporary, it's forever. I just want to be in a place where I feel safe in my mind. After awhile, it gets tiring. Not just being anxious either. I am tired of being an introvert too. I want to change the way people act around me. I don't want pity, I need a good friend and I think I'm going to look for them.