Depression, to me, is like having your mind replaced by another that is so cold and cruel you become numb. All the devils and demons that used to haunt you and lived under your bed when you were a kid, have crawled and settled in the darkest parts of your head. It deprives you of feeling anything other than a sense of perpetual sadness, you never quite know the source of it despite your Psychiatrist’s efforts to help you find out by drawing a timeline of your life on the back of an old bit of wallpaper.

Depression, you have stolen my confidence, left me feeling worthless of anyone’s affection or adoration. Depression, you call me names, feed me strings of lies all day long that despite the constant stuffing, leaves me starving. You are the internal battle I face every second of every day, the voice behind all the bad decisions I make and never any of the good ones. You convince me that by swapping out the chocolate slabs for carrot sticks, skipping the bread for Ryvita that tastes like cardboard, I’ll like myself more; but I never do. Did I really believe you when you said that making a hole in my upper thigh will help leak the fat out? How foolish I am. Where did I go?

I am standing underneath a floor of glass, screaming and banging to get the attention of the everyone, but no one can hear me. No one knows I’m trapped here. Noting tastes, smells or feels right; everything is bitter, bland, poisoned. I’m unable to think clearly and make decisions but I must make them anyway because life tells me I have too, despite not having any energy or desire. There is this actor, and she is playing me. She must be doing a darn good job because most of the time she has everyone convinced she’s fine, smiling and laughing; she seems to be getting on with life. She takes her happy. little pills, she goes to her lectures and hands her assignments in on time always getting good grades. She even meets up with friends, socialises and goes on nights out where she lets boys who pretend to fancy her take advantage of her desperate desire to be wanted. This person deserves an Oscar because she is so convincing, so utterly deceiving. In truth is the person she is playing just wants to hide away in bed all day and sleep because then everything isn’t real.

Depression is like having tunnel vision, regardless of whatever else is going I your life, everything feels overwhelming for seemingly no reason at all. Then people ask you to explain your feelings, but how do you explain something you don’t understand yourself? I keep heaving down this tunnel on all fours because I can’t see the way in the pitch black. There appears to be no light at

the end despite everyone saying there is. I see nothing. Around my ankles as I crawl are weights that weigh ten tonnes and they are so painfully heavy but I have no choice to drag them along with me anyway because I don’t possess the key that unlocks them. I end up just lying down, praying that if I finally allow myself to cry then the tsunami of my tears will drown me.