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ENG 1101

Unit 1: Education Narrative Essay

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<u>My Reality of Effects Towards Mental Health</u>

   I struggled with many things in my life. From growing up as a baby to a toddler, from preschool to the last year of elementary school, and from the beginning and end of middle school. It is now college, to the beginning of high school and the end of it. There are no escaping bad moments, bad decisions, socializing, and dealing with mental health issues for some people.

   As I've said before I've struggled with many things in my life. My biological parents and partner, and how I traveled from family to family then finally got adopted. I struggled with my sexuality and hid it from my adoptive parent because she wouldn't accept me, which also meant I couldn't dress a certain way or choose a style I always wanted. Most importantly the problems with my mental health. Many things add to my mental health issues. My mental health problems are like endless headaches, a never-ending subscription, the trigger of many emotions, and a distraction from my learning environment. It's like having this annoying kid right behind you that won't stop being annoying, an attention seeker I'd call it. This attention seeker, anxiety, and depression had given me such a hard time from the eighth grade to the end of high school, to my first semester of college. It hasn't been easy at all, gathering the help I needed, the classes I needed to learn in. It's difficult. I get sleep deprivation and loss of appetite. Later on, this affects me during my class hours and possibly my future work hours.

It started freshman year, first up was social anxiety. Walking into a new setting, a new community of new people and teachers. I used to think it was anti-socialness, but no it was more than that. I was like a glass window for almost my whole high school years. I went through days, and weeks of being excluded and people realizing or forgetting I was present in school. When I was being spoken to, I'd look the other way, or when there were too many people also if I'm being spoken to, I feel some kind of pressure. I hear them as if they were speaking underwater. It was giving me a poor time trying to do work within school bounds, and any homework afterwards. I struggled with sleep deprivation because of this. I couldn't socialize. So in high school I took it up with my counselor. First thing he said to me was "You're very passionate about completing your work, you seem very outgoing and quiet, and somehow you keep it going although you look like a zombie walking through the halls. Come to my office, let me hear your story". I was so bad at being open, expressing what's going on in my head and in all honesty I'm still bad at it. Just not as bad as before. He asked me questions that I've never thought I would answer, even gave advice that I thought would never help. I cried to him, rant to him, and he understood everything. It felt nice to have someone finally hear me out. I would finish all my work from class in the first 20 min, and go straight to him.

"Mental health is like acne, it won't go away until you take care of yourself". A teacher told me that harshly without understanding anything. I disagree with it of course. It sounded absurd to me, mental health is not like acne, no matter how much you take care of yourself, or distract yourself it'll still be there. There's a difference in controlling it and it going away which takes a long while. Most people's method in controlling it is taking medication, I don't take any due to

the fact that I don't want to rely on it too much. But there's different ways people cope, just like there's different ways it can affect others. I oftenly stood away from class my senior year. After covid my mental health and physical health took a huge toll on me in school. I stood away from classes, stood away from people. Doing the things I enjoyed doing didn't excite me anymore, I found myself angry all the time, scared to speak and very distant from any and everyone. I stood in my room in the dark, procrastinating on completing missing assignments, searching up colleges and writing a "brag about me" letter. Even talking to my teachers about recommendation letters and finishing my fafsa. It felt like my whole world just crashed down. I found myself spending time alone and pushing people away, then managed to leave school to go home with my eyes watery, my hands shaking, loss of appetite and the feeling of low energy. Crazy thing about it is that my family never noticed a single thing, they never asked questions so I didn't have to lie about anything, and I didn't have to tell the truth about anything. Even if I did say anything towards my mental health they would've thought it was bullshit anyways. They don't believe that someone so young can go through things like this so there was absolutely no point in speaking about it.

I started my own way of coping, trying new things, and becoming more motivated into doing and completing work. I've become more passionate about trying to control my mental health. It's not working as much as I thought but progress is progress you know? I still find myself sleeping really late knowing I have to wake up at the crack of dawn. I still find myself working at a slower pace as I still procrastinate. I always wait until the last minute. Not good right? I know, I can't make an excuse and say its my fault, but I'm going to do it anyway. Dealing with this is not as easy as a videogame. Putting up with this and assignments? Tough job really. This is just half

of my reality, I'll keep trying, even at my lowest, I still thought of many ways to lift myself up. I have many goals. But the biggest one is to control my mental health before I end up how I was in high school.