

This is the story of a young, 15-year-old girl, who found herself dealing with mental issues.

OK, here we go...

As usual, a feeling of fear and anticipation enters my body. School is hell on Earth for me, and the most stressful part in entering the classroom. I know that everyone is judging me, and I can feel them whispering and staring at me. I regret my outfit, I regret buying this bag, and I regret wearing these shoes. I can feel my palms getting sweaty and my heart beating so hard it practically hurts. I quietly sit down and take my seat, right at the back of the class, alone and hidden from everyone else. I don't listen to what the teacher is saying, nor do I take notes in my book. The only thoughts in my head are the ones about how hopeless I am. "They are not thinking about you." I tell myself. "Ever." Wait no, no that's not what I meant. Now I feel even worse, sitting there with the knowledge that no one cares about me. A migraine decides to visit me, as a way to mock my already bustling mind.

"Sara!"

My head shoots up. "Y-yes?" I answer.

"What is the answer to the question I just asked you?"

Oh, shoot shoot shoot. I don't know. I wasn't listening at all. I don't even know what they are talking about. The whole classes' eyes are glued onto me. My heart just gets faster and faster. My head is still throbbing. My palms are getting sweaty again and now my knees are shivering and shaking out of my control. Tears pool up in my eyes, threatening to spill. But if they do, they whole class will think that I am weak and stupid and can't even answer a simple question without crying over it like some baby.

Probably seeing the tears, my teacher says, "It's ok if you don't know. Can anyone else volunteer an answer?" and moves on.

I hide my face, looking into my lap. Silent tears stream down my face, and for the rest of the lesson, all I can do is wonder what all these people think of me, what a fool I have made of myself, and what an idiot I am.

Finally, the bell rings. Thank goodness. Just as I am about to leave, my teacher calls me.

"Sara!" she says. "Do you mind talking to me for a second?"

"Umm...sure" More anxiety, more fear. When I make my way to her desk, she pulls up a chair and asks me about some random questions, like what's life like at home and how I feel at school. I just tell her some brief stuff, and eventually she says,

"Sara, I think you might be suffering from a mental illness called social anxiety. It is basically when you feel judged or unsure in social situations and interactions."

I gawk at her for a second. I doubt I have any social anxiety, though the symptoms seem like me...

"You know you can talk to me if you need it, but I think you should seek medical health. It's not healthy. I'm sure that you will be dealing with things like stereotypes, because you are original and different. But you were born to be real, so don't die a copy. You aren't someone who would die for popularity like so many people. And between you and me, people like you are the ones that will go far in life."

At that, I cried. I don't really know why. Maybe because all the fear, guilt, and sadness that was building up inside of me had finally released. But I suppose she was right. I did deal with this social anxiety, and I was very much different, and I couldn't fit in. But maybe I could try to twist that into something good. Maybe there was a chance that this sad and broken part of me could be mended.

So I thank the teacher and decide that when I go home, I will tell my parents, I will seek help, and I will allow people to help me, because I don't need to be at rock-bottom to get help and to get to my greatest heights.