

ANXIETY

You might have noticed that I spelled anxiety with capital letters. Anxiety used to scream at me. It constantly nagged me when I didn't want to give it the time of day. It would pop up like a text message, reminding me that it's still there, as I struggled to suppress my anguish. You might have noticed that the page is red. My anxiety was red and alarming, probably best compared to a cartoon character with steam coming out of its head. You might have noticed that I'm writing in past tense. I broke up with anxiety yet glimpses of it appear nowadays, but I know how to control it. You might have noticed that I'm writing in white text. I was dressed in all white whilst I battled my anxiety. There are different types of anxiety. I feared everything and everyone around me. From my parents to the closest of friends. I feared going outside for a stroll around my neighbourhood. I couldn't stand the thought of singing on a stage and having people look at me. Judge me. I didn't want to bring anyone into my world of anxiety. A world where everything spirals downwards into a dark red pit. Just like the colour of this page. A world where I face my demons and I am alone. My anxiety was like a video game: it was unpredictable. I didn't know whether I could defend myself and how many demons I'd have to battle. Some of the demons had names like "stress", "worry" and "restlessness". However, the main villain in this game of anxiety had no name and no face. I could never see who I was battling, but the demon loomed over me like a huge red cloud in this red pit. The demon would cast doubt on my frenzied mind, confusing me further, making all my other symptoms worse. I thought that battling this demon would take time and consideration. In the depths of my subconscious mind, I knew I could fight this demon off. Day by day, I allowed other people back into my life again. A step at a time, I managed to walk around my neighbourhood holding my best friend's hand. I went for a drive with my Mother without feeling restless. I played my keyboard, until my fingers ached so badly from all the tension I had built up mentally and physically. You see ... the main villain was called anxiety. Anxiety didn't have a face because in my mind, I couldn't define what anxiety felt like. Slowly, anxiety faded away and the red pit I was standing in became a meadow full of colourful flowers with a clear blue sky above me. My Mother, Father and friends were there, cheering me on because they knew even in the depths of despair, that I'd come back to them. You see.. anxiety doesn't have to be faced alone. Anxiety isn't silly, it doesn't make you weak. Anxiety made me strong, anxiety taught me that people are not against me. Anxiety taught me that the people who love me are the ones I should hold onto. Finally, anxiety taught me that I am allowed to mess up and start again because no one is perfect.

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