

I am definitely going through something but I just can't pin point what it is and what's confusing is that I'm not sad - okay I'm always sad but this time, it's different. I don't feel sad or angry or any of those emotions that encourage my hatred for man kind and life in general. This should be the most normal I've felt in the past few years and it somehow feels wrong.

Pause.

My symptoms. Uh, I'm not eating but when I do, I binge eat. I'm talking of bread. White, soft and fluffy, creamy that's also a bit stringy like cheese on pizza, extra points if it's freshly baked and tastes refreshing and for some weird reason I'm taking Teem a lot. It's currently at the point where I have stashes of bread and Teem hidden in questionable corners around the apartment and when I run out of either and I'm too broke to restash, I disassociate and panic. You would think it's an addiction, right?

Pause. Takes a swig of Teem and a deep breath.

Also, I turned my room into a jungle. A jungle of clothes, laying any and everywhere, mostly dirty and plastic bags from the numerous breads I've unwrapped and devoured. There's very little space to walk through and there's a lot of dirt in the corner. In my head, I'm in the middle of sanitation and decluttering but looking at the state of my room, I recognize that it's not working out quite as planned and I'm tired. I'm tired of things not working out in general.

Wipes a tear that escapes the eye and takes another swig.

Pause.

I can't help but think of all the laundry I have to do and I'm considering giving my clothes away, well some of them. Is it okay to give out clothes that reek of floor and insect repellent? I also want a baby but I'm well aware that I can't raise a baby in my present state. You don't have to say anything. So I got a cat. It mostly doesn't mind me as I, it but it knows just when to give cuddles and gives the best ones and I'm content with that.

Pause. Deep breath, sigh.

This one was unintentional and frankly the most disturbing of all my symptoms. I haven't had my bath in 8 days and I brushed for only two days out of the 8. It's not new experience and I know I'm not in control of it as these things happen but 8 days is quite absurd right? The moment I think of taking a shower, I get mini episodes. Serious palpitations while my hands and feet begin to shake tremendously then I have to lay down and forfeit the thought. I desperately need to be analyzed to understand what is wrong with me because I realise that it isn't normal that I feel normal while portraying abnormality.

I want to take a shower - so bad. I want to be able to eat spaghetti or egusi or something. Something that isn't bread and Teem. I want.. something. No, someone. I want someone that'll.. that will love me for a change. I'm tired of being alone. I'm tired of.. of feigning independence. I

want have someone.. my own person.

I look a mess staring at the mirror before me with snot running down my nose and smeared mascara from wiping my eyes often. I take one more swig from the bottle of Teem with a plastered crest fallen look on my face and look for my packet of wipes from among the heaps of clothes on the bed. Lifting, pulling and adjusting vehemently, I find it on the lower part behind the bed. I give up trying to get it and pick up a black cloth from the heap closest to me and wet it with water from a cup on the nightstand then I use it to wipe my face. I find a beanie beside the bathroom door and throw it on my head while staring at my sorry attempt at trying to be a bit presentable. I make to leave but turn immediately and grab the bottle of Teem on the dresser. I leave finally, slamming the door behind me.

I don't have a set destination but the doctor said to engage in activities that could distract me from my thoughts and taking a walk was the most recommended activity but how does one escape from their thoughts? How does one shut out the voices that constantly rings in their head telling them things they should and shouldn't be conscious of thereby welcoming anxiety with a big embrace and a promise of a wonderful time together?

Anxiety has been my biggest enemy since I knew of the word. I knew there was something strange with such word even before I knew it's meaning, mostly because of the letter "x". Complicated things have complicated letters in them, I believe. Unlike most people, anxiety for me comes with everything and serves as a go to survival mode; happy and anxious, angry and anxious, sad and anxious, content and anxious.. the list goes on and on. I hate it more because of my reaction whenever it comes visiting. It's like a terrorist holding me at gun point, threatening my existence. I used to be so afraid of being forgotten when I'm dead that I didn't want to die but then I became anxious of if I'm making enough impact to be remembered by as I'm alive.

One time a month ago, I was so concerned with how my face looked with the many breakouts and acne that filled it so I applied makeup to church and I felt better. 30 minutes later, a simple "oh my God, look at your face" showed me Mr Anxiety waving and walking towards me with a big smile on. I don't know what the rest of service was like because I was bothered with what my face looked like and left almost immediately. On getting home heading straight to the mirror, I realised that I looked fine. My makeup was flawless and my face radiant, I felt stupid. Who is to blame for this occurrence?

I never really did well amongst other humans. I'm either too analytical or dumb to be around and that fueled a lot of unnecessary self consciousness in me. I became too worried of if I was overthinking or not thinking in a conversation, if they really liked me or they hung around in pity. It got too draining so I shut everyone out and didn't try anymore.

Poor me, talking to a pigeon now. It's actions like these that make people think I'm unstable upstairs.

You know, maybe he's related to you but one time, this pigeon wanted to kill me. He saw me through my facade of "everything is fine" and urged me to fly, with him. He said, "a little fly would go a long way to make you feel better..". I listened to him and started to fly with him but I forgot the law of gravity and my need for wings and fell instead.

Nobody believed me. They called it suicide and claimed I was mentally ill.

Of course I'm mentally ill. Everyone contributed to this, even you dear pigeon listening intently to me like a little kid with a bedtime story. You all had to make anxiety your plus one to the event of my life with your snide remarks and judgemental looks and even the ugly thoughts you've had inside of you that somehow manifested itself to me no matter how hard you tried to hide it!

You lot pushed me in a box, wrapped it securely with duct tape and proceeded to yell at me for not being able to come out from the box and I'm tired. I can only try so hard but there's no one out there to hear me and help me out of it. It seems they all gave up on me being able to get out of the box and went ahead with their lives.

You shouldn't fly away now that I just got to the interesting part! You.. CHICKEN!! There goes my only audience. It's pathetic conversing with oneself all the time, at least that's what people say. I enjoy my company quite alright and I notice how intellectual I am with many of these conversations. My strengths are on topics like Despair, Lack and Wants, Hope and The Depths of the Human Eye. Imagine having an in-depth conversation about the effects of death on little chicks that witnessed their mother hen's passing with yourself for reference.

I see a lot of things going on from a small corner in my room through my mind's eye, literally. I'm able to visit places and meet spectacular personalities, be involved in scenarios that belong only in dreamworld. I'm living life vicariously through my mind and it is enjoyable. My earlier stated problem becomes a real situation, when in reality as I realise I have been more present in the present than I'm used to. Ain't that confusing?

In all my mind journeys, I've never met a president or government official. It's like there's a level higher than the one I operate on that offers this and I can't seem to pass the bonus round that'll take me there. I'm not picky with my choice of presidents, anyone will do. I just want to drink tea with someone that held or still holds tremendous power over a body of people and bask in that moment. I'll add it to my resume and talk endlessly about it to the people I find around me.

The people around me.

They're almost like me, but I'm smarter. They have the same look on their faces, that somehow lost, somehow tired, somehow fed up, somehow drained, somehow soulless look. I relate to it. Since I've been around them, I've realised quite a number of things. One of which is that the grass really is greener on the other side, my side. I came here because the people outside couldn't understand the magnanimity of my mind but they, some of them, are here because of something as silly as drug abuse, ill treatment and whatnot. What I'm trying to say is that, most

of them are here due to their indulgence and wanton behavior and dare I say, they are bearing the consequences. Here, I live like I'm home, there isn't much difference except I can't go outside hence, my mind trips. It's cool and sometimes lonely, but still cool. But for these them, it's like they're in mini hell and while I don't care for their comfort, I still feel some tiny sort of pity towards them.

I have a tiny crush on my doctor. They are much nicer than every other official here. The way they smile during one on one sessions and how they recognize my dandy intellectual capability. I've heard other officials talk about me and mention the word "delusional" numerous times but never from my doctor. They see me and I see them but that's about it. That's about all it could be. A crush. I imagine more but I'm comfortable with what is as it is. I'll see them in an hour and they'll give that magnetic smile and I'll reciprocate a haphazard one. They'll ask how I am and I'll keep smiling. We'll stay staring and smiling at each other for six minutes then they'll ask me "what's new with you, Raina?" and I'll give a dramatic pause before I push my book forward to meet them. They introduced me to writing about my escapades and deliberations in my mind as that could help reduce clutter and better my focus. I welcomed the idea resentfully but fell into it as time went by. Before writing, the voices in my head spoke loudly and above each other that I would unknowingly and randomly blurt out conversations or words, meditation wasn't a thing with me. They would encourage me to read it myself saying, "only you can give it the perfect characterisation". I would read. I would blush a little when I get to the part where I haven't had my bath. I would shed a tear first, then I would cry greatly till my face is stained with smeared mascara. I would tell him of the pigeon that perched briefly on my window and read our conversation to them. They would listen raptly with that brilliant smile plastered on their face. I would be proud of myself. When they would give me my pills, they'll still have that smile on and I'll still be reciprocating with my crooked one. Our session would end with them encouraging me to keep on writing still with that smile but mine would fall, mainly because i would have to leave to my room and they would share that smile with some dimwit who wouldn't even recognize or appreciate it. They would keep that smile on and I was furious on the inside. I would stand abruptly and putting on my crooked smile again I would bid them farewell.

I know you see it reader. You're staring at the words of my mind, probably tired of how chaotic I seem. I promise you, I'm paraphrasing it. There's a lot that goes on in my head but I'm more normal than the next person.

Now, I'm about to go on another mind trip and I hope I meet a president or government official. I hope.