The Diary Entry Of A Depressed Teenager.

You know;

If someone were to ask me what depression feels like, I would say it feels like being 10 feet underwater with your feet tied to an anchor that’s pulling you down, down, down. You know you need to find your way back to the surface but you can’t seem to untie yourself. Will-power has reduced to nothingness.

But nobody does ask! They find it easier to just pretend that there is nothing wrong with me. When my parents look at me, they pretend they still see the smiling girl from the photograph in the living room; I think they love that picture because it reminds them of the last time they saw me smiling like that. But I’m not that girl anymore, and I know that, better than anybody else.

I try, at times, to try and put a finger on the exact moment my sadness became too heavy to bear; maybe, if I could find out the exact moment of it happening, I could change something, could find a way to retain a tiny shred of who I used to be. Wishful thinking, I suppose. I remember how happy I was the day I found out that I had been accepted into a good college: the look on my parents’ face, the way laughter echoed through our house! How amazing it was; how joyous; how unforgettable.

The thing is: getting into a good college and surviving a good college are two very different things. My first semester came and went, and I had made no friends; assignments and exams threatened to crush me with their incredible weight. I began wondering what I was doing here: how the hell am I supposed to survive!? That was when it began, you know – that slip into darkness. I used to think that people only get depressed when they experience some great tragedy, but sometimes, it is more subtle. It slips into your system, and slowly, it gets a little harder to wake up in the morning: you feel like you’re moving, but not getting anywhere. Like death is the easy way out.

There is so much bottled up inside me that I wonder if I might start crying in front of a stranger someday, because it’s getting hard to live like this. But then I think – if that person were not a stranger, but a friend, maybe it wouldn’t be so hard then.

I’m terrified of mirrors now. Every time I look into one, I feel like I’m under a magnifying glass where each flaw of mine stares back at me, mocking me. I look around and see so much perfection, and my own imperfections make me feel so small – like I could disappear into thin air and no one would notice. I cry myself to sleep every night; it comes very easily to me nowadays.

I don’t know how much longer I can go on like this. I don’t want to live like this. I don’t want live like I am dead inside. There has to be a way to fight this. I convinced myself that my sadness was like a layer of skin I could never be rid of, but I realised that I’m not ready to give up just yet. There is still some fight left in me, and though the tunnel seems long and dark, there has to be the famed light at the end of it, and I want to find a way back to the light, for my parents and the people who still care for me, but most of all, for myself.