

Encourages others to seek help when young

by Laura in Florida

I knew that I had something wrong with me early, around 12 or 13. Being one of five girls, my parents really did not notice the different things I did, and I was not going to tell them. I was too embarrassed.

In school I had very few friends, I can say I never had a best friend, but I tried to make myself invisible to everyone. I usually sat between my house and the neighbors with another neighbor's dog. I felt she understood, so I would talk to her for hours, I would hear the kids playing in the neighborhood, but I chose not to join them. My main thing in life was my pets.

I failed a grade in junior high, so my parents arranged for me to go to an all-girls school, some distance from home. It was even worse. I begged to come home, so I only stayed a very lonesome year. I finally got out of high school and they sent me away to college. People thought I was so weird. I had three different roommates, so I came back to Orlando and got a job. I had three jobs in my life, and I worked at them 13 or more years each.

I remember days raising my daughter. She would have a dinner at school, I was to bring a dessert, I thought I poisoned the cake, so I would sneak over to it and throw it away. One person got a piece so I asked the person for the piece back and threw it away.

My voices have gotten worse the older I have gotten. I did have 20 etc, but it never helped. Now I have depression extremely bad and terrible anxiety. My bipolar is in and out. I hope the word gets out that when you are younger to please get help. I had better sign off, for my brain can not function on this story any longer.