

Response 1

When I joined my high school as a new student, I felt a lot of anxiety regarding friends, as I didn't have any who (understandably) were very close to me yet, and I remember feeling very upset and crying in my room. I was especially upset when I saw pictures on social media of the people I had become friendly with hanging out with each other and not inviting me. I don't have any siblings so I didn't have anyone who I could talk to this about other than my parents

Response 2

I rearranged the furniture so that I was closed between the bed and my wall. I was sitting with my legs close to my chest and was too hot for a blanket, but wanted to be enclosed or covered. I was wearing pjs, rocking back and forth, breathing heavy in the dark.

Response 3

My senior year of high school, I was the first chair flutist of my high school band. In the fall, I tried out for All-state. When I found out that I had made the orchestra, I was incredibly proud of myself. There are only three flutists (2 flutes + 1 piccolo) in an orchestra, whereas there are 8-10 flutes in band. I was assigned the piccolo part, and I felt like I had surpassed all others because I had practiced so hard and pulled off a great audition, and landed a pretty important part. For the concert, we would perform Shostakovich Symphony No. 11, which is an hour long piece with some crazy hard piccolo parts. I practiced really hard for the next month, buying the album on iTunes and listening to it, studying my part and memorizing how it should sound with the rest of the orchestra. All-state is one weekend full of incessant rehearsals, where the top music students from all over the state of Maryland come to rehearse for the concert at the end of the weekend. I was aware that people were watching and listening to me, and I knew those people included some of the best student musicians in Maryland as well as a few professional adults. Being in that environment built my confidence, and at the concert, I felt like all eyes were on me at some points (because the piccolo is pretty loud and shrill, and has a few solo parts throughout the piece). I felt like I pulled it off and I was so proud it was probably the greatest accomplishment of my life.

Response 4

I got put down by someone I respected. It sucked because I'm pretty sensitive to what people say/think about me. I tried not to let my feelings show, but when I got back home I had to lie down on the floor for a couple minutes. I just kind of curled up in the fetal position and had a moment.

Response 5

This is a negative experience. I was coming home from university, and I arrived at the metro. Up to this point I have been struggling with depression already, but my emotions were out of control this day, I messed up something and heavily disappointed my mother. After having my mother yell at me for a while over the phone dreading the eventual confrontation, and such my mental processes dove down a rabbit hole of bad ideas. I did call a friend who helped me. process the thoughts and such, though there were thoughts lingering. My friend offered to pray for me but I arrived in the city where I lost signal. I told my friend I'd return the call when I was on the train back home, the last leg of my journey home. I was waiting for the metro, and as I saw it nearing the platform, a horrible dark thought had entered my mind. It told me to jump, end it all, I'd be no longer sad, don't have to disappoint anymore. And I knew it would be so easy, just one step forward. Then I felt the gush of wind, and I had to make a decision, and I was so sure I would jump. But I didn't aha as I am writing this now. I don't know what stopped me, maybe a voice of reason or maybe God but I didn't jump. I ended up calling my friend afterwards, and my friend prayed, which helped. But during that one moment of time, I felt horrible, guilty, depressed, hopelessness, and being scared, very scared.

Response 6

I remember in middle school I saw that a grade for one of my English assignments came out. I remember running upstairs and into my room to check the grade, only to see that I failed again. I remember just breaking down and sobbing on my bed for a couple minutes, as I was so fearful of what my parents would think. I was not only fearful, but also incredibly angry, as I thought I had put everything in my power to do well in this class, only to keep struggling. At that point, I felt like it was the last straw for me - that I wasn't going to grow up to be anything special, and that I was just a disappointment.

Response 7

Last week, I wanted bubble tea but I am poor. Being a "poor college student" is pretty common as something to laugh at, but I think it shows serious implications of money on mental health. We have many desires (such as food, clothes, spending time with friends) that require money that some people do not have. There's frustration and sadness that follows from not being able to spend money freely while there's happiness and a lapse of "guilt" when you spend money for something you want. As a result, I felt desire for bubble tea but because I felt constrained by what I could buy, I ended up with sadness and disappointment about my financial situation. I think this also brings into question whether money actually can buy happiness, or can you really be happy without money. Mental health is related to the dough!

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Response 8