

The Life And Times of a Mental Health Patient.

Written by Anthony Robert Wells.



Above Picture – Me feeling positive at a Colchester Rehab Unit.

Chapter One – Year One

Memory One – A gentle rain.

I was a baby in my pram. Although at such a young age, I could appreciate the pattern to the rain-fall. It fell against the plastic cover to the pram. I recall strong feelings of love and happiness gently through my body.

We were in Dalston, where I was born and raised. Around the back, where there was a pet shop, a kebab house and several other low-key stores.

I do not remember going there, or returning, just the serene feeling of happiness and love as my Mother and Grandmother stood beside the pram talking.

I often think back to this moment. It showed such hope and promise for the future. A future that never really happened, but this memory is always a pleasant one.

Often when I feel down, I go back to this place. To remember how beautiful life can be, with no more than a gentle sound and a nice feeling.

It is probably the memory I've re-visited the most, in my life. It is my earliest memory also.

Chapter Two – Year Two

Memory Two – An American Dog

I was around two years old. I was stood in my grandparents room. Before me was “Ned” - My uncle's American pit-bull. Despite their reputation for being stronger dogs, he was peaceful and loving like any of the other dogs our family had over the years.

I remember him looking up to me, me only being two I was only twice his height. I have a few other memories of him, the others being at my Uncle's flat, where he lived with him and their family after he moved into this, is first flat on his own.

Once there, he was joined by another dog, called “Sly” - he was a doberman pinscher and like “Ned” quite gentle in nature.

Chapter Three – Year Four

Memory Three – Jesus

I was four years old. I was sat in the middle of my grand parents bed. On the T.V was a religious movie about Jesus. To this day I can remember the strength of the connection between the movie and my emotions. I recall drifting off to sleep half way through the movie.

It's an odd memory for me. As despite it's connection to god and our existence, I rarely ever saw such movies again. Not on T.V or in the pictures. I guess religion plays second fiddle to Entertainment.

I remember how Jesus looked in the movie. A very godly looking man, with long hair and a big beard surrounding his chin and face.

I would love a world, where religion, god and the concepts surrounding them, were as relevant on T.V as movies and music.

Chapter Four – Year Five

Memory Four – My first Teacher.

I was five years old. It was my first day at Primary school, Amherst primary school near Dalston Lane.

On the way, my Aunt kept asking me to guess which building was the school. My final guess, of course, the correct one. I can recall walking past as an adult just how it had scaled in my mind over the years. Small walls as a child were like tall monoliths to climb, where as an adult, I would only need to reach out, not up.

I was very nervous on my first day. Breaking down into tears at the thought of being left there by myself. So my parents stayed with me for the first day. I remember the female teacher as my favourite there. Though over the years, my memories of her slipped my mind. She was a nice friendly lady, I still remember , though.

The rest of the years at school flew past. Each new year we would have a new class, and a new main teacher.

I recall my final year there was similar to my first. Our class being outside the main building, in a specially build hut designed for two separate classes per hut.

I made a few friends there. Some I would see later in life, and some I never would. Though I am still young.

My brother joined the school a year later.

Chapter Four Point 2 – Sports Day

Memory Five – Cricket

Although loving football and sports in general, nerves often got the better of me. For some, heading down on goal was a great joy. For me, it was the fear of missing or not scoring. Which rendered my sporting life to just fun casual games, not for the school team or so fourth.

But, at Amherst, there was a cricket day, and strangely enough I did well enough to be picked for the team. I recall there being hundreds, maybe thousands of people in the crowd, just behind the make-shift Cricket pitch. I had two roles to play over the event. At bat, and in field.

In field I actually helped the team. Catching someone's hit of the ball. At bat, though, my old problem of nerves meant I nearly fell down rather than hit the ball.

It's still a nice memory though. I often thought if we could Live Forever, I would give being a footballer ago again one day. Although at the age of thirty seven, it would be near the end of my career anyway. I still play soccer games such as Fifa, and Football Manager.

Maybe I could be a manager one day. Although they have a strength I probably lack.