

An Example Your Therapist Will Give You

By Alexandra Samargia

Alexandra: Good evening, and welcome back to the evening news with me, Alexandra Kathryn Samargia. Our top story tonight is one that will break hearts. A local girl by the name of Alex has found herself at the mercy of her anxiety and depression. She has shown great love for her friends and family but has felt that she is not good enough to receive their love back. We have our reporter Kate with more updates. Kate?

Kate: Yes, thank you Alexandra. Alex has been showing signs of anxiety since she was just 8 years old, and she was just recently diagnosed with depression. However, it seems as though her medication is not working like it used to. There have been reports of her feeling numb and out of place with herself. We will report back with more updates as soon as we get them. Alexandra?

Alexandra: Thank you, Kate. Please stay tuned as we will continue to have live updates.

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I look up at the ceiling of my small bedroom. Small enough that I can't open my closet door without it hitting the side of my hand me down bed. It used to be my mom's. My bed. It has a dent in the middle from the years of her sprawled out listening to me crying myself asleep. I feel my body being engulfed by my cotton comforter. I can't move. I can't bring myself to even walk three feet across the hall to empty my bladder without the overwhelming feeling of failure. My white walls are partially covered up by pictures of things that try to numb the pain. I stare at them, with nothing but disgust. I was so happy in that picture, what happened? What happened to the girl with the picture-perfect smile, and ready-to-have-sex body? She had hurt and she had pain, but at least she wasn't as fucked up as I am now. I used to want to go back to her, to that time, but now I just envy her. I hate her for the decisions she's about to make. I hate that she is going to fall into the lap of the devil who she thinks will be the best thing that has ever happened to her.

I peel my eyes away from her when my roommate comes into my room to tell me dinner is ready. I put on the same sweatpants and sweatshirt I have worn for 5 days in a row after collapsing onto my bed in my jeans, unable to find the motivation to change out of the uncomfortable material. I think about the last time I had seen my therapist; it has been over a month. She hasn't called me back. Maybe I should get a new one...

I stay quiet at the table, what good are my words anyways? The booming laughter of my roommates fills up the entire kitchen and slithers down the string-lit hallway. But why can't I laugh? When I try to, it comes out as a tiny cough. I play with my food telling myself to eat it, but if I do then I will be bloated. He always told me that no one would love me if I kept gaining weight. Was he right? Conversations about classes, work, and relationships flood past the mouths full of pasta yet the only thing flooding my mind is, nothing and everything, all at once. How is that possible?

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Alexandra: Breaking news with our live updates for you on local depressed girl, Alex. After a breakdown over uncooked food, she decides it's time to find solutions for her problems. She finds a new and more reliable therapist and ups her medication to fit her needs. She decides to turn to her old strategies of painting and writing to help her cope. We will be back with more updates.

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I caress the tube of yellow paint as I gently squeeze it onto the rough canvas. I held my paint brush more firmly than I hold onto the happiness of my soul which I have let slip away into

oblivion. I dip the tip into the golden color and drag it across the heavy-duty fabric. With each stroke I find myself sinking lower into relaxation. I wonder how this is like sex. The reoccurring motion, and the delicacy of it all. I mix the golden yellow with an apricot orange to satisfy a stunning image of the sun setting over rushing water. I slowly watch the image come together with bursts of colors until I smile with the result. Then it hits me. This is not the same as sex, because painting brings me peace. Sex brings me nightmares.

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A Fuck You Letter,

I hate you, and I hate who I am because of you. I wish I could go back to who I was before you. I miss my smile, and my freedom. I miss being able to date without fear. I lose sleep hating myself for making that decision, because I would be different if it wasn't for you. I would be different for the better and I hate that. I wish for you to die. Not in the way that I don't want to have to deal with you anymore, in the way that I want you to feel every ounce of pain that you have caused me in the last two years. Two fucking years. I want you pay for what you did, and what you put me through. I wonder if you even know. Of course, you do, you've admitted to it, when you gaslit me into thinking you were the good guy, and I was the evil taking *you* down. You manipulated me to thinking that you were the only one who would ever love me, but I don't think I would call taking my childhood 'love', would you? I used to be a romantic before you. I used to love love and daydream about the day that I would meet my person, but you ripped that hope out of my heart like you ripped my shirt when you were angry. I lay in bed, and I think about all the things I would be doing if it wasn't for you blocking my path to happiness. My

therapist says my road isn't blocked, that you were just a detour. I think that's bullshit. You ruined my life. Point blank. I will never forgive you for that. And worst of all, I will never forgive myself.

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Alexandra: After a long coverage of local girl Alex, she is finally on the path of healing, however healing is not linear so we will continue covering the story that so many face. This story is actually very important and personal to me, as it is *my* story. Please be kind, you never know what someone may be going through. With that, I am Alexandra Kathryn Samargia. Goodnight.

There is something about driving past the city while all the lights sparkle with all the windows down and singing with your best friends. I laid my head on my arms out the window and felt the breeze on my face and in my hair for the first time in a long time. It instantly brought me back to driving down country roads during the sunset. Maybe I must rediscover my happiness in this city. I reach my arms out the window and feel the cool air run down the sleeves of my sweater. I close my eyes and scream the words to my favorite song. It feels good. I haven't felt good in a long time. I look over and see my best friends singing and dancing in the seats next to me. I smile knowing that I am going to be okay, maybe not tomorrow or next week but eventually I will be okay. Eventually I will live in the moment instead of living in fear of the past. Eventually I will be able to see the progress I have made from an older and humble mind. Eventually the voices will stop, and I won't feel the need to prove to myself that I am important. So anyways, next time you have a new client, and they are feeling the same way I am, feel free to tell them about me.

My therapist sits there speechless as I had just used up our entire hour.

