# Each of us
is part of the solution
Let's end mental health stigma together

M·H·E
Mental Health Europe

I´m a student in Czech Republic and I would like to share my story with you. I hope it is all right that my story is longer but I never talked about it before and this is my premiere so please be nice to me :)

For a long time, I did not even know that what I was experiencing might be mental illness. These things I am about to say are mostly my own guessing when it comes to diagnosis because I have not visited a therapist yet but I would like to express my feelings in my own words.

I was bullied in high school and went from a school to another, ending up in 3 different classrooms throughout my high school years. I was a shy girl, sort of a "bookworm". It was something different that was not well accepted by my classmates. Everybody always looked the other way so most of the time I was on my own. This was probably a trigger for my mental health problems and later on I ended up with depression. There were good and bad days, sometimes it caught me unguarded and I had these feelings like I am about to explode or fall apart under the heaviness of my thoughts.

All that was in my head: *how am I supposed to go through this day? Oh gosh, what if someone finds out what is going on with me? How am I supposed to pass this test?* And this and that, everything was like a black bubble of weariness or as if I was drowning in a liquid mud and could not breathe anymore. Nothing felt good about this world so I did not even want to live anymore.

When I finally finished my high school everything kind of settled down for a time. Nevertheless, shortly after I recovered somehow on my own, I started to have very vivid dreams, sometimes nightmares, sometimes just weird, and I when I was waking up afterwards it felt like I had been sleeping for a year and not just a night.

I also started to have troubles with falling asleep and short episodes (if I may call them this way) of shaking and tachycardia as well. Soon my anxiety issues added up and it just started to feel like I needed to work hard to cope with it and just live on and fight because I am intelligent enough to know that I need to channel these feelings somehow so that it would not be too destructive for me.

I am now in a medical school, which is not easy for me and I am still dealing with some of these feelings described above, most of all chronical anxiety and sleeping issues but I learned to be positive and focused on what matters. I must say that if I am not too careful about my thoughts it is very easy to trigger a cascade of worries and fears about my daily life but I am a warrior and I will never stop fighting.

In this way, I would like to encourage everyone not to give up, no matter how hard it feels and keep fighting. And do not be like me, with not telling the people you care about what you are currently experiencing, you might be embarrassed but it can be pretty destructive and might end up ugly.

Greetings,

**Aurora, 22, Czech Republic**