

Otherworldly – Naia P

There is more to the world than just, her.

Outside of her own bubble, her own anxiety. There are people in the world who have experienced things that could not compare to her own struggles, and who would wish to only have to deal with what she does. But, this doesn't mean her struggles are meaningless.

She wakes up with a racing heart, this feeling of impending doom on some days. Anxious about her mounting to-do list, and wary of the day that lies ahead. She feels this constant pressure, this constant weight on her to do everything and do it well. She pushes it down, too exhausted from sleeping 4 hours the night before to think about it. Then, she goes to work.

In a dainty therapist office, she reads patient paperwork and is transported to another world. Their world, where their support system is nonexistent. It's like the frame of a house that never got built. A world of grief, of abuse, of mental illness.

Reading through someone's highlight reel of problems through a few patient history forms seems wrong. It shocks her how much other people have gone through and are currently experiencing – and they are still able to live life.

She learns that it is not their fault. That their family history or home life isn't perfect, or they have some chemical imbalance in their brain, or that they were born with an extra chromosome. It isn't their fault. They are forced to deal with the cards they are dealt or suffer the mental consequences. She wished people would give themselves more credit. Give themselves a break from it all.

She feels for these people, she understands their stories. But then, she realizes that not everyone gets the opportunity to read through someone's entire history on a few pages of paper. All they see is the person in front of them – their hair, their clothes, their shoes, their skin color, their smile or lack thereof.

It is entirely too easy to judge. She knows what she's gone through and what makes her, her. But behind someone's eyes is an entire journey that others will never get to experience or understand unless told. Unless asked. She wishes people would give other people the same type of understanding that they give to themselves.

But she's a walking contradiction. She feels for these people after hearing their stories, yet doesn't offer herself that same kindness in return while living her own.

She worries about how others view others but not how she views herself.

The reality is she can't control other people or how they react. She can barely control her own anxieties. But, what she can do is do her best to understand herself and give herself a break. Do her best to understand others and be kind to them.

Life is hard. And she's not the only one experiencing it.

She's realized that there's more to the world than just, her.