Submitted by: S.E.

So a few years ago I began to feel depressed, I felt as If I wasn't enough and I wasn't doing enough. I've always been a perfectionist. In all honesty, there was a point in my life that I honestly thought I was perfect. I thought that since I was perfect I could make everyone around me perfect but I wasn't. I think that's what started my depression. Everyone has there own form of it but mine consisted of purposefully finding things that I hated about myself, my weight, my intellect, my inability to achieve academically, my looks, my need to fit in and be accepted. I would judge myself harshly so that I would ensure that I had a reason not to like myself. Those thoughts went physical, no I could never bring myself to cutting or suicide, I love life too much for that but what I could do was hit myself. A few slaps on the face constantly helped, one would never believe I preached to others a different story that I had it together.

Anyways, that was what I was going through at that time, I was 13/ 14 at the time when I decided to talk to other people, make new friends and I did but in all honesty, it didn't make me a better person if anything I got worse. Before meeting them I was already struggling to find myself. I was an insensitive and judgemental person. I loved to gossip and add fire to the flames and liked to be seen and loved. I wanted attention, in fact, I needed it and as a so-called perfectionist in my mind at the time that's what being perfect was trust me I wasn't the smartest or the prettiest but I faked a persona as if I was.

The point of all this is that meeting my new friends only enhanced these qualities and in all honesty, I liked that. I liked that they came to me, I liked that they wanted me around, I liked that I was a valued person in there lives. In my opinion, they loved me and that's what I wanted.

So a year after that I made three solid friends and ditched my former friends. I know I was awful, but when I say ditched it was my priorities that changed they moved down the friendship ladder and these new friends became my new best friends and at the time it was GREAT. I was doing anything I wanted, I could be wild and carefree. I loved our group because it was everything I was at the time. We were all Christians but to others and maybe to us we knew we weren't. I can't speak for them but I was faking it, I've always done that. Time passed and the next school term came and as I said I made these new friends, one of them, in particular, became my best friend.

Now I won't highlight the person but we became very close, on a different level. It was no longer mere friendship at the time. I honestly thought we were just friends but then as time moved on I realised that this person didn't want to be friends. I welcomed it with open arms, I loved the way this person was interested in me. I was a naive and weak Christian, I just wanted to be told that I was special and that person gave me that feeling and more but things got weird.

Our relationship was no longer friendly but it became in a sense romantic, however, we never said that we were together not even to each other. To me, I was just testing the waters and living in denial that what we were doing was okay. To be honest, it wasn't, so many things happened in that year. So many things that caused me to question a lot and wonder about many things. I've learnt that demons are real, hell is real, death is real (some of us think we will never die, especially when we are young) but I've experienced the paranormal in real life. I've had to go through so many degrading circumstances and I stuck it out because I was wanted to feel wanted and needed...