**World Mental Health Awareness Week by FairGaze**

**MY STORY**

In life, the people we love, are like buses. One leaves, another one comes. Like Brook, 'a man may come, and a man may go. But I'll go on forever.

I was in a relationship with this guy whom I loved the most. We were in a serious relationship. He was my soul mate, my boyfriend, and my best friend. He was my absolute support system and backbone. We had completed our 1st anniversary on 14th March 2020. We were the perfect couple who used to give genuine couple goals and people used to get jealous.

He used to love all my stupid stuff be it makeup or lame jokes. He liked my jealousy, insecurity, and possessiveness towards him.

But all of a sudden in March 2020, he started feeling for one of my best friends. He started ignoring me. He used to flirt with her in front of me. With each passing day, they came closer and didn't even care for me.

Then, one day his Instagram account got hacked, so I asked him to make a new account. A week later, everything was going fine. Then, One day, 'Are you comfortable! if I ask about your Instagram id and password. Would you like to share that with me?' I asked calmly.

He became so violent, started screaming and crying, and said that you should have trust in me. I am not cheating on you. How dare you asked about my password. Just because I love you that doesn't mean that I'll share my personal and sensitive stuff with you. You are just my girlfriend, not my wife. Our future is uncertain get that straight into your mind. He said violently. He started blaming me for everything. He made me feel as I'm not worth it. At that moment, I started depreciating myself, and questioned my self-worth but didn't care.

After all this, one morning in April, he messaged me that he never liked me or loved me. It was just an attraction and wanted to discontinue this relationship. He ended things with me on a note. I made 10 phone-calls but none of my calls were answered. He left me in despair. All his friends made fun of me.

My so-called Best friend just sympathizes with me which I didn't even require. Nobody gave me emotional support. I was all alone and lonely in an emptiness.

Still, I was in a process of healing, on 26th April 2020, I lost my grandfather. That incident just broke me. That was such a bad phase of my life. Being the youngest in my family, I've never seen my parents crying.

But, this is a universal rule of nature. Every human being has to die some or the other day and we cannot go against it.

I am getting a better version of myself every day. I am coming out of it. But, memories hit me hard. Being someone who has so much fear of losing people, have lost two of my closest people in April 2020 that made me devastated.

I would say, the process of healing and becoming a better version of yourself is difficult but not impossible.

Thank you

**Kindly don't reveal my name.**