***My bad story from past.***

Back when I was in my 8th grade my classmates pranked me with something that broke me. I don’t think I was a bad person, not even today. I just wonder what made them do that to me. I have always been good to everybody around me even if they weren’t. They used to boycott me from team games, would to anything to break down my image, bullied me which took a lot of my best friends away from me. Huh ! I shouldn’t call them my friends. I was alone. Only me my overthinking mind at one corner of the room, playground. I think the only thing that hurts me is why did my friends leave me.

There was a huge mental breakdown, I stopped going to school. I had suicidal thoughts, I asked myself several times why all this happened to me why? Only me? I still get traumatized by going back to that memory lane when I was alone I had nobody to talk to, I feared getting judged which made me quite whenever thought of sharing this with someone. I self doubted myself, my potential, my strength but I never gave up on life. I think it has made me strong but somewhere that piece of me still breakes thinking about my 8th-10th grade in school. But I came out strong on my own, passed the phase but still hurts and I still feel alone. I fear losing 5-6 people I have in my life right now including parents and I think I cant bear losing these people.

 Fear of losing parents, family, friends, Fear of getting judged, Self-doubt, Loneliness , overthinking still haunts me. My heart gets heavy everytime I get a thought of losing someone. It breaks me into thousand pieces.

But I have learned lessons from people who tried to pull me down I thank for making me a better person and showing how stupid and inhuman some people are so early in my life. Now I know how to handle people like them and I know what kind of person I have to become in my life.

 Thank you very much for reading

 I choose to be anonymous