

Sunday, May 10, 1992

11:15 PM

Looks like I'll be writing on Sundays this summer. This is the time of week I'm especially low, since another work week looms ahead.

Actually, today I was less depressed than usual. Yesterday night I phoned the "emotional crisis line" because I was feeling so closed-in and withdrawn, unable to help myself to cheer up with the usual methods. I couldn't get out of this hole & I felt guiltier than ever because I was supposed to see my father & grandmother this weekend, but I couldn't let them see me like this. I couldn't face them, & this made me more

depressed. I was absolutely sick of feeling like this, & wasting myself + my time.

I asked the man on the phone if he could recommend a good counselling centre. He ~~did~~ gave me a phone #, but first he coaxed me into talking about the situation, & I couldn't believe it, I actually did & it was a relief to finally tell someone that I think there is something wrong with me. I want to change. It feels so encouraging to know someone's listened to you and been supportive to your decision to get help.

Whether or not the birth control pill is largely to blame is still hard for me to say. I can't deny that I've tended

to get depressed a lot all my life.
There have also been terrific
times, but the depression never
fails to return. I know that
if I stopped taking the Pill, I
would ~~be~~ still feel similar, even if
not ~~as~~ bad. The problem was with
me to begin with.

Now I'm going to talk to
someone face to face. For me,
that's a challenge! I feel
more liking avoiding people these
days. But I must have made
the right decision because today
I ~~do~~ managed to visit ~~at~~ my
grandma for 2 hours and
feel like myself, + comfortable.
It has literally been years
since I could feel natural
while visiting her. I hope that
seeing a counsellor will help
my relationships with family

members, my motivation for work
& school, my self-esteem, my
appetite and sleep and general
mood. I might have to try anti-
depressants.

Time to go to sleep. I've had
weird dreams lately: a hand
chopped off from an arm, a
man chasing me in a picture-perfect
paradise resembling up the coast

(this is a
recurring dream which changes
slightly each time), and of course,
nightmares about failing exams,
although exams are over.
I almost depend on these dreams.
I hate them, but they do affirm
my state of mind. Something is
wrong. I keep seeing that severed
hand, perfectly lifelike. These
dreams are like signals of what's
going on in my deep mind, & so

When these dreams improve I will know

I am changing for the better.

I'll call that counselling number

Soon

Goodnight
