

Dear myself, 12/28/2015

It's been a long journey since I've arrived here. A very long and painful journey. But I guess it was kinda worth it (I hope) I've been doing much better than before. Last March, I had a HUGE HUGE breakdown. I couldn't take it anymore. Everything was getting out of control. I feel much better now (kinda). **I sound a bit crazy, but I am kinda crazy lol**

I remember clearly what happened last March. It was as if I was a ticking time bomb. My life was slipping out my fingers. I was literally on edge the entire two months. I honestly don't know how I managed to make it. I couldn't get out of bed. Everytime I breathed, I felt like dying. But it's okay. I don't feel like that anymore. I hope it doesn't happen again. My mom sent me to go see a therapist. But I couldn't pinpoint exactly what was wrong with me. I'm glad I didn't at that time. Because I'm sure they would've sent me to a mental hospital if they saw what was going on in my head. I had panic attacks. I really thought I was dying. My lungs were squeezing together like someone tied barbed wire around them and pulled it, trying to kill me. I couldn't stop crying and I kept

shaking. I just kept shaking. I don't know why. I felt like death was coming for me.

What exactly is death? What will happen to me if I actually died? Sometimes I feel guilty because I doubt the existence of Allah. But I know I shouldn't. But how do people actually know if Allah or anything greater than us really exists? It



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Sounds like all nonsense to me. Sometimes. I know, I shouldn't say that. But honestly, NONE of it makes sense to me. Perhaps it's not bad for me to question it. But then again the REAL reason why I question religion is because everything I like or "allow" goes AGAINST Islam. For an example, I like the same sex. Or liking anyone in general. I often question my sexuality, but now I don't think about it too much. I just go with the flow. I think I like both genders. Or maybe I just like gay porn. I never