

Renee is a close friend of mind we grew up together attended the same school even went to the same college and were in each others weddings, there was never a time in my life I can't remember that she wasn't around. Renee struggled with mental health most all of her life, I remember in middle school she began to suffer from anxiety and was dealing with depression. Which was completely valid her parent had gotten divorced and both her grandparents passed away when she was in 6th grade, that's when we became really close, I became her person. As time when on she went through cycles with her mental health she began to experience paranoia, she would be good for a while then something would trigger her into a depressive state then good again then not so good and around again. Some things would set her off more than others people calling her crazy was the one that hit home the most for her she never could quite shake that one off. There was one time the two of us went on a trip for the weekend just a few hours south to get out of town that evening she wanted to go out to a bar, I stayed in for the night then I got a call for her in the early hours of the morning. Her voice shaken barely able to string the words of her sentences together I could hear the constriction in her throat pushing back tears, after several moments of me guiding Renee through breathing was she able to tell me what was going on she told me she has to get out of the bar she's at there bartenders and random men, college girls and bus boys telling her she's crazy that she's the one who flew over the cuckoo's nest. After she was home safe she couldn't stop looking over her shoulder for the trying to find the familiar faces of the people at the bar. Convinced they had put a tracker in her arm she began digging her nails into the soft flesh of arms, that night was the first night I physically had to restrain her from harming her self as an effect from paranoia. A long while later after we caught our breath and could have a conversation we sat down and had a talk about her going to see a therapist, she was dealing with things that needed professional help that friends and family didn't have the skills to handle. That night in particular was one of the worst episodes Renee had and she realized that, she agreed that it was time for her to seek help and see a therapist. In the following weeks she began her sessions, the first few sessions she had convinced herself that maybe she wasn't so bad and that she went to therapy to soon when she didn't actually need it. We went back and forth she in the beginning didn't think she needed it that she didn't need to continue going, I plead with her demanding and occasionally begging her to just stick with it for just a little while longer. She agreed to keep going, then she had a change of heart she began to understand therapy she began to feel the need to go. As the weeks went on I began to see a little less of Renee but not too much less then, a few more weeks would go by and then I would see her even less. The less I saw Renee the less I saw myself, my body began to feel weak as she started believing in the sessions as it became part of her daily life I rarely saw her pieces of me, large pieces of me began to faded away. Then one day I never saw her again and she never saw me again, I had disappeared completely, all I ever was she created in her imagination.

