

Laluis - Depression

He looked into my eyes and he knew what I was going through. My dad had gone to prison and my mum was at the hospital, I wasn't the only one my best friend had gone through the same thing. Hello my name is James and if you are reading this i am probably dead right now because of the depression that my dad tried to kill mother and went to jail. My mom couldn't make it. I live by myself. I'm only 11. I don't know what to do. My dad told me to not get out of the house till he is out of prison which is in 50 years.

I have these weird dreams at night, no no no i don't even think they are dreams more like nightmares. There is this voice i do not know if its mother but like ghost and demons seem to come every night it scares i have been eating paper and pens and this is my last sometimes i even think people try breaking into the house there have been 8 breakings in the house and every time someone came i begged them to kill me but they wouldn't listen. I am starting to go crazy *and i don't know if i can write im starting to forget* im as pale as a plum, i dont know what to do im also starting to feel a bit dumb. I cant even go to school. I do not know what to do. My dad said do not go out and he threw away the key. I'm in a flat so i can not jump out the window. Why is my life filled with depression and why is my dad full of hate? i have been going crazy for a while hitting punching and talking to myself and saying im a mistake i should have never been born. I used to say that to my mum sometimes but now i think it's actually true. Well im getting hungry now so i have to go maybe when i die and when i am in the hospital someone might take this out this paper might last a da or two, goodbye life and mum..... I will see you soon.



School Values:

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Riyah - The Pain Inside

Every thought is a battle, every breath is a war and I don't think I'm winning anymore. I find that sleep isn't just sleep anymore, it's just an escape. I don't want to wake up. I find it better when I'm asleep. Many people wake up from a nightmare, but I wake up into one. I hide my emotions and pretend to be okay. Sometimes things build up so much that I just want to run away but I know I can't escape from this hole. When my emotions take over and I can't push through it, I have to close my door and shut the world out as that's the only way I can survive. My body wasn't made for this, I'm tired of being tired and I'm tired of being sad. I hate getting flashbacks from things that I don't want to remember. It feels like everyone is succeeding in life while I'm stuck here in this hole I can't climb out of. I push people away when all I really want is someone to give me a hug that will last an eternity. I want to be able to live the moment and pursue my dreams but I know deep down that will never happen. I try my best but it feels like I just can't breathe anymore and I am drowning. I don't pay attention to the world ending because I know it has already ended for me. It feels like hell inside my head, there are wounds that never show but are more hurtful than anything. I tell myself "it will be okay" but really it just gets worse.



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Aman

Wakes up uncomfortable in a random tunnel deep down.

I need help, I'm starving... I haven't ate for days, help me pls I'm dying. (*Sweat rolling down his cheek*) What happened to me. Where am I, Am I going to survive. Thought running down like cables. Are you real... (*Thinking*) I'm okay I'm okay, I'm okay. Mind exploding like a broken light bulb. Maybe my hallucinations one day will be considered as a metaphor. Someone... I'm not going to survive In here. Please. Feeling as if he's riding on a roller coaster. Furious and exhausted

Nightmares feeling as if it's in real life.. gasping for air. Terrified. Everytime I talk I feel like I'm sinking deeper and deeper. Screaming for help but no one can hear me. Terrified that one day I won't make it. Wind squandering through his hair, lightning roaring throughout the area as gusts of wind blew. It took everything get away from me, now I'm nothing. Suddenly my memory buzzed out of nowhere and I remembered what happened and where I am.

That treacherous teacher ruined my life.I new I shouldn't have talked to her I don't think I'm going to make It, please..these were my last words.



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Zaid

I was in an abandoned hospital with my friends. We were playing truth and dare of course I chose dare so they chose to go to the abandoned hospital and there I fell unconscious and then when I woke up I was surrounded by thousands of pixelated characters. Am I in a video game? Am I in a lucid dream?

Then I saw one human being next to me? He whispered to me :I'm our long lost brother. I need to get you out of here, you don't know what they do to people like you. In my head i was saying we're both not making it out then it's either me or YOU. i was starting to pray with my legs quivering

Doubt kills more dreams than failure ever will

Do one thing every day that scares you.

Do not be afraid; our fate cannot be taken from us; it is a gift



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Mohammed

I was trapped in a weird house from the game I was playing in a virtual reality game. I had been kidnapped by the evil mastermind Midas. He could also make anything into gold by touching it. I had to escape before his men came and killed me in the special ceremony. My heart rate started to rise as I heard two guards slowly walking on the cold concrete floor. Suddenly they opened the door and I saw Kit and Fade enter.

They were my best friends. My brain wanted to ask many questions but I knew they had an idea up their sleeves so I decided not to talk. Suddenly Fade whispered in my ear that we will get you out and i was to act normal. They were dressed as guards. They took me to the zip-line which was the only way out but guards rushed out and started to shoot at us, Fade and Kit took out bullet proof vests. We all quickly wore them and ran to the nearest zip-line to get out of the fort. I jumped onto the handlebars of the zip-line but I forgot to clip myself onto the rope and all three of us fell into the water. Luckily the water was deep enough to save us from hurting ourselves. And we swam into a hole in the wall my heart was beating as fast as lightning and pounding loudly. I heard the angry voice of Midas screaming, at his troops.

After a few hours which felt like days, we looked around we saw no guards We thought they had all gone to a meeting as we swam through the cold water. As we reached the shore we got onto the nearest zipline and this time i made sure that i had hooked to the safety rope. We reached the other side of the brick wall and ran back to our base.



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Raissa

Disgust, Loneliness, Brutality, everything that can be negative. Everything is so negative. Yet, I put on a brave face, so they all see that I am happy. I just smile, and laugh and pretend to be someone I am not. I cannot control my own thoughts, my own head is filled with anger, they cloud my brain, I can't process anything at all. People don't believe me though, people just think I'm overreacting, that I am 'okay' but they don't see me, they don't see me when I am in a state. All I can see with my eyes is that I am underwater, that the crystal clear water surrounds me, stops me from breathing.

"Will these voices get out of my head?!", I say, begging for mercy. But mercy is not at my will, it never is, when has mercy ever agreed with me? "Help! I can't bear this anymore! Anyone?" I keep thinking he will come, to save me, I ponder on why he doesn't, he normally comes...when I am sane. But never helps me when I need him the most. I grabbed my drenched hair, I clenched my fists, I curled up into a ball in the water, trying to get up. "Hello! Are you there?"

It was at that moment, I realised it was him. Him, who I so badly wanted to save me, him, who I was so desperate to come and see me. "I can see you but can't touch you,"

"I knew it...I shouldn't have told her, I shouldn't have even looked at her!"

"Looked at who?" he asked, no reply. "Who!", he screamed, I didn't reply once again.

"Please tell me! Someone came up to me too!"

"What?!", I shouted, but as I tried to gasp for air, my breath stopped.



Tasneem

Why does this keep happening to me? Where am I? I hear a vague laugh in the distance. The laugh is right behind me . It echoes around the blackness. It makes my blood go cold. I'm scared. It's dark. I can't see anything. I'm sinking ; going deeper and deeper. I feel as if I am going to be swallowed by the endless darkness. It's trying to drag me in, corrupt me, take away my sanity. Something's behind me. I feel it. Don't turn around. It's dangerous. The cruel evil way it tears my skin. It terrifies me. My eyes widen and fill with tears. I scream but no sound comes out. No one can hear me. I'm all alone in this never-ending darkness and no one can help me. There is no way out. My body is aching all over from the continuous struggle of trying to escape. I squirm and writhe until my body screams in pain and exhaustion. I feel light-headed. I can't think clearly. I 'm suffocating. It hurts.

It's trying to make me give in. But I can't. If I do I will experience pain that no words can describe. I will be swallowed whole by this monstrous being. To this malicious darkness that is trying to consume me. To a point of no return.

Every night it is the same. I am enveloped in darkness before I can run. It takes me to an inescapable world. To this void of emptiness. I am abused to the brink of insanity.

I can't hold on. When will this end? This pain and suffering that haunts me every night. It frightens me. The thought of never returning. The thought of being trapped in this darkness till the end of time. Will I ever be free of this torture?



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Sara

I woke up full of shivers running across my body. Where am I ? The last thing I remember is a glimpse of sunlight, as I was pierced with some sort of substance in my head. How long has it been? It feels like it's been years since I've been awake ; I don't remember this bed-or anything in fact. I can feel my stomach twist with every breath I take, as I can feel these straps of wire quenching my body to the plank of wood. My heart is racing fast- faster than any speed that I can think of. Why is this happening? What did I do to deserve this? Oh no. Oh no, oh no. Don't tell me, this feels like a dream. There is a figure- a mysterious figure. It looks like a tall figure- with every moment it slightly largens. It's coming towards me. A shadow it it - a shadow is coming. Who is that? *What* is that? What does it want to do with me? I'm innocent-I've been innocent all my life. I haven't done anything wrong. I don't. I don't deserve it! Why me out of them all, what have I done to trouble a soul?

It's coming even closer. I can feel their grasp on me. I'm trying to escape, but I can't because I'm trapped in these wires. What do I do?

No! No, don't take me, please don't take me! Get away from me! I can feel its cold hands send pulses of shivers around me. It's smirking at me.

I can feel my head getting lighter. It comes to a point where I can't breathe properly anymore- just shortened pleads for air, as I battle this shadow with everything I've got. It looks like these will be my final moments. Goodbye everything and all- I don't think I did anything to deserve this cruel ending.



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Zaira

Happy, sad, confused, fear, disgust, loneliness, anger. All these thoughts and emotions werling around me like a tornado. I feel like I am lost . Don't know where I stand in life. My name is Anna and I'm 12 but who am I , where am I, what am I ? Every minute of every hour of every day I hear a voice, a voice that sounds important but since I am stuck in a cage of confusion I don't know what to do.

Sometimes I try to explain to my mum how I feel, not like I know or anything, but how jumbled up my emotions, thoughts and feelings are ,but no matter how hard I try to explain she doesn't get it and thinks I am ill and it's not just my mum everyone at school thinks so too. That is why I am here, in the mental illness hospital. Should I really be here, in an empty room, on a bed with needless up my veins because I really don't think so, that's why I am breaking out of here to sort myself out and figure out all the answers to the questions that've been tangled within me. Are you coming?



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Sumayyah

I can't think, I can't even breathe. I don't know how much oxygen is left in here, or how much longer I can survive this.

Every minute feels like a day.

The darkness is slowly consuming me, making me lose my mind.

I haven't felt the warmth of another human in a week- i think.

Keeping count of the days is the hardest, how much longer will I be myself? How long until I go mad? How long until i breathe my last breath?



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Risat Ahmed Miah

These nightmares have gotten too far. These Hallucinations. In this horrible dream I am isolated in a dark room. Sitting in the corner of the dark creepy room not knowing anything. All these sounds outside the unlocked dark room make it hard to run away. These sounds are so creepy that they make me freeze on the spot. Sitting, trying not to make a noise I think about how can something make these type of wicked noises. Suddenly the noise stopped. I thought he was gone. Waiting for the noises I looked for a switch to turn the lights on. When I searched I found A window right next to me. Then I realized that the sky was pitch black. Knowing this I thought the best choice was to wait until sunrise. But I didn't think I could last that long... After a few hours I started to feel hungry and also thirsty. I finally decided to try to escape this room and this creepy monstrous sound. I decided to get up but I realized that I couldn't feel my legs. I started to feel my legs again. Slowly but steadily standing up I walked towards the door I spotted a few hours back. As soon as I walked to the door, The monstrous sound started to appear again. I was thinking if he knew I was here. Or if he put me here. All these questions filled up my head. I thought if he knew I was here I am screwed. I tried to wake up from this dream so I did the thing people usually do in a show. I pinched my self but nothing happened. I started to get really really scared. I wondered if I could escape and I wondered if this monster is real or is just someone who kidnapped me. I thought I was done for. Why would there be a monster here and are they even real. If this was true I thought that I would die here..



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Zainab Khan

Light began to shine, but I did want to wake up... well not yet.

Thoughts ran through my head like a banging headache. Being all alone isn't nice, even in the real world, it's formidable.

The only place where I can make friends is when I sleep, like a fantasy living in my head. Trying to open my eyes it felt like it was glued shut.

I can hear dad talking to mum that everything is alright and tomorrow I might even awake. However, that's too long.

Being stuck in my mind is lonely and I can't wait to get back to reality even if it's like a documentary in black and white.

Except my mind is still blank.



Umaina (1 of 2)

I wake up confined in a dark empty room. Am i alive? Am I dying? Where am i?

These are the three questions that flood through my mind. I look down only to find myself tied to a drastically warm chair. 'It hurts! It burns!' I screech to the top of my lungs. But I am not heard... I scream, and scream and scream until my throat becomes so dry it is hard to breathe. The blazing hot ropes tied to me burn through my skin, all the way to the bone... 'LET GO OF ME! WHAT DID I DO?!' I yell. Allas I am heard... the cold noise of footsteps ring through my ears as a tall, muscular man in a suit walks up to me. He has a surgeon mask on, and what seems like goggles... 'HELP ME PLEASE! IT HURTS!' I shriek. Only to be reassured with a cold smirk, followed by a 'don't worry darling it will all be okay.'

I wonder what he means...

And he left the room. He closes a door behind him with a loud thud. I figure it is a metal door; but why should I have to be in such a contained space? I hear a button click. And the lights turn on. It stings my eyes. I blink a few times and open them. I look around to see my surroundings... and see blood on the walls. There is a list of names. I look at my burned arms to find them released along with my feet. I stand up slowly and kiss my teeth in pain. I fall to the floor and my knees are bleeding out. I try my hardest not to scream. 'Mama where are you?' I say to myself silently.



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Umaima (2 of 2)

A cold tear runs down my face. My mind is blank and i've no clue of what is happening. I am aching all over, every part of my body, from head... to toe. Everywhere, the pain spreads. I look at my arms and see several injection dots all over. I reach out with my other hand and touch them. 'Argh!' I shout in my head. Wincing in pain, I slowly get up from the cold floor and look at the list of names. Sarah Jones, William Stone, Jeremy Woods, Erica Floren, Gia Hemsworth... the list went on, and on and all of them have a picture next to their names. Their head was either ripped out, or they were lying on a bed with bruises all over their body with a knife in their heart. I scream and scream. My tears are flowing like a river... There are about 16 of these lists. I reached out to the last one. The 17th. I look to see the name at the bottom... An overwhelming emptiness washes over me and I am staring blankly at the name.

I carve out the name with my fingers...and I stare at it with wide eyes .

And there it was. Written on the wall. ' **Test subject #108956, Maya Thompson**' and a tick next to it. My finger follows the name to the full stop. I look at the image next to it.

It was my face

I close my eyes and sink into my sorrows.

I open them and my tears stay put in my eyes. I clench my fists and look forward,

If only I had it easy. I want this to be a dream. But I know it is not. My shoulders feel like they have weights on them and i know for a fact, that i am going to die.

