

# Suhana - Lost in a vision

Sometimes it's just that you are extremely paranoid or that you are just thinking things through a bit too much or maybe it's something you want to happen or not to happen and so you think of scenarios in your head. we all have dreams that we pray to come true whether it is becoming a millionaire or just being successful.

There are so many people who are lost about what's going to happen in the future and we all have time to figure that out. It causes people stress, it definitely causes me stress when someone asks me "oh, what do you want to do in the future?" and my reply is always "well I don't really know yet".

I wonder all the time, "am i going to make the right decisions or am i going to regret everything i do my whole life?" The pains mentally and physically hurt my heart and i wonder all day everyday (*sat down, knees up and head down*). I can't tell anyone they might not understand. Sometimes it's peer pressure and sometimes its self pressure. They evoke feelings of confusion and frustration, or even a sense of feeling you don't fit in. Feeling lost and mentally unstable, being happy all the time, not being toxic, meeting and socialising with new people, getting out of my comfort zone, being more confident and believing in myself and what i do.

A constant dream of being perfect and likeable. Expectations you have to live up to. There are people out there living the same nightmare as you but even worse. (flashback). This might seem confusing but there's something about it that everyone is going to understand even if it is small because everyone has struggles whether it is to be perfect or to be less perfect. I have dreams about everything and everyone even if they are not realistic but it's something to think about.....

Living in a vision.



School Values:

Courage

Commitment

Compassion

# Rajdeep

I am itching all over like a mad man, thinking where I am at this time of day.

All I see ahead of me i some zip ties on my legs and my arms, I feel like i have been captured and I notice that my hair has disappeared unusually, then I see my hand just scratching it all out like no tomorrow.

Then the light ahead of me sees nothing but a light one light single handed and it comes before me the light just moves and i see it a train with a terrible urge to hit me.

li see before me wood just shatter and break and blood just falling out of me like a jack lantern exploding and then i fall into the ground without doubt knowing the fact it was all a dream and i fell out of my bed.

Knowing that i am safe and all i see now is myself back to normal not in a box but in a room a small room filled with treasure and then i find out...

I am in heaven I have died.

Bye life.



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# Ayan

Is this what it all comes down to ? After all those years of brightness and high beliefs for the future this is what was to be of me ? I am nothing but a useless rat stuck on a trap so close to my goal

I wish I wasn't there then.I was much better safe at home.You won't understand what this is like. Stuck behind iron bars for being blamed because of doing nothing but trying to escape before the blame dropped on to me. yet i was too slow as i turn around i see the man running leaving me alone to be trembled on by the blame then i hear loud sirens. After that I feel my freedom locked away as i get dragged away by police officers not respecting what i had to say.

Now i sit here left u leave useless and uncared for. No freedom. No privacy.

When i try to ask for help they disregard me. Frantically i search the tiny confined box for any hope of freedom but end up stuck in a corner, biting on the rotten bread fed to us as if we were dogs.

No respect left, only me being a poor helpless dog stuck. i don't even think i am at the level of a dog now. Should i just become a nothing.

NO.

That day will come where we get to explore and bring ourselves up to the level of our kind only if. Only if the truth opens up as a jack in the box with people trying to save me but then i remind myself who would care for me? .i am just a lonely man in the corner of a box with no way to escape.I am a prisoner with no name getting rejected by many everyday.I see the mistakes made by these and don't know how to forgive them. Should i just leave this world today.? Finally my dreadful thoughts of the reality put me to sleep. Finally a real night sleep .



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# Rahath

Why?

Why am I the one to be left alone with no one to communicate with?

Why am i the one left to suffer from loneliness?

What was the mistake I made to end up in the cell of depression?

Why am I the person in a cell for the colour of my skin? What was the crime I committed to end up in a box of depression? was the major crime I committed the crime of having colour in my skin?

Why am I left alone with no one to talk to? no one to let all my feelings out. no one to listen to my struggles.

All I can do in this box of depression is bottle up all my feelings in hope that someday I won't be overwhelmed by feeling that no one should feel.

With thoughts that no one should have to think at any time in the life but everyday i wait in front of the cell door waiting for someone to walk past, in hope they care enough to talk to me and listen to my struggles.



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# Sujana

Just why am I stuck here , being captivated in some strange space?

Am I punished for my deed that I had misled to misfortune? (sighing in disbelief) but why am I the one gone out of misery and not the rest? ( pacing up and down the dark space )

Is this what the people were talking about? Me, some delusional person who seeks for attention. Finally separated from the group so they finally can talk behind my back. Is this why I've been the only one to be in this room, making me feel the dark colours of emotion?

From day 1 i thought i fit in, have received numerous laughs and happiness, i knew it . I have been speaking , enjoying and laughing cheerfully with a mask . i shouldn't have trusted , I SHOULDN'T HAVE TRUSTED.

I don't mind



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# Ayesha

I have never felt this alone before. Why me. Am I being punished for all of my sins?

All we wanted was a nice family holiday together but god had planned something else. After months of being at home all we wanted was an escape. A place to go to let go of all our worries and do something we hadn't done in a long time. Relax. Just relax somewhere far away and forget about the struggles of life. And enjoy the happy moments.

It was all fine until suddenly the engines failed and we were heading straight for the ground, I remember holding onto my mums hand and then when I woke up I was in hospital surrounded by these strange people. They kidnapped me! They took my parents! And I wasn't going to leave them alive.

They kept telling me that my parents died in a plane crash but THEIR LYING! MY PARENTS ARE ALIVE. THERE WAS NO PLANE CRASH! THEY STOLE THEM. I was screaming the life out of myself. The nurses tried to calm me down but I wasn't listening.

After two weeks of therapy I am finally able to write this but nothing will erase the permanent scar on my heart.



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# Tasnim (1 of 2)

You keep a lot to yourself because it's difficult to find people who understand you and will listen to you without judging. (*loud and confident tone*) I feel like I'm trapped in my own mind. I don't know how to escape.

Yes, there is always someone who has it worse than me but you can never change how you feel just like that, it takes a long time to recover and be happy again. (*sad expression, frown*)

(*pause*) "You are strong, you are beautiful, you are loved, you are capable, you are amazing" they say, but do those words do anything? For some people it gives them courage and strength but for me that's not the case.

(*walk forward and back while looking at the floor*) I would love to stop being depressed, I wish I found the strength to go back to my good old days filled with happiness and joy, (*frown*) I wish I could turn that frown upside down (*smile*). They say try to talk to your parents (*laugh*) all the blame goes to the phone, "it's because you're always on the phone" they say (*laugh*) yes everything's is the phone's fault. Actually being on my phone makes it better, I can listen to music, which is like the only source of comfort for me. While everyone out there is judging you, you have to pretend you are ok. If someone asks you "Are you ok?" (*turn the other way*) I say "I'm fine" and they leave (*smile*),



# Tasnim (2 of 2)

Sometimes it is way easier to say you're fine then explaining your problems because let's be real no one truly cares and those that do, you never want to tell them.

People say it will go away soon, you will be happy again, but it doesn't work like that. To be honest no one notices when I fade away, I learnt to be so good at hiding my emotions that even my parents don't realise that they lost their once joyful girl a long time ago.

To all the people who are living happily say they understand me, don't tell me you understand me... because you don't.

Do you know how it feels to be trapped by yourself with no one there to help you to find the sunshine again? Do you know the pain of overthinking and crying all night long? Do you know the pain when you're upset and your so-called "friends" don't seem to care?

I feel like I am going to explode, it's hard telling yourself to open up, because you're too scared to get judged (*sigh*) in the end all you can do is sit there for hours and look at the sky, wish to go back to being happy, and let yourself suffer in silence everyday.

Will I ever survive this state of depression?



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# Abdullah

What is my mind? What can it be? What is its potential? Absolutely nothing. My life is an absolute mess. Irreversible damage cannot be reversed, after all.

I wake in my smooth bed, yet my heart is rough. I'm utilising riches, yet being poor. I have money, but I'm also poor in my mind. I'm touched, I'm abused, not physically but mentally. I have already learned mental abuse is superior to everything else in this combed out, lowlife world.

How did it happen? It started with the 'big realisation'. I am but a normal human. The same as the other 7 billion situated here. If I die, someone will take my place. I realised, that if I suddenly disappeared off the face of the earth, nobody, would give a damn about it. Life would go on as normal, and there was nothing I could do about it.

No one person can change the world easily, and especially if that one person isn't recognised, it wouldn't matter at all. I broke down. I was in fits of rage, as if the hormones instilled in me became actively growing again.

I'm broken. I cannot socialise, with anyone. It's the end of the end.



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# Laurie - Maze

They say everyone got to be yourself. But what people really mean when they say that is be the self that I am comfortable with.

If anyone went into work or school one day and acted as their deepest level of being and self directed them the people around them would be horrified and cast them out. When we said everyone we did not mean you. This phrase is repeated again and again, by people who don't realise what it means, and how it entraps them and everyone around them. A very subtle entrapping. One of many. No one seems to see the subtle maze of walls like this, hemming us in, until we reach a dead end.

We are all the prisoners of our own minds, we can never truly be sure what is outside and, on a deep level, inside. We can never know how the outside world will react to our actions or whether we can provoke a positive reaction out of it. We can only get better at guessing and change our assumptions while trapped in our cages, doomed to always be a thousand miles away. Maybe it would be better to avoid the risk altogether. Or is that another, slower, more subtle kind of trap?

I can't be the only one who feels trapped. Why is it that no one can say what they mean? Because they are afraid of opening their heart and not being able to close it again. Afraid of how others will react. People act as unconscious unknowing obstacles in the path of the truth of others.

It's a maze of intentions and agendas and recipes that doesn't need a minotaur to make it lethal. I wish I could climb a tall tower and map it out, but any attempt to do so is ultimately an illusion. I can only get better at guessing. I can only ever get better at guessing.



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# Saira

I'm terrified. I don't know what i'm doing here. No one is telling me. They are staring deeply at me from afar. I pace back and forth as fast as I can while my head is dropped in my bare cold hands.

I wanna feel so many emotions right now but all i can feel is numb. My tears are running out. My heart is sinking at the fact that I don't know where I am. I don't know whether I'm going to make it out alive and i don't know if i can see my beloved family again.

I feel distraught and im locked up in this melancholy state. All this darkness is not helping. I feel hopeless. I won't survive, I mean, will i?

I want to feel at peace, like every other person. I see no hope. The small ray of sun climbs in and it gives me a sign, a sign that there is a way out. But i'm not quite sure. My head is spinning and at this point i sit down because i can't walk straight.

My legs are now numb and so is my soul. My soul feels left untreated and lifeless. I look up to see more light, more clouds.

Suddenly it's not dark. I see all these happy people. Where am i? They smile and say come join us. I come to the realisation that i'm here, i've made it, made it to heaven, by my friends, for now.



# Karthikram (1 of 2)

Shall I admit the truth? All I wanted was peace. But peace is only a result of war. A lesson to be taught. It can't be provided without a fight. I didn't think I had to kill my best friend for it.

It is now slowly vanishing away. My dream has grown so tall, out of my reach. Maybe that's because I am shrinking, my image of a peaceful leader is shrinking. I didn't mean to do it. It was just his fate I tell myself. I decided not just two fates but millions around the world. It had to be done. Can I be proud of murdering a psychopathic serial killer and his troops full of hate and destruct, or shall I be disgusted for betraying a loyal friend?

I froze in bewilderment. Staring at my bloody palms in horror. As the whole room was filled with different faces staring at me. Some honoured and some were giving a death stare like they loathed me more than the murderer of their own family member. It was for the well being of millions of people around the world. I made the right decision but made some mistakes in the process. I reflect and regret. Rewinding misery and sheer horror. Moments that led to this.

Was it necessary to kill a friend who followed a foe?

I know it wasn't his choice to join the D.O.T.W. What was the motive for this? I have to find out.



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# Karthikram (2 of 2)

It's too late now, I want to find an explanation to my answer as curiosity is killing me. He was urgent for money to undergo surgery for his mother. Surely someone like him would never commit to the wrongdoing? I try to remember his last words. Going over and over again, like a replay. "One of us had to die, if you didn't kill me, they would've killed you"

Was this a death threat? Was he planning to kill me? But he said they would've killed you.

It does not make sense...wait,no. Could it be? Am I going mad? Did they threaten him to kill me unless he works for them, and use his ingenious skills and knowledge about the military where he once worked. What have I done? He sacrificed his life and name, now known as a traitor and a villain. Only to be killed by the man he saved.

What's the point of me living? No, every breath I take is the mercy he showed on me, what he lived for and died for. My existence represents his courage and his true self that the world doesn't know about.

I should live for him,whether it's in the cell or as a global hero. I shouldn't tell them about his murder. His name would be spoilt if I confess of his secret but unwilling support to them.

Oh God,my life is messed up,help me to fix it.



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