

Molly Jones

I'm not sure what it was exactly. The feeling that your body is shutting down and the only thing that matters is what you're worried about.

It was all new to me. I didn't know the difference between an anxiety attack and a panic attack. Why I had to stand up and sit down over and over again. Why I had the urge to rip my hair out patch by patch.

My GAD, generalized anxiety disorder, began in 6th grade and after medication ended for the most part around 8th grade. That's what caught me off guard: time. It had been so long, I thought it was better. Faster than light, it got triggered again by the stomach flu.

After that I just couldn't stop thinking about it. Until the thoughts of throwing up took over. It was an invasion of my own mind. I tensed up and could feel my organs clenching. Then I blacked out. I had a seizure.

It wasn't until I was carried into the hospital I regained consciousness. I had to be put in a separate room because I was scaring the other patients. My dad, mom, and grandmother were there. I just wanted my thoughts to stop. I felt like I was



being choked by my swirling thoughts and emotions.

I was finally treated. My thoughts tapered back to normal as the medicine worked its way into my brain. I was myself again. It was like getting an exorcism. I was me.

That day taught me that the mind is like a warehouse. If one thing is off or different it can throw the whole factory off. I learned to respect my powerhouse. It may be different but having anxiety just makes you try harder with things, and in the end it is ten times more rewarding.

