

Schizophrenia

I remember when they started calling me a lesbian at school, this was an emotional time, it all started on a Thursday the day sadly after my birthday, I came home in tears because of this. On Friday the day after I started crying in double English and the teacher took me out of the classroom and asked me what was wrong.

“They’re calling me a lesbian” I said crying.

“Who’s saying it?” asked the teacher.

“Everybody, the whole school” I replied.

Of course not everybody was saying it, when this horrible rumour began I was completely normal but then I got the impression that everybody was saying it about me and so developed

Schizophrenia, oh no I hear you say and

yes that's what I thought too oh no. When people called me a lesbian to my face I think I got angry or sad I don't know which but looking back now I would have strangled them and said something mean to their ugly faces.

"There's a lesbian" Jack Wallis that ass whole called me in the library. I stopped hanging out in the library at recess and lunch because of him so instead I hanged out with my friends instead, but this proved to be bad because Mitchell my friend threw dirty food at me and water, I couldn't even wear my hair straight anymore because of him. Even hanging out in the playground was bad for me too. One time this girl heard me laugh and said

“Les laugh” I imagine you would have been angry if you had heard this, like how dare they insult my laugh, just because I laugh like weirdo sometimes doesn't mean you have the right to insult me.

Anyway I had this crush on this guy that I will not name and I had a bad thought about his girlfriend and probably said that out loud. So this guy in my forensic science class (I was in year ten) told this girlfriend what I said and this is how the voices started. I started talking to myself, I thought even people in class were mimicking my thoughts or talking about me, like calling me a lesbian. There were other rumours about me too, like I got raped, I don't know if this rumour was real

or fake but I remember one dumb girl saying

“Ha ha you were raped” like how could that be even funny, rape is like sexual assault and people shouldn’t make fun of those who were raped. Anyway back to the story I started to lose weight, I lost like five kilos because I probably had anxiety and I’ve heard that stress can make you lose weight, maybe I was eating less and maybe that was why I was losing weight. Anyway there was this drug dealer that lived in my street and he got murdered because somebody shot him about several times I think. Anyway months after this happened I thought *The guy that died across the street deserved to rot in his grave* I didn’t really mean this you see if

you think thoughts that you don't really mean these are called intrusive thoughts and intrusive thoughts are a form of OCD, I can talk because I've had this. Anyway maybe I said this thought out loud because this guy said to me well I think he did anyway *Why don't you go rot in your grave* this was very nasty I thought and it was a very nasty thought that I made up. Soon I thought his family and friends were out to kill me because of what I didn't really mean and had said. I was also compulsively washing my hands all the time because I thought things were poisoned which they weren't really, now I have recovered from this washing hands business. My family were worried for me and made me see this psychologist and we

discussed why I had to wash my hands all the time, I naturally said that

“Well I wash my hands a lot because things are poisoned” I didn’t say it in those exact words but I said something like that.

So soon I started going to headspace and they helped me a little. A most exciting time for me during this hard year was my year ten formal, I naturally won queen while I thought Ainsley had won it, too bad she didn’t win this time I reckon I’m prettier than her anyway and that’s why I won queen. Sadly because of that horrible rumour I no longer go to Illawarra sports high and this makes me sad. I lost some great friends, lost some great teachers and lost some great times. Anyway again the next year I just couldn’t cope with

school anymore, I thought people were talking about me/ wanted to kill me and so on. So I came to Shellharbour hospital in the adolescent mental health unit.

When I first came there I just couldn't wait to get there and when I first got into hospital I felt like crying for some reason. Anyway on my first night there I watched mean girls with my dad, I just love mean girls oh anyway soon I got bored in hospital which is a shame because I thought it was really great at first.

At first I was shy, I didn't really talk to the other patients but then I did, I don't know why but I did, then I regained some really great friends to replace all that I had lost in the process of having Schizophrenia. I came to the hospital on a Friday and

started medication on the Monday; the medication they started me on was abilify. This helped my schizophrenia a little bit by making the voices less loud. L told this to my doctors, my doctor at the time was Doctor Habib Behi. L started on sertraline when I told the doctors about my intrusive thoughts. Now sertraline is an anxiety pill for anxiety sufferers.

Don't think that people like me with schizophrenia are violent because we are far from that, I know that a girl killed her family because she thought they were trying to kill her but most people with Schizophrenia aren't violent like me for example. Instead of trying to kill those trying to harm me I tried to run away from them not kill them. A while after my

admission from hospital I stopped thinking that people were trying to kill me. They took me out for walks when I was in hospital and this helped with my fears. Let me tell you a little about my voices I couldn't think without hearing my thoughts being reported out loud, I didn't have any peace. Let me tell you what I used to say to my voices, I'm not a violent person but I used to say violent things to the voices like I will kill you, rip out your heart, those kind of things. I said these things because my voices made me angry and stressed and I couldn't deal any longer so that's why I ended up in the hospital. Also in hospital I tried to keep up with my school work as much as possible but this was not to be. Anyway when they took me out for walks I once got

suspicious of this guy with a chainsaw I thought he might try to chop off my head so I just stared at him, when I think people are trying to kill me I just stare at them for some reason. L also stared at a man when I went to Wollongong hospital to get an MRI to maybe check if I had a brain tumour, its funny because I actually thought I had a brain tumour but I actually didn't.

L thought I had a brain tumour because there was this pumping at the back of my head, probably from all the spinning around I had done in my time. Anyway when I got this MRI I still thought people were trying to kill me and I overcame this eventually, Hospital to tell the truth was just plain boring , let me tell you another

story about my hospital stay. There was this really mean girl who I shall name Tahlia Collins, if that name rings a bell for you then you must understand what I have been through with this horrible girl. The first time I met her I thought she was a sweetheart but the truth was she turned out to me the most horrible meanest girl I had ever met in my life. She kept on saying how pretty I was and even said I was more prettier than Veronica one time when she was upset with Veronica. Let me tell you something about Veronica, she was way nicer than Tahlia and was a very kind friend to me as well. So one time I was watching Bridget Jones the edge of reason and Tahlia switched it off by the switch so Veronica told Mitch this hot nurse. Let me tell you something about

Mitch he is hot and Tahlia was a bitch to most of the nurses, when Stephanie first came along I heard Tahlia say

“Now he’s trying to win her over to his side” as if that were true. I never hated Mitch like she did but when Tahlia switched off the TV Veronica thought what Tahlia had done was really mean and told Mitch about it and Tahlia, I don’t remember if she got in trouble for it but if she did she really deserved it. Tahlia if you are reading this please note that you are as I have already noted a bitch and a cow. Anyway back to our story about the switch. So Veronica told Mitch and Tahlia found out about it because I told her and then she got angry at Veronica and I had to sadly make them friends again, Tahlia

was never my friend, I should have known it from the beginning oh I just remembered what else the cow made me do, well the nurses once told me that Tahlia was taking advantage of me and I believed them, this was kind of when I started to hate the bitch, she kept on straightening my hair when I didn't even want it and she made me put her rubbish in the bin, like I wanted to touch your disgusting rubbish you disgusting cow anyway one time she wanted us to look hot for the boys at Shellharbour square and she lent me a pair of stockings, she wanted them back straight away but I didn't give that bitch them back straight away so the cow just kept on nagging me for them all day until my sister took me home, this is her nag nag nag nag nag nag.

Nagger anyway who cares about her, let me tell you more stories about her, I'm sure I have plenty of stories to tell about her and this book will tell of all my terrible tie with the cow. One time she said to me "Am I prettier than you?" then I answered no

And she punched me, like how dare she, I write this with anger, with hatred for the cow. L walked out on the cow when she did this, should've told the nurses about this which I did later finally when she had left the hospital. If you ask me that cow deserves to be locked up in hospital all her life for all I care. Anyway one time she and this girl Jade were cutting themselves and she I write this with anger again grabbed me by the back of the neck and said Don't

tell anyone me and Jade are cutting ourselves or I will kill you, well what I think of this I will kill her for all I care, she is a nasty person and does not deserve to live. Also one time she called me a toad, the toadie, shes the toadie not me. One time she told me to move it, like how rude of her, she should say excuse me and use some manners as if I'm going to move for you if you don't say excuse me. Also she said once that she was shays favourite patient, well she is not my favourite patient in fact she is my most hated patient. L was so relieved when she was not around, she probably thought I was her slave or something. L was also relieved when she left the hospital altogether, I thanked God that she had left, finally I was free of her. She also made up stuff about

other patients, she once told me that Eben called me a poo gaber, but this was not true because she was the only person I knew who used that term, I don't think a gay guy would say that kind of stuff.

Anyway there was this other gay guy whom I absolutely adored and he loved Mitch, he said in his sleep "Spank me Mitch" and we all thought it was funny.

He was so nice to me he even offered me his food like chocolate on occasions.

Regularly us girls did makeovers on each other, one time Stephanie did a makeover on me and asked me, do I do better makeovers on you than Tahlia, that she definitely did do better because you see the cow Tahlia practically forced makeovers on me and the other girls were nicer. I remember Veronica saying to me

once you don't have to do as she says, I wished I had taken that advice earlier. Anyway my birthday came and Leigh the girl nurse made me a chocolate cake with pink white chocolate icing with love hearts on the top, I turned 17 in hospital. Savanna one of my best ever friends gave me some pearls for my birthday. About say two days later I was admitted into Wollongong hospital because they put me on clozapine one of the most affective drugs for Schizophrenia, apart from the good side effects of this medication I also had some bad side effects, for one my heart expanded and I ate constantly which made me gain weight, because of my heart expanding I was taken off Clozapine and ended up in Wollongong hospital for a few days. My family came to visit regularly

and one time I got a girlfriend magazine during my stay which made my stay less boring, I had the pleasure in hospital of being served breakfast, lunch and dinner in bed. The food was way better for the lunches than the adolescent unit, at the adolescent unit they just had plain boring sandwiches for lunch with barbeque on Tuesday which I cherished. When in hospital for my last night this lady was sleeping with the light on and it absolutely annoyed me because I liked to sleep in the dark and I kept on making noise just so nobody would fall asleep because nobody was going to get any sleep until that light was turned off, I was rocking the breakfast table and when a nurse was in the room I pushed the table at her accidentally and my Dad and Mary came to the hospital.

Even the security guard came to me, like I'm a dangerous person which I'm actually not. Not to mention I was extremely angry that the light was not turned off. The very next day I was happy to be leaving, when I heard that I was leaving I was excited for two reasons, reason number one: the hospital was boring,

Reason number Two: I walked in on a naked old man and saw his bum, I felt my cheeks burn hot red as this happened I was embarrassed and later I think maybe it was the old mans wife came to have a look at me probably because I had walked in on him naked because you see I kept my curtains closed, while I was off the Clozapine I started to go crazy again. I started hearing voices all over again and

screamed at the voices. One doctor came in and asked me questions about the voices. Then doctor Habib came in to check on me and I told him that I was doing not very well off the clozapine. My symptoms were returning to me. When I had to go back to Shellharbour hospital I was put in a patient transport van and in the van I suffered voices, let me tell you something about my voices, I can make them say whatever I want, I just think a thought and my thought is repeated. The next day when I had already returned to Shellharbour I asked Habib if I could go on a new medication and so I started on I think seranance. This Seranance was the last medication I have tried and it works, I got really grumpy on Clozapine and got nightmares from Seroquel this other

tablet that I tried but it was no use, I also tried abilify as I already told you but they took me off that because I got really fidgety.

About the nightmares, that mean Tahlia girl said she got nightmares of the grudge and I didn't even know what the grudge was until I got into hospital, she even said that she cried herself to sleep which is believable because I heard her once because she told a lot of lies her. I think she had bipolar because she was such a liar. Anyway my total stay in hospital amounted to seven months, over the period of seven months I had found new friends and met new people. Oh let me tell you about the time I met Guy Sebastian in the shops, I asked him twice

“Are you guy Sebastian” just to make sure it wasn’t a look alike. Anyway I have met two famous people Samantha jade and Guy Sebastian. L met them both during the period of my sickness. You know people in the middle ages used to laugh at those with a mental illness, this I think is cruel because they can’t help it if they have a mental illness just like I couldn’t help it. If you have ever experienced symptoms like me then I encourage you to go to a doctor, it is never to late to go seek help for schizophrenia. First schizophrenia is diagnosed as psychosis, if you’ve had psychosis for six months then you have schizophrenia. Never make fun of anybody with Schizophrenia and call them a schiz freak like Tahlia because that is just plain uncool and cruel. Anyway I am

still on the mend for Schizophrenia and hopefully if you have schizophrenia you are on the mend as well. I hope you will read this story and understand the symptoms of schizophrenia that it is nothing to laugh and joke about, I hope that you will take this 3000 word piece of advice and help a friend in need, and by the way I beat the record, I stayed seven months at Shellharbour hospital and beat the record.