

To Lose Yourself by Georgia Kreiter

I used to think being lost was not being able to find my parents in public. But now I know being lost is a feeling inside of you. Growing up I struggled with people's images of me. 3rd through 4th grade was when it started to get bad. I remember coming home from school and crying for hours at night to my mom and dad over small things that at the time felt like they were affecting my entire world. As I got older and experienced more in life like moving 4 hours away from where I grew up, my grandpa passing away, my dog dying, having my feelings hurt by a boy, and watching my friends slowly change personalities and fade away. I realized I was slowly starting to lose myself.

Wanting to look good everyday, turned into not caring about how I look. Wanting to get perfect grades, turned into "as long as I pass". "I need a good night of sleep", turned into physically not being able to fall asleep at night. "I can't miss school I will fall behind", turned into multiple absences.

It became so bad my parents started noticing the change in how I acted. I stopped doing things I once loved before. Like playing my childhood sports. And for the most part I wouldn't even leave my bedroom. My parents have always tried to set me up for success and give me everything I need to thrive in life from day one, But recently I think even they don't know how to help.

When you start to lose yourself everyone around you starts to lose you too. Whether that's what you want or not. You start to feel like a whole different person but in the same body. You feel numb, like you repeat the same day over and over. Just trying to get through the day, turns into just trying to get through the week. Which turns into making it to the next month, and then finally getting to summer when school gets out. Then everything just repeats itself again.

Sometimes I wake up and wish I could go back. Go back to when the influence of others didn't affect me. And others' opinions wouldn't bother me so much. Even if the feeling of "losing yourself" goes away, it will always come back. If I've learned anything from life so far. I think it would be to try and create a life you can't wait to wake up to.