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Grade: 7th

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The Monster Inside My Head

Emma was asked to give a speech in front of the whole school. She was honored to be recognized for her academic achievements. She had practiced her speech in front of her mirror at least a hundred times. Right as she began walking up to the stage, I picked the lock on the vault she tried to put me in. I leaked every bad memory of public speaking like a sponge that couldn't hold anymore water.

I'm the one who makes her overthink everything. *What if I stutter? What if my class laughs at me?*

I am the little nobody in her head with a very convincing voice. I come out when I'm not wanted. I want to help Emma by making her cautious, and trying to keep her safe, but sometimes I don't know when to leave. So I never do. I stick by her side even when she tries to push me away.

She is stronger than me yet she lets my quiet voice hold her back. *They're going to laugh at us. Why did we even say yes to doing this?*

She was once asked where the scariest place in the world is and responded with “*my head*”. I don't let Emma accept anyone in her life. I think that if she lets them in it will cause her more pain than I have.

I am the one who makes her feel as though she is alone even when she is in a room full of people. *If I mess up my speech, who would even consider talking to me?*

Everyone has someone living inside their head. Everyone is supposed to have more than one voice living with them. You know, the ones that hype you up or make you cautious. Emma doesn't. All Emma has is me and a brain full of amazing ideas that I don't want her to share for I am worried that she will be rejected or hurt by someone. *They really aren't that bad are they? Who am I kidding? They are that bad.*

At irregular times I go through all the things she has done in a day and pinpoint the smallest things and make them major until they are eating away at both of our insides. *Is my outfit okay? I knew I should have gone with a nice sweater instead of a dress. I'm way too overdressed. I can't do this. There is no way I can do this.*

I am the one who ruins everything and holds her back. I am the monster inside her head; I am anxiety.