

# Being atychiphobic

Business



Atychiphobia.

I believe that I am atychiphobic. This isn't proved by actual doctors, or counsellors or anything, but I truly do believe that I have atychiphobia. It's pretty sad actually, to see my life just fade away slowly because I am afraid to fail. Being atychiphobic has made me skip so many opportunities, achievements and even success that I could have gotten. I don't know why I am how I am, but I know that it's one of the key reasons that have made me depressed. My brother, who's a really chill guy, is always nice to me.

Well, now he is, in the past, we used to fight violently, with weapons involved. And we'd spaz at each other for doing something stupid. Now, I don't know what's happened, but he seems understanding, I guess. He's partly the reason as to why I'm so insecure. Even though he's a good bro, he's too rude and judgemental.

Way too judgemental. He's picked on me a lot, I just learned to ignore him. But it was always like that in the beginning, and that was when it really triggered an emotional effect for myself. Right there, in the beginning. Even with my judgemental brother always saying things like "what's wrong with your face" and other stupid questions, I just ignored most of it and I made myself believe that he was just kidding; even if it meant being blunt as f\*\*\*.

It's weird, how one person, especially a brother, has such an effect on your life negatively, that it just changes your whole outlook and views differently. He was often making fun of me. I remember I tried to start drawing, I loved it so much. I remember how bad I was, and how committed I was to doing it. I

started drawing a bunch of people, most were bad, but I felt good about them.

The second my brother saw them... He burst out in laughter and said something like “ is that a double chin on his face?” I quit drawing the next day; unfavourited all the websites that helped me with drawing, and threw away all the paper. He led me to believe that trying hard was embarrassing, as it results in failure almost every time. That’s his fault. I don’t deny that. He’s the reason why I didn’t try out for the basketball team. Or the reason that I don’t really play any more.

My mindset turned into a pessimist’s mindset. Everything I did was negative, I wasn’t good enough to play basketball, so I just stopped playing because I knew it would be embarrassing for me if I played. I became too scared to try new things. I knew that I would be bad at all of them in the beginning, but that moment in my life, when he crushed my hobbies without even realizing it, that made an impact. It began the atychiphobic attitude.

“ Noble deeds and hot bathes are the best cures for depression.” -Dodie Smith With my negative attitude, I began to become anti-social, then becoming too weak to do anything; too irritated of all the drama surrounding me. I just decided to stay home. That was how I became depressed. It was due to me not trying out for the basketball team because I was terrified that I wasn’t good enough.

So instead of going to the fun try-outs, the chill open gyms, I walked home and turned on my computer. It started to become a routine; go to school, say “ hi” to people, feel normal, then once school ends, feel that feeling a person  
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should never feel. I felt too “ happy” to go home. I was excited what the Internet had to offer me. The “ they’ll never know the feel” Facebookpage had to offer me.

I didn’t care to even say bye to my friends after school, I felt as if I were breaking a computerized routine, and that I’d fall miserably if I did break it. I didn’t care if I became an outcast, or an outsider. The saddest thing of all, I didn’t care about my social reputation. And me being filled with so much anxiety and insecurity, it just seemed odd. How a person can change in such a short amount of time.

Often times, I wouldn’t realize my depression affecting my life in school. I thought I was a normal person who just found something better to do. I was so wrong. The things you experience when you’re depressed is unexplainable. It takes you by surprise, the depressed feeling. You feel as if you’re fine, just fine.

You think that your life is just going into some random stage that will all end soon. I guess it’s like that, if you think about it. Especially if you’re a teenager; your life is just going through some “ high school” crisis that will all end soon. Depression is like that, except that it doesn’t end. It’s an ongoing process that eats you inside out.

Imagine your heart beating lively, and colourful. Then, after a few days of depression, it becomes a messy, colourful wreck. Then, after a few weeks, the beating becomes slower. But you don’t notice the difference, because it is still beating. After a couple of months, your heart, that was once so

colourful, becomes a grey, emotionless, object, crying to continuously beat, over and over again. The insides of your body begin to feel so shallow.

You don't feel any emotion at all. You just cry. Not because of sadness, anger, or because the Heat won the playoffs. You cry, because the perfect life you once had, the beautiful memories, have been replaced. No, they haven't been replaced.

They've been taken away from you. You know that it's not fair, but you're apprehensive to describe how you're feeling to anyone else. So you let the depression eat your life away, moment by moment. The imagination you once had, turned into dull, suicidal thoughts. One year ago, you'd have thought the idea of suicide was crazy. Now, you think about it everyday.

"What would happen to everyone else around me?" "I just feel like a burden to my family right now, I have to do it." "I have to do it, I have to do it." The insane idea last year, becomes the convincing thought that passes your mind once or twice a day. It turns into such a convincing force that the idea of suicide actually starts to make sense. Your creative mind is then filled by shadowy voices that quote every flaw about you. You feel useless because you're not achieving anything.

Not because you don't want to, but because you are unable to. The depression pushed you off the ground so hard that you refuse to do s\*\*\* about it. You refuse to stand up. Instead, you sit your ass down, just like what you do at home, every day, after school. Nothing good ever comes from depression. The psychological aftermath effect of depression on a person is extremely overwhelming.

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It forces the person to close up, and sometimes, you never hear from them again. You just have to deal with it, and in time, you'll remember how you persevered rather than give up in one of the darkest times in your life, and somehow, you'll feel stronger.