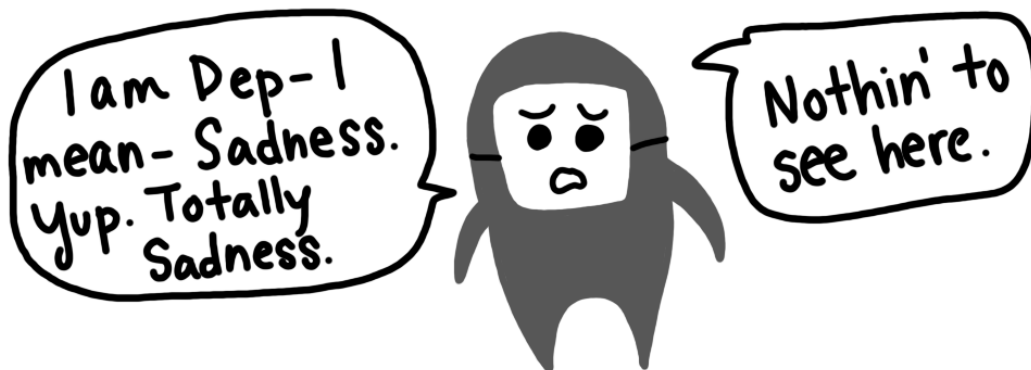


# MY DEPRESSION

1. These are my opinions/  
experiences!
2. I'm not a professional!



Depression is sneaky. It likes to disguise itself as sadness.



Only sadness comes + goes. This stays. And stays.

The "sadness" becomes commonplace. There's comfort in its familiarity, and soon you stop questioning its presence.



By the time you feel suspicious, the sadness reveals itself.



My depression manifests in two main ways. The first is exhaustion.



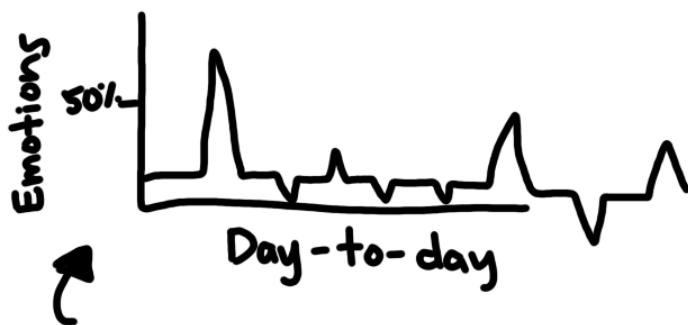
Before long, my life is dictated by my sleep schedule. 8, 9 - even 10 - hours of sleep isn't enough to stop me from dozing.



Thing #2 is when the real fun starts. See, I said depression acts like sadness. In reality, depression is the eventual obliteration of all emotions.

If feelings were on a volume knob, depression would turn everything to zero.

I feel like I need to sell this: depression is not sadness. It is the absence of emotion. Rational + cold.



Here's an awesome graph to show that, yes, you can experience joy(ish) while depressed, but it's painfully muted + short-lived.

I'm a little intense, so I often hear:

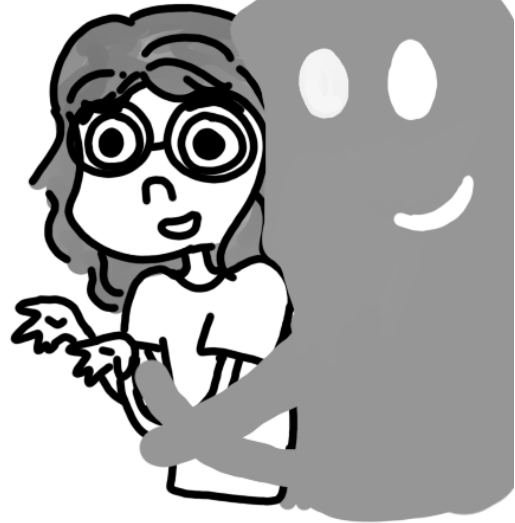


HOW CAN YOU BE DEPRESSED WHEN YOU'RE SO HAPPY?

Even when I function at ~30%, I seem upbeat. General joy + excitement doesn't mean a person has suddenly become un-depressed, though.

For me, I become complacent with my situation when I fall to 10-15% of my usual emotional output.

SURE, I MISS MY EMOTIONS, BUT THIS IS OKAY!



What I initially considered a nuisance becomes life!

I've been asked if depression made me contemplate suicide. My short answer:

YEAH.  
A LITTLE-ISH.



For me, I contemplated what I call passive suicide. I would have been okay being hit by a car or tripping off a cliff, but I wouldn't have actively ended my life.

Eventually, the depression goes away. Almost without prompting. Like magic!



My tell-tale sign of leaving Depressed Ville is crying. Lots of crying. Usually when I'm in the shower.

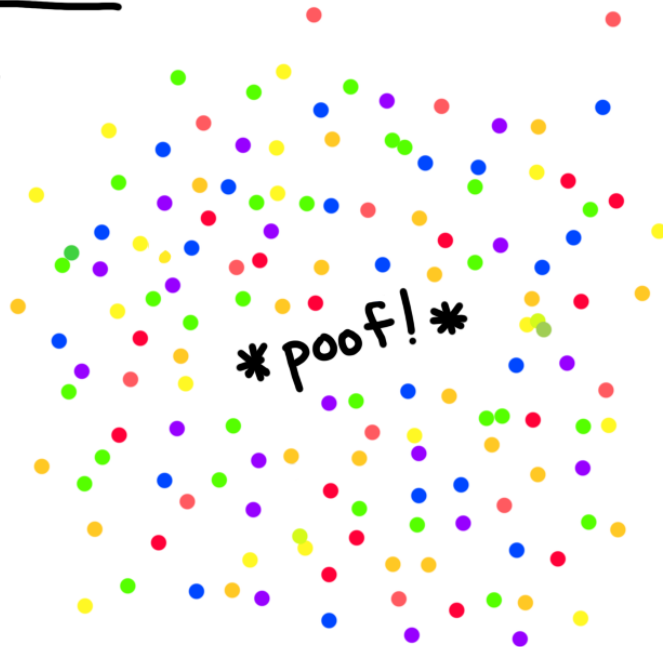


LIFE IS PAIN AND EVERYONE I LOVE WILL DIE SOMEDAY AND I REALLY HATE MYSELF AND THE WORLD AND

This part is trying. And beautiful in a sad/comical/horrible way.

My latest depressive episode lasted... 2½ years. 3? I didn't keep track! Now I function ~80%, and it's GREAT.

At this point, I wonder if 100% is me turning into confetti.



If you have depression, I won't tell you you're brave for "fighting." Or how you should reach out / meditate / exercise. You are in charge of your story.

DO IT FOR YOUR MENTAL HEALTH. BUT MOSTLY YOUR BUTT.



I can say it will get better. I wish I had more to offer than solidarity.



ONE OF US!  
ONE OF US!

BUT ALSO,  
THAT SUCKS.

BUT ALSO - THERE  
ARE TONS OF US.

LIKE, IT'S  
REALLY  
AWFUL.

AND IT STILL  
SUCKS.



THE  
END!

