

A different mind- category: Creative non-fiction

Her mind was far from reality. As google defines it she has a “disorder of episodes with mood swings ranging from depressive lows to maniac highs.” I hated the day when they had to take her away. I remember it like it was yesterday. At around 12 a.m, I heard screaming and crying so I suddenly woke up. She was so far from reality that she called the ambulance to check on his high blood pressure. They came and examined my dad and of course he was perfectly fine. I heard her voice all the way from my room and I went downstairs. I was scared for my life but this is something that i'm used to. I sat on the couch and listened to her scream at the paramedics, yelling at my dad for never being there for her, crying about her late sister as if she dies last week. She kept on announcing that she hates her life and wants it to end.

Me and my younger sister explained to the paramedics that she is obviously unstable. We explained to them that she hasn't slept for several days, she has been energetic, and depressed. There was a different mood everyday. This was known as manic depression or bipolar disorder. She eventually yelled out that she wished she never had kids and that we ruined her life. When she said that, we started to cry and we couldn't stop. I know that she doesn't mean anything she says, but it still hurts. Since we couldn't stop crying my dad sent us upstairs because it was too hard for both of us. I couldn't fall asleep so I just sat at the top of the stairs and listed to everything she said. After a little while, two police officers came in our house. I thought the police officers were unnecessary but I guess that's just what it came to. Soon after, more and more police officers came and there were probably about eight or ten officers. I remember looking outside and seeing three or four police cars parked outside our house. Fortunately, my mom came to an agreement that she needed help and willingly decided to leave. Before she left she wanted me to come with her because she didn't want to be alone. I didn't want her to be alone either so we left around 2 a.m.

This was just one example of the many mental breakdowns she had. It's hard not only for her, but for everyone that is always surrounding her. People like her kids, husband, and parents etc. She has been struggling with this problem since I was born. 18 years. 18 years and she has been in and out of the mental hospital more than 30 times. When she is first admitted she has to stay for at least 72 hours legally, but she always stays longer. Sometimes a week or two, it depends on the situation. The thing is the people who know about her situation don't see her as the strong caring mother that she is. Some people slowly start to fade away and give up on her, but I will always be by her side.

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