



The disease of the XXI Century

Depression, the evil of the century. Full heads and shattered hearts. So much to think, little words when you say, by the way what to say? what to do? what to do? my mind grows tired every day and the demotivation comes even if I want it not to come and soon after I want it to leave, it has already broken part of me and it will not go away. I will tell you a little episode of my life and the lives of some people who have laid out my way, how fragile and strong, lost and firm.

From a very young age I noticed that everyone feels pain, I just could not differentiate the pain from inside with the outside, the pain I felt when I fell off the bike and hurt myself with the pain I felt from the frustration of having fallen. For a long time I thought that pains were the same, they were divided into classes from better to worse, that people who suffered from the same thing would feel the same pain and I was wrong, the pains may have their degree of kinship but for each person the feeling is in an inexplicably different way and their way of expressing this pain is inexplicably similar.

My name is Cristopher, and today is the day I go back to what it was to be high school, I say this because it looks more like a factory that creates disorders, anxiety, a drop in self-esteem, depression, inside adolescents a place great for learning the competition and learning who you've never been. The first thing I did when I got to school was to go to my classroom because I did not want to feel alone since my friend had moved to another city. On my arrival, I saw that there were only two girls in the room who were talking, I sat in one of the chairs and relaxed my shoulder, I was ready to pick up my phone and stay there until one of the teachers arrived, but one of the girls put one of her hands on my shoulder and said:

- Hi, do you remember me? I was from another group and I always saw you in the corridors, do you want to sit with me in the back? we are talking about what this new year will be like, this new stage of our lives.

Wow, she spoke excitedly and out loud, it bothered me, "I said,

- No, I'm waiting for some friends of mine.
- It's all right. she said. If you change your mind, I'll be back there.

How could I hardly have arrived in that factory of frustrations and be already lying face-to-face? I did not even have a friend I let alone some friends! But cool, I was confident that I would find someone as cool as jeff. The group filled up, teenagers surrounded by friends, some with only one colleague next to us, others as alone as I was until our teacher arrived, he arrived and everyone was silent, put his pack on the table and stood in front of the class room.

- Hello young people, my name is Rubens and today as my first day I propose to all of you that we have a dynamic class before we begin the theoretical classes, I would first like you to say hi to all your classmates and not just to those you already know.

Everyone stayed motionless.

He resumed

"Let's go guys, go to each other and say hello.

It did not impress me to see that the first person to move and go to someone was the girl who had spoken to me earlier. She went to another girl who was alone and said.

- Hello, I'm Bethany, I'd love to know you, let's sit with me and my friend.

Soon after the teacher congratulated her and everyone did. So.

I went up against a guy who looked a lot like Jeff's style, if that was a style

"Hey, my name is Christopher, what's your name?"

- Hi, my name is Alex.

- Do you have friends here?
- No, I'm new to this school.
- So sit down with me, we'll do the next activities together.
- We just did the first one and you are already thinking about the next ones?

We laughed together and he came to me, then the teacher interrupted the chat.

"I think we've already taken a beautiful step, do not you think?" besides that we already have our first learning of the day: always be polite. Well today before we start the main focus of higher education I would like to talk to you about what I believe is of collective interest, the future. Many of you will feel or have not already felt a huge fear of failure, and do not quite understand why, why is the after so much more important than now?

We are stuck with futilities that seem essential for a prosperous future, we have given ourselves since young, and I call it "supermarket list of life" is when you already have everything assembled, first elementary school, soon after the middle, here comes the college, finding a girlfriend, a good job, getting married and having kids! not that none of this is bad, not even the futilities that I said before, indeed we have to study well, work hard, preserve relationships, but if you ask, do we need to give so much of us to this? to what extent is it worth it? will our mental health come into consideration in this list of supermarkets?

We were all silent and reflective, not about what the teacher had said, but about why he had said it.

Rubens picks up:

"Well, I think we can start the second activity today, which is: each one will speak the name of the person who cares most about you, start with you," he said to a boy who was at the beginning of the desks.

- Gabriela
- Great, now you behind and go in sequence.
- Diego
- Deise

So it was, until he came to me and I did not know what to say, many worried about me but not so much aiming to have his name said, so I said.

-Cristopher.

Professor Rubens interrupted

"Is not that your name?"

- Yes it is!
- Do you consider yourself the person who cares most about yourself?
- I think so
- I loved it, I expected that. What Christopher taught us now is sensational.

How so? I had not said any too much thing!

- We have to be the person who cares about us the most, the person who gives us the most love, this is our duty and not our people is well, there must always be empathy for the people, but in life you do not meet many people like this, so the second learning of the day: Know yourself to be your own support.

To be honest, that was getting boring, but he did not stop there.

- Ready for the third activity? starting with the girl on the other end, tell me what kind of physical pain you like least.

- how so? like a headache?

- That!

- Okay, I hate bellyache.

- Now you from behind and in sequence again.

- I can not stand the muscle pain.

- And I hate headaches.

And so it was until everyone had finished speaking and the teacher took the floor.

"Did you realize how many people do not like the same pain you do not like?" and saw the face they did when our colleague said she did not like leg pain when she's tired of walking? you have looked at it as if it were the most silly pain in the world, this is what you will do with you when you need help, you have treated your problem as something silly, even if you have had it or not, we have finally come to empathy.

The signal rings.

- Students, get out! in the next class we will resume.

Everyone left, and when I was about to leave the same hand as before touched my shoulder and said.

- Hi! I remember you said you were expecting your friends, did not they comemaybe they're from another group, have you checked it out?

- No.

"Ah, I understand, spend the break with me and my colleagues and once you find your friends you go to them.

- Thanks but I'd rather be alone.

- Please do it, do not be slight again.

"Are you always like this?"

I'm sorry, ok? Well, I'll see you soon.

I kept silent and left. I spent the whole break alone and thinking why I was so rude to Bethany, she should not be as boring as I thought she was.

I went to the canteen, bought a snack and a juice and sat down right in front of the table where Bethany and her friends were and I inevitably heard the conversation.

"This class is being very good to me, I feel renewed, stronger.

"Good, Bethany, but I'm worried, it's the third time you've said that this class was good for you, is something going on?"

"It's ... no, not exactly, no, not really.

- That was not convincing.

"I do not think so either, betha, is it something with someone you know?" because I believe that it is not with you, you are so happy, if it's someone you can tell me, we will keep secret.

"It's not with anyone!" Happiness is even questionable, well I'm going to the restroom.

Bethany got up and left, her friends continued

Is happiness questionable? What did she mean by that?

"I have no idea, but I believe she's fine, do not give so much importance."

The signal rang and we all returned to the class room, I looked back and noticed a mutual silence in the triplet of Bethany's friends.

And then Alex entered the room.

- Cris! where were you? you gone.

- I did not disappear, you that left the room quickly.

- Haha really, I had to settle some issues with my belly if you understand me.

"You're clueless."

Professor Rubens had already entered and asked everyone to remain silent for his lesson.

- Where did we stop? Oh yes, in empathy, is anyone willing to say what empathy is?

someone among the students volunteered.

- It is to put yourself in other's shoes, is to understand the feeling of the other.

"Perfect, and why is this so important?"

- For people to feel protected and somehow understood, it makes the person know that he or she is not alone and that his or her thinking is not bullshit.

- You even seem to have studied in the break hahaha, I'm enjoying this performance. Now, if you can be empathic, raise your hands .

More than half of the group raised their hands.

He talks again.

"Is it really all of you?" I tell myself that I often can not be empathic and you can not even think twice about calling yourself empathic? and the episode from the previous class, how many of you were empathic to the point of not judging the classmate who said that the worst pain for her was the pain of tiredness in her legs when she was walking a lot or running?

"Oh, Professor," Alex said. "But it was a very small thing, if it were something with more impact, everyone would understand."

- That is where you are deceived my youngster, empathy comes from not naming any feelings as more or less important, being empathic is not about how you see that situation, but how the other person sees and how you do to understand why she sees it that way and so understand her feeling.

And then here is the third learning of the day: never judge anyone's feeling, try to understand why they feel it and help them. Well, now I want you to copy this poem in your notebooks.

He wrote on the blackboard and everyone wrote in their notebooks and the poem was like this:

There are deep pains, slow agonies.
poignant dramas, which no one comforts,
or suspect if you want!

When it finishes it resumes.

- here is our fourth and final activity.

"How many of you have been rude or uneducated here today with someone raising their hands?"

Half the pupils raised their hands, and of course you can include me in it.

- Many hum, tell the truth, the moment we let go the rudeness is liberating, but how did the person who heard that thing from us feel and how can it lead to in her life? now, raise your hand if you were the victim of some rudeness today.

Few students raised their hands, and one of them was Bethany which made me super bad.

"Yes, we have to take the second apprenticeship of today with us when we are victims of the wickedness of words. and we have to take the first apprenticeship of the day so we do not make that mistake with people, but the point I wanted to get into with you now is about kindness. What is being kind?

"It is to be more humane, it is a form of attention and care for the neighbor," said Bethany-

- Right! and why being kind is so important?

She went on:

- Because all people have their inner pains, they have their difficulties, their universes are different, and if we are gentle we will not destroy what is most beautiful in people and we will not end with what is already by a fence in each one. what you say can kill or save someone, so kindness is important.

"That was deep, young girl, and it's just this class, then as the fourth apprenticeship of the day: be gentle. Now you're free, you can go home!

Before leaving, I felt I should apologize to Bethany, but I could not, it was too shameful to go through that, tomorrow I would treat her better and everything would be solved.

I said goodbye to Alex and went home, I kept thinking about the lesson, until it all made sense, I got home, I took a shower, I ate and without saying anything I went to my bed room, and then I fell asleep.

It was a new day, I woke up willingly and with an immense desire to go back to school. I do not believe that all this was just to fix the friendship with a girl. I dress, I drink my coffee and I go straight to school, arriving at school I rushed to the class room, I wanted to sit next to Bethania today, but when entering the room she had not yet arrived, only her friend was there I letgo:

- Hi! how are you doing?

- Good and you?

"Well, where are your friends?"

- Still do not know.

"Okay, can I sit by your side?"

- Yes you can.

And there we stayed, the class room filled every minute and nothing of Bethany arriveiny, but her other colleague appeared.

- Hello people, where's Bethany?

- We do not know. I answered.

"How strange, she said yesterday before we said goodbye that she would come today.

At this time Professor Rubens and our principal enter the room.

The principal starts.

- We have a statement to give you, I hope you will be calm, last night 2 classmate of You, Bethany Loth was found dead in her bed room, her mother informed us that Bethânia had committed suicide, ingesting many medicines in her bedroom, her mother told us that the same night she had been crest fallen, and that she sought her help, but she could not answer it. She said she was busy preparing dinner, she went to her father so she could talk, but he was busy with matters from work, she sought out her brother,

but he had night training with his friends and she went to her bed room, they only found her when they realized she had not gone down to dinner. I am sorry to all who have had the opportunity to meet her, my condolences, in case you need to talk, our class counselors will be in the school office, do not blame yourself for what happened. And if you have anything that might help Bethany's mother understand what happened, just look for me.

The director leaves and there's a silence in the room, I just wondered, did not we blame ourselves? how can we not blame ourselves? no one helped her, I treated her irrelevantly when she was kind to me, how could I not blame myself? I made her kill herself, her friends made her kill herself! Why she did not ask for help from her friends and even me? she seemed to be so happy, why did she do it?

My thought is soon cut off when I realize the cry of someone, it was one of her friends, Elia.

"I do not believe she's gone!" how I did not notice? MY
GOD FORGIVE ME FORGIVE ME FORGIVE ME
Bethany, forgive me.

Soon the teacher comes up to her and says:

- Calm down! someone accompanies her to drink
some water and tells the counselors.

Alex stands up and holds out her hands, taking her
out, my day has been filled with thoughts, I do not
remember anything that happened around me, I just
remember being at home and now thinking, because
this is the evil of my century.

After the death of someone we know and sometimes
someone we love we wonder why that happened to
that person, why we did nothing to help, or why we did
not realize that we needed to help. After the death of
someone, what remains are questions, often
unanswered questions, behind guilty ones, and if we
do not blame ourselves.

After a suicide our "from now on" has nothing to do with what happened, with the death that has happened, because from now on what matters is what we will do, what will be our choice, what will we do with our life. Will we give up or live each day as unique? Are we going to sink or seek the strength to overcome each day and be someone better? Will we be in eternal mourning and sorrow or will we overcome the pain so that we can help this time who needs it? Will we blame the lack of our morals on the other person's life or will we understand that the mind was sick? Everything from now on is up to us, everything now has to do with us, how will we go on? Will you see your own light, your own peace, see that you are an immensity of good things?

Death is never expected, mourning should not be a burden, and suicide is never the option. Stay alive.