

## My Essay

When I went to therapy I thought I was going to an insane asylum. This was my first thought because when I was younger, television influenced me to believe that you go insane when you're there. A great deal of horror films and comedy shows tell the world that if you need therapy you're crazy, somehow do this because sometimes it is true , and other times it is to get a laugh out of you. After a while, I realized it's for your mental health and you aren't a psychopath if you go there. It's just a safe place to be weak and vulnerable. It also struck me that only women could go to therapy because men shouldn't be telling their feelings. This was a lie that the media told you to believe because men shouldn't cry and be vulnerable. But, if we want to have a good equal country everyone should let men be men. When I told my therapist this she had said

why men should be more worried about how they are not what the world wants them to be.

At first, I thought my parents knew I was crazy. It eventually took me months to realize that my mother and father did it because they loved me. If my mother and father didn't love me I wouldn't be here with them today, I would be sad and alone. My parents needed to support and love me to really force me to go to therapy. They forced this on me by not even talking about it and taking me to the building and not telling me what the place was. I believe they did this to protect my young mind from the harsh truth of needing therapy. I used to go to therapy because I would come home after a long dreadful school day and take my anger out on my friends and family after being bullied at school. The bullies were so hurtful that they talked about things I cannot discuss here. So I eventually had to go to

therapy because I didn't know how to speak to my parents and say what was on my mind and why I was so angry all the time.

My therapy journey began when I was about eight years old. For the first few sessions, it felt like my family was beating me down and exposing my darkest moments in life. It felt very helpful to know that was not the case. In fact, what they really wanted was for me to be at my best mindset in life. To be in that great mindset I needed to do all of the things my loved ones really wanted me to do and achieve. My family and friends knew there was something different about the way I acted so they thought it was time for me to get help. To do this they would support me through every session. To achieve this, I required myself to open up and speak about the worst situations in my life. Then I got used to being the compassionate person I knew I could be. I eventually ended up being able to end my therapy sessions and use the resources I learned over the years in the real world.

The first few therapy sessions were really tough for me, and it appeared to be difficult to open up about my deepest struggles with my family. However, it was great to know that the experience can be helpful despite the challenges I ended up dealing with. These challenges were telling the truth, standing up for myself, and loving the real me. I hated these challenges because of the insecurities I faced with the many bullies who hurt me in places they knew would affect me the most. These bullies would beat me down at school behind the teachers back, using purely words. When I went to therapy I figured out how to be at peace with the fact that there will always be cruel people in the world.