

‘Anxiety in a reflection.’

In this story, Lara Williams introduces us to the world of her mind, but most interestingly, her distinguished observations.

March 5th:

Black. Grey. Wind. Silk curtains. The contributing factors of today’s issue.

Grey was the colour of the sky, not a bright Cerulean hue, or a golden spec of sunlight faced the day. Clouds haunted the sky. One storm cloud routinely hung over the head of Lara Williams. You see, today was the day of Lara’s English final, the very last exam before spring vacation.

The task:

Write a 2000-word essay in 120 minutes about a time of struggle in everyone’s life.

For most, this task would seem approachable, personal but still decently simple. Lara didn’t fall under the category of ‘most people’.

At 9:17 am Lara and Noah met for coffee, the last stretch of calm. Typically, the cause of me via an exam it due to the exam itself. For Lara, it was the personal aspect of writing about struggle.

important notes:

1.Lara’s reoccurring, personal, terrifying, infuriating struggle=Moi

2.Noah=Lara’s best and most trusted friend.

Most trusted.

Noah saved Lara from her last episode, (which resulted in a severe panic attack mid-Maths final), accomplished through simple physical contact, holding LW’s shoulder, releasing her solitude. Resulting in the ‘most trusted’ part.

However, Noah wouldn’t be there to save her this time. Noah’s final exam invited science and technology. Robots or whatever. Much less exhilarating than an intimate, confronting, stress inducing English assignment.

My opinion.

Post coffee with Noah, 9:45 am:

Lara’s English final lurked, as did I, waiting for the best, most interesting moment to strike.

“What if it happens again?” she thought, intrusively.

“It’s not real, she’s not here anymore,” Lara reminded herself, as she needed to. Constantly.

Who is 'she'?:

'She' refers to Lara's reoccurring stress mechanism.

The thing she thought was gone.

The cause of her 'afraidness'.

10 minutes before the exam:

The solitude of an exam is like no other. Often my victims experience my wrath in one of two ways: they've felt me lingering for weeks prior, growing more and more powerful day by day. Or...I creep up on them at the last minute, causing them to buckle at the knees or cripple in fear or even feel as though little fluttering bugs are going to burst out their bellybutton.

You see, I am completely normal. In most cases. But certainly not for Lara, as she experienced something quite unique in our interactions.

I inhabit the minds of many: your parents, friends, peers, acquaintances-all of them I know, just like I know you. Although I am common, I am also powerful. Many cannot handle the intimidation of my presence, causing them to flee to professionals or 'therapists', who are really just people I know, but hide me well.

I am the cause of many things.

I am Anxiety.

Note:

That got a bit dark. My sincere apologies.

Back to that feeling of an exam. That all too familiar sensation. All of which I previously explained are typical yet personal cognitive quotes from the mind of Lara Williams.

Lara walked into classroom number 509 to the seat 3rd from the left, 4th row down. In full awareness, she reminded her brain that her unlighted anxiety visions where no longer supposed to haunt her eyes.

"Not anymore." She reminded herself.

The Exam:

120 minutes. 2000 words. The fear of the unwanted, anxiety induced vision.

80 minutes left. 900 words to go. Something was coming.

60 minutes left. 500 words to go. Vision.

The unwanted, anxiety induced vision had transpired. That dark, cloudy face that blew with the wind in frayed silk curtains. It haunted Lara's eyes.

Important pieces of information:

1. Something new. Someone new? Or was it just a new way of looking at her/vision?

2.Lara's reoccurring, anxiety induced vision had become something similar to a fragmented reflection of herself.

3.Lara wondered if the familiarity of the face was the same as the familiarity of looking at her own reflection.

The face grew more familiar as Lara's apprehensions escalated. First the mouth, then the nose, then the eyes, and finally, as the wind gave one final gust. The face. Or more accurately, Lara's face. The vision of fabricated anxiety cursed her.

The realization of Lara Williams:

Anxiety/me, the face & distinguished observations were all made in the mind of LW.

Anxiety/me=Lara's weakness.

Leading to LW's final realisation...

Lara's anxiety was of herself. The reoccurring, anxiety induced face was merely her own reflection.

Word count: 745