**March 5th, 2004**

All in all, I ~~hate~~ don’t like people. They’re so annoying by being entirely filled with worries and dilemmas. And the truth is – it is their fault. We live in an era of converting small and insignificant issues into huge, overwhelming problems, which we cannot handle. What’s more, the reasons are simple – overreaction or total immunity. I have no idea, why evolution has come much further than it was supposed to, but it is clear and undisputed that it did no good for us.

The funny thing is I have to confront with such a ~~humiliating disgrace~~ frustrating situation every single day. Okay, except Sundays. But my point is – it is incredibly difficult not to get mad when you are a psychologist. With all of your despondent patients and their irrational complexes. It is far easier to heal even the most awful wound than to cure depressed mind full of thoughts of self-harm or even suicide. It takes a lot of energy to spend some time with a broken person, who you ought to give a smile, a piece of happiness and – the most important – hope. Of course, it’s not like I don’t care about their mental health or something – it just gets really monotonous after devoting a major part of your life on focusing on everybody else rather than yourself. I am slowly starting to be a little fed up with this job, but no complaining. It is much better to be the one who listens, not the one who cries.

Today, I was visited by ~~my least favourite~~ a patient with not very impressing drama skills. Lilith, which is her name, has been attending therapy for over a year now and I still haven’t diagnosed her properly. She has been talking about various bothersome and upsetting incidents of hers, but she has seemed cheerful and talkative all the time. As if it’s not sorrowful for her. I asked about this politely a few times and offered to stop the treating not to waste her money, but she immediately started to beg me for continuing it. To my mind, she feels somewhat left out and just seeks for somebody’s attention. Although I am not the one to judge, I reckon she ought to go out more and meet new people, rather than made me stuck with her and this ~~pathetic~~ ~~childish~~ silly tragedy she is acting out.

I do not care if what I’ve just written made me look heartless or horrid and there is no point in denying this here. It has been a long time since I ever thought about myself and, honestly, it is less enjoyable than I remember. Anyway, I assume I should ignore my personality defects and focus on solving Lilith’s matter. ~~But is there anything else I am able to do?~~ There has to be something else I am able to do, I just haven’t managed to find it out yet.

I have to get rid of her as soon as possible, she is driving me nuts!

**September 29th, 2005**

Eating disorder. Anorexia. Unhealthy desire for being skinny. Self-hate.

Nowadays, these four terms became determinants of beauty and perfection, especially among women. How ~~stupid~~ immature you have to be to swallow the image of impeccability, which media created for us. To believe that men prefer bones to curves. There is nothing pretty in weedy girls, with their dull eyes and dead sight. Their lack of energy and eating cravings. Their enormous hatters towards repasts.

I like to call that kind of people masochists – there is no more suitable word to describe them. Let’s not fool ourselves – everybody had had at least once a desire to lose some extra pounds, but who has ever thought about starving? It is just immoral.

Every dietician would say it is incredibly unhealthy and guarantees a gradual, painful death if not treated early enough. Still, people choose to risk their lives for a dreamed figure. How deplorable. I am slowly arriving at the conclusion that the whole mankind is pursuing to go to pot and – for now – I cannot come up with any solution for this.

Unfortunately, anorexia is not only a physical sickness, but also a mental breakdown. That result in giving it special treatment containing both taking medicines and attending therapy. About half an hour ago I finished a session with a contrarian of eating, Anna. She is a really nice girl – very polite and civil. Although she is very shy, we are working on overcoming her timidity, but I guess it will take more than I assumed on our first meeting. I hadn’t known then how cracked she is. How miserable and hopeless she feels. That she isn’t able to find any assets of hers, only hyperbolic flaws. That even though she is underweight, she finds herself plump and, what is more, horrid.

Some people say that time can change you. Maybe it is not as illegitimate as I thought, given the fact, I feel little sympathy towards that girl. Obviously, she had not deserved anything that happened – there were lots of dimensions that had had a significant influence on her decisions and behaviour, which were not dependent on her. And, despite my negative opinion about anorexia and its cultivators, I have to admit I, kind of, got on Anna. She is the very first person who opened my eyes on other people’s problems, which I hadn’t cared about only 1,5 year ago. I realise how funny it must seem, having a regard on that I am a therapist, yet it is an authentic affair, indeed. Looking backwards I have nothing else to say, but that I was a moron and it took me an inconceivably big amount of time to face that fact.

Maybe it is the right time to think over my own life and change it somehow…

**June 3rd, 2006**

I got lost.

I have no idea what is going on around me.

I am not able to distinguish reality from my possessive imagination.

I can’t tell apart neither sounds nor smells.

Neither movements nor colours.

Neither thoughts nor feelings.

 Is it possible to fly high upon the misty sky, but then crash hardly into the stiff ground? Or maybe jump into much too deep water and drown, because of lack of the oxygen?

Why is everything so fragile, ephemeral? Why does everything happen progressively, inch by inch, little by little, than just occur all at once?

I thought I own my life. I thought I blew all of its secrets and mysteries. I thought I have a key for survival. I thought. But I don’t know now.

**June 18th, 2006**

My name is Philip Elkin. I am 34 years old. I live in Bristol. I have no family left. I have never had a wife, even a girlfriend. But once I had a friend. She is dead now. I used to be a doctor. I was a psychologist. I healed others mental health. I hadn’t enjoyed being around people until I met Anna. She was one of my patients. She was deeply ill. I was trying to help her. I couldn’t help her. She was too ill. She was my only friend and now she’s gone. I can’t believe she’s gone. My new therapist says so. I was recommended to go to the therapist. He doesn’t understand me. Nobody does. I am left all alone by myself. I don’t want to be alone. Maybe I was supposed to be alone.

This is an exercise I was ought to do during today’s session. It is aimed to remind me of who I am and what has happened to me recently. Doctors say I lost my memory, when ~~something terrible happened~~ Anna died. My therapist says I should call a spade a spade. That I mustn’t escape from reality. That I have to leave the past and go forward, but never forget it. However, as I said, he does not understand my plight. He has no idea how much I owed this introverted, modest young lady. It was her, who taught me how to break apparently unbreakable wall isolating me from social worries and bizarre, unnecessary issues, which I had perceived that way. Also, she was the only one to spot a little flame of kindness in me that I hadn’t known about before. Anna taught me how to speak with people politely, listen to them with patience and – the most important – regard and respect them. I came to a conclusion she had helped me more than I had relieved her. I cannot say how much I miss her.

Nonetheless, I am certain that Anna wouldn’t wish me to torment myself with these thoughts. I can say she would gladly see me following the advice given me by my therapist and coming back to a daily routine. Still, it will never be the same without her.