

## *“Introduction to a Monster”*

Let me introduce myself to you. I am a **Monster**, and I am not far from you all the time. I am dangerous and can even kill. My name is “DEPRESSION.” I take pleasure in being a universal malady of the human spirit that respects no boundaries of gender, geography, culture, religion, race, class or wealth. Let me further educate you about me.

I am dark without form or shape. Sometimes I am lucky enough to actually live inside of you and ravage your mind and spirit at whatever time I choose. Whenever you are so unfortunate, and I am so fortunate to actually reside in the inner recesses of your being, your stupid so-called professionals refer to me as “Clinical Depression.” I don’t know what “clinical” really means, but I know that I like it because it is absolutely the best of all worlds for me. They say that medications combined with therapy can attack me. Don’t believe a word they say. They are all greedy quacks.

Unfortunately, it is rare that I am so lucky as to actually reside on the inside. Therefore, I contentedly lurk in the shadows all around you until I am able to infect you. I am so skillful in my ability you don’t even recognize me. I am like a leech that attaches and quietly sucks your life’s blood (your spirit) out of you. When you have been successfully infected, you are completely unaware of my presence. I have often said that I am a “monster that feeds on myself.” The feelings and thoughts I generate are actually my nourishment. I may be two feet tall or two hundred feet tall depending on how much food I can generate from your anxieties, fears, frustration, helplessness and hopelessness. I am insidious as I wait for an opening into your body, mind and spirit. If you recognize me, I immediately inform you that if you weren’t so weak, I wouldn’t be here. Even to say, “I am depressed” is a serious threat to my existence. If you say these words, I will make you feel like the confession of your pain is an admission of your weakness and lack of courage. I will make you feel worthless and embarrassed that you have let me take control.

There is one “food” that I cannot exist without. I must be fed by your **loneliness**, or I will die. I will use hopelessness to prevent you from reaching out and connecting with another human being. I love to wake you up at 3 a.m. in the morning when you are the most alone. However, you will feel lonely even in a crowded room as I thrive on your isolation and misery. Your knowing how to kill me does not concern me, because when I take control, you will forget all you have read here and I will **thrive**.