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September 29th, 2020. "And what brings you here today?" My mom and I stayed silent at that question for a while, until I assumed she wanted me to speak for myself.

"Mental health." The only words I could think of, and as the doctor started rattling down a list of questions, I answered each honestly. My mom was still quiet, just listening to the stuff that goes on in my head that I was always too scared to tell her. I didn't want her to worry about me too much. The thing about mental health screenings is just when you think it's over, the doctor hands you another questionnaire. I was able to finish it up rather quickly, considering most of the questions were the same ones I saw on my scratched phone screen when I would google "do I have anxiety?" They proceeded to perform basic exams like checking my blood pressure and heart rate as they discussed therapy options with my mom. I also got my flu shot that day, very eventful. But what brought me to this point? All I can say is a lot, but little did I know at that point I hadn't nearly seen the worst of it.

Timing is everything, and my diagnosis coming at a time like now makes a lot of sense. With the sharp occurrence of the Covid-19 pandemic I learned many things. I learned how scary the thought of spreading a deadly virus to all of your family and friends is; I learned just how much more mature I am than my peers by simply complying to have a filter over my face, and I learned that racism against Asians was perceived as a joke.

The definition of truth to me is something that can be proven, something that can be vouched for or used as evidence. The prongs of the Four-Way Test help to give a guide as to whether or not you're seeing the truth. May 12th, 2020. I truly woke up thinking this day will be no different than any other day of quarantine. Wake up late, text my friends, do some school work, eat, and that was it. Today was the day that humbled me beyond any of my pre-existing insecurities. I saw this group of boys add new people to a group chat that my friend and I were in

just to play games. This one boy who I will remember forever started hurling slurs all around to achieve a reaction. I didn't want to react, but at the time it felt painfully irresponsible if I stayed content. My biggest mistake of that day. My eyes flew from line to line of xenophobic comments made by someone who has no clue who I am. My friend was in there trying to change the topic but every second I read a new, damaging metaphor. She mistakenly began talking about the virus, to which I had to take in, "don't worry, the chink will give it to you." He wasn't funny. His friends knew he wasn't funny, but they just watched until it went on too long. I've been numb to racist comments since elementary school when the kids would pull the outer corners of their eyes apart and say, "look I'm Chinese!" So it was fine, until when I was at my breaking point all someone could say left me utterly hopeless.

"There is nothing that can be done. Toughen up or go sit in a corner and cry. I don't care. You need to get out of fantasy land where everything is alright and toughen up." I was at such a loss of words, thoughts, and feelings. I closed my phone and sat up in my bed lost. I ended up taking screenshots of all parts of the conversation. I was sobbing, however all I could think about was what the boy who used to be my friend told me. Sitting on my paint-stained sheets I felt like he was right, I couldn't handle this treatment though? The only solution I could think about was offing myself. If I can't handle the world then what's the point of living years and years. My first vision of tasting death danced in my head like a broken music box. This wasn't me, I knew it wasn't; people needed me, I needed them, and this doesn't even compare to the oppression African Americans have to face everyday, but it didn't matter. At this particular moment all I could think of was my mom, and how she could be treated in a world like this as an immigrant from South Korea. I started going everywhere with her, just to be safe. Choking on tears I picked

up my phone and began talking to my friends, little do they know I was talking myself out of suicide.

No one knew. I would often tell my friends if I wasn't feeling ok, but never that I was thinking about how different my life would be if I vanished, and frankly at that time, how much easier it would be. Not a day went by where I wasn't thinking about how someone was insulting me as a teenage girl, as an overweight girl, as a bisexual girl, as an Asian girl, and as a mentally ill girl. None of which I was able to stand up for myself, the words never came to me. Being a dancer is a hobby that has a certain ideal weight which left me with constant body issues. I would always pull my hair, scratch at myself, or hit myself hard in frustration to intentionally hurt myself. I felt like all I deserved was that sensation of pain. I was stuck in a cycle of getting to the worst points in my life where I genuinely, with everything in me, wanted to die, and then telling my therapist I've been "good" because it's all I have the courage to say. I regret and overthink everything I say to anyone, especially my father. He isn't trying to hurt me, but he places me on such a high pedestal that I just can't reach anymore. But you know what else, I'm still lying in my bed typing this essay, alive, and slightly emotional. This is because of the Four-Way Test that I subconsciously think of when I'm on the brink of taking my final breath.

The first question, "is it the truth" may seem futile as that's the original question at hand, but when referring back to a definition, does it match with the guidelines? Taking my loneliest times into account, I see that me being the forgotten, useless, annoying failure is not something that can be proven. If I asked that boy from earlier, he would say I was, but if you ask any of my friends, they would all say I wasn't (hopefully of course). It is also easy to rule out that it cannot be vouched for by everyone, or used as evidence. "Is it fair to all concerned?" It is not fair to myself in any way, because even when I cared so little about my own body, it was not fair to

label myself as such things when I couldn't control it at the time. "Will it build good will and better friendships?" Self-explanatory, but no. Me talking myself down will do nothing but distance myself from my friends. "Will it be beneficial to all concerned?" Absolutely not. There is no way, shape, or form of saying any of that about myself that will give me any lead, or what I truly deserved in life. With all of this taken into mind, me being the empty, unimportant, awful, disappointing girl I thought I was, is not true. It was not true and will never be true, and no matter how many people want to convince me it's the truth it strictly isn't. With this mental test I'm able to reach into the deepest, darkest parts of the world and pull myself out of it.

Without these quick questions I wouldn't be here clicking on my keyboard with cold hands. I wouldn't be able to see my friends who saved me; I wouldn't be able to feel the indescribable feeling of success; I would no longer feel the excitement of opening a new vinyl record and finding a poster; I wouldn't be there to comfort my family over the loss; I wouldn't be able to feel the pure serotonin of walking into and out of dance class with the people who always helped me escape my troubles; I couldn't make people laugh anymore; I'd lose the feeling of laughter when my favorite content creators make a joke, and finally, I wouldn't be there for my friends who also have to endure what I go through. So I really do owe a lot to the Four-Way Test, as it's the reason my family and friends still have a daughter, and a shoulder to cry on.