

My Happy Place by Niamh Kirwin

I catapulted myself out of the classroom, tears uncontrollably escaping my raw eyelids. I could not stand another second in that hell hole, if I had, my head would have exploded. The doors were closed waiting for my approach as if they were well trained guards but nothing could stop me now not even them. I ripped them apart from one another and tried to run further away from my problems.

As soon as I stepped outside school, the worry consumed my head; the traffic noise attacked my mind, clouding my clear line of thought. I frantically searched for my best friend; she was always there for me when I couldn't handle the world. But not this time, I was lost in the bustling city and no one cared. No one even knew who I was. My eyes still wandered the city's street desperately awaiting her big, broad, contagious smile to find me. I needed the security of her warm presence there to help me through this. The car horns echoed in my head and the fumes trickled down my trachea and clawed at my helpless lungs. My breath grew shorter and shorter. I willed myself to calm down, to take in big, calming bubbles of fresh air, but I couldn't. I sat down and gripped at the pavement edge letting the grit cut microscopic holes in my fingertips. I was waiting. Waiting for the amygdala whisperers to somehow make their way into my crowded mind. I closed my eyes tightly and began to hum a childhood melody to myself.

Within a second I was immersed in the wilderness, I had been placed amongst the vibrant succulents, the nose tickling aura of pine wood and the beautiful variety of bird anthems. I was dancing majestically to their tune. I felt almost weightless as I skipped through the long blades of grass, the flower pollen hugging my legs as I swept over them as if I was a tsunami. Here I could not be touched. Here I felt invincible and powerful. Here I could breathe. A huge breeze flew passed me and I found myself being dragged by it. The wind felt like it had been stored away for hours; finally it managed to escape, pouring out into the open air around me.

“Mia, Mia, talk to me.....please come back to us”. Slowly I opened my eyes to see my friend next to me, fear spread across her face. “You’ve been sat outside for ages, are you okay?” I stared at her face for a second, her comforting smile gingerly appearing on her face once more. Her smile made me instantly safer. As the breeze still rushed out of my mouth, the wilderness gradually disappeared from my mind again. “I went to my happy place” I whispered to her and then embraced a warm, protective hug.