

I've been here and there



"What will I do in such a terrible battle,
Frail, careless, double-minded?"

[Sonnet IV. About our war that we wage against Satan, the world and the flesh,

in: Mikołaj Sęp Szarzyński's *Poezye*. Kraków 1903.]

A jester's performance

Several years ago in your Mind parts books Beautiful
(<https://web.puczat.pl/wp/Czytelnia/tworczosc-pieknego-umyslu/>), in one of the chapters
I touched on the topic of the gap that appears between the world and the functioning of people
addicted to psychoactive substances, alcoholism or mentally ill people, a
the world and functioning of people who are not affected by the problem of addiction and chronic diseases.
Today I would like to draw attention to the difference in approach to life and functioning between
people who have experienced a mental crisis, including those receiving treatment
psychiatric, and healthy people without such experience.

My life has been in both environments for a long time and I am here and here at the same time.

Life's development

And what are the worlds of healthy people and people with the baggage and label of mental illness?

The world of healthy people, especially those who are successful in life, is a simple and stable world. They do not have to struggle with their body and mind - that is why they are focused on learning, development and acquiring all kinds of goods. They mostly have successful relationships. They have children for whom they live and with whom they live. They can have any job, and this job does not have to bring them happiness and comfort, because they can endure any job. They can swim with the current or against it. They often earn serious money, thanks to which they can afford properties, new cars, travel, and holidays in warm countries. They treat air travel as an everyday occurrence - even to the other side of the globe... They can afford weekend trips to exclusive clubs, they can afford expensive holidays, they can afford good restaurants. They organize meetings with old friends in beautiful natural surroundings, often in rented villas with a swimming pool, sauna and tennis court. They buy fifty-year-old single malts and call it slush, they no longer drink cheap beer like at university, but fancy drinks in expensive hotel restaurants. They can spend in one day on unnecessary whims the equivalent of what others have to work for many days or even weeks. As they go through life, they have a lot of friends that they quickly forget about as new ones appear. Those from college, those from the many companies where they worked, those from playgrounds, kindergartens and their children's schools. Those from associations, tennis training, gyms and clubs of all kinds. They don't even notice when, at the age of 40, they already have a large house worth millions of zlotys, several cars, a GDPR-compliant house - the real one or the one from Family Allotment Gardens - but they do. Their children go to the best secondary schools in the city, and after school they are transported to extra-curricular activities for which they pay considerable sums. At the age of 40, they look for new hobbies or return to the ones they had in their youth, because their children are now independent. That's when they buy Harleys and go with others to undiscovered countries thousands of kilometers away. Their roads are always straight and picturesque. At the age of 50-60, they often become grandparents and enjoy their happiness - not sparing the time they already have in abundance. When they retire, they have something to do because they have cultivated their hobbies and passions throughout their lives. Then they explore the world with their loved one, sign up for Senior Clubs or Universities of the Third Age. They meet at dances, go to theaters together, and go to the Holy Lands. They live even more because... there is not much time left. And when they are gone, the measure of success is a full church at the funeral and a large family, a sea of wreaths and flowers on their tombstones and a never-dying fire of candles in the cemetery. Their family inherits a large house, several apartments and other properties in tourist resorts. They often learn from the notary that the deceased also left a sizable sum in bonds and other trust funds in their wills. When organizing family trinkets, it turns out that the paintings in their homes are often very valuable. The jewelry collected over the years is unique and substantial, etc. etc. However, their relatives do not want or need it and often, without thinking or checking, they get rid of part of their inheritance, giving away to strangers, e.g. white ravens in the form of books purchased 50 years earlier by their parents or grandparents. They do not want all this, because they are already gaining and developing on their own, because they have received a solid education, a good start, many passions - thanks to their parents and thanks to themselves - because they also only achieve successes, and they turn failures into learning and correction of the course to happiness. Their life is a simple and stable world...

Xanax for adventures

And what does the reality look like for sick people, especially those suffering from mental illness or addictions?

Most often, it is a world of daily struggle with oneself and the outside world, a series of failures, humiliations and falls, exhausted bodies, weaknesses and reaching the bottom, repeatedly getting up from one's knees and starting over. People suffering from mental illnesses usually do not have children or houses worth millions, and often do not have them

even your modest room. They live in rented apartments from day to day and worry whether they will have enough money to pay the rent for the next month. In grocery discount stores, they look carefully at the price and often buy not what they want to eat, but what they can afford on a given day. People from this world are often pushed to the margins of society, or rather to the outskirts and unvisited corners of society... The state gives them starvation pensions (even less than PLN 1,000 per month), thus "utilizing" them. The pensions are too small to live with dignity and too large to die... Due to their health condition and the habit of receiving pensions, these people have no motivation to go to work and so they stay in their homes for years, sometimes not even leaving their four walls for weeks, leading to social anxiety and cognitive decline. Some of them have a disability certificate. It is true that the state provides subsidies to employers through PFRON for employing an employee with a certificate, while at the same time limiting the possibility of supplementing the pension with a small amount depending on the current average salary. In 2023, it is approximately PLN 4,800 gross. However, these patients, a significant part of whom work in security sometimes almost 300 hours a month (sic!), do not know that PFRON gives their employers huge subsidies to create a job position, which are larger every year and are based on the national average and in 2023 it may even be over PLN 60,000. In addition to the one-time subsidy, PFRON co-finances the work of such a pensioner with amounts of over PLN 2,000 per month. Additionally, when an employer employs a certain percentage of people with a disability certificate, they are exempt from large contributions to the Social Insurance Institution (ZUS). It is also possible for a company with a large percentage of this type of employees to receive large tax exemptions. It looks great in concept and on paper. The reality is that most sick people do not know about the mentioned benefits for the employer. They usually receive the lowest wage in the country, often working hard physically or mentally. Even from 3 a.m. or until late in the evening. And the greatest tragedy of these people is that they are often employed in property protection - in the so-called watchman. They often have 24-hour services. Sometimes they only have 8-12 hours to sleep and have to go back to work for 24 hours. However, it must be remembered that night work is highly inadvisable for people with mental illnesses. because it disrupts the circadian rhythm, which is important for the proper functioning of humans. The cycle of taking medications regularly is also disturbed, especially since the drugs they take often have a sedative effect. Chronic lack of sleep or irregular sleeping patterns can cause relapses of mental illness. At the same time, there is a black market of people with a certificate in Poland. Companies from the completely commercial sector often purchase existing employees from cooperatives and companies from the sector helping disabled people for months. Of course, these employees never work in these companies and do not even know that on paper they are delegated to commercial companies. At the same time, commercial companies meet the required standards for employee diversification and thus minimize ZUS contributions and optimize the amount of taxes paid. Unfortunately, those who work, even in completely unfavorable conditions for their health, in positions most often below their talents, qualifications and personality traits - are lucky. Because very often employers, seeing the ruling, quickly employ them. Even if they work diligently for many years, sometimes without taking a single day off, when the disease comes back, in the form of severe depression or psychosis - employers almost always give them a free ticket after returning from hospitalization, often lasting even 3-6 months. then sick people are left with nothing. In addition, their minds have gone through squall, storm and bars over the past months. Savings quickly run out during treatment, and it sometimes happens that unpaid accommodation is lost. However, those who work described above consider themselves lucky and work is the best therapy for them. Thanks to this, they feel needed, they are independent, they are motivated to get up in the morning for work and not sleep until 3 p.m., they have to dress somehow and take care of themselves and their appearance. However, my observations show that sick workers are a decided minority... Very often, when the employer initially finds out that someone has had episodes, even one, of mental illness or hears only a cursed and often enigmatic term - "I have schizophrenia" - recruitment interviews end immediately. It is also difficult to explain the holes in your CV such as 3 months, a year, 5 years. Occasionally, occupation

appropriate workplace, and the employer does nothing to adapt the workplace to such a person with a certificate, even though he receives PLN 60,000 for such a position. I know cases of employees who work in underheated sheds as guards, with a small furnace or in the heat of over 30 degrees Celsius in the summer, and they received one pack of mineral water from their employer literally once a year. There is no running water in this shed, there is not even a decent chair, not to mention a sofa to straighten your bones or change your position - there are no sofas or beds - because they are supposed to work, take good care of themselves - and not sleep...

Adventures with clozapol

It is said that the society of a given country or ethnic group is the way it is treated by its weakest individuals. In Poland, it's true, these weak individuals are exploited and cheated - in one word, "fucked around for nothing" - a rather strong term, but it accurately reflects this process. Doctors and therapists compete with each other in the prices of consultation minutes on websites offering help. With the National Health Fund, you sometimes have to wait 2 years for therapy and it lasts max. 30 minutes, once a week, and it ends after a year or two - right after the patient trusts the therapist and finally opens up. Doctors study for years, learn the symptoms, different courses and learn that each case is different. And what comes out of it - walking on the leash of pharmaceutical companies, lavish conferences about nothing in picturesque places, and other tangible and intangible benefits. I remember in the 2000s, there was a fashion for one drug with the trade name Rispolept. It doesn't matter whether you had symptoms A, life activity B, weight C, stress D and genetic burden E. And another patient was completely different - Rispolept was always prescribed in wholesale quantities, especially young doctors. In the 2010s, Rispolept suddenly disappeared from prescriptions and Abilify appeared. And I remember 2005, when an almost retired psychiatrist said, after a 1-hour interview that included weighing me, measuring my blood pressure and a very long conversation with me about everything from what I eat, what I do a week and about diseases in the family three generations ago. Then he said - I know that my colleagues would probably give you Rispolept, but I think that an older drug (trilafon) will be suitable for you. And it worked, after stopping Rispolept, I suddenly stopped sleeping on lecture halls during the day, and I started to reason again, as before getting sick. I graduated from two faculties even at the polytechnic. In fact, I got married and had my first child on the Trilafon. You think it was like that and it's not like that anymore - it was a pathology. Just two months ago, like years ago, I saw strangely nicely dressed, smelling, silly young ladies sneaking into doctors' offices for a few minutes. No queues, no scruples and leaving quickly, even stealthily, with a smile on your face - that you will achieve the sales norm again...

We will say that we - the healthy ones - support them - they have pensions... It seems that once every year, two years, at most three years, and the lucky ones for life - they have to appear at the ZUS commission. And then, after a conversation lasting at most thirty minutes, or even ten minutes, a fragrant medical examiner decides whether the patient is sick... Sometimes the doctor is an ophthalmologist or an otolaryngologist. He sees a dirty, stammering patient who hasn't washed himself for a week on purpose and has taken his worst clothes out of the closet... Do you work? - No, maybe sometimes occasionally... Are you physically active? Well, I'm trying? How's sleep? etc. etc. in this pattern. After a few minutes... The doctor says that's all, the decision will arrive by post within 14 days. The patient turns 100 by the end of the month, and it's the tenth. He is waiting for a decision, often borrowing money from other pensioners, family and friends... Finally, there is a decision. REFUSAL. Well, he has had a pension for fifteen years, and suddenly he is healthy - I am writing an appeal, there is a court and an additional three-person commission, including a psychiatrist. For a change, the patient forgot to style himself and washed himself the previous day by mistake... Do you work? - Yes, I am a guard... Are you physically active? - I sleep a lot, even after

hours a day, but he tries to live a normal life... etc. etc. Now the experts are debating and there is a stamp of pension GRANTED. Now wait until the first tranche. The appeal, the court and the commission took only a year... ZUS transferred PLN 15,000 for the past year of the pension due. 10 thousand is debt, 2 thousand is interest, for 2.5 thousand he can finally buy, for example, a computer. And he drank the rest in one day with cheap alcohol, out of happiness, with other pensioners who helped him in his misfortune in recent months...

Fake Climax

Foundations and associations - called NGOs (Public Benefit Organizations) in Poland - also often exploit and cheat - they "fudge" the sick and those in need of help - and this happens all the time. This means that we do not help selflessly, in the long term, in such a way as to actually support the sick, which should be the main goal of these organizations. NGOs help through grants and projects. Which last the longest 2 years and are always intentional. For example, we have 10,000 for a targeted project - improving the physical activity of patients. They had it this way: you had to pay the main coordinator as a full-time employee and three people on a contract for specific work. Someone has to fill out the application forms and then the report. Someone has to organize two trips to the theater for 30 = one hundred people for a year. Someone else is supposed to create the projects, the website, major campaigns, and buy advertising in the mass media. Everyone earns money, especially since they buy drinks, snacks, coffee, etc., etc., which these sick people never see. In fact, the cinema gives them a few extra tickets in the price. The advertising bill is increased by other advertising of the Association or Foundation itself and their other statutory activities. Extra posters or business cards are made - which will serve for 10 years in subsequent projects. Everything's great. There is a grand trip to the cinema, sick people fill out surveys saying it was great because they have never been to a big city and to the cinema! And sometimes it is enough for them to sign, because the NGO gathered only 5 people, not 30. It's difficult... I will write the reason in the report, e.g. that there was not enough time and funds. And the task was completed not 100%, but 30% - but it's still great... Patients tell other patients that there is a great association and that they went to the cinema for the first time in their lives. Then other patients have old brochures and look for information about these wonderful trips to the cinema. And what? The website no longer works, there is no trace of the action. Because the project was only for a year. And even though in the second year there were really 100 applicants - it's nothing! The grant has expired and maybe in a few years we will be able to win the competition for another project - this time for the ZOO. Now go home. The money was crushed. The coordinator has a job, those on a commission contract, and often also patients with a medical certificate, have cotton buds... A splinter or side effect of the entire event were the five people who visited the cinema, who, on the other hand, would buy 5 TV sets and a cinema for that PLN 10,000. they would do at home. Or they would buy books, music, even clothes, because they have been wearing the same coat for 5 years, and they only buy potatoes when they are below 69 groszy, not more...

Critical point

And what are the sick themselves like? Do you think about dirty, smelly people on the street - talking to each other? It's probably the homeless, alcoholics and drug addicts who lost. You think about those press releases, about the guy with the ax who killed someone and was insane. It happens, but research and statistics show that only a small percentage of patients harm others - unfortunately, they are more likely to harm themselves in psychosis or deep depression. I know the story of having all my teeth pulled out with pliers because there was suspicion of spy transmitters or aliens in my teeth. There are plenty of similar stories. And how many suicid

death. Death under the wheels of a car because the patient was distracted and had to escape from spies. Death from exhaustion living in the forest, because everyone is plotting against me. Death after jumping off a cliff into an abyss, because I am Superman and I will fly. On the other hand, suicide, depression or the so-called postpsychotic depression. Suicides and self-harm do occur. I know such people... Many of my friends passed away like this, taking dozens of pills at once in blissful silence...

Or in a lonely basement on a rope. You can also hit a tree with a car. Not to mention the razor blade, shaver and bathtub water. Even on the door handle and shoelace... - believe me - it's possible...

Didaskalia of the disease

And before someone snaps. In his youth, he is talented, well-read, passionate - sometimes he avoids others. Or on the contrary, he is sociable, athletic and physically strong. It comes from the home of a patron, or a police chief, a worker, or an artist. Anyone can get sick... There is full equality here. Rich or poor. In men, the disease occurs statistically earlier than in women, between the ages of 16 and 25. Women are between 25 and 30 years of age. However, these are statistics. I know people who got sick only after they were 50 or even under 16 years of age. Everyone meets in one room, one ward, one hospital. The one who smokes, takes drugs and drinks - and would like to steal everything from everyone because of hunger, but tomorrow the so-called dude with a new shipment of drugs for a visit. And next to him lies the son of an engineer who reads books and was primus inter pares at school. And next to the room, there is the daughter of a TV presenter with an easel and sometimes she gets a pass for architecture exams. A famous rapper marches in the corridor with headphones.

And next to him, like a zombie in a wheelchair, being wheeled by a nurse, a man who jumped off a cliff in psychosis - an ambulance brought him yesterday. Broken hip, one eye popped out, both legs limp. But she laughs through her tears - because she doesn't have to run away anymore.

I met all these people personally - and when I remember them, tears come to my eyes. Then they enter adulthood. If you do not complete your studies, you are left with an index for 1, 2 or 3 years, or even 4. Without a profession. With a daily handful of medications - neuroleptics, stabilizers, antidepressants, benzodiazepines. Lethargic, hungry, unable to remember even what they have just read in the newspaper or book. Always tired and cold - with limited and shallow reactions. More or less like zombies. And the worst thing is that it often stays like this for the rest of their lives. Only some manage to work their way out of it. Very rarely does someone jump on the bandwagon of successful people and forget about everything, and their so-called remission lasts years. And even if they succeed, they are stigmatized as mentally ill, they usually take medications anyway because they are afraid of having an episode, they are afraid of going off again. They hide the secret of their illness while dating, at work, from their extended and even immediate family. It happens that after 20 years of remission and relative life, the disease attacks again because of stress, because of death in the family, because of mobbing at work... They never know the day or hour when they will find themselves again in unlocked toilets and showers, in rooms without door handles. and a checkered view of the sky. And in most cases, it is not possible to return to the healthy axis. And they move around hospitals for months and hospitalizations for years. Too much medication makes the body physically stink. You hear voices in your own head that you should finally kill yourself because it all makes no sense. And despite two failed suicide attempts, sometimes he doubts himself. And he prays that the urge to jump off the balcony will go away, or that there will be many times when you grab a razor blade and put it aside... On certain days, when you lose the point of continuing t

Dialogues with a mirror

You will tell the reader that you do not have us next to you - that you work with "normal" or healthy people, in church you only see nicely dressed, decent neighbors. And your boss or subordinate never has such problems in his life, because you have known him for many years and he is a very good specialist in his field. The secretary is sometimes sad, sometimes she hides too much in the toilet, but you can rely on her because she has the gift of order, she is meticulous and punctual - she respects her work... she is always 30 minutes early at work and the last one to leave. During my career, I have met many people in hospitals, during therapy, and at patient clubs. In the smoking room I made friends with a master of the Pruszkow mafia. Sometimes, when I ran out of cigarettes, a high officer of the Polish Army offered me very expensive cigarettes. On the other hand, there was a certain former wife of a sea captain who never wanted to buy Camels, she said privately that in those Camels she had rolled cigarettes, made of the cheapest tobacco, and she was ashamed of it, because after her husband left her due to her illness, she had to save a lot on a pension. There was also the head of psychiatry from a distant town who was receiving treatment far from home because he hid the fact of his illness all his life because it was possible that he would lose his job. There was also a member of the Gdańsk Shipyard Management Board with a gold watch, who was shaking during alcohol detox. While visiting, I met his wife dressed in an expensive fur coat and his two beautiful daughters. There was a composer before a tour of Japan who came to strengthen himself and escape from the hustle and bustle of the city. There was an actor from the front pages of the newspapers, whom showbiz got rid of, after another psychosis - because they won't risk expensive days of filming if he doesn't appear. He was a rich engineer and also a hacker, and prostitutes pretending to be his aunts spent strangely long periods of time in the men's room with him. Former landscape architect employing 30 people. She was an architecture student, the daughter of a famous architect, who hated all the extra-curricular activities that her father took her to since she could remember anything, and was in a dilemma whether to give up her studies in the 5th year because her father wanted her and she didn't. become an architect. There was a very rich owner of a development company who sometimes escaped from construction sites to the beach to be alone and cry a little. There were drug addicts who knew drugs better than many doctors or pharmacists and discussed how and from whom they could get another plot of money or a pharmacy prescription. And many many others, gray, famous, rich and poor. Who fell ill far out at sea on watch; in London with a wealthy Chinese diplomat; in Washington, where, however, they did not stay despite the offer to become ocean lifeguards or the offer to study at Columbia University with a large scholarship from the Polish community. They got sick when they had families and children. Having much or little. Each of them didn't want it and it completely changed their lives, unfortunately for the worse. Then they are among us - you see them every day - some fight better or worse, some will tell you about it, others will not.

Solving Pandora's box

Remember, you too can get sick... at any time... Mental illnesses have been recognized as one of several civilization diseases. With the high growth dynamics, 10 years ago the indicator showed that about 4% would get sick, today, looking at our children and young people, it can be said that the indicator has already exceeded 10%. There are many reasons, one of them is rush, stress, the pursuit of consumerism, lack of dialogue in homes, lack of breaks for breathing, flood of drugs and synthetic stimulants, apparently several of which flood the world every day in new, unknown forms. Finally, unfortunately, social media. Facebook, Tik-Tok, Snapchats, where there is a constant race to see who looks more beautiful, has more expensive clothes, or who was on vacation.

Monologues with the devil

Finally, about the patients' surroundings. With them, the whole house is sick, the whole family, their children and grandchildren, co-workers at work, close and distant friends - but in a different way... The wife lives in constant fear of when the disease will relapse again - she lives with a ticking bomb that smiles when it ticks, takes care of the children, works, often supporting her and the children. When he doesn't sleep, she can't sleep either. She has memories of her husband's previous psychoses, depression, suicide attempts - all this is remembered and is like a nightmare that is forgotten over the years. However, in the middle of the night or day, the nightmare returns - but it was just a dream. However, one day - an explosion occurs. There are again calls from friends from work that her husband spoke strangely, was seen outside a brothel, or spent his entire salary and credit card debt on unnecessary, compulsive purchases of clothes, electronic gadgets, or even cars in installments. Sometimes an unknown person calls, saying that he is my husband's friend and - will you pay my husband's debts, because he asked and I gave him PLN 50,000. And she prays that he will not mortgage their house or sell it to a notary near a casino in Warsaw. And he just went out on Saturday morning to get cigarettes and didn't come back. Apparently he sleeps in a tent on the beach, hangs out with homeless people in strange clothes and harasses passers-by for cigarettes or a few zlotys for a roll; or talks for no reason. When she calls him, all he hears are loud insults, saying that it's all because of her, that he can't live like this anymore! He insults her from the worst... She doesn't know what to do, she asks her friends for help, they chase him at night on the cobblestones of cities and even in forests. And he runs away like a hunted child, alone without money, hungry and sleep deprived. Everyone tells him on the phone that he hasn't lost it yet - that maybe he should go to the doctor, maybe you should consider going to the hospital - please come back home. And at home, the children are confused, because it is not said that their father or mother are undergoing psychiatric treatment. Adults think it's hard for a child; that it is still too small. Also, you don't do it, because if it gets out, the whole neighborhood, the whole class, will mock them - But children are not stupid, they see more than adults suspect. They see piles of medicines in the closet. And that dad takes some medicine every day. - Dad has cancer, right? Will dad die? - they think to themselves. What kind of medicines are these? After all, they google their names because they don't know what my dad's real illness is. They worry and see different states when their father suddenly stops behaving and looking like their daddy. They keep it to themselves, they consult something with their older siblings - they experience trauma...

What about daddy's work? Well, nothing, but before the police car took him away, he was throwing monitors at the walls on the so-called openspace (author's note: large office space used in corporations with so-called cubicles, i.e. small cardboard and glass work areas for each employee). He was talking nonsense and sent an e-mail addressed to all several thousand employees of his corporation, saying that they are fucking hypocrites, most of them unfit for their positions; he's fed up and fucks them and this job!

For a few weeks they had seen him behaving more and more strangely, they didn't know what to do, they wanted to help him somehow, but day by day, hour by hour, they were more and more afraid of him - and he was silently calling for help. He noticed that he was somehow less liked, fewer and fewer people wanted to drink morning coffee with him at the coffee machine. He was suddenly not invited to go out for lunch (author's note - a meal while working in the city). He was alone. He was delusional. Until it exploded... A crack, and the whole laptop flew onto the wall. Calm down - there was quite a stir in the office - we want to help you, don't be afraid! I am scared? Am I acting strange? - he shouted - look at yourselves, soulless robots... Ok, that's it - the nervous manager grabs his cell phone and dials the number for building security...

Scenes with Pilate

Of course, the law many years ago provided an article with a paragraph that says that if a person poses a threat to himself and others, he can be treated without his consent... The hearings are in absentia, but the wife calls 112 - I'm listening - the husband is missing, he is dangerous to himself and surroundings - he destroyed our apartment in my absence, the neighbors are terribly afraid! The children in the block haven't left their homes for a week - we all live in fear... Yes, but we can't do anything - replies the police. Even in the system I see that my husband had a criminal record and got a ticket yesterday because he urinated in a public place on a monument in the square. But he acted normal. Besides, he's an adult... The doctor would have to intervene and declare him insane, but that can't be done - it doesn't work like that, ma'am, we can arrest a person off the street because another person claims he is a threat. Unfortunately, we can't do anything... Or rather, where should we come, where is my husband? I don't know - replies the helpless wife and hangs up sobbing.

She had to run away with her children to her parents - because she is afraid for them and her life - but she still loves her and worries at night about where he might be. Whether in a brothel, or with slackers in some deserted place, or hungry lying on the pavement of big cities. Do you get lost in the forest - run ahead... Everyone wants to help him, but he doesn't accept help. Because they are conspiring, they want to lock me up, they are wrong - as he repeats the mantra while running blindly.

A real high-life, he lives in the moment - shopping, traveling, giving away clothes, money, expensive alcohol in the city... Carpe Diem!

But with each moment, as a result of psychosis, he loses hundreds of thousands of connections in his brain, which burns like a napalm jungle... he falls into the abyss.

Peace in a straightjacket

Finally, his car speeding over 200 km/h on highways, off-road roads, unknown villages and cities. Finally it stops, no one knows where - it runs out of fuel. He gets out and continues walking. He did something big or small. Or, silently calling for help, with the last of his strength, without sleeping for several days, he sees the police station. He will be safe here. But they will lock him up and arrest him, and they will surely take him to a mental institution. So he spreads out his jacket in the parking lot and lies down - he will probably be safe near the police station. He will spend the night and move on... Unfortunately, the closest place to the police building is the commissioner's place. After 10 minutes, the commissioner himself invites him to his place, escorted by 3 policemen. A short conversation, they check the evidence for the so-called drum. Well, he has yellow papers... - What do you have in your bag? We will take care of you. Two undercover officers in an unmarked car take him to a nearby hospital and a psychiatric ward. There, the doctor saw him with dark circles under his eyes, wearing white pants with black dots, women's sandals and a red mohair beret found somewhere in the garbage. He doesn't have to ask anything anymore. And the gibberish theories and multi-threaded nature of the story finally confirm... He already knows everything. We have to admit you to the ward, the older doctor orders firmly. A fight breaks out, a completely innocent second doctor is hit, the emergency room is completely destroyed... More officers are coming. In several cases, they knock him to the ground and strangle him with a police thong... Miraculously, they don't press his throat, because with his last breath of consciousness he turns his neck to the side. In the meantime, an injection of haloperidol and a tranquilizer...

He wakes up a few days later, in a psychiatric hospital, in a ward right next to the nurses' station - in a straightjacket, tied to a hospital bed. Where am I? - he asks with dry lips.

Final act

In the ward, doctors put his burnt brain back on his feet... Intoxicated with neuroleptics and other happiness pills, he shuffles along the corridor like Frankenstein, or sleeps. In a crowded ward, in musty rooms. I wash with difficulty in baths without locks on the doors and think little, seeing the sky for months only from behind bars...

Then there is the tediousness of getting up from your knees, the fear of looking into your eyes the wronged - his wife, co-workers, colleagues and himself in the broken particles of the mirror.

And then, being left alone at home, he unfastened his belt, climbed onto the stool and fastened it meticulously fastening the belt on the hook of the chandelier... He thought for a moment and started to cry...

Afterword

Everyone, everyone, has a note of "madness" in them, which slowly detonates as a result of stress at a job they don't like, family quarrels, teenage loneliness and past traumas - which suddenly focus in the lens of crisis and burst into flames.

And you could be the next one to be - there.

Gdańsk, 15/09/2023

Nickname: JaPA

www: web.puczat.pl/wp/blogs/japa