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Wheel of Future

I have been very **sad** ever since Patrick died in October. I try not to dwell on it, but the entire situation has caused me to be in an almost constant state of **despair**. I've learned that this is what **grieving** feels like. My grief is causing me to be sad, with despair as an additional component. Grieving is a very complex experience. I don't think many people realize how complicated it can be and how much it can actually take from a person unless you have experienced it yourself. Grief is inevitable, but I can try to focus on the positive to avoid being sad.

I felt **disgusted** when I heard the details of what happened to my friend. The reality of it was more than **awful**, and I would not wish that pain on anyone. My trusted source supplied information so gut wrenching, that I instantly became **nauseated**. I even had to go lay down because it felt like I might pass out. Yes, the event was truly awful, but it has occurred to me that my nausea was actually my disgust physically manifesting itself. Next time I will avoid hearing the tragic details. If I don't want to be disgusted, there are some things that are better left unknown.

It made me **angry** when I found out that my best friend lied to me. When the truth finally came out, it was **humiliating**. She made me look like a total fool. I had never felt so **disrespected** in my life. Today, I realize that when I feel as though I have been disrespected, it makes me angry. The humiliation I experienced was just an accompanying factor. Anger is an emotion I can avoid by being more mindful about the people I chose to associate with.

When I have a severe panic attack, I become paralyzed with **fear**, convinced that I am dying, and need emergency medical care. In fact, the first time it ever happened to me, I was absolutely certain that I had been electrocuted. It was so scary; I actually did go to the emergency room. Now, they randomly appear out of nowhere, cause my heart rate to dangerously increase, and make it difficult for me to breathe. I'm aware that if my **anxiety** is high from getting **overwhelmed** with school, or **worrying** about things I can't control, then the probability of me having one goes up. Obviously, feeling overwhelmed and worrying triggers me to have panic attacks. Anxiety is an additional symptom. One way I can lower my risk of having a panic attack is asking for help when I need it to prevent me from worrying and/or getting overwhelmed.

I recall last semester not being so great, and I felt **bad** about not performing to my own standards. Working seven days a week and taking four classes I try to remember not to be so hard on myself about it. All my responsibilities left me extremely **tired** and this really affected my ability to **focus**. In hindsight, my inability to focus resulted in me not performing my best last semester, which ultimately made me feel bad about myself. This could have been easily prevented by taking more time to rest, taking less class hours, and decreasing my work load.

I was **surprised** when my Mom purchased me a ticket to Las Vegas for an impromptu girl only New Year's trip. Having the ability to get away for a few days was **exciting**. After the four days were over and we returned home, I was way more **energetic** with my daily routine. My energy levels were restored by our very unplanned and surprising trip to Las Vegas. Next time I need an energy boost, I will do something like this again.

I remember feeling **happy** about having the time to take an entire day to drive North to see a beautiful sunflower field and use my new digital camera. My heart was so **content** that day. I don't know if I'll ever experience feeling that **free** again. Freedom triggers contentment and happiness for me. If I want to feel happy, I must find things that do not hold me back. I will work towards being happier by doing more things that feed my soul.