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Growing Through Conflict: My Journal of Overcoming Adversity

Conflict is an inevitable aspect of life, a force that tests our resilience and hardens our character. I must admit that sharing your internal disputes is not easy, but sometimes it is necessary. So, I will start with a period where I experienced a dilemma between joy and happiness during the adolescent transformation period.

Throughout my journal:

My overcoming conflict started when I was in middle school. I was snowed under pressure with many things, which gave me so much weight of the world on my shoulders. It was hard for me to withstand in that situation. It was like a black hole that sucks you inside. Too much anxiety and stress or even panic attacks. It was the worst thing I ever experienced at that moment in my life.

Imagine you have a beautiful flower. But if you put it into a different environment, the colourful petals begin to fall after a while. That is precisely how I felt during the pandemic: stuck in the middle of nowhere.

Those years of transformation were scary and brought me too much stress and tears. Negative thoughts overwhelmed me, and I felt like giving up. It seemed the best option. At least, I thought it was. With my heavy bag of insecurities and self-doubt, I tried to hold up, but it was hard. I always felt like I couldn't do it anymore. The weight of these negative thoughts and self-pressure overwhelmed me, making me feel incapable. My mind was a whirlwind of self-doubt, like planets orbiting the sun.

Finally, I found myself hovering on the edge of burnout. Suddenly, in the middle of the school year, I realized that I needed to find the root of my inner conflict. I was racing around so much that I could not catch up with my life.

I decided to try again, this time with the support of my family and friends, who helped me a lot. I embraced my challenge against a big battle with anxiety and stress. I found myself healing and supporting positive things like listening to music or reading books.

Overcoming this conflict was not as easy as I thought. I still have many negative thoughts dancing around my head for years. However, I learnt how to cope with mixed feelings, and I am proud of myself. It felt like a big battle where I was about to lose, but I didn't give up so easily this time.

Another conflict I faced was during my teenage years at 13. I was constantly stressed and overwhelmed, often crying at night, unable to cope with the pressure. I was broken into small pieces, and it was not easy to put everything together.

When I finally acknowledged the truth, I chose to be honest with myself after years of self-deception. It wasn't easy at first, as it demanded patience and self-reflection. However, thanks to respectful words and understanding, I got back on my feet again.

Thanks to my dear friend, who always had time for me and always was ready to lend me a friendly shoulder. My family has been a great support to me as well. I am grateful for their help and presence, which prevented me from giving up when I was on the verge.

Finally, I began to fight with all that had held me captive for so long. Slowly but surely, I began to break free from that black hole I had been in for a long time, which was filled with self-doubt and serious depression. I have filled again with the colours of life.

Conflict may be inevitable, but our response to it defines who we are and shapes our future. This experience taught me not to close myself in and not to be alone with my thoughts. I learned how to ask for support and say aloud about my feelings. I learned how to celebrate small victories every single day. I appreciated the things I got. I worked hard and finally did it. I become stronger and stronger every time I have to challenge my battles. Finally, I got a second wind and felt relief.