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Comprehending depression in Youth!

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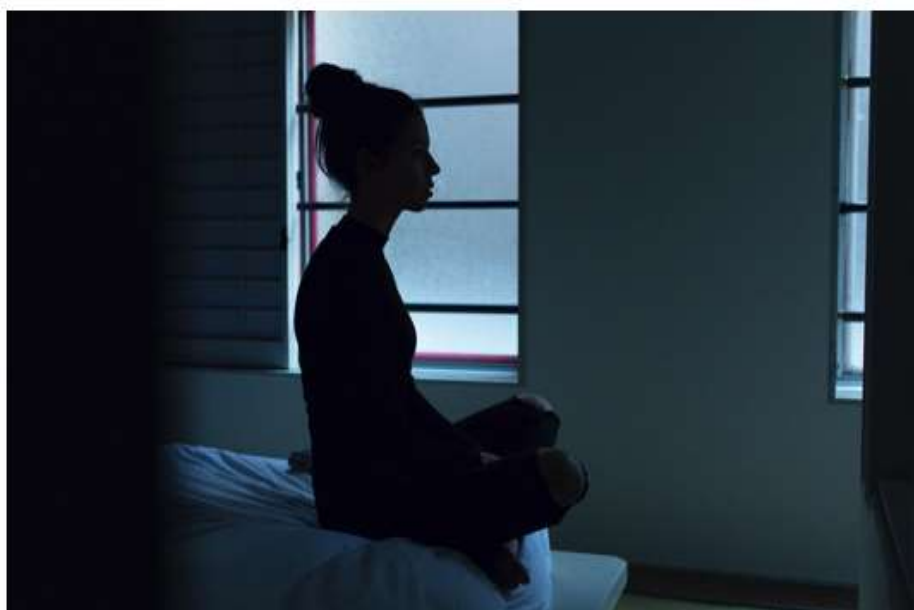
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ABSTRACT

Depression has well been foreseen as the major cause of death in some 5-6 years to come, surpassing cancer, stroke, accidents, you name it! A precarious malady, of which regrettably not much can be done on a preventive front. Well, everyone seems to go through depression - everyone, from the maniac laborer on highly low wages to someone you follow on Instagram or Twitter (though the intensity is manageable enough most of the times)! But can something really be done about it in the first place?

Well, I would simply love to share my piece of experience with being an inexorable slave to the incessant mania, and helplessness. These won't certainly be the words of a doctor. However, the primary inclination of whatever would go on further would always be towards helping you out with a few tools that I feel I have managed to gather down the road. I do feel that I have emerged victorious over such a bipolar disorder (fingers crossed - for at least I have been able to write on it!), and by now, I have fairly been able to acclimatize myself with a few poignant repercussions as well.

Keywords: *Depression, Medicines, Exposure.*



WHAT RESULTS IN DEPRESSION?

Well, I don't really know! I mean, it's pretty much a notorious subject to give your views on, but I certainly don't have any. I have been enquired a lot on the Whys, by stupid fascinations of many around me, but I haven't really been able to make it to a concrete answer. I have just quibbled them over back to their work.

So, would it have been genetic? To be honest enough, my Dad didn't even know much of depression until it pounced on to grab his son, and now, almost four years hence, my whims in the process have propelled him to earn a Masters in the subject!

Early this morning, I was skimming through The Huffpost and I stumbled upon this fascinating [article](#) by Johann Hari. Well, he is good enough to highlight those reasons that might well lead to such a crash, and his insights are indeed worth an applause. Note that *each one has been deduced from a peculiar, unique scenario* - an extract poured over out of a routine life. The oppressive, echoing mania is what supposedly governs the possible reason you might zero in, as Johann does. Pretty much comprehensible!

You might well sense that precariousness in my disposition, right? Primarily because just as a paracetamol is believed to cure a mild pain or a fever over a defined span, there is no such prescribed drug that could deal with such a mental disorder on the therapeutic front. Neither you have a medical examination so far that could reveal your crash in the first place, just as something as a horrifyingly high sugar level guides you through the indispensability of a diabetes treatment. A corresponding treatment for depression, pretty much, unfortunately, has to involve a drug schedule grounded on trials and errors. And you cannot help it. It had to call for a whopping three years of mental turmoil before my psychiatrist could suggest in a felicitous drug schedule for my exhausted mind. As if this was not enough, it is perhaps only the drug schedule that eventually turns out to be prolific in a way - the combination of the prescribed drugs to be gulped in at appropriate times, and not a particular drug in itself!



Coming back to the [article](#), well, a few reasons pretty much reveal the familiar junctions that might lead to such a dreary road - an agonizing past refusing to shed down in oblivion, an inveterate grudge, maybe an insurmountable abhorrence, or even an unanticipated infidelity - all of them! With me, however, *my Doc still seems skeptical enough when it comes to zeroing a reason for my crash*. Mind you, this is much more a question of the intricacy and the complexity engulfing such a malady, than the competency of any one psychiatrist.

What I have been compelled to come upon is that there might not really be a reason for someone to go into a depression - the most severe of it so to say! Well, I may be wrong and I do wish to be so, with those sophisticated advances in mental health science promising a good deal of hope. Most experts concluded that I didn't really hold a reason for my crash. Not a single pragmatic reason to declare as culpable. And one contradiction is probably enough for an established rubric to get refuted!

Though again, I was jarringly justifiable enough to glue the affliction to a possible cause. Here's my story in a brief.

'Upon my groundless approbation, my Dad chose to send this horrifyingly introvert guy that I was to Mumbai, hoping for a possible cultivation of a sense of bonhomie in me. I do appreciate him for his foresight even today -- a much-required attempt to push me out of my comfort zone! Here I was then, some 90 miles away from my parents, to pursue a degree in Engineering. It had been so for the very first time in 18 years! I can well recollect the euphoria I had been pumped in with and was eager to experience the life away from home. But pretty much infelicitously, the novelty didn't drive me for many days. It wore off much much sooner. I began developing an abhorrence towards the wanton rearing of my chums, their lascivious propensities, the wicked mentalities they had been pervertedly haughty of - the in-depth vibe there at the hostel to be honest! I eventually found myself landing in seclusion, rather a much-favored one.

This did, in a way challenge the intrinsic purpose of my sojourn there, along with the prudence and the dedication required in order to succeed. Moreover, the inferiority complex I had, much more fortified by the tyrannizing stutter, didn't allow me to beget a camaraderie with those in the class as well. I can well recollect practicing 'Present, Ma'am!' for the daily attendance every morning in the hostel washroom.

Meanwhile, I began sniffing around for a justification to my isolation, and I found the answer in the animals around! Dogs, to be precise, as they were the ones you could come across on the streets. Over time, I began developing an intemperate and an unbridled sympathy-driven affection towards the tormenting lives the stray dogs had been afflicted with, here in India in particular. My uphill sensitivity made me an insomniac and what really had bogged me down, was my sheer helplessness in this regard. I remember a pup breathing it's last in my hands - recollecting that still smears out a shuddering emotion all over my senses. I had given in everything I could, holding a pertinacious resistance to the glaring likelihood of its death. A few more very similar instances were enough in expediting a possibility in my spirits. A recuperation out of such a psychological upheaval indeed seemed to be far-flung, and by now, my emotional binge had certainly announced a sovereignty over my consciousness. I had been left aghast over what I had to combat out, and it conclusively became a grueling of a task for me to roam the streets. I realized this to be abnormal in every possible way. What if I come across yet another struggling animal, and as usual (as it had become), couldn't help it convalesce out of the morbidity? Well, it prevails out to be a baffling question to which I still have no answer!

This is how I had elucidated my background to the psychiatrist my Mom had forcibly brought me to.

She needed a quick understanding of what was happening. And very much coincidentally, she was herself undergoing a three-year-old depression therapy. I do acknowledge today, that I have been fortunate enough to have a congenial personality in the shoes of a therapist -- I have seen much slips with this in the first place! He made me believe over the years to come that having an affable doctor to help you out with your crash does hold of a paramount importance in the protracted process of recovery. He made me realize over the entire first year of his consultation, though I don't really align with what he said, that it was ONLY my exalted intrinsic receptiveness towards all those mundane adversities that has compelled me to land in a very much obvious quandary of helplessness, and the corresponding predicament of depression. Maybe, he was correct.

As far as the receptivity quotient goes, well, it has been enduring since man became conscious enough to sense out his evolution. Every damn thing here has a fringe to adhere to; if it becomes unrestrained and undisciplined, it has to become insurgent! And pretty much dismally, we can't really help a few things becoming so, even if we get endowed with a possible choice of cognizance.



That's what probably it should be with depression I guess!

The vantage point from where I go on connecting the dots today compels me to believe that probably, it was the extraordinarily augmented separation anxiety that might have led to the crash. What if I hadn't moved down to Mumbai? And pursued whatever I wanted to by living with my parents? I might not have been suffering from what I am today. Well, this analysis does seem pretty much obvious - manifested in the story itself. But not to my psychiatrist - he still adheres to his comprehension! He keeps on making his point clear - depression mustn't really give a shit to any damn thing; it just has to come, and leave!

Anyways, he is the expert here.

Secondly, for me, my graduation is only reminiscent of those solicitations and clamors, intended towards nothing but just dropping out of college, as no other alternative seemed to work for us. Even a song imbuing a pensive theme seemed strong enough for me to start weeping - it was indeed a complete emotional drench! Though every time my Dad managed to persuade me to simply continue paddling over (he wasn't really concerned of the grades at all, though he was certainly aware that it wouldn't be that simple for his suffering son) and reminding me of my calibre over and over again, something had been getting worsened inside me, day by day, something which none of us were able to perceive back then! It was indeed a test of my resilience. And I did score badly in that.

Now, what if my parents would have complied with my request? What if I had dropped out of college? Was that really the answer? Would I have not fallen prey to the disorder then? Well, to be honest, I still ponder over that vague answer, as it continues to be elusive of me.

THE BRANCHES!

Let's resume the story again.

'So here I was, inveighing up to my Mom against going away 90 miles to college, for a reason she was yet ignorant of.

I didn't really wish to confront any more of the adversities the strays had been dwelling in. I didn't wish to confront any more of the newly born pups, getting masticated under the whipping, bulky vehicles! My neural stimulations compelled me to confine myself in my room, for days. I knew that it was an excruciating mania, but I just couldn't help it.

Meanwhile, I embraced a few unwonted obsessions -- pretty much inadvertently! I tried hard for the How, but I can't really recollect. I developed something like a brawny possessiveness towards almost everything that belonged to me -- from my ball pen, my eraser, the blank paper of my long book, the rubber bands I had, my bed, the overhanging threads off whatever I put on, to the hair on my body!

I can well remember compiling my hair smeared over the floor and swallowing them up, just because I perceived them to be in tears if I would be leaving them alone! I can recall spending a complete hour in looking out for my lost eraser. I can remember reassuring myself of the door being locked a thousand times, before leaving out for work. I still go on wiping out the floor over and over again every time I come across even a modicum of smirch. Much more profoundly, I began cultivating within me a perception of insecurity as the only child to my parents -- well, to be honest, I always feigned of those dark clouds of jeopardy hovering over my Mom & Dad, and of course, over those poor animals! That has indeed called for a mental turmoil to win over.'

Well, all this weird stuff, the overruling anxiety and the consequent exasperation, associates with what are known as **Obsessive & Compulsive related Disorders(OCD)**, to which I didn't pay much heed back then. *I didn't consider going to a psychiatrist.* Joining those dots today, I believe that *it was indeed my nonchalant disposition that reflects on where my OCD stands now.* Still not completely healed! So, as my Doc has to say, *OCD can generally be repelled upon quite comprehensively, when it still is an infant!*



I urge you to note this down since it is this very inordinate anxiety that goes on pestering you all the way down, simultaneously in a way, aggravating your bipolar disorder. That's what happened with me. Depression ostensibly seems to be a huge tree with a few branches, and with me, OCD was certainly one of those doggedly stuck ones! For you, the branch might be something else. Remember that there are many out there to advertise your abnormality, it is just a question of what YOU end up doing about that!

THE POSSIBLE TOOLS!

If you are indeed very depressed, you will not really care whatever shit I would be going on writing. I myself didn't. Primarily because your depression would heinously inhibit you from exhibiting a rational demeanor!

In the most barbaric cases of such an atrocity over the mind, the emanation is likely to be a self-immolation. Suicide! Suicide, out of sheer helplessness!

But, **JUST HANG ON!**

I would candidly love to admit it here, that *though you have been inflicted with such suicidal vibes, believe me, this is something which has to **PASS!*** Such an infliction is indeed very much anticipatory, if you are under depression, but giving yourself to it, isn't.

Just go out with your dogs for a stroll; indulge in a few hanky-panky acts that could make you smile; a dinner date if possible with your girlfriend; or just like me - glue yourself to a sofa, do just nothing, permit your mind to ponder over those obnoxious anxieties for hours. Yeah, go on with that, no worries!

Make it a point to recollect what you have always enjoyed, and try doing that, even if it turns out to be ephemeral enough....



*But don't just surrender yourself to this interim period - just kick away anything on the butt that goes on judging your life, even if that's you yourself! Simply because the passing clouds don't hold the gallantry required in defaming the glare of the Sun! Believe me, as Prince Ea goes on emphasizing, **THIS TOO SHALL PASS!***

Look, I know you make it out to yourself to go to the club in the evening, but just can't. You encourage yourself to have a shower, but some dark matter pulls you back. You promise to be good to your Mom & Dad and to your partner, but end up making a mess of the tender bond you share with them. You tend to lose the eroticism necessary for a healthy sex life with your partner. Moreover, your obsessions and compulsions, if you have them (the branch, remember?), appear to be those horrendous beasts checking you out on your patience. You weep and you scream out of hopelessness and maybe, out of a paranoia, as I did. You know that you are being a nutjob, a spoilt brat intending to wreak mayhem - people are good enough to interpret you that way!

And moreover, the guilt goes on sucking you. The burden goes on throbbing your mind, and you eventually lock yourself up in your room, with possibly an irretrievable stupor!

Well, pretty much unfortunately and rather unproductively, you do need to confront the turmoil. You need to just be patient enough for this phase to pass, and stop apprehending it to be in any way perennial, even if you can't make it believe so!

Phew!

Just calm down for a moment. Breathe in. Breathe out.

Let's come to a few tools as I had promised, which you need to abide by in this protracted process of a holistic healing. That's what you must aim for - holistic healing! And don't worry, your parents also have a side note to comply with.

● AIM FOR SMALLER GOALS

This is what I discovered as a gift of 2018, from a family doctor, though it does call for a modicum of your willpower to adapt. Indeed very prolific! Aim for smaller goals....

This is a very effete condition of your mind, which you have to accept. Aiming for smaller goals would raise the probability of achievement, which in turn would help in retrieving back the lost confidence.

Remember that this is pretty much like recovering from a trauma, and you need to at least abide by the required sagacity when it comes to the healing part.

What could be the small goals then? Check the list out...

- 1) I will go for a 20 minutes stroll with my pet(s) in the park close to my house, every morning.
- 2) I will water my garden for half an hour every alternate day.
- 3) I will play as much as I can with my pet(s).
- 4) I will try reading a book/newsletter for 5 minutes.
- 5) I will try writing something down for 5 minutes.
- 6) I will go with my Mom for a 15 minutes walk in the woods, every evening.
- 7) I will catch up with my friends every evening, for at least half an hour.
- 8) And many more....

The duration could well be increased depending on your improvement patterns.

FOR THE PARENTS

The parents do play a big role here. You are responsible for keeping that willpower alive in your depressed child. You have to be proactive here, and equally hopeful as well, as it does take only a moment to turn things around. Help your child with achieving those small goals and don't forget to clap on every tiny step ahead! In pretty much a similar way, you could add in a few more tasks which you feel would be prolific for your child, beginning with a generous allotment of time. After all, no one knows your child as good as you do.

● HESITATE FROM DELVING INTO THE FUTURE

Sounds good?

Nah! You really can't.

But for the sake of the patient you are, you have to.

Look, I don't really remember when those dark clouds of melancholia started hovering over me. What I do, is that I couldn't attend the final year of my engineering at all! A bit of my story again.

Fortunately, a tiny little group of my college staff was supportive enough to persuade the hard-boiled principal to allow me for the semester examinations. The scaffold that my Dad ensured me of very much showcased the benignity of a father; he never used to leave me alone! He used to drop me for the college formalities and we two used to reside at the employee guest house of his company, away from home in Mumbai. With the flow, everything had been going on well and as anticipated. I have no regrets in asserting that it was only because of my Dad that I was able to cross the line.

Today, though I am a year short, I am happy with exploring out my flair for writing, and I am looking forward to an entrance as well, in order to pursue a career in Cosmology, something which I had always dreamt of!

The optimism my Dad had in his approach, amidst that vibe of precariousness, does call for a persevering mindset. He kept on backing me up with his words of experience - Life is long enough to keep caring about a few years; every moment holds the guts to mark a new beginning.'

I have nothing to say for you. I hope that I have been able to prod your exhausted mind to give a few of your perceptions a second thought. Well, the cognizance is enough to beget an emotion of reprisal and believe me, you are then done with everything - it is this emotion that always assures to bring the best in you. After that, you just need to enjoy the first streak of good luck.

FOR THE PARENTS

I know that you do wish your child to come out of this phase. I understand.

Though I do expect that you all might have got the idea so far. Just believe in your child. Everything else will happen with the flow. Allow him/her to move on gradually with anything he/she adores doing. I agree, that this might well land you in a state of despondency, but try not to manifest that with your exorbitant avarice in this regard. Allow time to take its time!

And a few years lost is certainly not a big deal, but a life certainly is. For a patient experiencing such a crash, even a slight misunderstanding is enough for a dreadful strangle!

As this is pretty much a delicate phase your child has been going through, do make sure that you don't burden him/her with what YOU comprehend to be rational. Depression won't really allow him/her to exhibit a logical pattern of behavior.

I know you care for your kid. And I strongly wish that you don't require this. But still, I need to make that evident enough....

Look, stop comparing your child with others; it would evidently be an untenable and an immature approach on your part - I mean, the comparison is in itself a filthy gesture, but you are doing that to a vagabond and an already perturbed mind! To be frank enough, this would get deciphered as a psychological abandonment as far as your child is concerned. Depression would then be glad enough to grab him/her away from you, forever! I know that's harsh on my part, but that's what it is - you have to bear the fruit.

• TRY TO BE THE MOST IN THE COMPANY OF ANIMALS

Now, what to say on that? You know this - even science says that [animals are the most handy weapons when it comes to combating mental disorders](#). Primarily because of their *ability to divert!* And diversion is what is exactly needed. So why not go on with that?

Dogs are supposedly the best of all to help you with your crash. They love to cuddle, and can easily please anyone. I would go with the Labrador Retriever as possibly a handy choice because I myself have had an ample of assistance with my depression from Harry, my Labrador. They amuse you with their wags, and their benevolence and loyal companionship are fair augmentations on the therapeutic front as well. That's what every psychiatrist suggests. Moreover, unlike others, they are in no way judgemental!



The more the number of animals and birds around, the more receptive the patient might well become the underlying positive vibe, which is what is needed. And animals would never let you down, take my word!

FOR THE PARENTS

Just bring a poodle in! Or a cat, maybe? A pig is as much lovable as a dog, mind you - the most intelligent of all! And animals are good stress busters indeed - good for everyone.

They do deserve a paramount importance in the sluggish lives of mentally afflicted people out there. Moreover, you would generously contribute towards giving a poor soul a deserving home!

● DON'T EVER CEASE TO HAVE THE PRESCRIBED MEDICINES

Well, this is pretty much of a subtle significance!

I know. I know it's pretty much discouraging and frustrating enough to gulp in those pills without any improvement getting conspicuous.

But the scenario for now with mental health science is that it cannot really predict which of those pills would at least curb the symptoms of one particular sufferer. You have to simply rely on the prowess of a particular drug schedule that apparently seems to asymptote towards possibly the most accurate remedy. With me, such a 'play' lasted for almost three years, before my Doc stumbled upon the correct group. And I am relieved of my depression at least for now. Now, this is pretty much a validation, so to speak. And if you are good enough to meditate over this very fringe of our ignorance, you could possibly continue to remain nothing but hopeful!

Hopeful? I wasn't at all. I was like, I am one of those very few who have been punished for an offense persecuted somewhere in the heavens. I had dispelled all the hope in the world of a possible recuperation. I don't know on how many occasions, I have beamed those pills into the garbage and hurled contumelies at my Mom out of something like a paranoia compelling me to perceive that I had been bamboozled! Signs of distrust chipping in. I don't know how much I have inadvertently hurt my Mom & Dad.

Anyways.

If you are much like me, then founding on the hindsight that I have, you must probably be on the legitimate path.

But there is a catch here with the pills - Most of the antidepressants bear a soporific advantage.

Advantage? Yes! It is the unconsciousness during a sound sleep which is supposed to act as a temporary healer; it subdues the proliferating aggression and soothes you down - one of the intrinsic pros of most of the antidepressants. Just to avoid something consternating to happen during that crunch moment of the rebellious emotion of aggression. Most psychiatrists tend to give a 'crisis' pill as well for the same reason, to patients with severe depression.

I gulped in many of those 'crisis' pills during all those distressing years, that helped me mold all my forlorn hope into the placidity of a sound sleep.

Evidently, it is so that the effect does last a reasonable amount of time even after you wake up!

Out of whatever I have elucidated so far, this is what I am urging you to adhere to - Do have the prescribed medication on time. A disobedience in this regard would drive you nowhere. Do not ever bring in a halt in this peculiar routine, as the appeased crash is bound to rebel back.

Yes! Rebel back at you. And believe me that is indeed very much horrifying. The backfire can well turn out to be a catastrophic nightmare! Don't miss the schedule of your pills at all. Mind you, the quelled depression takes only a day or two to slap you back. And, repeating again, it's indeed very much horrifying to go through the process all over again.

Better to stick to the pills, right? Much right.

Whatever you may feel and whatever those deceiving blogs may claim, you have to comply to what the Doc and your parents say, as far as the medication is concerned. My holistic healing is an epitome of the prowess the pills hold, though it does call for a hefty patience all the way through!

FOR THE PARENTS

You do have a big role to play here. And I mean it.

Your kids are more likely to get bogged down with the endurance required out of such a malady, the chronicity lying in the deep-seatedness of the same. But you are good enough to lend them a consoling shoulder, right? Right.

It was my parents who collectively looked for my drug schedule to get followed. I used to detest the acarpous routine before it really clicked this year.

And though this might seem a big deal, it isn't. Comprehensive discussions in this regard with the patient do help a lot. The helplessness must at least allow the patient to be complying enough to understand the requirement of a drug schedule.

For that, the way you communicate with the patient in every manner - the degree to which you are able to refine his/her possibly hopeless perceptions, turns out to be eventually delivered.

I hope you understand what I mean! Family conferences, not a big deal.



.... ON THE GOOD NOTE!

The best you can do as a patient is - try to be positive. Try to be amidst those who genuinely love you. Run hard from those who are just going on blatantly highlighting their ignorance with their stupid suggestions.

Well, parents do play a prodigious role in your healing. Your Mom & Dad are the ones on whose backing you have to move on! Or your spouse or a friend, maybe?

Self-control and sheer consciousness would be difficult on the part of the patient to encompass, but they certainly hold the calibre to do wonders.

Like, if you would go on cultivating a *train of affirmations* in your mind, and go on believing in '**THIS TOO SHALL PASS**', and saying '**EVERYTHING**

HAS TO BE OKAY' to yourself, I am pretty much certain that [the chemical imbalance in your brain responsible for this crash](#) (as many psychiatrists CLAIM), *would be assisted in coming back on track!* Well, don't really know how (I know we are not getting into that!), but yes, if it is so, then *that's indeed a very good news*. Though I honestly couldn't make it, but it could well be done on the therapeutic front.

Recently, my Doc has suggested to get this [test](#) done, though he has asked us to wait for a month. It might suggest the most accurate pills that would work for a depression patient, founding on a thorough genetic analysis! Well, it might not be a novice idea at all, but a few psychiatrists are still raising eyebrows over its viability. But, a ray of hope for certain!

Next, you can follow this channel called [Polar Warrior on YouTube](#). This guy has been a bipolar himself, and he goes on guiding the depressed population with his articulate hindsight on the subject. Believe me, no need to be a nomad on the IoT! Robert Whittaker is what he is called, and he has indeed been doing a fabulous job. Hope you do the needful.

And yes, wish you all the good luck.

I would love to hear from you on anything related to this - your success stories, the challenges you overcame, people who genuinely stood by your side, maybe your parents or friends have something to share - everything, and anything!

Kindly get in touch with me [here](#).