

BPD

Borderline Personality Disorder: a mental disorder

Trigger Warning: self harm, suicide

Kathryn Baker

Appearance:

Hair: *natural blonde*

Eyes: *green, bright*

Mouth: *thin lips, slightly crooked teeth*

Height: *4ft 2in*

Weight: *56 pounds*

Face shape/size: *tear drop, soft jawline*

Skin Tone: *pale*

Body: *skinny, slim*

Age: 8

Sex: *female*

Schooling level: *primary (3rd)*

Country: *United States (Michigan)*

Ethnicity: *Caucasian*

Sexuality: *straight*

Social Status: *n/a*

Occupation: *school*

Hobby: *basketball, chalk, minecraft*

Incident:

Saturday, February 15, 2014

Time to go to sleep. I begin to feel my heart inside my chest. It beats *and beats and beats*. I feel like crying. I think about it. I can't cry in front of my friends. My basketball team. Classmates. I was finally going to survive a sleepover. Tonight was the night. *Why is it not so easy?* We line our sleeping bags across the birthday girl's bedroom floor. I go last. I'm closest to the door. I can do this. "Goodnight!" I turn over. *Go to sleep*. I can't. *Go to sleep*. It doesn't work. I stare at the ceiling. The crevices make shapes. I focus on making shapes until my eyes close. But 28 seconds later, they're peeled, wide open (staring at the rhino on the ceiling). I look at the clock. *I must've been out for at least a few hours*. It's still 11:58. *What am I going to do? I hate myself. I can't leave, they'll hate me. They'll leave me. I'll never be invited over again.* My breathing pattern changes *and changes and changes*. I feel each breath as it enters my lungs. I text

Sunday, February 16, 2014

Mom. She doesn't respond. I exhaust Instagram. An hour passes. I open my text messages. Nothing. *What do I do?* I let out a tear. My face burns red. I tiptoe down the steps. The living room is empty. Quiet. Too quiet. And it's dark. I walk back up and wait patiently for Mom to text. She never does. *I hate myself. No one has ever hated something as much as I*

hate myself. I walk back downstairs. Knock on her mom's door. Open it. Slowly. "I don't feel so good. Can you take me home?"

Kathryn Baker

Appearance:

Hair: *browning*

Eyes: *green*

Mouth: *thin lips, braces*

Height: *4ft 11in*

Weight: *98 pounds*

Face shape/size: *tear drop, soft-ish jawline*

Skin Tone: *pale-ish*

Body: *skinny, slim*

Age: *12*

Sex: *female*

Schooling level: *secondary (7)*

Country: *United States (Michigan)*

Ethnicity: *Caucasian*

Sexuality: *straight*

Social Status: *basketcase*

Occupation: *school*

Hobby: *basketball, writing, crying*

Incident:

Wednesday, December 6, 2017

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I'm back. What did I miss? Oh no. We just went over something important, didn't we? "Kathryn, you're in." *I hate myself. I have no clue what to do.* They pass me the ball. I hold it. I can feel every wrinkle in the leather and dent in the threads. My head spins. *What do I do? What do I do? What do I do?* I dribble. Right into a group of defenders. They steal it. They go the other way. Wide. Open. Layup. *Great.* "Were you even paying attention?" No, I in fact was not. I was staring at the ads on the wall. I was off in my own world. But I won't tell him that. It happens to everyone, *right? . . . I'm sure it does. Even if it didn't, it's no biggie. It doesn't interfere with my life. It's harmless. Speaking of harm, my pinky toe really hurts dude. Like bad. I don't think it's broken though. Probably not. Would I even know broken if I felt it though? Probably not. But I have a low pain tolerance so I'm sure it would hurt more than this if it was actually broken. I lowkey stubbed it really hard though, I'm not even gonna lie . . .* "Kathryn. Are you paying attention?" No, I in fact am not. I was staring at the floor. I was off in my own world. But I won't tell him that.

Kathryn Baker

Appearance:

Hair: *dirty blonde balayage*
Eyes: *green, dull*
Mouth: *thin lips (chapped), straight teeth*
Height: *5ft 6in*
Weight: *119 pounds*
Face shape/size: *tear drop, jawline*
Skin Tone: *tan*
Body: *underweight*

Age: *14*

Sex: *female*

Schooling level: *secondary (10)*

Country: *United States (Michigan)*

Ethnicity: *Caucasian*

Sexuality: *straight*

Social Status: *athlete (no close friends)*

Occupation: *school*

Hobby: *basketball, running, watching tv*

Incident:

Friday, November 13, 2020

They're coming. The tears. Again. I feel them. *I can't do this anymore. I'd rather be dead. But I can't die. That'd make things too complicated. I wish I just never even existed. I just want to disappear.* The thoughts file through and through. So many negative thoughts. So many. I start venting to someone through text. They respond, "Stop." That's the problem. I can't stop. *I'm so stupid.* No matter how hard I try. I can't. These thoughts keep coming. I need a solution. Now. I don't want to feel sad. I don't want to hate myself. *Nobody has ever hated anything more than I hate myself.* I try to focus on the teacher. I'm in algebra. I'm not bad at it, but I could be better if I didn't cry everyday. *God, I'm so pathetic.* Finally class is over. I pack up and walk out. Quickly. I get to leadership class. Barely. I open my notebook and begin to write:

"I hate myself. I'm so sorry. I'm so so sorry. I just can't do this anymore. I can't keep living like this. ~~I need to end it.~~ I need it to end. I just--"

"Hey Kathryn. Are you okay?" No. I'm not. I'm really not. But I can't tell them that. I tell them I'm fine. I said that I just sneezed, is all. That's why my eyes are watery. Class

begins. We make a circle and start talking. It's a discussion day after all. Class goes by quickly. Incomparable to what seemed like a five hour long algebra class. I walked to lunch laughing and smiling. *Why was I even sad earlier? I love life. Life is great.*

Kathryn Baker

Appearance:

Hair: *dirty blonde balayage (grown out)*

Eyes: *green*

Mouth: *thin lips, straight teeth*

Height: *5ft 7in*

Weight: *161 pounds*

Face shape/size: *tear drop, jawline*

Skin Tone: *olive, pale*

Body: *athletic, slightly muscular*

Age: *17*

Sex: *female*

Schooling level: *graduated high school, college freshman*

Country: *United States (Indiana)*

Ethnicity: *Caucasian*

Sexuality: *straight*

Social Status: *lots of friends*

Occupation: *school*

Hobby: *hanging out with friends, writing*

Incident:

Thursday, October 19, 2023

I need help. I really need help. I give in. I feel like a loser. *I really can't handle my emotions on my own? I so stupid. I've failed.* I hold my breath. I dial it. 988. "Hello?"

"Hi. You have dialed a suicide hotline. My name is _____. What's your name? How are you doing today?"

"Hi yes my name is Kathryn."

"Hi Kathryn. What's going on today?"

"I have BPD and I want to hurt myself again. Well I don't want to, but I feel like I need to."

"Okay. Yeah I totally understand that. Have you hurt yourself today?"

"Not today. Yesterday though. I don't want to do it again. I have such a bad urge to. I feel like nobody likes me. I have so many friends. They're all going to leave."

"Breathe. It's going to be okay. Can you tell me a bit more about the harm? How did you do it?"

"A needle."

"Okay. Where is the needle now? And where are you?"

"I'm pacing back and forth in a parking lot. The needle is in a drawer in my room. I hid it really deep in the drawer so that hopefully I wouldn't be motivated enough to dig it out."

“You’re so brave. You’re doing really great communicating with me. I’m happy you’re taking steps to prevent it.”

“Thank you.” I begin tearing up.

Kathryn Baker

Appearance:

Hair: *dirty blonde balayage, long*

Eyes: *green, bright*

Mouth: *thin lips, straight teeth (that smile often)*

Height: *5ft 7in*

Weight: *162 pounds*

Face shape/size: *tear drop, jawline*

Skin Tone: *olive, pale*

Body: *athletic*

Age: *18*

Sex: *female*

Schooling level: *graduated high school, college freshman*

Country: *United States (Indiana)*

Ethnicity: *Caucasian*

Sexuality: *straight*

Social Status: *I don't know and I'm content with that*

Occupation: *school, friend, sister, athlete, teacher candidate, volunteer, tour guide*

Hobby: *hanging out with friends, writing, walmart trips*

Incident:

Message to readers:

Saturday, February 3, 2024

Things WILL get better. It's so hard to believe that when you're struggling, but it will get better, it really, truly will. You are not alone. Be brave. Ask for help. I never thought counseling would help me but trust me when I tell you it will. And if counseling isn't for you, there's so many other options to receive help.

Don't forget to take care of yourself. Sometimes we, as humans, get so caught up in what others think or even just dedicating our own selves to helping other people that we forget to help ourselves. We can do this. You will get through this. Even at your worst, you are worthy.

Remember that terms like "good," "bad," "stupid" and "smart" are measured as spectrums, not standards. "Stupid" is different to everyone. You are not stupid. Maybe you made a poor choice, that does not make you stupid.

I will struggle again. I am human. As humans, we make mistakes. We get bruises. We feel sad. That is okay. It will be okay. I will ask for help when I need it and I won't be afraid to feel my feelings. I hope you can do the same.

Be grateful for life.

Work hard.

Follow your dreams.
Live.