

You are not alone

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If there is one thing that everyone undoubtedly dreams of, it is a home, the equivalent of perfection, beauty and love.

However, as we grow up, we encounter the difficulties and grayness of the world around us - our home. The walls are gray and boring, we feel undervalued, alone and not in the right place. We hide behind the window in our small room so that no one sees us, and desperately stare outside.

Unlike our home, it is much more spacious there, everything is painted with bright colors, people are smiling, friendly and so beautiful! We enjoy every little detail. Like after like, video after video, the smile returns to our face. No one judges us for who we are, and besides, they don't see us, because we are still hidden behind the window. At some point, we want to be part of this picture. But how? Everyone has perfect looks, grades, vocations, friends, and lives that we can only dream of. And we – our nose is crooked, we have pimples, we are not thin enough, our grades hardly come close to excellent, we have two friends, we don't exercise, we have no motivation, we have no direction, we have nothing of what they have there in the perfect world. But so what. We open our window wide and start creating. The filter hides the flaws, fake photos create our new reality, stories fill the belief that this is really us. A melody of compliments sounds, we are liked, our circle of friends expands. We stick to the plan to follow the latest trends, although sometimes we are confused, because "Be yourself!", but also "Get out of your comfort zone". Still, we continue to look with the same amazement, because it is different from the grayness. A gentle, warm hand reaches out and embraces us, welcoming us to our new home. Because who needs a boring, dark and ugly world when there is one where we can change our place, our friends, our identity with a single click...

So wonderful that it is not true!..But...it is not! The gentle, warm hand suddenly grabs us with such force that we can barely catch our breath. The walls turn gray again, the melody turns into a terrifying noise of insults, reproaches and mockery, which sound so loud that our entire house starts to shake. The roof collapses above our heads and the window breaks into thousands of small pieces that tear our perfect appearance and we are ourselves again.

However, it turns out that we are not alone. There are so many people who are here for us and are ready to help. Organizations and volunteer foundations that we can turn to. Thanks to the Open Space Foundation and the training I had the great privilege of attending, I feel much more familiar with the risks and threats that that other, perfect world hides.

It is not shameful to talk about problems and it is not scary to seek help! It is scary to fall into the trap of social networks, and it is even more shameful to remain silent when someone needs help.