

Intro

Excerpt from the chapter: Intro

7:00 a.m., clinic/psychiatric ward

»Mr. Brodeur ... Mr. Brodeur!!!«

»What? What's going on?«

»We would like to activate you.«

»You want to what?«

»Activate you.«

Once again landed in the loony bin - sad routine. They know me there and – pee on the wall - I know them.

I feel empty, numb, and can't wait to read the soft-flushed, bloated, drug-soaked faces as the inmates butter their rolls in slow motion in the morning. And then the silent, crowded and slow elevator on the way down for a cigarette ... yes, that's great cinema.

My good friend Ralf died two weeks ago. It was probably the heart. So young. I lost control again and my brain got really fucked again.

I am bipolar or also manic-depressive.

Mania: My head is so flooded with feelings of happiness and absurd strength that I lie down on Mainstreet at night and am sure that no car can harm me. My mind is running incredibly fast. All the other people around me don't seem to understand anything. A veritable fireworks display takes place in my head. I don't notice that I have already far exceeded the limit. The collapse comes, my brain goes haywire, I fight it aggressively and then desperate tears flow.

Depression: Head and body are completely exhausted after the mania. I spend days or even weeks staying in bed, unable to accomplish anything. I feel only deep sadness, totally exhausted. I lie there watching all the crap on TV. I manage to go to the bathroom, but that's about it. I cry uncontrollably sometimes and sleep easily 16 hours a day. It's like black tar is pouring over my brain. I am not living. The depression is sucking the life out of me. Depression is when you can no longer feel things you normally love.

These extreme states can change very quickly, but can also last for weeks and months. They are called type 1 and type 2. The stronger and longer the mania is, the more violent and longer the depression follows.

Also, in mania, drugs that promote excess are usually a part of the disease. Artists and manic-depressive people both tend to have ecstatic moments, grand gestures, and rampant concepts. Manic persuasion of others is extremely strong.

My name is Nino, I came into this world in 1972 and my favorite movie is *Leolo*.

Before you read this book, I must mention that it is written somewhat erratically. That's also part of the clinical picture. I flip back and forth between thoughts pretty quickly. That said, I do my best to make the book entertaining, humorous, but also serious.

My goals:

1. I want tell my story and hope that those people affected by the disease will find themselves in it.
2. I want to make it easier for friends, and especially family members, to understand this disease. Communication is very important and I believe that it is possible to shape the future together.

On the second point, I would like to say that the environment is usually helpless. It is not a broken arm. It happens in the brain and it is difficult to help. You can recognize Depression by the fact that you can no longer feel things that you actually love.