

My vision was straight forward, so I saw it happen. I just didn't want to be here because, what's the point of me being here if I'm not safe?

When I was having the night terrors and I was feeling really, really hot, it was because that was the first thing I felt when it happened, 'cause the first thing I felt was extreme heat.

I didn't want to accept it. You are literally terrified of everything, losing everyone, because you do not know what's going to happen.

Just carried on as normal as though nothing had happened at all really.

I felt quite alone even when I was with people. I felt like everyone was enjoying life around me and I was just trying to get by. I think probably the hardest thing is - my friends not being able to understand me.

Guilt, a lot of guilt. I just hated being alive.

I don't think I left the house for a few months. I literally wouldn't leave my dad's side, either, 'cause I was too scared.

My mood's completely changed since what happened.

I'd say I'd feel trapped in my own body, so much so that I can't breathe.

I get so upset and so angry at myself, 'cause I'm like, "You shouldn't... you shouldn't be feeling like this."

So obviously I went to sixth form, and I didn't go back the next day 'cause I just couldn't deal with everybody asking me questions.

They didn't know what to say to me. They didn't speak to me. I just wanted people to speak to me like I was normal, just like before.

Everyone was there, waiting for you to walk through the doors, and then just huddled right around you. I have a big issue with crowds, and so that did not help.

My best friend said, "You should go and see the counsellor at uni." I literally poured my heart out to him, and I was in bits crying. He was like, "We've got a load of self help things for you online," and just gave me a link. And I was like, "Oh no." I was like, "If that's ... how am I supposed to cope now if that's the help that I'm being given?" So it just felt like a bit of a dead end at that point.

They were very good on the academic sort of side of, "Oh, you can have longer on your assignments, you can have longer in your exam," but it wasn't the support that I needed emotionally. When there was no-one at home and my mom was at work and my dad was at work and there was no-one there, they didn't see me sat in my room crying because I couldn't cope with life, nevermind uni. So then when I had a day off because I wasn't feeling ... for leaving my house, they were sort of asking for doctor's notes, but every time you're sad you don't go to the doctor's. Every time that you're upset you don't go to the doctor's.

Schools are busy, noisy places, and there was nowhere where I could go that was empty and quiet and calm. The fire alarms, loud bangs, screaming. Screaming is... the worst, 'cause you can't see what's going on. It's terrifying, 'cause that's what it was like on the night, and that's when your whole life changes. So, your life could change all over again.

We had another fire alarm, and it wasn't a test. It was a real one. I just collapsed underneath a table and covered my head and hid. I felt really stupid in front of everyone.

I found the lectures really hard, 'cause obviously there's loads of people in there. I was always thinking, "What if? What if someone comes in with a gun? What if someone comes in? Anything could happen here, and I'm just completely ... I can't help myself." It was

sitting on the end of rows, making ... planning exits just in case. It was just constantly on high alert.

There was a lot of times when I couldn't concentrate in lessons, just different loud noises and stuff. People didn't get it. They were like, "It's nothing, don't worry," but like, to me, I went to a concert. "I didn't expect this to happen, so why wouldn't it happen here?" kind of thing. People just didn't get that.

The college have definitely put the steps in place to help me. It's called a PEEP, Personal Emergency Evacuation Plan. And I had a sit-down with the head of the year, and she just went through what sort of triggers these panic attacks, 'cause otherwise I think I'd definitely struggle. It helps me to understand that there are people there.

My head of year reached out to me, and he said, "You can come and chat to me, no matter what lesson you're in." I went a few times during and after my exams, and I'd just sit in his office for 10 minutes. I'd say that was really beneficial to me.

The one thing that school were really helpful on was whenever we had planned fire alarms they would warn the students, and we could then be there for each other and say, "Are you okay?"

A crucial part of my college experience was having someone that I could open up to, and I feel like it helped massively.

It's little things that needed to be put in place to make me feel a little bit safer.

I was shoving it away, and I didn't want to face it anymore, and I just didn't want anything. I didn't want me anymore. And you kind of just have to accept that you need help.

Seeing the psychologist really helped me because she explained why I was feeling certain ways, and she just made me feel like I wasn't the only one and that there's other people who feel things like I feel. She was just very comforting.

They told us about the scientific part of it and how your brain flips. Imagine a glass screen. That glass is shattered, and they're just floating around everywhere, and you have to train it to understand the memories and the pictures that you've got.

It was like taking really small steps, and it started by just writing down things that I was frightened of.

So music was everything in my journey, and being a part of a choir, 'cause you don't have to say the words. You sing your emotions, and it feels so much safer that way sometimes, too.

You don't want to face it because it feels so painful to face it, but every time you face your anxiety, you overcome that one bit of anxiousness, you feel really good about yourself.

Me and my therapist explain it as I've got loads of linen, and I've bundled it up and thrown it in a cupboard, and the cupboard's starting to burst open with all these problems. So it's about unpacking the cupboard, folding the linen properly, and putting it back in in order and how it should be and making sure that it's all right in my brain.

It felt like it was still happening, whereas now it feels like it's something that happened that I can talk about.

It's organised the chaos, basically. That's what it does, it organised the chaos of what's happened.

I think all of this has made me a lot stronger.

I think that from going from just being able to cope with what's happening in the next hour, to coping with some future and seeing some future as well is a big change.

Different things work for different people. You just kind of got to find the right thing for you.

I've opened up a lot about what happened, and I'm not so afraid to speak about it anymore, and not ashamed of what I've gone through.

Yeah, I think I'm proud of myself of how I am now. I feel so much better and kind of surprised myself with how far I've come.