

I feel like I'm going to go crazy.

You can't really tell who you can trust in this world, so it's best to trust no one.

I'm scared.

I have a hard time getting to sleep at night.

I'm easily started—I jump at even the smallest sound.

People just want to take advantage of you.

Some part of what happened must be my fault.

I feel anxious.

There are some people who get joy out of making other people happy.

I'm very excited about the trip.

I've noticed that I cry more than I used to.

Sometimes it seems like my friends know me better than I know myself.

Life is hard.

If I am able to stay healthy, it will be easier for my daughter to be happy.

I keep to myself sometimes.

Some people are just downright rude.

People should be able to tell who they can trust.

I'm feeling angry at my mom.

I was surprised when the music started.

It's like I'm calmer, more relaxed than before.

Sometimes I wonder if I'm ever going to feel better.

I'm a funny person.

People enjoy spending time with me.

I'm hopeful about the future.

I will never be able to feel safe again.

I'm feeling sad.

He was laughing hysterically.

I couldn't stop yawning.

It was hard to keep my body from shaking.

I clenched my jaw when I heard that.

People are always paying attention to what I do.

It's hard to catch a break in this world.

I'm a lovable person.

I felt shy around her.



I'll never be whole again.

I was curious when I heard that.

I found myself asking lots of questions.

I threw a book at his head.

I smiled at the clerk.

I felt like I'd never be able to go there again.

People should mind their own business.

I was always watching out for danger.

