

General Anxiety Disorder

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The symptoms of a general anxiety disorder, which also appears when one takes a personality profile test, are insufferable—for both the one experiencing the general anxiety disorder and those associating with the one experiencing it. Whew!

General Anxiety Disorder, impacting approximately 500,000 people in the U. S. alone, is also called Generalized Anxiety Disorder, and consists of the following symptoms, which I will include in a scenario:

JJ anticipated EVERYthing, from what my boyfriend said about her after she left the room to what her grades would be like in graduate school, which was years away.

JJ would apologize for the exaggerated worrying she would do, over and over and over, and then worry that she had burdened me too much with her worrying ways.

JJ was hard to be with when she was in this state of General Anxiety Disorder, especially when we were just arriving somewhere and she was jacked up, shifting about in her seat, acting as if any minute someone would enter the restaurant, party, or even restful living room and kidnap her at gunpoint.

Then JJ would be exhausted, after having spent less than an hour at a store or movie, for example. If we were studying, she stare off, expressing the feeling of having a blank head, kind of nub. Or she would be grouchy as hell over the smallest, most insignificant things, over minutiae that hours earlier she had been all antsy about the outcome of.

And JJ slept very little—the worry or restlessness eclipsing natural tiredness or “normal” falling-to-sleep habits/patterns. Sometimes, she would be sick to her stomach, literally.

She had trouble in her other social circles, at school, and at work. She would come over to hang out, and within a matter of minutes, was clutching my arm repeatedly and having me investigate outside for creatures or criminals—or was interrogating me about my having once talked to her long-distance chat-room boyfriend, accusing me of starting my own affair with the guy.

On many occasions, however, you would have no clue that JJ suffered with or from General Anxiety Disorder. She was calm and confident and even supportive of others in their own life challenges. One day, I was amped up over a car accident (caused by a hit and run driver who slammed the hell out of me and had to be chased down). She gave me one of her pills (I know this “aint legal. Let me be.) That pill had me flyin’! Turns out, it was Xanax—a medicine prescribed by her shrink for the General Anxiety Disorder.

I tell the symptoms by putting them in a narrative format—because I am not a medical practitioner. But I would swear by that little pill, the size of half a jelly bean. Why worry? It is a condition no one should have to suffer, and no one should nurture or aggrandize, for, as I think it was Mark Twain who said “Worry is an investment on a product/property you will never get to own.” And that’s a paraphrased version, but I am not going to worry about it, especially after seeing what those with General Anxiety Disorder go through with worry, and especially since JJ will likely read this and do all the worrying all over again for me.