

## Building Resilience

It was my turn. I could feel my stomach churning as I contemplated what lay before me. Every day had been the same. The nerve, the anticipation, the attempt...the failure. Every day I would return home, feet dragging, reluctant to carry on. I scanned the room. Around me I could see lots of familiar faces, some friendly, some encouraging, some (was I imagining it?) teasing. I tried to block out all sound and colour from around me as I focussed on the task ahead. If I didn't, I knew the room would start spinning around my head and I wouldn't be able to concentrate. I took a long, deep, steadying breath...and stood up to take my place.

*Continue...*