



My depression had grown on me as that vine had conquered the oak; it had been a sucking thing that had wrapped itself around me, ugly and more alive than I. (...) Eventually, you are simply absent from yourself. (p. 18-19)

Since that first visit to the first psychopharmacologist I have been playing the medicine game. (...) Trying out different medications makes you feel like a dartboard. (p. 119)

I have a million faults, but I am a better person than I was before I went through this all. (...) To regret my depression now would be to regret the most fundamental part of myself. (p. 436-440)

UNIVERSITY OF TWENTE.































