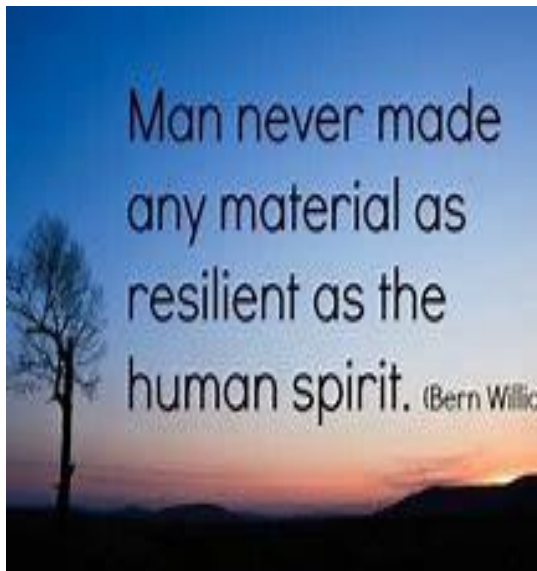




NPN

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**Limbrick Centre, Limbrick Road, Sheffield, S6 2PE,  
Tel: 0114 271 8210**

**Email: [enquiries@nationalparanoianetwork.org](mailto:enquiries@nationalparanoianetwork.org)**

**Website: [www.nationalparanoianetwork.org](http://www.nationalparanoianetwork.org)**

**[support@nationalparanoianetwork.org](mailto:support@nationalparanoianetwork.org)**

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**"Inside my mind the quest for truth, justice and love  
"by Grainne A. Breen**

My voices have progressed over the years. Initially I was overcome with extreme fear, panic attacks and anxiety which was due to several experiences that changed the course of my life up to and in the year 2000.

The extreme fear, panic attacks and anxiety led to voices which I believe didn't have to occur if I had had a lending ear (counsellor) to talk things through at the time and time to heal instead of medication and feeling this need to get back to normality, which never really was normal after 2000.

When I felt I was ready to reduce the medication, the powers that be (the psychiatric system) decided I was not ready to reduce. This was very disempowering for me as in my spirit I felt I was ready and the fact that they took my autonomy away from me left me disengaged with the system and to be frank, very angry. This was the start of an acrimonious relationship with the psychiatry system that had spanned over twenty years. At twenty three years of age I didn't question the system I took my medication and was a very good patient but over the years when I asked the psychiatrist can I reduce when I really felt ready and my sense of spirit and vitality was coming back into my psyche but

the medication was pulling me back, they continually decided for me that it was not an option. This completely eroded my sense of ownership, my autonomy and my divine right and sovereignty to have health as I saw suitable for me, in essence they took away my freewill. I began to doubt my capacity to know instinctively what was right for me and my own voice was non-existent.

In 2018-2019 I experienced hearing voices through the sound of things for example a polyester anorak, once someone moved their arm in a certain direction in this anorak I would pick up as words or another example was vehicles outside the window I would hear as voices. The actual voices were there also but this was a new element. This newfound way of perceiving things, which could be seen as tactics used in the dark world of corruption as coding to keep lies, deceit and the underworld at play, I found I was now interacting with it. My innocent construct no longer existed.

In between writing what the voices said, I had the need to write numbers, eleven digit and thirteen-digit numbers. The voices were outside and above my head. I would start at 8.30 and continue with little to no break to 8.30 or 9.00 at night, it was very tiring, and I can only

describe it as cheap labour for the forces that be at that time. No one knew that if they had talked to me instead of leaving me alone in this world of transcribing that this could have relieved my symptoms. I was so frightened. If someone took the time to find out why I was doing what I was doing it would have assisted me in my journey, but I guess everyone was frightened and led busy lives and didn't know how to respond and that is part of the problem for people who don't hear voices; (a) either afraid of the phenomenon happening to their loved one and (b) see it as a hinderance for their loved one and them and don't see the value in learning from it collectively or individually. When in actual fact this would be a fascinating way to view your symptoms, but it is not something that would happen in my family dynamic. The family setup or your loved ones plays a vital role in helping you through it and they don't see how much of a difference they can make to your relieving your fears as they are the close connections to you. It helps if you have a good communication network with loved ones regarding talking openly about the voices. Asking questions instead of waiting for the individual with an amazing mind to come forward and talk to you opens it up for the individual going through the voices. It is important to remember that they are trying to make sense of this as and when it happens.

I believed at the time of writing digits that I had to relay these messages to prevent a terrorist attack or a bomb(s) from happening or that is what I was led to believe. I was a go between or telepathic transcriber to paper, I could not be alone I was so gripped by fear. I was at my mom's house and the local news was on and it was spurring me on, I was frantically trying to transcribe the numbers in the correct format. It was not what the local news was broadcasting it was the tone of the news broadcast. Too often we place importance on what is being said instead of listening to the tone of the content both in person and in for example a telephone conversation. Powers are at play constantly and the thing I'm learning is if someone says something that I feel there's a power at play I have to bring it up, it's not always easy and sometimes I get in on the play without actually knowing but that is where I am at with power struggles Someone could say something that is supposed to mean kindness but if it comes out sarcastic or in a tone out of place that it belittles the whole experience. Now with hindsight I feel a lot of my innocent outlook of the world has been taken away from me. I will not know if I ever did good for the world those two or three months I was furiously writing. All I know and feel at present is that governments use people like myself "patients" within the psychiatric

system as cheap labour and can get away with it because too much power is placed in something or someone or some group that rule outside of ourselves, instead of the innate power we all have waiting to unfold in and around ourselves. Also my version of events as being used as a middle person for the work of governments body's/organizations as cheap labour is not a view driven out into the general worldwide scope therefore obviously it's going to be seen as nonsense or "your world Grainne" or a conspiracy theory but this is a much bigger problem. For example, if my own family believe what I say as not based in reality what chance have I in outing the injustices and unethical conduct of human rights that are currently this moment being manipulated and construed in society. If my own surrounding circle don't give me a chance to express my right of freedom of speech on my thought process based on experiences in my reality how am I going to feel the love and compassion to reach out and help a world that is already burnt out, downtrodden and exasperated with over medication of generations that lost their voice and sense of identity and value. This is what has happened generation after generation.

The quest for truth justice and love continues....

I can be contacted via the magazine if anyone would like to contact me

Sometimes I feel that I am no-one  
Sometimes I feel that I have no body  
Sometimes I feel that I am not even me.  
Sometimes I hate the world  
Sometimes I love the world.  
Sometimes I want to be free.  
Sometimes I am not me, but you  
Sometimes you are not me or mine  
Sometimes I am all alone you see  
Sometimes I can imagine that I can see.

Sometimes I am not able to hear  
Sometimes my ears are blocked you see  
Sometimes I am so scared I cannot move  
Sometimes I feel miserable.

By Anne Brocklesby

## **An “Instant” Relaxation Exercise**

At times we find ourselves overexcited, angry or just needing to calm down. This simple breathing exercise may be a valuable tool for reducing excessive arousal quickly and effectively during upsetting moments, in effect, a quick way to “calm down” in the face of a stressful situation.

The basic mechanism for stress reduction in this exercise involves deep breathing. The procedure is as follows:

**STEP 1** – Assume a comfortable position. Rest your left hand (palm down on top of your navel. Now place your right hand so that it comfortably rests on your left. Your eyes should remain open.

**STEP 2** – Imagine a hollow bottle or pouch lying internally beneath the point at which your hands are resting. Begin to inhale, imagine that the air is entering through your nose and descending to fill that internal pouch. Your hands will rise as you fill the pouch with air. As you continue to inhale, imagine the pouch being filled to the top. Your ribcage and upper chest will continue the wavelike rise that was begun at your navel.



The total length of your inhalation should be 3 seconds for the first week or so and then lengthen to 4 or 5 seconds as you progress in skill development.

**STEP 3** – Slowly begin to exhale – to empty the pouch. As you do, repeat to yourself the phrase “My body is calm.” As you exhale, you will feel your raised abdomen and chest recede.

Repeat this exercise two times in succession. Then continue to breathe normally for 5 to 10 successive breath cycles but be sure to emphasize the expiration of each breath as the point of relaxation. Then you may repeat the entire process again – 2 deep breaths followed by 5 to 10 normal breaths during which you concentrate on releasing any stored tension on the expiration. Should you begin to feel light-headed or should you experience any discomfort, stop at that point. You may wish to shorten the length of the inhalation to avoid light-headedness.

After about one week of practicing, omit STEP 1, start with STEP 2. If you have any health concerns consult your physician prior to using this exercise. Never use this exercise while driving.

## Stressbusters

### LIFE

- Stay on top of stress – let go of it
- Talk it over
- Stop being a perfectionist
- Do not judge your mistakes too harshly
- Resist the desire to control everything
- Be assertive
- Learn to say ‘No’ – do not agree to do things which you do not want to do.
- Watch words like, should, must, have to, cannot, always, stupid, failed. Instead try, often, can, will, ‘I don’t want to...’ I will do better next time...’
- Do not procrastinate
- Exercise regularly
- Learn to relax
- Think positive
- Be kind to yourself
- Be open to humour - SMILE
- Do not be too proud to ask for help

## **Astronomy**

How my hobby helped me through my darkness the days looking at dark skies

### **Loneliness vs Being alone**

I felt lonely all my life because nobody ever made me feel secure, loved accepted, understood, or wanted.

### **Being Alone**

An overjoyed feeling of being lonely but also being safe. When I was a child aged 4, I was put in a coal bunker for up to two days and nights at a time for just existing and the only thing I had to focus on while in there was the lock on the door and the moon which I saw through a small window. The moon was my only friend and would watch over me and give me light when everything else surrounding me was just an empty darkness. The moon I focused on in my mind and escaped in my imagination when the bad things were happening, I was sat on the moon in a deck chair and I was not in my body experiencing the pain. The voices in my mind tried to stop me from going to my safe world that I had created by telling me my mum would catch me and things would be much worse. I also had the moons light helping me find the food that I had hidden

in the coal shining down on me so I could always find it. The moon is still especially important to me now feeding my love of Astronomy and even now giving me something to focus on when times are bad.

I was the child that never played with others laughed or run with them or had a friend or siblings and could never be part of a crowd. Inside I was screaming out loud the pain could be seen in my eyes, but no one took any notice they did they not care. Why I asked myself? Or were they too busy to care. They had their own life's too busy to notice a child in turmoil. I wanted to run up to someone who had a kind face could they help me? would they help? or would they tell my mum my darkest secrets? I felt the guilt was all my own and there was nothing I could do about it. I was with someone I trusted and loved when it began her anger was my pain. Hear my story it may disgust you even frighten you. but please listen to me because this could have been you. My sanctuary was the Sky, Moon, Planets and Stars as this was the only light I had in a life of darkness and neglect all that space to run free explore not just in my mind but this was real, outside my world of pain there were other worlds I could use my imagination to focus on when I couldn't or didn't have anything to focus on in my world of pain.

**By Kate Crawford**

## **Recovery Shines**

I used to be scared  
When the short days grew longer;  
More hours to manage,  
More hours of pain.  
But now I rejoice  
In the long days of sunlight;  
More hours of happy,  
More time to shine.

We welcome people to  
forward articles for our  
Newsletter, they can be  
stories, poems  
Articles about recovery or  
ways of coping  
If you would like to submit  
something  
Please email them to

[enquiries@nationalparanoianetwrk.org](mailto:enquiries@nationalparanoianetwrk.org)