

Intrusive thoughts? Hold my beer

I don't think I can ever fully explore the length and depth of my intrusive thoughts. Some are fleeting, some are bizarre, and some make me wonder if my brain just enjoys messing with me.

The most gory one I ever had? Picture this: I was doing my internship in a laboratory and had to run an errand. Simple enough, right? Wrong. The "one errand" turned to a series of errands that had me cussing under my breath each time I dashed out because why me??

I wore a sparkling white shirt that day and planned to be in my labcoat all day to prevent any damage. But of course, I couldn't be running errands in a lab coat, so off it went—leaving me at the mercy of heat, sweat and dust.

Sweating profusely in a white shirt? Not ideal.

Oh, did I mention these errands were all "urgent"? So not only was I walking fast, I also had to break into a half-run whenever possible.

But me? Run?

What would become of my steeze?

In all honesty, the life of a two year old was at stake. But surely, there had to have been another way besides turning an intern to your personal errand girl.

This was an off-the-book thing, though, so I had to be discreet while getting the medicine I was sent to buy for the lab scientist's two year old son who was burning up with fever.

I felt bad for the woman but it was a Monday morning fgs and that day, the road was particularly busy—cars zooming non-stop, like they had a personal vendetta against pedestrians. Crossing the road turned into a Herculean task, and as luck would have it, I had to do it six times.

By the final trip, exhaustion had settled deep in my bones. My legs were done, my brain was done, and honestly, my will to live was on a lunch break.

As I stood on the pavement that last time, waiting for the endless stream of vehicles to pass so I could cross, my brain whispered:

"You know what? Fuck it. Just cross"

Ladies and gentlemen, there were cars everywhere—on high speed, on the wrong lane, on the right lane, coming from opposite directions. And me? I jumped right into the chaos. No calculation. No timing. Just pure vibes...and a potential obituary.

To this day, I have no memory of how I got to the other side. None. I must have unlocked ghost mode because nobody screamed bloody murder. Nobody even noticed. One second, I was on one side of the road, the next, I was safe on the other, heartbeat intact but brain cells missing.

You see, that's the problem. My heart did not even pound. There was no adrenaline rush. Nothing.

I was too calm and that scared me even more.
How do you almost die and you just remain unfazed.
The picture painted? Attempted suicide.

The reality? Brain on autopilot. Except autopilot was drunk and possibly blindfolded.

Now, this was the first and last time I ever acted on an intrusive thought, but oh, the things my brain suggests on a daily basis? Madness.

The Everyday Chaos of Intrusive Thoughts

Tell me.

You ever be holding your phone over a balcony, and your brain just goes, "What if you just... dropped it?" Not because you want to. Not because it makes sense. Just because.

Or you're standing in a long line, waiting your turn, and your brain is like, "What if you just started screaming?" No context, no explanation, just pure chaos.

Or my personal favorite: "What if you slap that random stranger?" No offense to them, they've done nothing wrong. My brain just has hands it wants to use.

Yesterday, though, I had a "proud intrusive thought" moment, whatever that means.

I attended a church program for "singles" which was fun, even though my special Sunday migraines couldn't let me enjoy anything. Not even the hot party jollof and crisp fried chicken they served.

My heart bleeds. I miss that food already.
But let's not digress.

There was this girl. You know that person—the one who has to be the loudest in the room. The oversabi that must prove they know everything.

During the Q&A session, she had a whole sheet of paper filled with seven extensive questions. Seven. Each question was long and detailed, requiring at least, five minutes, each, just to explain thoroughly. Let's not even talk about how long it took to answer them.

She was very articulate though, I'll give her that. But did she think this was a TED talk?

Are you the only person here???

After four questions, they had to stop her to make room for other people. But did that deter her? No. Her busy body continued.

The questions were more like attacks to be honest, and if we allowed her, the verbal alterations would have turned physical.

Then, in the middle of her cho cho cho, something funny happened that made her burst into laughter. And not just any laughter. You know those stand-up, stumble-back-a-few-steps, hold-your-stomach kind of laughter?

Yes. Exactly.

Right then, my brain whispered, "What if she falls?"

And in that moment, guys, I kid you not, she actually slipped and fell.

Right before my eyes.

I won't lie—it was so satisfying to see.

And you'd think that embarrassment would humble her, right? No. Sis got up, dusted herself off, and continued her busybody.

But what's my own anyway?

At least she gave me something spicy to add to my newsletter, so a win is a win.

For a split second though, I wondered if it was my thought that made her fall? Obviously not. But the thought crept in.

Followed by another thought of me falling.

I shut that one down immediately before I sent myself into a Final Destination spiral.

Living with Intrusive Thoughts

Intrusive thoughts have a pattern. They weave themselves into almost every daily activity. I've accepted that I have to live with them until I find a solution.

But for now I tell myself this:

Intrusive thoughts are not the main character. They are the chaotic best friend who has never given good advice in their life. The one who would hand you a pair of scissors and say, "Hey, cut off all your hair with this."

Or tell you to picture an old woman slipping out of her chair and falling while sleeping in church.

Or make you imagine someone climbing through your locked, metal-protected window and stealing everything in your room while you're away.

So now? I leave them where they belong—in the realm of unhinged what-ifs. Whenever they creep in, I forcefully shake my head, like a cartoon character resetting their brain, call them what they are, "crazy", and move on with my goddamn life.

And if you experience this? Shake it off. Laugh it off. Keep it moving.

Or, you know... seek professional help.
Whatever rocks your boat.