**It’s Just a Delusion  
by Erin McWilliam**

Yes, I know I have told you about this before, but I really do believe it. The relationship between a mother and daughter is something unmatched. The love, the trust, the bond. Unmeasurable. Having that one person you can depend on for anything is one of the most special things to experience in a lifetime. And every day I count myself lucky enough to experience it. My mum is my best friend and I love her with all I have. She was the first to hold my hand, she was the first to listen to my heartbeat, she was the first to tell me I was loved. She is my inspiration. I could not imagine having to live life without her. I refuse to. She was the woman who gave me my name, my personality, my spirit. And I will forever be thankful.

I know I am going on about it, and it is great that you are so willing to sit with me and listen to me, but one thing that you will have to understand, is that throughout my youth I found it hard to bond with others, I never trusted people very quickly, I still don’t. Yes, you are right, probably a psychiatrist would say my dad’s at fault for most of that – however, we’re not getting into that now. All I’m trying to say is that my mum was all I’ve ever had, the only one who stuck around. You see friends have never been a constant in my life. Like cars at a fuel station, filling up and then leaving me empty. I was the listener in each relationship, the observer, the one that provided advice when they were going through a breakup or whatever dramatic episode they were obsessing over at the time. But I never really minded and to be honest I’m satisfied with my life. I have a boss, I have colleagues and of course I have you to speak to. I just choose to keep to myself and my work. Which works well for both me and everyone else. I spend so much time here at the office it’s like a home, although the drab which and grey interior is a contrast to the regular, decorated households we see displayed in movies and TV shows alike.

Today it’s Tuesday, my favourite day of the week. It’s the day the work cafeteria puts on the best spread possible. Mum and I have a running joke that it’s because the chef knows she’s coming to visit, and a little part of me each week begins to believe it every time. As you know we meet ne another at the exact same time at the exact same place each week. It’s been the same routine for nearly three years. It’s like trying to book an appointment with a doctor to see her, her schedule is completely jam packed. It’s unbelievable. However, I can’t complain as those three hours each week are the most precious. I spend most of the time pressing on to find information about her though she always finds a way to change the topic. Last week when she came round, we spent the entire time discussing me again, again, and again. You would think she would want to say something about her own life, wouldn’t you?

A loud knock at the door.

It’s Mum, isn’t it? Finally, it feels like it’s been forever. What’s wrong with me going to greet her with a hug? Why am I being rejected by the condescending glare she throws towards me? What’s up with her? I stare on confused, have I done something wrong? Maybe I have. Oh no. She looks back up at me – no emotion displaying across her features. It’s like a staring competition, not one of us is backing down.

Suddenly, a black notepad appears leant across her knees.

Sleeping patterns?

Why is she asking how my sleep schedule is? There’s something off with her I know it. What is she playing at? Fake smile plastered across her face, unsettling me.

Miss Williams?

Mum, it’s Alex. You call me Alex not Miss Williams. That’s what the doctors called me in the hospital when you were sick.

Mum?

It’s Alex, your daughter, remember?

What the hell is going on?

Sat here dressed in her white attire; her voice grows more robotic as she speaks on.

Mum? You’re scaring me. What’s going on?

The pen from her pocket begins to scribble across the paper furiously. Is she writing about me?

Why?

She continues to shrug me off, pretending I’m not here.

Am I here?

Can she hear me? Can she see me? Or is this just happening in my brain?

My head begins to spin with questions as visions of the room float in and out of my mind…

I slowly come back to reality, as I read the name tag on her uniform.

Dr J Harrison.

What?

That’s not Mum?

Who is this

A doctor?

Speaking to me?

No, no, no.

Suddenly the realisation hits.

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**Medical Notes of Miss A Williams compiled by Dr Jane Harrison, Chief Psychiatrist, Thomas More Hospital**

Miss Alexandra Williams has been my patient for the last three years. Miss Williams suffers from Schizophrenia, when first admitted to Thomas More her condition was minor however recent episodes have proven that the disorder is developing and becoming more severe. I have observed that throughout a hallucination, Miss Williams loses all sense of control, physical surroundings and awareness of her being. In her most recent episode Miss Williams appeared to be having visions of her late mother (Miss H Williams) imagining interactions with her. Miss Williams was led to believe I was her mother and proceeded to show signs of anger and grief when informed I was her doctor. Miss Williams made it very aware she had no recollection of my name or presence in her life. I’m growing more and more worried about Miss Williams; she is a danger not only to herself but to others.