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DON'T CALL ME CRAZY! AGAIN

SWIYYAH NADIRAH WOODARD

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Dedication

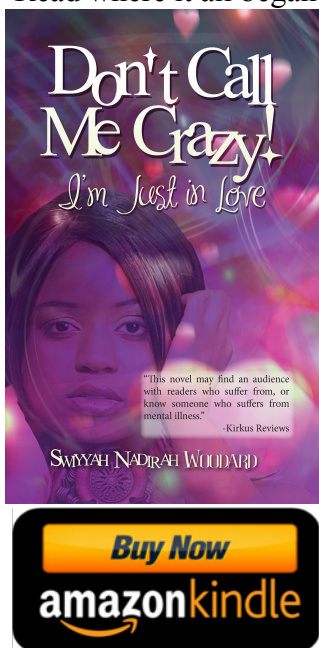
Thank you God, to You be the glory.

This book is dedicated in loving memory of my brother, Jameel
Muhammad.

Thank you mom for believing in me and teaching me that life is 1% what happens to you and 99% how you react to it.

Special thanks to my loving husband, Dederick Woodard, Emad, Maurice, Monique, Alim Muhammad, Faheemah Muhammad, Yakyah Muhammad, Lateefah Haugabrook, Ibn Abdullah, Steve Manning of SMS Excellence, Tia Grant, Wayne Brass USF, Rashida Strober of play “A Dark Skinned Woman’s Revenge,” Jerry Coleman, Feven Hunde, James Evans, Candy Lowe of Candy Lowe Tea Time, Tampa, FL, and my loving family and friend

Read where it all began



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CHAPTER 1

Anika gazes out of her narrow window with her eyes stretched to her earlobes, looking through the morning dew in her small town called Saint Petersburg. She watches as a small bee lands on the window seal. Her heightened nostrils saturate the aroma of rubicund roses. Her eyes are glued to the window as she visions her wedding day. Anika imagines herself covered with a flawless snow dress joined by a six-foot train that flows out into an overturned bouquet of ivory roses covering her shoes. Mosi's inquisitive eyes question why Anika keeps speaking of David? Anika raised her wide-eyes to find Mosi observing her.

"You keep saying David. Where is David?" Mosi asked.

"He almost stopped our marriage," Anika said.

"Anika, are you ok?" Mosi questions Anika's bizarre behavior. She did not want to relinquish her visions. Mosi paces back and forth. The sweat from his bare feet moistens his eggshell carpet covered with the feel of rabbit fur.

"He caused you to hit your head on the pool," Anika responds as she gazes at Mosi.

"No, Anika, you caused me to hit my head on the pool because you wouldn't give me the phone. Anika have you been taking your medication?" *"Sometimes,"* Anika responds. *"What do you mean sometimes? You have to take your medicine every day,"* Mosi said. *"Sometimes I have to wake up early for work. I can't always take my medicine,"* Anika said. *"Where is David, Anika?"* Mosi asked. *"Why*

are you asking me weird questions?" Anika asked. Mosi ambles closer to Anika and places his hand on the top of her shoulder.

"Baby you have to talk to me," Mosi said. *"Didn't you confront David?"* Anika questions.

"No Anika. The phone kept ringing and I heard static that day. I never heard David," Mosi replied.

"Didn't he almost stop our wedding?" Anika said. *"Anika, we're only engaged. We postponed our marriage until next year, remember?"* Mosi said. *"I need to call Mary. She will explain everything."* Mosi watches as Anika hastens over to the phone. He hits the floor with his eyes.

"Mary, Mosi's acting weird. He doesn't remember meeting David," Anika said. *"Yes, David; the one you're cheating on Mosi with,"* Mary said. *"We were both seeing David at the same time. Remember David was stalking us?"* Anika said as she begins to pace the floor. *"Anika, I never meet David either. You said he was stalking us that day, but I never saw him. You need to take your meds,"* Mary said. Just as Mosi expected, Anika was losing her mind again. Mosi anxiously dials Anika's doctor. Anika signed papers to allow Mosi and her mother to know the details of her drug therapy. The doctor explained Anika had been delusional for months about David and her wedding day. He felt she was experiencing another relapse and needed to be brought into the emergency room. Mosi takes Anika by the hand.

"Anika I think I better take you to the hospital. Your doctor says David never existed, that you made him up," Mosi said. Anika had a chin of iron determination to get to the bottom of the truth. *"I didn't make him up. You saw a Caucasian man outside that day. Then he broke in and choked me,"* Anika said. *"Yes, I saw a man outside that day, but he never broke in, Anika. That was all in your head. Let me take you to the hospital. You're sick Anika;.. you need help,"* Mosi said. *"I'm not sick. I don't need help."* Mary enters the door and trips over

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her 3-inch heels exposing the dirt, which outlined her feet pattern. Mosi gives Mary a look of disapproval and Mary puts her nose up in the air. She has a difficult time taking out Anika's medication from the pocket of her skintight jeans. Anika sits on the couch and Mosi places his two legs on top of hers while Mary tries to feed her the Abilify. To Anika the pills tasted like fried acid. Mary attempts to force the pills down Anika's throat with a glass of water and she causes Anika's lip to bust. "I knew something was wrong with her. I should have known years ago. Hold her down harder; she might get away," Mary said. "*Anika you have to take your medicine,*" Mosi said. Anika jerks her head back and forth trying to miss the pressured pills. Anika looks up at Mary and Mary appears to her as a devil. Anika believes that too much medicine will kill her. Neither Mosi nor Mary knows how much medicine to give her. She is determined not to allow them to give her an overdose. To Anika, her refusing to take her meds is completely logical. Mosi punches his right fist onto the couch and then picks her up into his chest and carries her to his car. Anika screams the whole time. He sits her in the car while Mary watches from the back seat. The neighbors look on enjoying the dramatic scene. Anika taps the car window. The tap then turns into a knock, the knock gets harder until Anika slams her hand through the glass window cutting her skin to the bone. Mosi frantically takes off his white wife beater and hands it to Mary to cover the wound all while Anika lets out a piercing cry. "*Ms. Sultan leave me alone!*"

"Baby my mother is not here," Mosi said.

"*I told you, you were too crazy for my son. Now look at this Mosi, she's gone nuts again and you want to marry her?*" She hears his mother asking. "What should we do?! She's bleeding badly! I'm scared," Mary said. Mosi's eyes stay glued to the road; his mind does him justice and blocks Anika's screams out. "*Didn't I tell you not to marry the girl? She's already causing you stress. She's not good enough for my son. You deserve someone like Mary. Why don't you marry Mary?*" Voices continue to enter Anika's head, taunting her.

“You should marry Mary. You should marry Mary.” Anika places her palms on the side of her head, hoping to squeeze out the voices. *“You should marry Mary. You should marry Mary.”*

“You passed the hospital!” Mary screams. *“Mosi you passed the hospital!”* Mosi backs his car up without a three-point turn. He then parks in front of the hospital. Mosi opens the door with his left hand and drapes Anika across his broad shoulders and carries her into the emergency room. *“We need a doctor! We need a doctor!”* Mosi screams. The nurse announces the grief and doctors hurry to the call. Anika struggles to stop the medication from touching her tongue. She fights for her sanity. The doctors warned her about another attack. One more attack and she may never be herself again. Was this it? A nurse practitioner runs from behind the nurse’s station, slips on a pool of blood, and misses her shoulder and stabs Anika in the neck with the needle. Her body falls upon the red garbage can; another relapse.

Anika’s body awakens to soft cotton sheets fitting her curvature. She turns three times on the twin size bed thanking God for this experience. To the right of her lays another bed. An African American young woman sits while manicuring her toes. On the dresser lays her beauty items. Each client gets soap, toilet paper, deodorant, feminine napkins, a towel and a washcloth. A curious inner voice cuts through her thoughts. There’s a bathroom in her room, two beds, two dressers, and a newspaper at the foot of the door. This couldn’t be a crisis unit. Patients are always treated as lunatics. This is not what Anika is used to. She’s used to a stiff mat being her bed, standing in line for toilet paper, and an insane roommate keeping her up at night. “Hi, my name is Tamara,” Anika doesn’t answer. She is sane and everyone else around her is delusional.

“I cleaned the bathroom for you and placed some feminine products on your side of the room. We even have feminine spray.” Anika is really in shock. *“Who is this girl acting as if she’s in a mansion? “It’s a crisis unit,”* Anika thinks. *“A place for the insane.”*

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"Med call, med call." Anika follows the voices. Something is quite different. The clients all have a carrotty tint to their skin. Their hair has a look of malnutrition. Their teeth are rotten to the core. This isn't the same type of crisis unit that Anika is used to. *"Med call, med call. Everyone line up."* Anika stands in line with the other clients. It's now her turn. She's handed Risperdal. *"Will I get the shakes? Medicine usually gives me the shakes,"* Anika said. Anika stares as the clients slowly take their medication. *"Twenty four hours in a day. What can I do with all this time?"* Anika thinks. She is then called into the psychiatrist's office. He slightly throws her file so she could see. *"You have massive amounts of cocaine in your system."* Anika looked as puzzled as ever. *"I don't do drugs,"* Anika said. *"Then someone has been slipping you cocaine,"* the psychiatrist said. *"Cocaine? Who could be slipping me cocaine? I mean my friends do marijuana, but I have never known them to do drugs."* The doctor looks up from his notes. He notices there's a bit of peacefulness in Anika. There's something very spiritual about this woman. *"What religion are you?"* the doctor asked. *"I'm a Muslim,"* Anika said. *"Maybe the drugs are the reason I broke down? Maybe I don't have a mental disorder? Is it true that a person on drugs can resemble a person with a mental illness?"* Anika questions.

"But Anika you heard voices. That's a symptom of schizophrenia. You have to learn everything about your disorder, so you will learn what not to do," the psychiatrist said. *"When am I going to get out of this hell hole?"* Anika asked. *"As soon as you get better,"* the doctor says. *"I hear voices. I need help,"* Anika said, keeping her eyes glued to her locomotive feet. *"What do the voices tell you to do? Do they tell you to kill yourself?"* The psychiatrist asked while writing in a blank chart. *"Yes, they do. I need help,"* Anika said. *"Then it is fair to say that you are suicidal?"* The psychiatrist asked.

Anika could not answer at first for her paranoia caused her to not trust anyone in the medical field. She glared into the psychiatrist's eyes, hoping to read his mind, for she needed to eliminate any doubt

that he would lock her up.

"No, sir. No, I am not suicidal," Anika said. *"When was your first suicide attempt?"* The psychiatrist asked. Anika once more was silent. She was trying to figure out how this doctor knew of her suicide attempts. Who told him? She knew she did not reveal this information to Mosi. So it could not have been him to delude her. So who? Her mother, maybe, for her mother knew about the suicide attempts, but knew nothing of her voices. No one knew of her voices but her and Mosi. *"So who could the betrayer be?"* She thought to herself. *"My first attempt was when I was eight years old,"* Anika said. *"Did the voices tell you to kill yourself, then?"* The psychiatrist asked. Anika could not deny the truth. She felt as if she lost in a mental chess game. *"Yes, they did,"* Anika said. *"So I am to assume that your voices tell you to commit suicide on a regular basis? Am I correct?"* The Psychiatrist asked.

Anika again was without words. She had lost her second match in mental chess. *"Yes, they do, sir. My voices on a regular basis tell me to kill myself. They say that I am worthless to live, sir,"* Anika said. *"Then it is fair to say that you are suicidal?"* The psychiatrist asked. Anika paused for one full minute this time. She wanted to make sure that this was not another trick question. How should she answer? She was unfamiliar with the Baker Act laws, so she was unsure how to answer. If she lies, then she will never receive the right treatment. If she is honest then that may give the psychiatrist a reason to lock her up.

She thought back to her earlier conversation with Mosi. She remembers that he promised she would not be Baker Acted. He and her mother are the only ones she has ever trusted. Then she felt a warmth of security come over her. It did not matter how she answered for Mosi promised she would not be Baker Acted. Mosi waits for her in the security room. His knees can't stop shaking. It had been ten minutes now and Anika has not yet walked out with medication. *"Yes,*

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sir. You are correct I am suicidal," Anika answered. "What happened when you were eight to cause you to want to commit suicide?" The doctor asked.

"My brother Rashid molested me. It started when I was five years old. I can't remember how long it went on for, maybe about 6 months. I didn't think anything of it. I didn't question it. I didn't know if it was wrong or right. I just knew it was happening. My mind didn't even tell me this was abnormal behavior and I didn't even try to stop it.

Maybe I'm a little slow. Is it normal for a person to assume this was okay? My mom and step dad didn't even know this was going on. My mother caught him one day in my room on top of me with his clothes on. She told me to fight back the next time, so I did. I fought back and the abuse stopped. He didn't know what he was doing.

When he was eight, he was molested by a little girl. My mom caught them. He tried to kill himself many times, until finally one day he was successful. There was something I should have told him, but I didn't. I didn't tell him he missed a call from his Imam who was going to give him a ride to go to Atlanta to sing.

"It wasn't your fault," the doctor said. "What?" Anika responded. "It wasn't your fault," the doctor said.

"Of course it was my fault. I didn't relay the message. And I should have never allowed him to molest me. I should have fought him off. I'm going to hell."

"Do you believe in Jesus? He died so you can have eternal life," The doctor said. Anika remains silent.

"Do you hallucinate visually or have delusions?" The doctor asked.

"Yes, I do see things that are not there, but I'm not really sure if I am delusional. I see faces everywhere, faces in my sheets, faces in the walls, faces in my rugs. Also, my husband always implies that I'm crazy because I tell him that I am special, that I was sent here to live

for a reason. That it's my job to save the world," Anika said.

"Everyone's special. So how do you plan on saving the world?"
The psychiatrist asked as his eyes sticks to her medical chart.

"By letting people know that the world does not have to end as everyone expects it to. It is scheduled to happen, but it doesn't have to. We have brilliant minds and can save ourselves from wars, pollution, and future devastation. By informing others that there is a God and he loves us very much, I can save the world" Anika said.

The Psychiatrist gives Anika a dead stare. Sullenness stretched throughout the room like a contagious virus. Anika's pupils shielded behind her eyelids.

"And David? Is he real to you?" the psychiatrist asked.

"Yes, I almost had sex with David. That would have messed up my whole life. I lay in the bed with him, but nothing happened. He fell in love with me and started stalking me. He almost messed up my wedding," Anika said.

The doctor places her chart on the table and looks into her eyes.

"Anika there never was a wedding and David is all in your mind. You never cheated on Mosi and he is not your husband he is your fiancé. I'm sorry to be the one to tell you this. You're delusional right now. You haven't been taking your medication so I'm going to have to Baker Act you, again. When released, if you come back we will have to commit you for several months."

