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Colofn Ddwyieithog: Byw ym Mybyl Iselder **Parallel**
Bilingual Column: Living in a Bubble of Depression **.cymru**

Colofnydd Meddwl.org: Byw ym Mybyl Iselder / Living in a Bubble of Depression

Wedi'i gyhoeddi ar 29/11/2018 — Yn Anffurfiol/Erthyglau

Mae nifer o bobl wedi cyfrannu at meddwl.org/category/myfyrdodau, lle maen nhw'n rhannu eu meddyliau a theimladau am fyw am fyw gyda salwch neu gyflwr iechyd meddwl. Yma, mae un o'r colofnwyr yn cyfrannu at parallel.cymru, gyda fersiwn Saesneg wedi'i ddarparu gan David Sutton. Mae'n ddisgrifiad agored, gonest a gwir am y profiad o fyw gydag iselder.

A number of people have contributed to meddwl.org/category/myfyrdodau, in which they share their thoughts and feelings about living with a mental health condition or illness. Here, one of the columnists contributes to parallel.cymru, with an English version provided by David Sutton. It is an open, honest and real account of the the experience of living with depression.

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Be ydi iselder ym meddwl eraill? / What is depression in the minds of others?

Dwi'n meddwl bod lot o bobl sydd ddim yn deall beth ydi iselder ac heb gael profiad ohono yn meddwl bod pobl sy'n dioddef gydag o yn gwneud dim ond crio. Yn eistedd ar y llawr mewn ystafell dywyll yn siglo nôl ac ymlaen am oriau. Oce, gall hyn fod yn wir am rhai pobl ac am rhai gyfnodau o iselder falle, ond dim drwy'r amser.

I think that a lot of people who do not understand what depression is and have not having had experience of it think that people suffering from it do nothing but cry. Sit on the floor in a dark room rocking back and forth for hours. OK, this may perhaps be true for some people and for some periods of depression, but not all the time.

Gallai person fod yn cael diwrnod hunllefus o fod yn crio, heb fod am gawod a ddim isio gwneud dim. Ond yn dal i fedru ateb neges text, medru gwisgo dillad lliwgar, mynd allan am dro neu hyd yn oed gwneud jôc ysgafn a chwerthin. Gall bobl roi gwyneb neu act ymlaen a pharhau i ymddangos o'r tu allan fel rhywun sydd ddim yn dioddef o salwch meddwl. Mae hyn yn sgil gan nifer o bobl sy'n dioddef o wahanol achosion o salwch meddwl. Er y cynnydd diweddar mewn cyhoedduswydd am salwch meddwl, mae rhai pobl yn parhau i gysylltu'r peth gydag ysbytai a phobl yn ymddwyn mewn ffordd "gwahanol" yn y stryd – dydyn nhw wirioneddol ddim yn deall sut beth ydi o.

A person could be having a nightmare day of crying, not wanting to take a shower and not wanting to do anything. But still be able to answer a text message, be able to choose colourful clothes, go out for a while or even make a light-hearted joke and laugh. People can put on a face or act and go on appearing from the outside like someone who does not suffer from mental illness. This is a skill possessed by many people who suffer from different cases of mental illness. Despite the recent increase in publicity about mental illness, some people still connect it with hospitals and people behaving in a 'different' way in the street – they truly don't understand what it is.

Mae 'na gymaint o bobl yn parhau i wneud jôc a defnyddio geiriau sy'n gysylltiedig â salwch meddwl yn rhy ysgafn.

So many people continue to make jokes and use words that are connected with mental illness too lightly.

Yn aml iawn byddai'n clywed pobl yn dweud eu bod nhw'n depressed ond does ganddyn nhw ddim syniad beth ydi ystyr y gair. Mae 'na gymaint o bobl yn camddechongli iselder efo teimlo ychydig yn isel. Mae rhai eraill yn ei ddefnyddio fel cyfeiriad mewn jôc – "Os byddai'n aros yn fama llawar hirach byddai'n depressed". Dwi'n gwybod nad ydi rhan fwyaf ohonynt yn meddwl dim drwg wrth wneud cyfeiriad o'r fath ond mae defnyddio'r geiriau yn y fath ystyr yn brifo ac yn medru gwneud niwed i'r rhai sydd wirioneddol yn dioddef.

Very often I'll hear people say that they are depressed but they have no idea what the word means. So many people misinterpret depression as feeling a little bit low. Others refer to it jokingly – 'If I stay here much longer I'll be depressed'. I know that most of them mean no harm by making references of this kind, but using the words in such sense hurts and can harm those who are truly suffering.

Mae agwedd ac ymddygiad fel hyn yn ei gwneud hi'n **gymaint anoddach** i'r rhai sydd wir yn dioddef gyfaddef wrth eraill ac agor fyny am y ffordd maen nhw'n teimlo. Mae bobl yn dal i gael ymateb fel "Chdi? Pam dy fod di'n isel?" neu "Fyddi di'n iawn, cael diwrnod isel wyt ti" neu "Dwyt ti ddim yn edrych fel dy fod yn dioddef o iselder".

An attitude and behaviour like this makes it **so much harder** for those who are truly suffering to admit it to others and open up about the way they feel. People continue to get responses like "You? Why are you depressed?" or "You'll be all right, you're having a bad day" or "You don't look as if you are suffering from depression".

Mae ymatebion neu sylwadau fel hyn yn gwneud i'r sawl sy'n sâl gwestiynnu ei hun a gwneud iddynt boeni na fydd pobl eisiau bod yn eu cwmni rŵan eu bod yn gwybod y gwir amdanynt. Mae'n gwneud iddyn nhw deimlo mor dywyll a'r teimlad sydd tu mewn i'w

Responses and remarks like this make those who are ill question themselves and make them worry that people will not want to be in their company now that they know the truth about them. It makes them feel so dark as the feeling inside their head. It makes them think they must

pen. Mae'n gwneud iddyn nhw feddwl bod rhaid iddyn nhw fod yn drist, isel neu crio yn aml gan mai dyna mae pobl yn ddisgwyl ei weld gan rhywun sy'n dioddef o iselder. Os nad ydyn nhw'n gweld hyn, gallen nhw feddwl bod y sawl sy'n sâl yn dweud celwydd am eu cyflwr neu wedi gwella'n sydyn.

be sad, feel low or cry often because that is what people expect to see from someone who is suffering from depression. If they don't see this, they could think that the person who is ill is lying about their condition or have suddenly got better.

Mae'n anodd.

It is difficult.

Mae'n anodd i'r sawl sy'n dioddef ddygymod â'r hyn sy'n mynd ymlaen yn eu pen, sut i weithredu arno a wedyn sut i geisio adrodd ar hynny ac egluro wrth bobl eraill. Mae fel teimlad cyson o ofni y byddent yn cael eu barnu gan bobl eraill. Weithiau fedrith rhywun sy'n dioddef fod yn wirioneddol oce – cael hwyl, chwerthin a mwynhau. Ond ymysg y chwerthin mae 'na o hyd ddarn o iselder yn y canol. Dydi o byth yn diflannu yn gyfan gwbl. Weithiau mae ond yn ddarn bychan ac ar adegau eraill gall fod yn ddarn mawr. Ond, er gwaetha'r maint, mae'r person o hyd yn ei deimlo er nad yw'n ei rannu gyda'r bywyd tu allan. Mae yno o hyd er nad yw o hyd yn weladwy i eraill ei weld.

It is difficult for those who are suffering to come to terms with what is going on in their head, how to act on it and then how to try to talk about it and explain it to other people. It is like a constant feeling of fear that they will be judged by other people. Sometimes someone who is suffering might genuinely be OK – have fun, laugh and enjoy themselves. But amongst the laughter there is still an element of depression at the centre. It never entirely goes away. Sometimes it is only a small amount and at other times it may be a large amount. But, despite the size, the person is still feeling it, even though they are not sharing it with the outside world. It's always there even though it's still not visible for other people to see.

Er mor anodd ydi byw efo iselder, dydi pob diwrnod ddim yn ddrwg. Efallai fod na ddrwg ymhob diwrnod ond gall fod da mewn pob diwrnod drwg hefyd, dim ond bod angen gwneud gwaith caled i ddod o hyd iddo. Mae 'na nifer o bobl sy'n dioddef o iselder wedi dysgu sut i fyw efo fo a wedi dod i arfer iddo fod yn "normal" – mae'r bobl yma wedi gwneud yn ardderchog.

Although the difficulties of living with depression, not every day is bad. Perhaps there is bad in every day but there can also be good in bad days too, it's just that hard work needs to be done to find it. A number of people that suffer from depression have learnt how to live with it and have got used to it as being 'normal' – these people have done excellent.

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Mae'n anodd i'r sawl sy'n dioddef ddygymod
â'r hyn sy'n mynd ymlaen yn eu pen, sut i
weithredu arno a wedyn sut i geisio adrodd ar
hynny ac egluro wrth bobl eraill.

Sut beth ydi byw efo iselder? / What is it like living with depression?

I mi, mae fel trio ymladd brwydr dyddiol efo bob dim sy'n mynd rownd a rownd yn fy mhen i; teimladau, meddyliau, euogrywydd, cwestiynau, sylwadau pobl eraill.

For me, it is like trying to fight a daily battle with everything going round and round in my head: feelings, thoughts, guilt, questions, what other people are saying.

Dwi'n byw mewn bybyl. Dwi'n edrych allan o'r bybyl ar fywyd pobl o nghwmpas ond dwi ddim yn rhan o ddim byd nac yn perthyn i neb. Dwi'n bodoli, dyna'i gyd.

I live in a bubble. I look out of the bubble on the life of people around me but I am part of nothing and I belong to no one. I exist, that is all.

Mae'r dyfodol yn dywyll. Dwi ddim yn gweld dyfodol... Be ydw i'n weld? Cwestiwn da!

The future is dark. I do not see a future. What do I see? Good question!

O'r **tu allan**, efallai fod pobl yn meddwl mod i ddim yn pwsio fy hun, mod i'n gadael i bethau lifo ac yn 'make-do'. Ond dwi yn pwsio fy hun – dwi'n pwsio fy hun i fynd i Tesco ar adeg pan dwi jyst isio aros yn y tŷ; dwi'n pwsio fy hun i wyllo rhaglen deledu yn hytrach na gwranddo ar y lleisiau yn fy mhen; dwi'n pwsio fy hun i olchi ngwallt ar ôl 3 (weithiau 4) diwrnod o beidio gwneud. Dwi'n pwsio fy hun, er gwaethaf pa mor fach ydi'r pwsh.

From the **outside**, maybe people think that I do not push myself that I let things slide and 'make do'. But I do push myself – I push myself to go to Tesco at a time when I just want to stay in the house; I push myself to watch a television program rather than listen to the voices in my head; I push myself to wash my hair after three (sometimes four) days of not doing so. I do push myself, however small the push may be.

Dwi'n crio ar ddim. Na'i grio am rywbeth sydd wir yn meddwl rhywbeth i

I cry at nothing. I will cry about something that really means

mi ac yn taro nghalon i, ond ar adegau eraill na'i grio am rywbeth dibwys. Roedd na raglen deledu 'mlaen gen i ryw ddiwrnod neu ddau'n ôl a bu i blentyn redeg rownd cyfa' mewn gêm rownders – nes i grio bryd hynny. Nes i grio pan oedd 'na 'sgodyn ar raglen *Blue Planet* yn methu dal rhyw blanhigyn i'w fyta.

something to me and touches my heart, but at other times I cry about something of no importance. There was a television program on a day or two ago and a child running all the way round in a game of rounders – I cried that time. I cried when there was a fish on the *Blue Planet* program that couldn't find any plants to eat.

Dwi'n flin ac yn ddi-fyned. Fedra'i fod yn teimlo'n reit dda ac yn cael diwrnod da nes mae un peth bychan yn troi'r drol – baglu ar garreg, mwy o fwd ar un esgid na'r llall, colli bag tê oddi ar lwy cyn cyrraedd y bin brown. Neith pethau fel 'ma wneud i mi grio hefyd.

I am tired and listless. I could be feeling quite good and having a good day until one little thing throws me – tripping on a stone, more mud on one shoe than the other, dropping a teabag from the spoon before I can get to the brown bin. Things like that will make me cry too.

Mae trio gwneud penderfyniadau'n sialens – a dwi ddim yn sôn am benderfyniadau mawr. Dwi methu penderfynu pa dorth i brynu, pa het i wisgo, pa ffordd dwi am ddreifio adra. Mi fedra'i fod yn sdyc am tua 10 munud ar adegau'n methu gwneud penderfyniad gwbl syml.

Trying to make decisions is a challenge – and I am not talking about big decisions. I can't decide what loaf to buy, what hat to wear, what way home I want to drive. At times I can be stuck for about ten minutes unable to make quite simple decisions.

Dwi'n poeni am fod yn niwsans i bobl. Poeni mai ond hyn sydd am ddod ohona i. Ar adegau dwi'n brifo fy hun oherwydd y ffordd dwi'n dehongli, neu'n hytrach yn camddehongli rhai o'r pethau mae pobl yn ei ddweud. Roedd poeni am beth mae pobl eraill yn ei ddweud neu'n ei feddwl ohona i yn arfer bod yn boen meddwl ac yn obsesiwn mawr. Fedrwn i fod yn poeni amdano am amser hir ac yn gweithio fy hun i fyny. Ond yn ara' deg dwi'n symud ymlaen i beidio poeni. Mae'n anodd ac yn strygl dyddiol ond 'di o ddim yn gymaint o ffocws i mi ag oedd o'n arfer bod.

I worry about being a nuisance to people. Worry that this is only what will become of me. At times I hurt myself on account of the way I interpret, or rather misinterpret, some of the things that other people say. Worrying about what other people are saying or thinking about me used to cause me distress and become a great obsession. I might worry about it for a long time and work myself up. But slowly I'm moving on to stop worrying. It is difficult and a daily struggle but it's not as much of a focus as it used to be.

Dwi 'di blino. Dwi 'di blino ar drïo meddwl pam mod i'n teimlo fel 'ma. Dwi 'di blino ar drïo datrys pethau. Mae nghorff i'n drwm ac mae mhen i'n drwm. Ond dwi methu cysgu.

I am tired. I am tired of trying to think why I feel like this. I am tired of trying to work things out. My body is heavy and my head is heavy. And yet I cannot sleep.

Dau brif beth sy'n rhoi golau i mi ar ddiwedd y twnnel:

Two main things that show me a light at the end of the tunnel:

1) Fy ffrind bach. Plentyn fy ffrind gorau. Mae'r ddyled sydd gen i i'm ffrind am adael i mi dreulio amser efo'r person bach arbennig yma, a hitha'n gwbod mod i'n fregus, yn un fawr a dwi'n ddyddiol yn ddiolchgar iddi. Dwi'n medru diffodd y pethau sy'n mynd rownd yn fy mhen pan dwi efo'r person bach. Mae'n rhoi pwrpas a ffocws i mi a dwi'n mwynhau chwarae a lliwio heb ffocysu ar y "llais" na. Mae'n braf medru eistedd efo fo'n gwylïo cartŵn a chael cydyl bach. Mae'r cariad sydd gen i tuag ato fo mor gryf.

1) My little friend. Child of my best friend. The debt I owe to my friend for letting me spend time with this special little person, knowing that I am fragile, is a great one, and I am thankful to her every day. I can switch off the things that go round and round in my head when I am with the little person. He gives me a purpose and a focus and I enjoy playing games and colouring without focussing on that 'voice'. It is great to be able to sit with him watching cartoons and having a little cuddle. The love I have for him is so strong.

2) Cerdded. Mi fedra'i gerdded am orïau ac mae'n rhoi rhyddid i mi oddi wrth fy meddylïau a nheimladau. Mae'n haws weithïau cerdded yn y glaw gan fod llai o bobl o gwmpas a mi fedrai smalïo mai'r glaw ydi'r dagrau sy'n rhedeg lawr fy mochau. Ond does na'm curo cerdded mynydd ar ddiwrnod braf chwaith.

2) Walking. I could walk for hours and it gives me freedom from my thoughts and feelings. It is easier sometimes to walk in the rain because fewer people are around and I can pretend that the tears running down my cheeks are the rain. But nothing beats walking in the mountains on a fine day either.

Mae dagrau yn bethau cyfarwydd iawn i mi yn ddiweddar...

Lately tears very familiar things to me...

Dwi wedi sôn eisoes am grio ond mae dagrau yn rhywbeth sy'n dod i mi bob nos. Ydw i'n crio fy hun i gysgu? Dwi ddim yn siwr, ond mae dagrau'n bendant yn ffactor pan mae'n amser trio cysgu.

I have already mentioned crying but tears are something that come to me every night. Do I cry myself to sleep? I am not sure, but tears are definitely a factor when it is time to try to go to sleep.

Mae'n fy ngwylltio i ac yn fy ngwneud i'n flin mod i methu mynd i weld nain ar adegau. Person sy'n arbennig iawn i mi a dwi'n cyfri fy hun yn lwcus iawn o'i chael yn fy mywyd. Ond am ddyddïau ar ôl ei gilydd dwi'n methu mynd i'w gweld achos dwi'n methu canolbwyntio ar sgwrs. Dwi'n teimlo'n euog ac yn hunanol.

It drives me mad and makes me so angry that at times I cannot go to see my grandmother. She is a very special person to me and I count myself very lucky to have her in my life. But for days on end I can't go to see her because I can't concentrate on making conversation. I feel guilty and selfish.

Dwi'n cael gwahoddiad gan ffrindïau i fynd allan ond dwi ddim yn mynd. Dwi eisïau mynd ond dwi methu. Dwi ofn peidio medru cynnal sgwrs, crio yn eu cwmni ar rhywbeth dibwys neu 'rhoi dampar' ar eu noson a'u

I get invitations from friends to go out but I don't go. I want to go but I can't. I am afraid of not being able to hold a conversation, of crying in their company for no reason or 'putting a damper' on their

hwyl. Dwi ofn y byddai'n eistedd yno yng nghwmni criw o ffrindiau yn dweud dim – mae wedi digwydd o'r blaen ac mae'n deimlad afiach. Roeddwn i'n eistedd yno a doedd y geiriau methu dod o ngheg. A mwy oeddwn i'n meddwl am y peth, gwaeth oedd y teimlad yn mynd a mwy o amser oedd yn pasio. Mae'r profiad yma wedi aros efo fi a dydw i heb lwyddo i'w goncro hyd yn hyn.

evening and their fun. I am afraid of sitting there in the company of a gathering of friends saying nothing – it has happened before and it is a horrible feeling. And the more I thought about the matter, the worse the feeling got and the more time went by. This experience has stayed with me and I have not yet succeeded in overcoming it.

Mae sefyllaoedd cymdeithasol yn fy nychryn. Dwi'n tueddu i fedru ymdopi'n well efo grŵp bychan o bobl a rheiny yn bobl dwi'n medru ymddiried ynddyn nhw. Mae criw mawr o bobl yn gwneud i mi banicio. Dwi ofn colli ffrindiau o ganlyniad i'r salwch a'r ffordd y mae'n gwneud i mi ymddwyn.

Social situations frighten me. I tend to be able to cope better in small groups of people, and those being people that I can trust. A big crowd of people makes me panic. I am afraid of losing friends as a consequence of my illness and the way it makes me behave.

Ar adegau dwi methu codi ffôn i wneud galwad. Dwi'n gorfod paratoi fy hun i biciad allan i'r siop – paratoi fy hun am wahanol sefyllfaoedd fyddai'n gallu codi. Rhywbeth mor fychan a dod wyneb yn wyneb efo rhywun a gorfod gwneud sgwrs. Beth sydd mor ddrwg am hynny? Dwn i ddim, ond mae'n rwystr i mi.

At times I cannot pick up the phone to make a call. I have to gear myself up to make a dash to the shops – prepare myself for different situations that could arise. Something as small as coming face to face with someone and having to make conversation. What is so bad about that? I don't know, but it is an obstacle for me.

Dwi'n gweld cwnselydd pob wythnos neu bythefnos, sy'n help.

Dwi'n medru rhannu'r lleisiau, y meddyliau a'r teimladau sydd gen i heb boeni mod i am gael fy marnu. Mae hi'n rhoi awgrymiadau i mi ar wahanol bethau y medra i wneud. Mae hi'n gwneud i mi deimlo'n well amdana fi'n hun a mod yn gwneud cynnydd – rhywbeth nad ydw i'n sylwi fy hun ond wrth adrodd pethau, mae'n ymddangos yn gliriach rywsut.

I see a counsellor every week or fortnight, which is a help. I can share the voices, the thoughts and the feelings I have without worrying that I am going to be judged. She gives me suggestions as to different things I can do. She makes me feel better about myself and that I am making progress – something I do not see for myself but by talking about things it somehow shows more clearly.

Dwi'n ddiolchgar iawn i'm ffrindiau, yn enwedig fy ffrindiau agos, am eu hymdrechion i drïo fy helpu. Ond anaml iawn y gwnai ofyn am help gan mod i ofn bod yn faich, creu trafferth neu bod yn niwsans.

I am very grateful to my friends, especially my close friends, for their efforts to help me. But very rarely will I ask for help because I am afraid of being a burden, making trouble or being a nuisance.

Fedra'i fod am oriau yn mynd dros hen sefyllfaoedd ac yn poeni'n hun yn sâl mod i wedi dweud neu gwneud rhywbeth o'i le. Os dwi heb dderbyn text yn ôl gan ffrind, dwi'n poeni mod i'n niwsans am fod wedi textio yn y lle cyntaf.

I could spend hours going over old situations and worrying myself sick that I have said or done something out of place. If I have not had a text message back from a friend, I worry that I am a nuisance for having texted in the first place.

Pan fyddai wedi medru pwsio fy hun i wylïo rhaglen deledu neu ddarlenn llyfr neu gylchgrawn, yn aml fyddai'n ffeindio fy hun yn ail-chwarae'r rhaglen neu ail-ddarlenn yr un dudalen drosodd a throsodd gan mod i methu canolbwyntio. Mae fy meddwl i'n crwydro'n hawdd ac mae'n anodd ei gael yn ôl ar adegau.

When I have been able to make the effort to watch a television program or read a book or magazine, I frequently find myself replaying the program or rereading the same page over and over again because I have not been able to concentrate. My thoughts easily wander off and at times it is difficult to get them back.

Pwy ydw i? Dwn i ddim bellach. Dwi'm yn adnabod fy hun.

Dwi'n aml yn rhoi "ffrynt" ymlaen pan fyddai efo pobl eraill – ond i guddio be neu pwy, dwn i ddim. Dwi'n gweithio ar drïo dod o hyd i fi fy hun. Dwi'n bendant ddim yr un person ag oeddwn i'n arfer bod. Ond os ddoi o hyd i fi'n hun a bod yn hapus efo hynny, fyddai'n fodlon ac yn falch.

Who am I? I no longer know, I do not know myself.

I often put on a 'front' when I am with other people – but to hide what or who, I don't know. I work at trying to find myself. I am definitely not the same person I used to be. But if I were to find myself and be happy with it, I would be contented and proud.

Mae'n anodd egluro i rhywun sut beth ydi iselder. Mae profiad pawb yn wahanol ac os nad ydi rhywun wedi bod drwyddo eu hunain, does na'm posib iddyn nhw ddeall – sy'n wir am holl brofiadau bywyd. Mae'n siŵr mai'r hyn sy'n anodd i bobl eraill ddeall ydi ngweld i'n ymddangos yn "ok", yn medru cymryd rhan mewn gweithgaredd neu'n medru sgwrsio'n agored. Ond yr hyn nad ydyn nhw'n ei weld ydi y gallaf fod wedi llithro'n ôl i'r tywyllwch ymhen ychydig oriau wedyn.

It is difficult to explain to someone what depression is like. Everyone's experience is different and if someone has not been through it themselves, it is impossible for them to understand – which is true of all life's experiences. What is probably difficult for other people to understand is to see me appearing to be "ok", being able to take part in an activity or talk openly. But what they do not see is that a few hours later I can be slipping back into the darkness.

Dois ar draws y dywediad yma ychydig o ddyddiau'n ôl a dwi'n meddwl ei fod yn ffitio'n berffaith wrth feddwl am iselder:

I came across this passage a few days ago and I think it expresses perfectly the idea of depression:

“

“Dydy'r ffaith fy mod wedi medru ddoe ddim yn golygu y medra'i heddiw. Ac er fy mod wedi methu heddiw, dydy hynny ddim i ddweud y byddai'n methu fory”.

“

“The fact that I could yesterday does not mean that I can today. And although I have been unable to today, that is not to say that I will be unable to tomorrow”.

Dwi wedi rhoi blas ar ddiwrnod yn fy mywyd o fyw efo iselder. Bydd fory yn ddiwrnod arall. O bosibl, fyddai ddim yn teimlo'r union yr un fath fory. Efallai y bydd yn ddiwrnod gwell, neu gall fod yn ddiwrnod gwaeth.

I have given a taste of my life of living with depression. Tomorrow will be another day. Possibly I will not feel the same tomorrow. Perhaps it will be a better day, or it may be a worse day.

Ond bydd yn ddiwrnod gwahanol...

But it will be a different day...

Mae iselder yn gwneud i mi bellhau fy hun oddi wrth y bobl sydd agosaf ata'i ac ar adegau yn gwneud i mi eu gwthio i ffwrdd. Does gennai'm syniad pam ac ar adegau mae'n beth dryslyd a poenus.

Depression makes me distance myself from the people who are closest to me and at times makes me push them away. I have no idea why and at times it is so complicated and painful.

Dwi'n derbyn bod hyn yn anodd i'r rhai o fy nghwmpas hefyd – os nad ydw i'n gwybod pam mod i'n eu gwthio i ffwrdd, does dim disgwyl iddyn nhw wybod na deall be sy'n mynd ymlaen. Dwi'n brifo fy hun a'u brifo nhw.

I accept that it is also difficult for those around me – if I don't know why I push them away, they can't be expected to know or understand what is going on. I hurt myself and hurt them.

Weithiau mae'n haws gwthio pobl i ffwrdd yn hytrach na trio smalio mod i'n iawn neu rhoi gwyneb ymlaen. Mae'n haws na gwynebu pa mor bell dwi wedi disgyn i ffwrdd o'r person oeddwn i'n arfer bod a pa mor dywyll mae pethau yn medru bod. Mae smalio i rhywun arall gymaint anoddach na smalio i fi'n hun. Wrth fod o gwmpas pobl eraill, mae'n fy atgoffa pa mor bell ydw i o beidio bod yn iawn.

Sometimes it is easier to push people away rather than try to pretend that I am all right or put a front on. It is easier than facing up to how far I have fallen away from the person I used to be and how dark things can be. Pretending to another person is so much more difficult than pretending to myself. When I am around other people, it reminds me how far I am from being all right.

Sgenai ddim egni. Dim egni i fi fy hun na i wneud unrhyw beth. Mae hyn yn gallu bod yn anoddach fyth pan dwi o gwmpas pobl eraill – dwi'n gorfod smalio fod gennai egni. Ond y gwir ydi, does gennai ddim yr egni i ddilyn sgwrs, i gyfranau i sgwrs neu hyd yn oed i chwerthin. Dwi'n ofni wedyn bod y bobl o'n nghwmpas yn sylweddoli hyn ac yn meddwl mod i'n bod yn anghwrtais a ddim eisiau bod yn eu cwmni. Ond dwi isio bod efo nhw, dwi isio chwerthin, bod yn rhan o sgwrs a dod i wybod am yr hyn sydd yn mynd ymlaen yn eu bywydau nhw, ond mae'r diffyg egni yn fy nhyntu i lawr. Weithiau, yr unig beth dwi isio ydi cael hug gen ffrind ac eistedd efo nhw yn dawel. Dim ond fod na gwmni wrth fy ochr, does na'm rhaid dweud dim wrth y naill na'r llall. Ond dwi ofn gofyn, gennai ofn bod hyn yn gwastraffu eu amser a fod ganddyn nhw bethau gwell i neud. Ofn mod i'n bod yn hunanol.

I have no energy. No energy for myself nor to do anything. This can be even more difficult when I am around other people – I have to pretend that I do have energy. But the truth is, I have no energy to follow a conversation, to take part in a conversation, or even to laugh. I am afraid then that people around notice this and think I am being discourteous and not wanting to be in their company. But I do want to be with them, I do want to laugh, to be part of a conversation and get to know what is going on in their lives, but the lack of energy drags me down. Sometimes, the only thing I want to do is get a hug from a friend and sit with them quietly. Just their company beside me, no need for either of us to say anything. But I am afraid to ask, afraid that this is a wasting their time and that they have better things to do. Afraid that I am being selfish.

Yn y foment, mae'r emosiwn mor gryf dwi ddim yn sylweddoli be sy'n mynd mlaen...

In the moment, the emotion is so strong that I don't notice what is going on...

Dwi'n mynd yn ddiamynedd ac yn annifyr efo pethau, a weithiau efo pobl, yn hawdd. Rhan fwyaf o'r amser fy rhieni sy'n dioddef hyn gennai gan mai nhw dwi'n ei weld amlaf. Dwi'm yn trio bod yn ddiamynedd nac yn anifyr ond weithia dwi methu helpu'n hun. Yn y foment, mae'r emosiwn mor gryf dwi ddim yn sylweddoli be sy'n mynd mlaen, ond wedi ychydig funudau ac wrth gymryd cam yn ôl o'r sefyllfa dwi'n teimlo'n flin efo fi'n hun am ymddwyn fel y gwnes i. Pa hawl sydd gennai i fod yn flin efo bobl am ddim rheswm neu am ddisgwyl iddyn nhw wybod neu deall rhywbeth. Dwi wedi anfon txt at wahanol bobl cyn heddiw i ymddiheuro am fy ymddygiad – am fod yn flin, am beidio sgwrsio llawer, am fod yn ddistaw. Dwi'n teimlo'n aml bod angen i mi ymddiheuro am fy ymddygiad.

I easily become impatient and awkward with things, and sometimes with people. Most of the time it is my parents who suffer this because it is them I see most often. I try not to be impatient or awkward but sometimes I can't help myself. In the moment, the emotion is so strong that I don't notice what is going on, but after a few minutes and taking a step back from the situation I feel annoyed with myself for behaving in the way I did. What right have I to feel annoyed with people for no reason or expect them to know or understand something. I have sent texts to various people before now apologising for my behaviour – for being cross, for not talking more, for being quiet. I often feel that I need to apologise for my behaviour.

Dwi'n teimlo wedyn bod pobl ddim isio i mi fod o'u cwmpas. Er bod pobl yn gwneud a dweud pethau sy'n cefnogi'r ffaith eu bod eisiau bod yn fy nghwmni, dwi ddim yn eu coelio a dwi'n meddwl eu bod yn dweud neu gwneud y pethau dim ond i mi deimlo'n well. Dwi ddim yn deall pam y byddai rhywun eisiau treulio amser efo fi a finnau fel hyn – dwi'n poeni nad oes gennai ddim i'w gynnig neu mod i am fod mewn hwyliau isel neu yn crio. Ond, os na fyddai wedi cysylltu efo ffrind ers chydig ddyddiau neu nhw heb gysylltu efo fi, byddai'n teimlo bod yr hyn dwi'n teimlo am fy hun yn dod yn wir a'u bod nhw wirioneddol yn meddwl yr un peth amdana'i – eu bod wedi cael llond bol ohonai a mod i'n eu tynnu i lawr.

Then I feel that people don't want me around them. Although people do and say things which support the fact that they do want my company, I don't believe them and I think that they are doing or saying the things only to make me feel better. I do not understand why someone would want to spend time with me when I am the way I am – I worry that I have nothing to offer or that I am going to be in low spirits or cry. And yet, if I have not been in touch with a friend for a few days or they have not been in touch with me, I will feel that what I feel about myself is coming true and they are indeed thinking the same thing about me – that they are fed up with me and that I am dragging them down.

Dwi'n teimlo fel llanast...

I feel like a mess...

Dwi'n ymwybodol mod i ddim yn fi fy hun a fod yr iselder wedi cymryd drosodd a wedi llyncu pob owns o egni a brwdfrydedd ohonai. Dwi'n teimlo fel llanast. Dwi'n ei chael yn anodd adnabod fy hun a mae hynny yn codi cywilydd arnai. Yn aml na'i ddim gadael i bobl yng ngweld i felma. Unai na'i aros nes dwi'n cael cyfnod gwell neu na'i beidio mynd allan fel mod i ddim yn gorfod gwynebu neb. Ar adegau eraill, does dim ots gennai sut olwg sydd arnai na faint o lanast dwi ynddo.

I am conscious that I am not myself and that the depression has taken over and swallowed up every ounce of my energy and enthusiasm. I feel like a mess. I find it difficult to recognise myself and this arouses shame in me. Often I will not let people see me like this. Either I wait till I have a better time or I avoid going out so that I don't have to face anyone. At other times, it makes no difference to me how I look or what sort of mess I am in.

Dwi'n teimlo mod i'n faich i bobl eraill, yn aml iawn. Dwi'n teimlo y byddwn i'n tynnu bobl eraill i lawr os dwi yn eu cwmni. Dwi'n teimlo nad ydi pobl yn medru fy nhrin fel y person dwi'n arfer bod, ymddired yna'i fel oedden nhw'n arfer gwneud neu cael hwyl efo fi fel yr hen amser. Dwi'n niwsans – niwsans bod yr iselder 'ma wedi dwyn pob dim oddi arnai. Dwi ofn bod fy ffrindiau methu dweud wrthai am be sy'n mynd mlaen yn eu bywyd – eu bod wedi cael digon ohonai, mod i ddim yn ymateb yn y ffordd oeddwn i'n arfer gwneud neu eu bod nhw yn syml ddim isio fi wybod na bod yn rhan o'r peth. Dwi wedyn ofn cael fy mriifo – ofn i bobl flino cyn gymaint arnai eu bod yn rhoi diwedd ar ein perthynas ac yn cerdded i ffwrdd. Weithiau mae'n haws i mi deimlo'n unig na poeni pryd mae rhywun am gael digon ohonai.

I very often feel that I am a burden to other people. I feel that I am dragging other people down if I am in their company. I feel that people are not able to treat me like the person I used to be, cannot rely on me the way they used to do or have fun with me as in the old days. I am a nuisance – a nuisance that this depression has taken everything away from me. I am afraid that my friends cannot tell me what is going on in their lives – that they have had enough of me, that I don't respond in the way I used to or that they simply do not want to know me or be part of the matter. Then I am afraid of being hurt – afraid that people will grow so tired of me that they will put an end to our relationship and walk away. Sometimes it is easier for me to feel lonely than worry about a time when people have had enough of me.

Mae na elfen o fod ofn agor i fyny gormod rhag i mi eu brifo...

There is an element of being afraid to open up too much in case I hurt them...

Dwi ofn brifo pobl. Ddim yn aml iawn y byddai'n bod yn gwbl onest efo'r rhai sydd agosaf atai am yr hyn dwi'n deimlo. Ond yn ddiweddar dwi wedi darganfod bod sgwennu pethau i lawr a rhoi hwnnw iddynt i ddarllen yn llawer haws a wedi bod yn help mawr – i mi ac iddyn nhw. Mae ambell i berson dwi wedi rhannu'r darnau sgwennu â hwy wedi dod yn ôl atai i ddweud ei fod wedi bod yn agoriad llygad ac yn help iddyn nhw ddeall sut dwi'n teimlo. Mae rhai wedi gofyn mwy am yr hyn dwi wedi ei sgwennu. Dydi rhai eraill heb ddweud cyn gymaint – efallai nad ydynt yn gwybod sut i ymateb neu eu bod yn hapusach gwybod sut dwi'n teimlo ond nad ydynt yn awyddus i drafod y peth ymhellach.

I am afraid of hurting people. Not very often will I be completely honest with those closest to me about what I am feeling. But lately I have discovered that writing things down and giving this to them to read is much easier and has been a great help – to me and to them. Some people I have shared pieces of writing with have come back to me to say that it has been an eye-opener for them and helped them to understand how I feel. Some have asked more about what I have written. Others have not said as much – perhaps they do not know how to respond or are happier knowing how I feel but are not keen to discuss the matter further.

Dwi'n ei gweld yn haws i bobl ofyn rhywbeth i mi na i mi drïo cychwyn sgwrs am sut dwi'n teimlo. Dio ddim problem gennai siarad gyda'r rhai sydd agosaf atai, petawn nhw wir isio gwybod sut dwi'n teimlo, ond dwi'n teimlo'n euog os dwi'n dechrau siarad am y peth yn gyntaf, fel mod i'n bod yn hunanol. Mae na elfen o fod ofn agor i fyny gormod rhag i mi eu brifo. Byddwn i'n casau ac yn ei gweld mor anodd darllen rhywbeth fel hyn am fy ffrind felly fedra'i ond dychmygu sut beth ydi o iddyn nhw ddarllen rhywbeth mor bersonol amdana i. Mae'n rhaid i mi fod yn wylidwrus o'u teimladau nhw a sut gall y peth eu effeithio nhw.

I see it as easier for people to ask me something than for me to try to start a conversation about how I feel. I have no problem talking with those closest to me, if they truly want to know how I am feeling, but I feel guilty if I start talking about it first, as if I am being selfish. There is an element of being afraid to open up too much in case I hurt them. I would hate, and can see how hard it would be, to read something like this about a friend of mine, so I can only imagine what it is like for them to read something so personal about me. I must take account of their feelings and how the matter affects them.

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I mi, mae fel trio ymladd brwydr dyddiol efo bob dim sy'n mynd rownd a rownd yn fy mhen i; teimladau, meddyliau, euogrydd, cwestiynau, sylwadau pobl eraill.

Ar goll / Lost

Dwi'm cweit yn siwr be sy'n mynd ymlaen ar hyn o bryd.

Dwi'n temlo'n blanc ac yn ddi-deimlad. Dwi'n teimlo dim byd. Dwi ddim isio gwneud dim a dwi ddim isio gweld neb. Ond mae'n deimlad gwahanol i be dwi wedi bod yn ei deimlo. Dio ddim y teimlad o fod yn styc mewn twll tywyll a methu dianc allan. Dio ddim mod i'n crio ar y llawr am oriau a methu stopio. Dio ddim mod i'n gorfforol methu mynd allan i'r siop. Does gen i jysd ddim yr egni na'r nerth i 'neud yr un o'r pethau hynny. Ac i fod yn onest, dwi ddim isio eu gwneud nhw chwaith. Dwi digon bodlon i fod yn y tŷ trwy'r dydd yn gwneud dim.

I am not quite sure what's going on at the moment.

I feel blank and numb. I feel nothing. I don't want to do anything and I don't want to see anyone. But it's a different feeling to what I have been feeling. It is not the feeling of being stuck in a dark hole and being unable to escape from it. It is not that I am crying on the floor for hours and being unable to stop. It is not that I am physically unable to go out to the shop. It is just that I don't have the energy or strength to do any of these things. And to be honest, I don't want to do them either. I am satisfied enough to be in the house all day doing nothing.

Dydi o ddim yn deimlad eithafol lle dwi'n teimlo na fedra'i gario mlaen ddim mwy – dwi wedi cael hynny a dio ddim yn le braf i fod ynddo. Mae'r teimlad yma'n wahanol. Dwi'n gwybod hefyd ei fod yn fwy o deimlad na dim ond "sgenai ddim awydd" – mae pawb yn cael rheiny o dro i dro. Mae'n fwy na hynny. Pan mae dyddiau o'r fath yn taro rhywun mae pobl fel arfer yn medru ei luchio i'r ochr a mynd ymlaen efo'u bywyd dydd i ddydd. Dwi methu gwneud hynny. Dwi'n teimlo'n drwm

It is not an extreme feeling where I feel I cannot carry on any more – I have had that, and it is not a nice place to be in. This feeling is different. I also know that it is more than a feeling than simply 'I have no appetite for anything' – everyone gets those from time to time. It is more than that. When such days strike someone, people are usually able to cast them to one side and go on with their day-to-day life. I can't do this. I feel heavy.

Mae'r ochr yma o'r iselder yn newydd i mi a dwi ddim yn gwybod sut i ddelio ag o.

Dwi'n teimlo ar goll ac yn ddryslyd. Dwi ddim yn gwybod be sy'n digwydd a dwi ddim yn gwybod be i neud. Dwi wedi rhywfath o ddod i delerau efo'r symptomau hynny dwi 'di arfer â nhw. Dwi'n gwybod pryd mae nhw'n dod ac mae gen i ambell i beth y medra'i 'neud i wneud fy hun deimlo yn well pan fyddai'n cael fy nharo. Er mod i wedi dechrau dod i delerau â'r peth, dydi hynny ddim i ddweud eu bod nhw wedi dod yn haws i'w trin – mae nhw dal yr un mor anodd ond efallai nad ydynt yn digwydd mor aml, ac mae'n gymaint o gysur mod i'n medru delio â nhw'n well na'r oeddwn i. Ond dwi ddim yn gwybod sut i ddelio efo'r teimladau newydd 'ma. Dwi ddim yn eu ystyried fel cam yn ôl achos dydyn nhw ddim. Mae nhw yn gam gwahanol, dyna'r oll. Cam yn ôl fyddai bod yn nyfnder fy nheimladau a'n emosiynau eto a methu canfod ffordd allan. Dydw i ddim yn fannu. Dwi wedi gwella o hynny, dwi'n gwybod mod i. Ond dwi rŵan ar gam arall o'r siwrne a dwi ddim yn gweld y llwybr o mlaen.

This side of depression is new to me and I don't know how to deal with it.

I feel lost and confused. I don't know what is happening and I don't know what to do. I have in some way come to terms with the symptoms that I am used to. I know when they are coming and I have a few things I can do to make myself feel better when they strike. Although I have started to come to terms with it, that's not to say that they have become easier to treat – they are still just as difficult but perhaps they do not occur so often, and it is a great consolation that I can deal with them better than I used to be able to. But I don't know how to deal with these new feelings. I don't consider them to be a backward step because they are not. They are a different step, that's all. A step back would be being in the depths of my feelings and emotions again and seeing no way out. I am not in that place. I have improved from that, I know I have. But now I am on another step of the journey and I don't see the path ahead.

Dwi ddim yn gwybod ond dwi'n cymryd mai effaith y meddyginiaeth newydd dwi arnyn nhw ydi'r rheswm dros y newid yn y ffordd dwi'n teimlo. Mi welas i seiciatrydd ychydig o wythnosau yn ôl ac mae bellach wedi newid fy meddyginiaeth i rai y mae'n teimlo y bydd yn gweithio yn well i mi. Mae gen i ffydd ynddo. Mi wnaeth i mi deimlo fel bod rhywun yn gwrandao arnai, mod i wirioneddol yn sâl a mod i angen help a chymorth i wella.

I don't know but I am assuming that the reason for the change in how I'm feeling is the effect of the new medication I am on. I saw a psychiatrist a few weeks ago and now my medication has been changed to one that he feels will work better for me. I have faith in him. He made me feel that someone was listening to me, that I am genuinely ill and need help and support to get better.

Dim mod i'n dweud mod i heb gael hynny gan fy noctor ond mae cael rhywun proffesiynol yn y maes iechyd meddwl yn gwranddo arnoch chi, yn cydnabod eich symptomau a'ch teimladau a'ch cysuro bod rhywbeth y medrir ei wneud i'ch gwella chi yn gysur mawr a cefais hwb bach o hynny. Dwi felly'n trio dweud wrth fy hun mai'r teimladau newydd 'ma dwi'n eu cael ydi ffordd fy mhen a nghorff o ddod i arfer efo effaith y meddyginiaeth newydd. Mae'n debyg bod yr hen feddyginiaeth yn parhau i fod yn fy nghorff hefyd a bod gen i gymysgedd ohonynt erbyn hyn yn trio gweithio'n erbyn ei gilydd.

Not that I am saying I haven't received this from my doctor, but having someone professional in the field of mental health listen to you, recognise your symptoms and feelings and reassure you that something can be done to make you better is a great comfort and I got a bit of a lift from this. So I am trying to tell myself that the new feelings I am having is my head and body's way of getting used to the effects of the new medication. It is also likely that the old medication is still in my body and that I now have a mix of them trying to work against each other.

Mae gen i ffydd y byddai'n well eto mewn ychydig wythnosau. Dwi'n gobeithio erbyn hynny y bydd y teimladau dryslyd wedi culhau a bydd pethau yn gliriach yn fy mhen. Efallai y byddai angen cynyddu'r meddyginiaeth erbyn y tro nesaf i mi weld y seiciatrydd neu efallai y byddai angen meddyginiaeth newydd eto.

I have faith that I will be better again in a few weeks. I hope that by then the feelings of confusion will have lessened and that things will be clearer in my head. Perhaps there will be a need to increase the medication by the time I next see the psychiatrist, or perhaps there will be a need to change the medication again.

Ar y funud dwi'n canolbwyntio ar y foment bresennol a chymryd pob awr fel mae'n dod.

Just now I am concentrating on the present moment and taking each hour as it comes.

Dyna'r oll fedra'i neud. Sgenai ddim y nerth i wneud dim mwy. Dwi'n trio mor galed ag y medra'i a dwi'n ddiolchgar nad ydw i yn y tywyllwch dwi wedi bod ynddo.

That is all I can do. I have no strength to do more. I'm trying as hard as I can and I'm grateful that I'm not in the darkness that I have been in.

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Dwi'n trio mor galed ag y medra'i a dwi'n ddiolchgar nad ydw i yn y tywyllwch dwi wedi bod ynddo.

Cymryd pob dydd fel mae'n dod / Taking each day as it comes

Cymryd pob dydd fel mae'n dod

Taking each day as it comes

Dwi'n teimlo mod i ddim yn ffitio mewn yn nunlla nac efo neb. Dwi'n bodoli ond ddim yn byw.

I feel that I do not fit in anywhere or with anyone. I exist but I do not live.

Be dwi isio neud? Be dwi isio bod – pwy dwi isio bod?

What do I want to do? What do I want to be – who do I want to be?

Dwi'n teimlo mod i wedi methu mewn bywyd.

I feel that I have failed in life.

Er mod i'n gwybod y dylwn i ddim, dwi'n aml yn cymharu fy hun i eraill. Ac mae hyn yn cnoi i ffwrdd arna i. Pam mod i heb gyflawni gymaint a rhai o'r bobl o nghwmpas? Ai fi sy'n dal fy hun yn ôl? Ond dal fy hun yn ôl o gyflawni be, dwn i ddim. Dwi hyd yn hyn heb ddarganfod be dwi isio mewn bywyd. Ac mae'r cwmwl tywyll 'ma sydd uwch ym mhen i yn gwneud y dasg gymaint yn anoddach.

Although I know I ought not to, I often compare myself to others. And this gnaws away at me. Why have I not accomplished as much as those people around me? Is it me that's holding me back? But keeping myself back from achieving what, I don't know. So far I have not discovered what I want in life. And the dark cloud that hovers above my head makes the task that much more difficult.

Mae gen i ffrindiau ac mae gen i deulu, a rheiny yn rhai da a dwi'n meddwl y byd ohonynt ac yn eu caru fwy na fedra'i ddeud. OND. Be ydi'r 'ond' yna? Dwi'n casau fy hun fod na 'ond'. Pam mod i'n teimlo fel ydw'i, fel mod i ddim yn ddigon a fel mod i methu mynd mlaen dim mwy, pan mae gen i'r bobl arbennig 'ma o nghwmpas?

I have friends and I have family, and those being good people that I think the world of and love more than I can say. BUT. What is that 'but'? I hate myself for that 'but'. Why do I feel as I do, as if I am not enough and as if I can't go on any more, when I have these special people around me?

Dwi'n casau teimlo felma. Pam na fedra'i "snap out of it" neu rhoi cic fyny nhin? Ai dyna dwi angen? Ai fi sydd ddim yn trio digon? Dwi yn trio, coeliwch chi fi.

I hate feeling like this. Why can't I 'snap out of it' or give myself a kick up the backside? Is that what I need? Am I not trying enough? I am trying, believe you me.

Dyddiau da, a dyddiau drwg

Mae cael diwrnod da yn grêt. Dwi'n cicio'n hun am feddwl ffasiwn bethau fel yr uchod ac weithia yn dychryn fy hun fod pethau yn medru edrych mor dywyll. Dwi'n medru chwerthin, mwynhau ffilm, mynd i gaffi efo ffrind – teimlo yn 'normal'! Wedyn BANG, mae'r wal frics yn ymddangos o mlaen i o nunlla' a dwi'n y tywyllwch. Mae'r dagrau'n llifo a dwi'n teimlo dim. Pa mor hir fyddai yn y tywyllwch? Anodd dweud – gall fod yn oriau, yn 10 munud neu'n ddiwrnodau. Mae 'na oleuni yn dod drwadd pob hyn a hyn ond y tywyllwch sy'n rheoli'r awyrgylch.

Ar adegau, dwi methu mynd i weld bobl. Dwi isio ond dwi methu. Dwi'n teimlo'n hunanol ac yn flin efo fi'n hun, ond y gwir ydi, dwi ofn mynd. Dwi ofn crio o'u blaen – dwim isio iddynt fy ngweld i felma a dwi'm isio gwneud iddynt boeni. Dwi ofn methu gwrandao ar sgwrs a storis nain, a'i bod yn sylwi ar hynny – byddai hynny yn torri nghalon. Weithiau dwi methu ateb y ffôn neu'r drws. Dwi wedi methu parcel cyn heddiw gan mod i wedi methu ateb y drws i'r person oedd yn ei ddanfôn. Mae fel teimlad cyson o ofn – ofn am resymau na fedra'i egluro. Mae hefyd yn deimlad o fod yn sownd a mod i'n bodd i – dwi'n trio mor galed i gadw mhen uwchben y dŵr ond dwi'n blino ac mae'r teimlad o roi i mewn yn brysur gryfhau. Dwi'n aros am rhywun i f'achub ond ddaw na neb gan mod i ddim yn dweud yn iawn wrth bobl sut dwi'n teimlo a chymaint dwi'n stryglo. Weithiau mae'n brifo gormod i ddweud y geiriau'n uchel, mae gen i ofn bod yn faich i bobl a dwi ofn ymddangos yn wan. Ond dydi gofyn am help neu bod yn onest efo'r bobl sydd agosaf atoch ddim yn wendid, mae'r peth cryfa' wneith rhywun. Dwi'n gwybod hynny ac yn erfyn ar bobl eraill i siarad a dweud eu problemau, felly pam nad ydw i'n gwrandao a gwneud yr hyn y ddylwn i 'neud?

Ar ddiwrnod ble dwi'n teimlo rwbath, a ddim dim ond gwagle, dwi'n teimlo dros fy ffrindiau a'n rheulu. Dwi'n siwr fod o mor rhwystredig iddynt fy ngweld i felma a methu g'neud dim. Byddwn i'n casau gweld rhywun sy'n agos i mi'n teimlo felma – byddai'n torri nghalon i. Un neges fyddwn i'n ei roi i unrhyw un sy'n amau eu bod nhw'n dechrau dioddef o iselder neu unrhyw salwch meddwl – dywedwch wrth rywun a gofynnwch am help. Dyna'r peth gorau a chryfa' wnewch chi.

'Mae pawb yn wahanol'

Roeddwn i'n arfer traethu wrth fy hun drosodd a throsodd fod gen i ddim yr hawl nac unrhyw rheswm dros deimlo fel'ma gan fod na rywun arall allan yna'n teimlo neu'n mynd drwy rhywbeth llawer gwaeth ac yn ymdopi'n well na fi. Dwi'n dal i draethu wrth fy hun ond ddim cymaint. Mae pawb yn wahanol, a phawb yn delio ac ymdopi â phethau'n wahanol.

Dwi'n teimlo'n aml mod i ddim digon – ddim digon da neu ddim yn gwneud digon. Mae hyn yn fy mwyta a dwi'n teimlo fod na wall neu nam arna i. Mae'r hunan feirniadaeth yma'n medru boddi unrhyw gompliment neu air da fysa'n cael ei roi i mi. Mae'n anodd gweld elfen neu ddarn da ohona fi'n hun pan mae'r darnau drwg yn gweiddi allan arna i.

Dwi'n meddwl i'n hun weithiau ella mod i'n ddiog a dwi bron yn siwr bod pobl eraill yn meddwl yr un peth – mod i ddim yn trio ddigon neu mod i angen pwsio'n hun fwy. Dwi'n meddwl mod i'n derbyn mod i ella'n medru ymddangos yn ddiog i bobl o'r tu alan – dwi'n canslo pan dwi fod i fynd allan, dwi ddim yn mynd i gwaith a dwi ddim efo'r

Good days, and bad days

Getting a good day is great. I kick myself for thinking things like the above and sometimes scare myself that things can look so dark. I can laugh, enjoy a film, go to a café with a friend – feel 'normal'. Then BANG, the brick wall appears in front of me out of nowhere and I am in the dark. The tears flow and I feel nothing. How long will I be in the dark? Hard to say – it can be hours, ten minutes, or days. The light comes through every now and then but it is the darkness that controls the atmosphere.

At times, I can't go to see people. I want to but I can't. I feel selfish and angry with myself, but the truth is, I am afraid to go. I am afraid of crying in front of them – I don't want them to see me like this and I don't want to make them suffer. I am afraid of not being able to listen to my grandmother's conversation and stories, and of her noticing this – it would break my heart. Sometimes I cannot answer the phone or the door. I have missed a parcel before now by failing to answer the door to the person who was delivering it. It is like a constant feeling of fear – fear for reasons I can't explain. There is also the feeling that I am drowning – I try so hard to keep my head above the water but I am tired and the feeling of giving in quickly gets stronger. I am waiting for someone to rescue me but no one comes because I cannot tell people exactly how I am feeling and how much I am struggling. Sometimes it hurts too much to say the words aloud, I am afraid of being a burden to people and I am afraid of appearing weak. But asking for help or being honest with the people closest to you is not a weakness, it's the strongest thing anyone can do. I know this and beg other people to talk and say their problems, so why do I not listen and do what I ought to do?

On a day when I am feeling something, and not just emptiness, I feel for my friends and family. I am sure that it is so frustrating for them seeing me like this and being unable to do anything. I would hate to see someone near to me feeling like this - it would break my heart. One message I would give to anyone who suspects that they are beginning to suffer from depression or any kind of mental illness – tell somebody and ask for help. That is the best and strongest thing that you can do.

'Everyone is different'

I used to say to myself over and over that I had no right and had no reason to feel the way I do because there is someone else out there feeling or going through something much worse and coping with it better than me. I still tell myself that but not so much. Everyone is different, and everyone deals and copes with things differently.

I often feel that I am not enough – not good enough or not doing enough. This eats away at me and I feel that there's a fault or impairment with me. This self-criticism can drown any compliment or good word that could be given to me. It is difficult to see a good element or part of myself when the bad parts are shouting out at me.

At times I think to myself that I am being lazy and I am almost certain that other people think the same thing – that I don't try enough or that I need to push myself more. I think I accept that I may appear lazy to people on the outside – I cancel when I am supposed to be going out, I don't go to work and I have no appetite for doing anything – but this

awydd gwneud dim – ond dim diogrwydd ydi o. Dwi ddim yn dewis bod felma, yr iselder sy'n fy mhwyso i lawr ac yn effeithio fy hunanwerth, fy egni a f'awydd i wneud pethau. Dwi'n derbyn hefyd mod i ddim y person gorau i fod o'i chwmpas pan dwi'n teimlo felma a'i bod mwy na thebyg yn cymryd lot o ymdrech i fy ffrindiau fod eisiau bod efo fi. Ond dwi'n hynod ddiolchgar i'r rheiny sy'n gwneud yr ymdrech. Byddai'r tywyllwch llawer iawn anoddach hebddynt.

is not laziness. I do not choose to be like this, it's the depression weighing me down so much and affects my feeling of self-worth, my energy and my desire to do things. I also accept that I am not the best person to be around when I feel like this and that it more than likely takes a good deal of effort for my friends to want to be with me. But I am extremely grateful to those who make the effort. The darkness would be much more difficult without them.

Dwi'n teimlo'n ddi-werth – bod y pethau dwi'n 'neud neu'n ddeud yn ddi-werth. Dwi felly yn aml yn cilio i fwrdd rhag dweud pethau na gwneud rhai pethau. Dwi ofn methu neu gwneud rhywbeth yn anghywir.

I feel worthless – that the things I do or say are worthless. So I often shy away from saying things or doing things. I am afraid of failing or doing something wrong.

Mae gweddill y byd i'w gweld yn gweithredu ac yn llwyddo mewn un ffordd neu'r llall. Mae'n anodd peidio gadael i hyn f'effeithio a gwneud i mi deimlo hyd yn oed yn waeth amdana fi'n hun. I mi, mae'r pethau yma mor bell o ble ydw i mewn bywyd ar hyn o bryd. Ond, dwi'n gwybod hefyd bod pethau ddim o hyd yn fêl i gyd i bobl eraill a bod bobl yn ddyddiol yn mynd drwy pethau torcalonnus.

The rest of the world can be seen to be acting and succeeding in one way or another. It is difficult not to let this affect me and make me feel even worse about myself. To me, these things are so far from the place where I am at the moment. But, I also know that life is not all sweetness for other people and that every day people endure heartbreaking things.

Salwch, nid teimlad

Illness, not a feeling

Dwi'n ei chael yn anodd derbyn bod iselder yn salwch yn hytrach na theimlad. Mae'n fy ngwneud i'n bigog – mae pethau bychan yn fy ngwneud i'n flin ac yn anghyfforddus. Dwi'n trio ymlacio ond dio ddim yn digwydd. Dwi'n trio peidio snapio ar bobl ac yn trio'i ddal i mewn cymaint a medra'i. Mae'n flinedig. Dwi'n teimlo'n wag ac yn ddi-deimlad – dwi ddim yn mwynhau pethau fel oni'n arfer gwneud. Am faint o hir eith hyn ymlaen?

I find it difficult to accept that depression is an illness rather than a feeling. It makes me touchy – little things make me angry and uncomfortable. I try to relax but it doesn't happen. I try not to snap at people and try to keep it up inside me as much as I can. It's tiring. I feel empty and numb – I don't enjoy things the way I used to. How long will this go on for?

Dwi 'di blino. Wedi blino teimlo felma ac wedi blino'n gyffredinol. Pam na na'i wbach amdano – dyna fysa sawl un yn ei ddweud. "Yr unigolyn sy'n gyfrifol am ei hapusrwydd ei hun". Dwi'n gwybod hynny ac os fyswn i'n medru gwneud rhywbeth amdano, mi fyswn i, coeliwch chi fi. Yn yr un modd ag y byddwn i'n dychwelyd i ngwaith petawn yn gallu. Fedra'i ddim.

I'm tired. I'm tired of feeling like this and tired in general. Why don't I do something about it – that is what many people would say. 'The individual is responsible for his/her own happiness'. I know that and if I could do something about it I would, believe me. In the same way as I would return to work if I could. I can't.

Dwi'n teimlo fel fod na berson dwi'n ei gasau yn sownd efo fi 24/7. Y person hwnnw ydi fi'n hun.

I feel as if I am stuck with a person I hate 24/7. That person is me.

Mae teimladau cryf o euogrwydd yn aml yn pwysu arna'i – dwi'n teimlo mod i'n gadael bobl i lawr, bod bobl yn blino arna i neu'n siomedig ynddo i.

Strong feelings of guilt often weigh upon me – I feel that I am letting people down, that people get fed up of me or disappointed in me.

Mae'r salwch 'ma, ac ia salwch ydi o, yn fy ngwneud i'n araf – meddwl yn araf, symud yn araf a siarad yn araf – yn aml mae'n anodd cael geiriau allan, yn enwedig wrth drïo egluro rhywbeth. Mae'n fy ngwneud i'n ddryslyd ac yn ei gwneud hi'n anodd i mi ganolbwyntio. Mae hefyd yn gwneud i mi fod isio cuddio.

This illness, and yes, it is an illness, makes me slow – I think slowly, move slowly and speak slowly – it's often difficult to get the words out, especially when trying to explain something. It makes me confused and it makes it difficult for me to concentrate. It also makes me want to hide.

Dwi'n syrfeifio. Ar ddiwrnod drwg mae pob eiliad o'r dydd a phob owns o egni sydd gen i yn mynd ar gyrraedd diwedd y diwrnod. Ond mae 'na ddiwrnodau da...

I survive. On a bad day every second of the day and every ounce of energy I have goes on reaching the end of the day. But there are good days...

Roeddwn i'n teimlo'n dda riw ddiwrnod wythnos diwethaf felly fuos i'n siopa efo mam. Doedd y cwmwl trwm 'na yn fy mhen i ddim mor drwm y diwrnod hwnnw felly nes i fedru mwynhau'n hun. Mi barodd y mwynhad 'na ran fwy o'r diwrnod, tan o'n i ar fy ffordd adra, pan ddisgynodd y cwmwl fel sach drom a nharo fi. Dyna ni wedyn, o'ni jysd isio crio. Nes i ddim, dim o flaen mam beth bynnag. Ond syth gyrhaeddes i adra, nes i ddim byd ond crio am tua awr go lew. W'n i ddim pam. Mi ddoth 'na rwbath drosta'i a'r unig beth oeddwn i'n gallu

I felt good one day last week so I went shopping with mum. The thick cloud in my head was not so heavy that day so I could enjoy myself. The enjoyment lasted the greater part of the day, until I was on the way home, when the cloud descended again like a heavy sack and hit me. That was it then, I just wanted to cry. I didn't, not in front of mum anyway. But as soon as I reached home, I did nothing but cry for a good hour. I don't know why. Something came over me and the only thing I could do was cry. After about an hour of sitting on the floor

g'neud oedd crio. Ar ôl tua awr o eistedd ar y llawr yn crio penderfynais fynd allan am dro, neu ar y llawr fyswn i wedi bod am awr arall beryg. Es i allan o'r tŷ a jysd dechrau cerdded. Dwi'n meddwl fyswn i wedi gallu cerdded am filltiroedd neu oriau nes i ffrind i mi weiddi arna'i o ochr arall y ffordd a sylweddolais mod i bron yn ôl adra. Mi nath les i fynd am dro a stopiodd y crio

crying I decided to go out for a walk, or I would have been in danger of being on the floor for another hour. I went out of the house and just started walking. I think I could have walked for miles or hours until a friend called to me from the other side of the road and I realised that I was nearly back home. It did me good to go for a walk and the crying stopped.

Meddwl yn ôl, ges i ddiwrnod da arall wythnos diwethaf hefyd – ddaru'n ffrind adal i mi fynd a fy mêt bach (ei mab) i'r sinema. Bore hwyliog llawn chwerthin a sgwrsio. Doedd na ddim crio y diwrnod hwnnw chwaith.

Thinking back, I had another good day last week as well – my friend let me take my little friend (her son) to the cinema. A happy morning full of laughing and talking. There was no crying that day either.

Rhaid cymryd pob dydd fel mae'n dod.

You have to take each day as it comes.

“

Mae pawb yn wahanol, a phawb yn delio ac ymdopi â phethau'n wahanol.

Gofyn am help / Asking for help

Dydi gofyn am help, dim bwys help am be – boed o'n help i newid byl, problem efo'r car neu rhywbeth llawer anoddach – ddim yn wendid. Ond mae cyfaddef eich bod angen help gyda'ch iechyd meddwl – gyda'ch ymennydd chi eich hun – yn un o'r pethau anodda.

Asking for help, no matter what for – it may be help to change a bulb, problem with the car or something much more difficult – is not a weakness. But admitting that you need help with your mental health – with your own mind – is one of the most difficult things.

Er bod 'na gymaint mwy o gyhoeddusrwydd ynglŷn ag iechyd meddwl rŵan i gymharu efo'r hyn oedd 'na flynyddoedd yn ôl, dwi'n teimlo fod 'na dal elfen o gywilydd a bod pobl methu bod yn gwbl onest eu bod yn cael problemau gyda'u iechyd meddwl. Mae'n grêt fod 'na gyhoeddusrwydd yn y wasg ac ar y cyfryngau cymdeithasol ond dydi pobl sydd heb gael y profiad, unai eu hunain neu drwy rhywun sy'n agos iddyn nhw, ddim yn wirioneddol deall sut beth ydi o.

Although there is so much more publicity given to issues relating to mental health now in comparison with what there was years ago, I feel that there is still an element of shame attached and that people are unable to be completely honest about the fact that they are having problems with their mental health. It is great that there is publicity in the press and on social media, but people who have not had the experience, either on their own account or through someone close to them, cannot really understand how it is.

“

Y cam cyntaf ydi cyfaddef i chi'ch hun...

“

The first step is to admit it to yourself

Os ydych yn cael problemau gyda'ch iechyd meddwl, y cam cyntaf ydi cyfaddef hynny i chi'ch hun. Mi fydd yn anodd ac yn gam mawr a mi newch chi mwy na thebyg trio twyllo eich hun i feddwl mai mynd drwy “gyfnod isel” yda chi. Ond neith trio twyllo eich hun ddim lles o gwbl ac mi fyddwch chi'n fwy tebygol o ddiodeff mwy o ganlyniad i hynny. Felly, eisteddwch eich hun i lawr mewn lle distaw a chyfaddef i'ch hun – efallai y gall dweud y geiriau allan yn uchel fod o gymorth ac yn haws i chi ei dderbyn. Dyna'r cam cyntaf wedi ei wneud a dylwch fod yn falch iawn o'ch hun.

If you are having problems with your mental health, the first step is to admit this to yourself. It will be difficult and a big step and you will more than likely try to deceive yourself into thinking that you are going through a 'low period'. But trying to deceive yourself will be no help at all and you will most likely suffer more as a result. So, sit yourself down in a quiet place and admit it to yourself – perhaps saying the words out loud will be of help and make it easier for you to accept. That is the first step taken and you ought to be very proud of yourself.

Ond, mi fydd cyfaddef i bobl eraill yn sialens arall i'w oresgyn. Mi fues i am gyfnod go lew o amser yn meddwl mod i'n mynd drwy gyfnod isel ac y byddwn yn medru tyngu fy hun allan ohono a bod pawb yn cael eu off

However, admitting it to other people is another challenge to overcome. For quite a long period of time I thought that I was going through a low period and that I would be able to get myself

days. Ond ar ôl 'chydig mi wnes i orfod gwneud i'n hun sylweddoli fod pethau yn waeth na'r oeddwn i'n feddwl a mi nes i'r penderfyniad i fynd i weld y doctor. Roeddwn i'n ei weld yn haws dweud wrth y doctor cyn i mi orfod siarad efo fy nheulu a'n ffrindiau.

out of it and that everyone has their off days. But after a little while I had to make myself realise that things were worse than I thought and I made the decision to go to see the doctor. I saw it as easier to tell the doctor first before having to talk to my family and friends.

Mi yda chi'n gryf ac eisoes wedi gwneud gymaint o gynnydd...

You are strong and have already made a great deal of progress...

Ar ôl i chi gyfaddef i chi'ch hun a cheisio am gymorth meddygol, pan gyrhaeddith yr amser i chi orfod cyfaddef i bobl eraill byddwch chi mwy na thebyg yn teimlo'n wan ac wedi ymlâdd. Ond dyna mae iselder yn ei wneud i chi. Mae'n chwarae gyda'ch meddwl – dydych chi ddim yn wan, mi yda chi'n gryf ac eisoes wedi gwneud gymaint o gynnydd i geisio gwella eich hun. Ac unwaith y byddwch wedi agor i fyny i bobl ac wedi siarad rhywfaint am sut ydych yn teimlo, mi fyddwch yn teimlo'n well. Mi fydd na faich wedi ei gymryd oddi arnoch. Oce, fydd o ddim yn wyrth ble fyddwch chi'n teimlo gwelliant mawr dros nos, ond mi fyddwch chi'n teimlo'n well.

After admitting to yourself and seeking medical help, when the time comes that you have to admit it to other people you will more than likely feel weak and worn out. But that is what depression does to you. It is messing with your head – you are not weak, you are strong and have already made a great deal of progress in trying to get better. And once you have opened up to people and have talked a certain amount about how you are feeling, you will feel better. A burden will have been taken off you. OK, it won't be a miracle where you feel a great improvement overnight, but you will feel better.

Mae'n siŵr na fyddwch chi'n medru siarad am bob dim sydd yn mynd ymlaen yn eich pen yn syth bin ond mi wneith hynny gymryd amser. Mae'n rhaid i chi hefyd gofio y bydd yn rhaid i chi barhau i fod yn gryf, er bod 'na bobl eraill rwan ar y daith efo chi fel cefnogaeth ac i roi cymorth, mae'n rhaid i chi fod yn gryf yn eich hun.

You will probably not be able to talk about everything that is going on in your head straight away, but this will take time. You must also remember that you must continue to be strong, and although other people are now on the journey with you as support and giving you help, you must be strong in yourself.

Mae'r daith yn un anodd – blinedig, hir...

The journey is a difficult one – tiring, long...

Mae'r daith yn un anodd – blinedig, hir ac un neith efallai neud i chi gwestiynu os oes gwerth cario 'mlaen a'ch bod eisiau rhoi mewn. Eto, eich meddwl yn chwarae triciau efo chi a'r iselder yn cymryd drosodd ydi hyn – mae 'na oleuni ar ddiwedd y twnnel ac mae 'na werth cario 'mlaen.

The journey is a difficult one – tiring, long, and one that will perhaps make you question whether it is worth carrying on and make you want to give in. Again, this is your mind playing tricks on you and the depression taking over – there is light at the end of the tunnel and it is worth carrying on.

Ymladd problemau iechyd meddwl mae pobl sy'n dioddef ohono – ymladd brwydr dydi neb arall yn ei weld a hynny pob eiliad o'r dydd. Meddyliwch faint o gryfder sydd gennych i fod yn ymladd y frwydr yma – does 'na ddim byd gwan am hynny. Hyd yn oed pan mae tasgau bychan fel cael cawod neu llau'r tŷ yn teimlo fel gormod i'w gwneud, cofiwch eich bod yn trio gwneud y tasgau yma ar ben ymladd eich brwydr.

Fighting mental health problems are those who suffer from it – fighting a battle that no one else sees and that being every second of the day. Think how much strength you have in fighting this battle – there is nothing weak about this. Even when little tasks like taking a shower or cleaning the house feel like too much to do, remember you are trying to do these tasks on top of fighting your battle.

Mi newch chi fwy na thebyg feddwl ar adegau nad ydych yn medru dal i fyny efo pobl o'ch cwmpas gan eich bod yn teimlo mor wan a blinedig ond cofiwch eich bod dal yn gryf – mi yda chi'n dal i ymladd a mi yda chi dal ar y daith. Mae gennych gymaint o gryfder – dim ond eich bod ar hyn o bryd methu sylweddoli faint ohono.

At times you will more than likely think that you cannot keep up with people around you as you feel so weak and exhausted, but remember that you are still strong – you are still fighting and you are still on the journey. You have so much strength – it's just that at the moment you don't realise how much.

Daliwch ati i frwydro, da chi'n gneud yn wych!

Carry on fighting, you are doing great!

“

Mi newch chi fwy na thebyg feddwl ar adegau nad ydych yn medru dal i fyny efo pobl o'ch cwmpas gan eich bod yn teimlo mor wan a blinedig ond cofiwch eich bod dal yn gryf – mi yda chi'n dal i ymladd a mi yda chi dal ar y daith.

Anhwylder bwyta – a byw efo nhw / Eating disorder – and living with it

Ers blynyddoedd bellach dwi wedi dioddef o anhwylder bwyta. Mi es i o fod yn ferch ifanc oedd yn mwynhau bywyd (a bwyd!), oedd yn malio dim am fy mhwydysau i fod efo obsesiwn mwya' efo ymarfer corff, colli pwysau a rheoli faint oeddwn i'n fwyta. I fod yn onest, doeddwn i ddim yn bwyta – roeddwn i'n dweud wrth fy rhieni mod i'n bwyta allan a dweud wrth fy ffrindiau mod i wedi bwyta adra cyn dod allan.

For years now I have suffered from an eating disorder. I went from being a young woman who enjoyed life (and food!) who had no concerns about my weight to having the biggest obsession with physical exercise, losing weight and controlling how much I ate. To be honest, I was not eating – I would tell my parents that I was eating out and tell my friends that I had eaten at home before coming out.

Doeddwn i ddim yn fy arddegau ifanc pan gychwynnodd hyn chwaith. Dwi'n meddwl mai'r adeg pan oeddwn i'n 19 ydi'r adeg olaf i mi gofio i mi fod yn "iawn" o gwmpas bwyd – dwi'n cofio bod ar wyliau efo ffrindiau yn Magaluf a doedd y math o fwyd neu faint oeddwn i'n fwyta ddim yn obsesiwn bryd hynny. Mae'n rhaid mai rywben ar ôl hynny y dechreuodd bethau slipio.

I was not in my early teens when this started either. I think that the time when I was 19 is the last time I remember me being "alright" around food – I remember being on holiday with friends in Magaluf and neither the kind of food nor how much I was eating was an obsession at that time. It must be sometime after that things began to slip.

Dwi wastad wedi bod yn berson sy'n mwynhau ymarfer corff a thrio cadw'n ffit ond mae 'na wahaniaeth mawr rhwng ei fwynhau a bod efo obsesiwn drosto. Roedd cyfnod lle roeddwn i'n mynd i'r gym bron bob dydd – pwsio a phwsio fy hun i losgi hyn a hyn o galoriau a wedyn peidio bwyta ar ôl bod, neu beth bynnag oeddwn i'n fwyta, doedd o ddim hanner digon i nghadw fi fynd. Dwi'n cofio adeg ble oeddwn i'n cyfri faint o oriau oeddwn i wedi llwyddo i fynd heb fwyd a theimlo bod hyn yn lwyddiant, a'r diwrnod wedyn ceisio ehangu ar faint oeddwn i'n medru bod heb fwyta. Os nad oeddwn i'n mynd i'r gym roeddwn i'n cerdded, am filltiroedd – hyd yn oed ar adeg nad oeddwn yn teimlo'n dda, roeddwn i dal i bwsio fy hun. Byddai'r euogrwydd o beidio gwneud unrhyw fath o ymarfer corff yn fy nghnoi.

I have always been a person who enjoys physical exercise and trying to keep fit, but there is a big difference between enjoying it and having an obsession with it. There was a time when I was going to the gym almost every day – pushing and pushing myself to burn a certain amount of calories and then not eating afterwards, or whatever I did eat, it was not half enough to keep me going. I remember a time when I was keeping count of how many hours I had managed to go without food and feeling that this was a success, and the next day trying to extend how long I could go without eating. If I was not going to the gym I was walking, for miles – even when I was not feeling well, I would still be pushing myself. The guilt of not doing any kind of physical exercise would gnaw away at me.

Roeddwn i'n gwrthod unrhyw wahoddiad i fynd i nunlla oedd yn cynnwys bwyd neu bwyta, neu efallai y byddwn i'n mynd ond ddim yn bwyta a gwneud esgus mod i wedi bwyta cyn dod. Oeddwn i'n meddwl mod i'n cuddio'r broblem bwyta yn dda a bod neb yn sylwi be oedd yn mynd mlaen. Ond na, roedd bobl yn gwybod ac yn poeni. Roedden nhw'n gweld fy esgusodion, yn gweld fy nhymer yn newid a fy egni'n diflannu, ac yn sylwi ar faint o bwysau roeddwn i wedi ei golli. Doedd gen i ddim syniad ar y pryd pa mor ddrwg oeddwn i'n edrych a faint o niwed oeddwn i'n ei wneud i fi'n hun – a hynny'n niwed ar sawl lefel.

I would refuse any invitation to go anywhere that involved food or eating, or maybe I would go but not eat, making excuses that I had eaten before coming. I thought that I was hiding the eating problem well and that nobody noticed what was going on. But no, people did know and were worried. They would see my excuses, see my mood changing and my energy disappearing, and see how much weight I had lost. I had no idea at the time how bad I looked and how much damage I was doing to myself – and that damage being at many levels.

Er gwaetha'r obsesiwn a phoeni am roi pwysau ymlaen, doedd o ddim yn ddigon i mi stopio yfed alcohol. Doedd y calorïau mewn alcohol ddim yn cyfri rywsut ac roeddwn yn dal i yfed, a hynny'n yfed gwirion. Yr hyn nad oeddwn i'n sylweddoli oedd bod fy nghorff methu dal y diod. Doeddwn i ddim yn bwyta cyn mynd allan ond doeddwn i ddim chwaith yn yfed llai i gydbwysu hynny. Yn aml byddwn i'n mynd i stâd – disgyn a brifo, codi cywilydd ar fy hun, bod yn boen ac yn niwsans i'n ffrindiau a sboilio eu noson. Dwi wedi colli trac sawl gwaith mae hyn wedi digwydd. Wrth edrych yn ôl mae gen i gymaint o gywilydd o'm hymddygiad a dwi'n lwcus iawn fod gen i'r ffrindiau sydd gen i.

Despite the obsession and worrying about putting on weight, it was not enough to stop me drinking alcohol. Somehow the calories in alcohol did not count, and I was still drinking, and drinking unwisely. What I did not realise was that my body could not hold the drink. I was not eating before going out but neither was I drinking less to counteract the effects of this. Often I would get in a state – fall over and hurt myself, disgrace myself, be a worry and a nuisance to my friends and spoil their evening. I have lost track of how many times this has happened. Looking back I am so ashamed of my behaviour and I am very lucky that I have the friends I have.

Un peth sydd yn fy nghnoi ydi mod i ddim yn gwybod pam fod yr holl broblem efo bwyd wedi cychwyn na sut gychwynnodd. Dwi wedi siarad am oriau efo cwnselydd ac er ein bod wedi rhyw fath o adnabod tua 5 digwyddiad/cyfnod penodol yn y gorffennol y gall, gyda'i gilydd, fod wedi medru cyfrannu ar y broblem, mae'n fy ngwylltio mod i methu rhoi fy mys ar un peth a medru dweud "dyna oedd o neu hyn ddigwyddodd".

One thing which gnaws away at me is that I do not know why the whole problem with food started nor how it started. I have talked for hours with a counsellor and although we have kind of identified about five specific events/periods in the past which may, taken together, have contributed to the problem, it drives me mad that I have not managed to put my finger on one thing and be able to say 'this is what it was or this is what happened'.

Binge eating

Cefais i ddim diagnosis penodol o be yn union ydi'r salwch bwyta sydd arna'i gan fod y doctoriaid yn meddwl fod 'na chydig o gymysgedd o wahanol rai. Dwi'n bendant yn gwybod bod "binge eating" yn elfen fawr o'r broblem. Dwi'n cael cyfnodau lle dwi methu rheoli faint dwi'n fyta – fedra'i fod yn bwyta heb stopio am awr neu ddwy. Na'i fwyta fy ffordd drwy bopeth sy'n y cypyrddau, oergell a'r rhewgell. Yn ystod yr awr neu ddwy yma dwi'n meddwl am ddim byd arall ond bwyta a be fedra'i fwyta nesa. Dwi'n llawn a dwi mewn poen ond dwi methu stopio. Ar adegau dwi'n sâl ar y diwedd – dim ond i mi orfod plygu drosodd a dwi'n sâl. Dwi wedyn yn methu cysgu – mae fy mol yn brifo, dwi'n chwysu fel peth gwirion, mae gen i gur pen ac mae euogrydd yr holl "binge" yn ormod i mi ddelio ag o. Mae'r diwrnod wedyn hefyd yn hunllef – mae gen i "hangover" bwyd a dwi'n casau fy hun am faint nes i fwyta ac am adael iddo ddigwydd eto.

Mae 'di cymryd blynyddoedd i mi drïo delio a dygymod â'r broblem bwyta. Mae wedi effeithio ar fy mywyd a'm iechyd a dwi'n ddyddiol yn flin efo fi'n hun am adael i'r holl beth fynd mor bell.

Er mod i wedi gwella ac wedi dod yn bell o ble'r oeddwn i pan gychwynnodd y broblem bwyta, dwi'n meddwl y bydd gen i issues efo bwyd am hir iawn eto – efallai na chai fyth wared ohonynt yn gyfangwbl ond y peth mwyaf dwi'n meddwl ydi mod i, ar ôl amser hir o wadu, wedi cyfaddef fod gen i broblem ac wedi cymryd camau i weithio arno.

Dwi'n araf deg wedi gwella a chryfhau ond mae'r drwg wedi ei wneud ac wedi arwain at faterion iechyd ehangach. Mae gen i dal broblem a dydi bwyta ddim yn rhywbeth dwi'n ei weld fel rhywbeth cymdeithasol y medrai ei fwynhau – dwi hyd yn hyn dal ddim rhy hoff o fwyta allan ond mi ai ar adegau. Dwi ddim yn bwyta pethau dwi'n eu cyfrif fel 'bwydydd drwg'. Dwi hefyd yn hynod o gyfyngedig o ran fy niet a be fedra'i fwyta. Rhan fwyaf o'r amser na'i ddim bwyta llawer yn ystod y dydd gan mai yn y nos ydi'r prif adeg y byddai'n bwyta. Byddai bwyta gormod yn ystod y bydd yn rhoi elfen o euogrydd arnai. Petawn yn bwyta mwy na'r arfer yn ystod y dydd, ni fyddai'n fy stopio rhag bwyta'r un faint a'r arfer yn y nos – mae fel bod rhaid i mi gadw i'r un faint o fwyd pob nos ond byddwn wedyn yn teimlo fel mod i wedi gwneud rhywbeth yn anghywir ac wedi bwyta mwy nag y dylwn. Dwi'n ymwybodol nad dyma'r ffordd orau i edrych ar bethau na chwaith yn ddelfrydol ar gyfer bywyd dydd i ddydd ond dyma sy'n fy helpu ac yn fy nghadw ar drac bwyta sefydlog.

Pan dwi'n cael "binge" dydi'r pethau dwi'n fwyta ddim yn rhai "drwg" na ffatning (sgen i ddim llawer o bethau felly yn tŷ beth bynnag!) ond y ffaith mod i'n bwyta cyn gymaint mewn cyn lleied o amser ydi'r broblem. Ar adegau, dwi'n gwybod pryd dwi am gael "binge". Mae fel mod i'n ryw fath o'i gynllunio, dim o ddewis ond fel mater o raid – efallai bod rhywbeth wedi digwydd yn ystod y dydd a mae rhywbeth yn fy meddwl yn dweud wrtha i "dwi am gael binge heno". Efallai mod i wedi bod allan a bod "rhaid" i mi fwyta hyn a hyn o fwyd cyn i mi gael mynd i'r gwely – dwi ddim angen ei fwyta ond mae 'na rhywbeth yn cefn fy mhen yn dweud bod rhaid i mi. Os ydi'r bwyd hwnnw yno, mae'n rhaid i mi ei fwyta, does ots os dwi ei eisïau neu ddim. Roedd y "binges" yn digwydd mor aml ar un adeg nes i mi orfod stopio prynu rhai bwydydd penodol a chadw rhai eraill yn nhŷ fy rhieni. Fydda i'n eu nôl pan fyddai eu hangen – dim ond digon am un diwrnod y byddai'n mynd yn ôl adra efo fi neu fyddai wedi bwyta'r cwbl. Dwi mwy neu lai yn nhŷ fy rhieni'n ddyddiol yn nôl y bwydydd yma gan mod i yn teimlo bod rhaid i mi gadw i'r un drefn

Binge eating

I did not get a definite diagnosis of what exactly is the eating disorder that I have because the doctors think there is a bit of a mixture of different ones. I definitely know that 'binge eating' is a large part of the problem. I get periods when I cannot control how much I eat – I could be eating non-stop for an hour or two. I will eat my way through everything that is in the cupboards, fridge and freezer. During this hour or two I am thinking of nothing but eating and what I can eat next. I am full and in pain and yet I cannot stop. At times I am sick at the end – I only have to bend over and I am sick. Afterwards I can't sleep – my stomach hurts, I sweat like mad, I have a headache and the guilt of the whole 'binge' is too much for me to deal with. The following day is also a nightmare – I have a food 'hangover' and I hate myself for how much I ate and for letting this happen again.

It has taken years for me to try to deal with and come to terms with the eating problem. It has affected my life and my health and I am angry with myself every day for letting the whole thing go so far.

Although I have got better and have come a long way from where I was when the eating problem started, I think that I will have issues with food for a very long while yet – perhaps I will never be completely free of them but the main thing I think is that, after a long time of denying it, I have admitted that I have a problem and have taken steps to work on it.

I have slowly got better and become stronger but the evil has done its work and led to more extensive health issues. I still have a problem and eating is not something I see as something social that I can enjoy – so far I am still not too fond of eating out but at times I will go. I don't eat things which I count as 'bad food'. I am also very restricted in terms of my diet and what I can eat. Most of the time I will not eat much during the day as the evening is the main time I will eat. Eating too much during the day would put an element of guilt on me. If I eat more than usual during the day, it would not stop me eating the same amount as usual during the evening – it is as if I have to keep to the same amount of food every night, but then I would feel as if I have done something wrong and eaten more than I ought to. I am aware that this is not the best way of looking at things nor is it ideal for day-to-day life but this is what helps me and keeps me on track with a stable eating pattern.

When I have a binge the things I eat are not 'bad' or fattening ones (I don't have many of those in the house anyway!) but the fact that I eat so much in such a short period of time is the problem. At times, I know when I am going to have a 'binge'. It is as if I am planning it, not from choice but as a matter of necessity – maybe something has happened during the day and something in my mind is telling me 'I am going to have a binge tonight'. Perhaps I have been out and I 'must' eat a certain amount of food before going to bed – I don't need to eat it but something at the back of my mind is saying that I must. If that food is there, I must eat it, no matter whether I want it or not. The 'binges' were happening so often at one point that I had to stop buying specific foods and had to keep other food at my parents' house. I fetch them when I need them – only enough for one day at a time I will take with me or else I will eat the lot. I am at my parents' house more or less everyday fetching these foods as I feel that I have to keep to the same daily

dyddiol o ran yr hyn dwi'n fwyta.

arrangement in terms of what I eat..

Mae'r "binges" 'ma yn chwarae rhan fawr yn fy iselder.

These 'binges' play a big part in my depression.

Dwi ddim cweit yn siŵr pa gyflwr sy'n sbarduno'r llall ond yn bendant dydi'r un o'r ddau yn helpu ei gilydd. Pan mae fy iselder yn ddrwg, mae'r awydd am "binge" yn chwalu drosta i achos am y cyfnod dwi'n bwyta mae gen i ffocws gwahanol i'r lleisiau yn fy mhén. Ond dydi'r teimlad ar ôl y "binge" ddim yn help o gwbl i pa mor isel dwi'n teimlo ac mae'r teimladau o euogrwydd yn troi'n belen eira – yn mynd yn waeth ac yn waeth yn fy mhén.

I am not quite sure which condition acts to stimulate the other but definitely neither one helps the other. When my depression is bad, the desire to 'binge' overwhelms me because over the period I am eating I have a different focus to the voices in my head. But the feeling after the 'binge' is of no help at all to how low I feel and the feelings of guilt snowball – getting worse and worse in my head.

Dwi bellach wedi llwyddo i ddod o hyd i falans pan mae'n dod i ymarfer corff. Dwi erbyn hyn yn cael mwynhad allan ohono a ddim yn teimlo bod rhaid i mi ei wneud dim ond i losgi calorïau. Dwi'n mwynhau'r teimlad o fedru gwneud rhywbeth i mi'n hun a theimlo yn dda amdano – sydd yn help mawr pan mae'n dod i fy iselder.

I have now succeeded in finding a balance when it comes to physical exercise. By now I get enjoyment out of it and don't feel that I have to do it just to burn calories. I enjoy the feeling of being able to do something for myself and feel good about it – which is a great help when it comes to my depression.

Gwella

Getting better

Hyd heddiw, dwi dal methu bwyta beth bynnag dwi isio neu awydd ei fwyta – dwi'n tueddu i ddewis rhywbeth ysgafn neu opsiwn 'saff' – unai pan dwi adra neu pan fyddai'n dewis oddi ar fwydlen allan. Ac ar adegau pan fyddai allan, byddai'n dewis peidio bwyta dim. Dydi hyn ddim yn digwydd yn rhy aml erbyn hyn, dim ond os byddai'n cael diwrnod drwg neu wedi cael "binge" y diwrnod cynt. Ond ar achlysur prin mi wnai ddewis rhywbeth sy'n anarferol i mi, rhywbeth dwi ei awydd ac heb ei gael ers tro byd gan mod i mor gyfyngedig efo be dwi'n fwyta. Dwi bellach wedi dechrau dysgu fy hun i beidio teimlo mor euog ar ôl ei fwyta a fyddai ddim yn teimlo rheidwydd i orfod gor-ymarfer y diwrnod wedyn i losgi'r bwyd i fwrdd, fel oeddwn i'n arfer gwneud blynyddoedd yn ôl. Pan fyddai'n medru dewis rhwybeth anarferol, mae'n gwneud i mi sylwi cymaint dwi wedi gwella a mod i'n falch o'n hun. Ar adeg fel hyn dwi'n medru mwynhau'r bwyd – medru blasu'r bwyd yn hytrach na dim ond ei fwyta gan fod rhaid. Mae cyrraedd fan hyn wedi cymryd amser ac amynedd – i mi a'r rhai o nghwmpas.

To this day, I still cannot eat whatever I want to eat or have an appetite for – I tend to choose something light or the 'safe' option – either when I am at home or when I choose from the menu when I am out. And at times when I am out, I will choose not to eat anything. This does not happen too often by now, only if I have had a bad day or after having had a 'binge' the previous day. But very occasionally I will choose something unusual for me, something I have an appetite for and have not had for a long while because I am so restricted with what I eat. I have now began to teach myself not to feel so guilty after eating it and I will not feel a compulsion to over-exercise the next day to burn off the food, as I used to do years ago. When I am able to choose something unusual, it makes me realise how much I have improved and that I am proud of myself. At times like this I can enjoy the food – can taste the food rather than simply eat it out of necessity. Getting to this point has taken time and patience – for me and those around me.

Dwi'n ddiolchar iawn i bobl arbennig am aros efo fi, am ddeall ac am beidio rhoi fyny.

I am very grateful to those special people for staying with me, for understanding and for not giving up.

“

Pan mae fy iselder yn ddrwg, mae'r awydd am "binge" yn chwalu drosta i achos am y cyfnod dwi'n bwyta mae gen i ffocws gwahanol i'r lleisiau yn fy mhén.

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