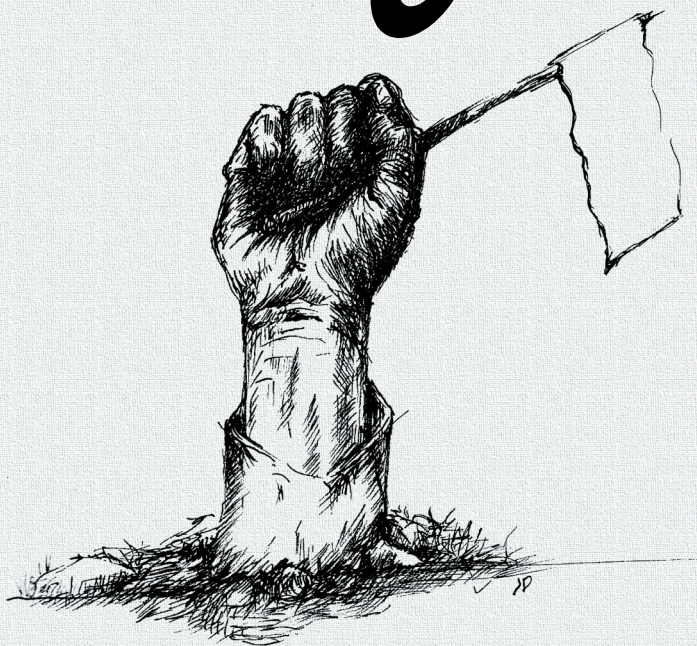


BURN OUT



Please, keep it simple,
or I can't handle it.

Janet Danielsson

Burnout is a state of mental, physical, and emotional exhaustion caused by prolonged stress or strain, which diminishes one's ability to function and enjoy life.

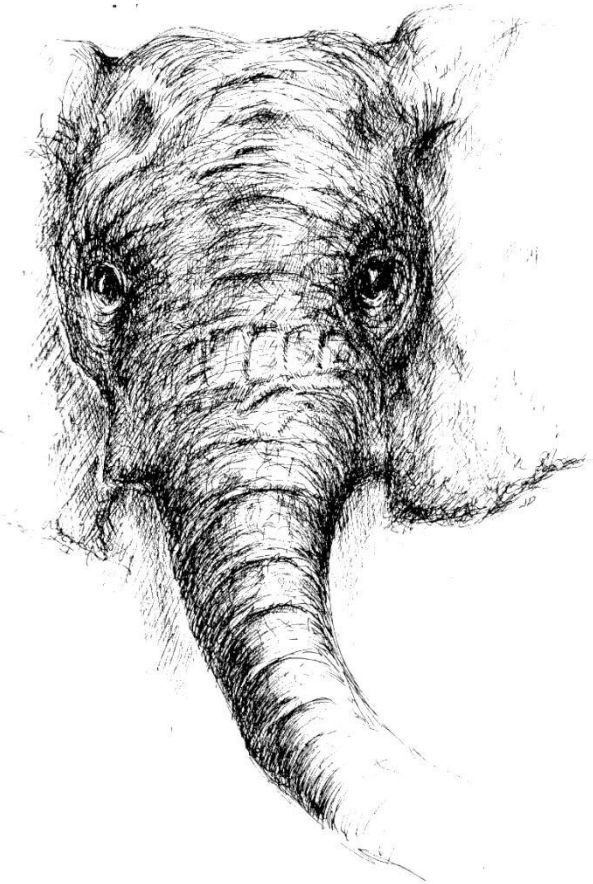
Despite its title, this book is not only about work-related burnout, but about exhaustion in all its forms – when one's strength is drained by illness, life circumstances, or long-term stress.

BURNOUT



Please, keep it simple,
or I can't handle it.

Janet Danielsson



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This is a true story – and I'm still living it

In 1993, my mother fell into a deep depression.

In 1994, she took her own life.

She was, at the time, a few years younger than I am now. This small book is dedicated to her.

First of all, I want to thank myself.

Thank you for making it through this past year and for doing your best with what you had.

Thank you for still being here.

Thank you also to Förre, Satu, Ritva, Patricia, Tiina and Tuula. Without you, I wouldn't be.

How did it come to this?

In November 2024, all strength vanished from my body.

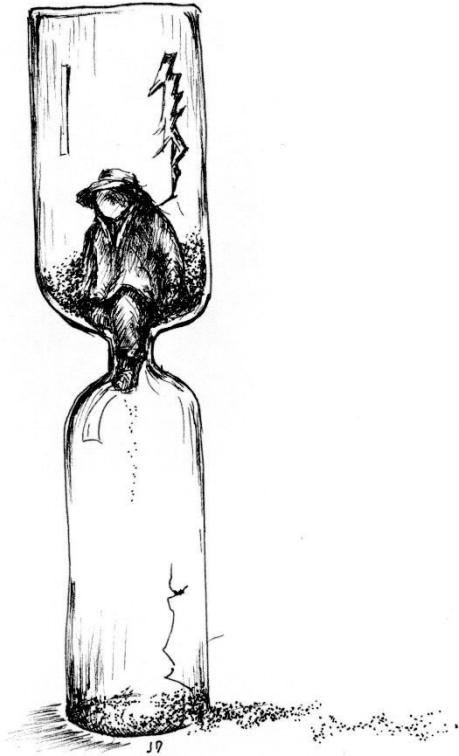
With the help of a friend, I managed to walk to the doctor, who ran every test that might reveal a serious illness—from heart attack to pulmonary embolism—but the results showed only one thing: I would survive, if I wanted to.

I learned that the part of me that had failed could not be healed with medicine or surgery.

The only remedy would be time.

Time, which became both my enemy and
my most faithful companion.

Time that crept, rushed, quieted, and
stayed beside me—while it brought
everything else to a halt.



Within a month, I also lost my will to live.

The only thing that seemed remotely inviting was to walk into a lake.

Nothing in my body worked as it should.

Everything ached, my limbs gave out beneath me, I sweated without exertion, breathing was shallow, temperature regulation failed—causing waves of heat and chills—my blood pressure and pulse were alarmingly high, digestion was a mess.

And still, the worst of it all was the relentless anxiety.

I couldn't even escape in sleep: if I sedated myself in the evening, I would wake up drenched in sweat, haunted by nightmares.

I honestly can't remember if anything in my body or mind functioned the way it was supposed to.

All I remember from those first months is the hopelessness, anxiety, and darkness in my mind. I could walk no more than 700 meters—and only with Leonard Cohen.

His voice and music were, and still are, my lifeline.

Even now, after ten months, I wear my headphones from morning till night. I know that through them, I'll always receive just enough strength to make it back home.





This is me right now.
Don't try to push me forward
- you'll only crack my fragile shell.

