

Borderline Personality Disorder (BPD)

Case Study :

Name – Iza Sex – Female
Age – 26 years

Iza's story as told by her herself.

I am taking part in a research study to help people understand more about BPD, they have given me a fancy phone and app where I have to update how I am feeling every hour for 12 hours. It is really weird, but I am having a go at it.

How can I use this app to explain every bit of how I feel; I don't really know how I feel. The last time it beeped at me was straight after my dumbass flat mate had drank all of my milk from the fridge, I have none for my tea now. I was raging, I could feel the heat fill my whole body it was like my blood was boiling. I grabbed my car keys and stormed out, slamming the door as hard as I could, I wanted the glass to smash. In the car, I drove as fast as I could and put the loudest and angriest music I have on. When the app beeped at me, I wanted to throw the phone out the window.

Earlier today, I felt amazing, I just woke up and felt so light, like I was floating, no worries just joy. I wanted to savour every second of it, I put on the S-Club 7 'Reach' and danced around my room. Then it went, that feeling, it evaporated, I tried to get it back with another CD, but the joy had gone and I was back to feeling normal.

When they asked me to take part in the study, I was so anxious, I thought they might be trying to section me or something. The day before the phone arrived, my head was spinning with worry, I couldn't do anything but think about it. I called work to say I had a sickness bug as I couldn't even focus on making breakfast and burn the toast twice. I took a coffee upstairs to my bedroom and let the hot cup rest on my skin until the pain took away every worry, sort of let me reset for a minute.

The app asks me questions, like: 'How are you feeling?' 'What are you doing?' 'How do you feel when you are doing what you are doing?' It's like going around in circles, God only knows what sense they will make of it.

I hope that I didn't break the glass in the door, I don't know why I felt so angry about the milk being used, there is some UHT in the cupboard. It was just the lack of thought. I doubt that she even realised that it bothered me, I am always offering it to her. Now, I feel sick, what if she hates me now? I don't want to lose another nice housemate.

Case Study – Borderline Personality Disorder (BPD) adapted from : Southward et al (2020), A Day in the Life of Borderline Personality Disorder: A Preliminary Analysis of Within-Day Emotion Generation and Regulation, *Journal of Psychopathology and Behavioral Assessment*, vol 42, pp702–713