

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 1397

Arielle stepped onto the podium and picked up the textbook from the desk.

"You know a lot theoretically, but you lack practical experience. Do you think you have a grasp of depression from the descriptions in the books? You must think a person who has depression tends to look unhappy and down in the dumps. But do you know there are patients who behave like Linda?" she pointed out, flipping open the teaching materials she had prepared earlier for her lesson on the day itself. Nonetheless, Sonia was already questioning her before she started giving any explanation.

It never came to her mind that she would have to deliver her lesson of the day in such a way.

"Symptoms of depression may include sadness, slowed thinking, trouble thinking and concentrating, and poor cognitive abilities. Apart from that, patients might sustain physical discomforts such as sleep disturbances, fatigue, and reduced appetite. But remember, everyone's condition is different. For instance, Linda doesn't look like one with depression. In fact, she seems to lead a relatively normal lifestyle and even chats jovially with everyone. Do you know she's just like a minority of depression patients bottling their emotions in front of everyone? Having a sense of humor in the others' eyes, she shed tears by herself discreetly. The probability of someone having depression is closely linked to a few factors. In general, it's ten percent of genetic risk factors, twenty-five percent of biological factors, and another twenty-five percent of social factors. If I'm not wrong, Linda's depression is because of emotional stress,"

Arielle's words caught Sonia off guard.

At the same time, she was impressed with the former's eloquence. She was undoubtedly good at everything, be it theoretical knowledge or capability of explanation.

After expressing her point of view, Sonia queried further, "Ms. Moore, what makes you think Linda has depression?"

Arielle had a hunch earlier that the girl would ask her about that. She advanced toward Linda, requesting her to step onto the podium. "Linda, come up now."

Hearing that, Linda waved hastily. "I-I'm not going up."

"Why not?"

"Ms. Moore, I don't feel like going up. If you have questions, can you ask me here?"

Since Linda was reluctant, Arielle could not force her. However, she caught sight of her student's mannerism and asked inquisitively, "Have you been having a headache lately?"

"Ah... I-I'm fine," Linda stuttered.

"What do you mean by that? Just say it out loud, yes or no!" Arielle raised her voice unknowingly.

Linda had no choice but to reply softly, "Sometimes."

"Look at the dark circles under your eyes. Evidently, you don't have enough sleep. You must have headaches often."

Linda was rendered speechless.

Arielle pointed at her hands and uttered solemnly, "Everyone, do you notice how she's tugging at the hem of her blouse with her fingers? Apparently, she is nervous and terrified. On top of that, she's reluctant to step onto the podium to face everyone. That implies she's feeling inferior and sensitive about how others look at her. In other words, she's not confident in herself. She's obviously bottling up her emotions while chattering happily with you, so nobody will sense her sensitiveness and inner vulnerability. I wonder if you've noticed she's always

dawdling and seems to be deliberately falling behind the team during the PE lesson?"

Her words enlightened Emmy. "Ms. Moore, I think you've got a point. I always tend to grumble that Linda is always humming and hawing!"