



Le Parallèle a  
sanctuary  
for the 16-30's



We are young people living in Redon and the surrounding area. Redon is a small town surrounded by countryside, with less than 10,000 inhabitants, in the south of Brittany.

We met at the Tiers Lieu Le Parallèle in Redon, a space dedicated to young people aged 16 to 30. Le Parallèle is a bit like a big shared flat during the day and evening: we have collective meals, we talk about our lives, we look for solutions to our problems, we learn to live together. It's also an artistic place, where we can freely explore our passions: writing, singing, dancing, sewing... whatever we feel like trying. A team of three employees supports us in our artistic, professional and community projects. We came to Parallèle because we needed to be heard and acknowledged. In our journeys, many of us lacked any real psychological support. You will find below our testimonies, which describe the difficulties we each encountered.



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I saw several doctors in the south of France, complaining of pain in my ovaries. When it came to diagnosis, they kept telling me it was related to a possible appendicitis – even on the left side!

When I turned 18, I arrived in Brittany and had an ultrasound scan. The doctor handled me roughly with her machine due to a lack of time. She told me I had very slight endometriosis lesions, emphasizing ‘very slight’ as if it wasn’t serious or painful for me on a daily basis.

On my doctor’s advice, to limit my pain, I had an IUD (Intrauterine Device) fitted. He explained that my periods would be shorter and that I would suffer less. After two weeks I started having my periods again and they lasted for several weeks. The pain intensified to the point where I couldn’t eat for more than 48 hours. I made an appointment to see the doctor, who told me it was normal and that there was a 4-month adjustment period. Treatments to reduce the pain still don’t exist in 2025. I’ve been advised to apply for disability recognition to get benefits, but I don’t want to do that at 19! I plan to live with this disease as long as my body allows me to, by adapting my diet and exercising. A balanced, especially non-processed diet, to reduce the pain.



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When I was 16, I woke up in hospital from my first intentional medication overdose. I was then taken to a psychiatric ward for people over 18. I was the youngest one there, I was scared and I didn't feel comfortable with the professionals. I started individual psychiatric and psychological treatment there.

I left the hospital, saw a psychiatrist and a psychologist who helped me feel at ease. I was afraid of relapsing.

I had my second intentional medication overdose. A psychiatrist told me I was going to be in the psychiatric ward again. I asked, crying, that I wanted to go to the child and adolescent psychiatric ward to be with people my own age. She refused, nodded and walked away.

I went to the same psychiatric ward as my first intentional medication overdose. I was alone and received a very cold, authoritarian reception. Since I was a minor, I had the right to a single room. My days were always the same: getting up, taking medication, eating, having a physical check-up (blood pressure, weight, etc.), then wandering the corridors or sleeping. This time, I did everything I could to get out as quickly as possible. I lied, I wanted to die so badly because the pain was so strong. It worked, I got out after a week.

My psychiatrist, with whom I felt comfortable and listened to, diagnosed me with borderline personality disorder. I refused both day and full hospitalization in this city where I had already been hospitalized twice.

I begged him to request transfers elsewhere.

During my second hospitalization, after taking my lunchtime medication, I collapsed and screamed. No caregiver came and I was left on the floor for an hour. I was so scared.

Today, all that has affected me so much, terrified me, shaken me up and traumatised me that a lot of my memories of that summer have been blocked by my mind, as if they had never existed.

With my psychiatrist, I would like him to find me a day hospital elsewhere; he is doing his best to complete my request.

However, I live outside the hospital area and that causes problems. Big cities with 'good' hospitals are 45 minutes or even an hour away. I find it exhausting to have to keep looking for a suitable day hospital nearby, only to be turned down.

My mental health is still not stable and I don't have the appropriate follow-up for my disorder. I don't know when a relapse will happen. Borderline personality disorder is so underestimated, even though it's very powerful and dangerous: suicidal or anxiety attacks can't be managed alone. Right now, I feel alone, abandoned by the medical system, without solutions and exhausted.







It all started two years ago in Brittany, where I grew up and where I still live today. I was 24 at the time. From the age of 3, my little brother had grown up in a foster family, under the care of a family assistant. When he was 15, for reasons related to his education, he had to leave this house. My objective was clear: to offer my brother emotional, physical and financial support. I imagined a supervised home, with an ideal of community life, sharing and stability.

I didn't like the idea of taking the place that my mother should have had with my brother. I had to show determination to prove to the child welfare judge that I was capable of taking care of him. This process created tension and distance between my mother and me.

After the placement, I received financial aid of €500 a month to support my brother. His arrival changed my daily life with my partner and caused difficulties in my relationship. We didn't share the same views of his upbringing.

I would have liked to have been accompanied by a professional, but I didn't receive any psychological help, either before or during the procedure.



I've never had to search too hard for myself, my identity and my sexuality, because I always knew who I was. The hardest part was asserting myself in front of others – a difficult thing for a 13 or 14 year old kid. The judgment and rejection from others terrified me. I was afraid of being laughed at or insulted with words like 'faggot, queer...', afraid of being excluded from my circle of friends or worse, physically attacked.

I didn't know anyone from the LGBT community, the only images I had were a few characters in TV shows. On television, everything seems so perfect and simple. Unfortunately, in real life things aren't so rosy.

In September 2015, I went to a rural high school where homosexuality was a taboo subject. Not a day went by without the same question, «Brandon, are you gay?». The same question that was for me a trigger for mockery and judgement.

In February 2016, I met my cousin and his boyfriend at a family meal in Sarthe. A glimmer of hope awakens inside me. That day, I didn't dare to talk to my cousin about my homosexuality. I could see them all smiling. I said to myself that homosexuality seems so normal and accepted – so why couldn't I talk about it?

After getting in touch and talking to my cousin about my homosexuality, I realised that I wasn't all that alone. I was able to talk about it little by little with my loved ones without fearing rejection.

At school, I finally stopped hiding. I was able to talk about it with my friends, who understood, accepted and reassured me.







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I didn't find my place with the Parisians, with their constant pressure and their individualism. I found my place with the Bretons... I followed my mother to this region where I didn't know anyone. Moving regions was much more than just a relocation for me, it was a true rebirth. Leaving the Île-de-France for Brittany means trading constant hustle for a gentler pace, car horns for the sound of waves, grey buildings for the green of wild landscapes. It means giving my mind a space where it can finally breathe, away from urban oppression and daily stress. Here, I take my time and rediscover the pleasure of living in harmony with nature.

But beyond the mental well-being, this change of region has given me a profound sense of satisfaction: the feeling of finally belonging. In Brittany, everything feels more natural, human relationships are simpler and more sincere, and I'm rediscovering the joy of genuine connection, far from the anonymity and indifference of the big cities. It was my aunt who encouraged me to discover Le Parallèle. From my very first visit, I felt a warm and welcoming atmosphere. Since then, I've been coming here every day, finding in this place a space for expression and sharing. It's here that I've been able to rebuild myself, surrounded by caring and inspiring people. ■

