

## **Part 5: Depression**

He was walking down a road to nowhere, not paying attention to signs or lights for direction. He simply walked, every thought and sight ahead of him melded into a mash of unfeeling nothingness, a blur of colors that had no order, no meaning. What was it all for? Why did this knowledge have to tear his heart and soul in two? What would be left when it was through? In the end would there be anything left or would he simply fade to black like the world spiraling out of control before him?

He was so close to finding true happiness. He was right there at the precipice, just before taking that step into the glorious unknown. He had a future there within it, a future where the sun glistened off the ocean's surface like dazzling daytime stars. There was hope in that future, too, alive and kicking. His father was standing there, smiling at him as though it were his wedding day. There was such pride in his eyes. Only Peter knew he would never see that day, he would never find his way back to that perfect beach. The love inside him was dead, the sun ripped from his sky, the waves of the ocean were aflame. Everything was burning, and soon he, too, would be nothing but ash.

What was the point of continuing to live this lie? He knew it couldn't continue any longer, but he didn't have the courage—or the cowardice—to end it here and now.

Without much realization, he came to a small park somewhere on Harvard's campus and sat on a cold, stone bench alone and laughed at himself, at the situation, the wicked deceit he felt rotting away his everything. It made him ill, churning over and over in his gut. What was worse of all, there was nothing he could do to change a single thing. He couldn't change reality, he couldn't stop the feelings of betrayal, he couldn't deny the fact that it hurt so much because he opened his heart—for the first time since he could remember—and let himself love and be loved, unconditionally. Maybe that was his mistake. If he had only kept his distance, or stayed away altogether, maybe he wouldn't be dying inside now.

There was nothing left for him to do. The claws of despair slashed mercilessly at his heart. Bending over his knees as he sat on the bench, he buried his head in his hands and wept.