

I've always been told that I am special, but sometimes it doesn't feel like that. For the longest time I thought I was broken, and if I'm being honest, it still feels a lot like that. Besides, people always call you special when they want you to feel better about yourself. The problem is that I see too much, feel more than I'm supposed to, and have an unbreakable attachment to the past. Therapy isn't enough to help me, but it's fine, I've gotten used to the person I am. My only hope is that one day, I'll find a place where I fit in.

There's a lot that I remember about my childhood and adolescence, but there's one inconsistent memory that haunts me day and night. It's the memory of him. There's a name that floats around constantly in my mind, with a million different stories, and indiscernible faces. At times I feel like he's around me, protecting me from something that I can't see. The wind carries his voice and when the breeze hits me I hear him whisper my name. I find myself running after him in public and then he disappears without a trace. Sometimes I feel like I'm going crazy, when I zone out in the middle of my activities and remember something we did together. Not knowing who the person is and why he's important isn't really what kills me, but it's the emotions I feel when he comes into my mind. My life is predominantly dictated by fear, but when he comes into my mind, the fear vanishes. It is always replaced with calmness and happiness, that's why it hurts so much when he disappears just as quickly as he appeared. His name is Destiny.

The first time I met him was in primary school. A lot of the kids didn't really like me and I was all alone; he came to sit next to me and for a moment it felt like the world wasn't a bad place. I'd made a friend and loneliness became a stranger. On other nights, when I'm up staring at the ceiling, I think I met him at in high school. The real hell on earth. At least that's what it felt like to me. I wouldn't really want to go back to that, the experience still feels raw in my mind and I cry just thinking about it. Right now, I remember meeting him on my first day of college. I couldn't make it for orientation, so he offered to show me around. A friendly gesture. No sinister motives behind. He doesn't exist, or maybe he did and I forgot about him, and I spend all my time searching for him in other people. Sometimes I sit on my bed and force myself to think. Think. I reckon if I think enough I'll see him or remember everything about him. It never works though. I end up crying myself to sleep and suffering from persistent migraines.

Can you admit yourself to a mental hospital? At times I feel like I'm on the verge of losing touch it reality, it can't be good to always cry so much and think about life like this. If I find him, at least I can rest. I've dreamt of him asking me to go with him on walks, and something always stops me. I wish there was someone I could freely talk to about these things without judgement, but that is asking for a lot. It's nice to sit down though, and think about it. Just imagining what it would be like to sit down opposite someone, and tell them you want to die, over coffee. Sometimes being alive really hurts, and not everyone is strong enough to endure the fight. Can we really judge those who aren't strong enough to weather the same storm that kills other people