

I sit down in the chair, chewing the inside of my lip. My hands tremble as they rest in my lap. Lia sits in front of me with a gentle smile. The smell of the room is unsettling. It's almost like the scent that's in a doctor's office. Clean, but nauseating.

"How are you, Suzette?"

I sigh, clenching and unclenching my jaw. I'm only here because I must be. I don't want to talk. I just want to sit here for the next hour. That's it."

Therapy helps, they say. I try and try. Sure, I have good days where I'm able to talk to her and be in the moment. Sometimes the stench of the office, the noise of the fluorescent lights and cold lights get too much. I don't usually say much anyway, but today is different.

"That's okay. We can sit here."

And we do. My heart is pounding. I know she can tell how I'm feeling. My fingers subtly pick at their own skin. Small pains erupting atop my skin. My lungs are being crushed by the thoughts. They ram over and over into my skull. I keep blinking too much. I hate this lighting. My eyes bounce around the room. The world tilting as if I had spun in a chair for too long.

I have a headache

A lump is growing in my throat. So much is happening yet the world is unmoving. My head is spinning. I blink three times. I swallow. My heart beats behind my eyes and in my ears. The room is getting blurry.

"Would you like some water?"

"No, thank you."

"You look a bit uncomfortable. We can sit outside if you would like. We have a private balcony"

I hate being called out. I don't like how she did that. She sees me, and I don't want her to. I want to be invisible. I want to suffer by myself. I want to get away from everything. I don't want to be here anymore. Not in this city, not in this country, not anywhere close to everyone.

"Yeah, that sounds nice."

She stands, waiting patiently for me to follow behind her. We get to the hallway halfway away. She gestures to a seat, I sit. She sits in front of me, staring out into the grassy areas. Without her gaze on me, I can breathe a bit easier.

The headache claws at the side of my head. Fut7 (s)-6 (s)-6 (y)TJ ET Q q 0 0 612 792 re W*n

"You want to disappear permanently?"

The question makes my eyes bulge out of my head. "What? Gosh, no. ~~That's~~ not what I meant. ~~I~~ I mean it is, but not. Not permanently. It's like..." I groan, putting my head in my hands. "I want to disappear ~~want~~ want to leave with no recollection of anything and come back to everything being normal. I guess normal isn't the right word. ~~That's~~ ~~has~~ ~~become~~ ~~my~~ ~~normal~~. I want everything to go back to how it was. ~~Where~~ ~~my~~ ~~brother~~ and I had a good relationship. ~~Where~~ ~~we~~ ~~could~~ ~~get~~ ~~along~~. ~~Where~~ I didn't want to hit ~~him~~ ~~every~~ ~~time~~ I saw him."