It was a bland Thursday morning. I awoke to the throbbing siren of my Grandma’s old alarm clock, the number’s slowing rotating to an early 6:15. I reached around from under the covers until I found the “off” button and slammed my hand on it to stop its earsplitting noise. I began to turn over onto my back, feeling my spine slowly pop against the crinkled bed sheets, in dire need of washing. I looked up at the cracked ceiling, knowing what I had to do today. I had been acting like it wasn’t real, but today, I had to face the drudging fact that it was true. Today, I have to see the psychologist that my worrisome mother had set up for me a month earlier. I knew that today, I had to release.

 I hadn’t been the same since it happened. Suddenly simple tasks became like climbing a mountain, each step more difficult than the last. It all came upon me so quickly, like the shot of a bullet into my emotionless heart. Everything I saw, everything I did, everything, everything, everything, reminded me of her. The touch of a soft plush blanket, the lick of an ice cream cone on a beating hot summer’s day; it all reminded me of the memories. They say it gets better, that before you know it, you’ll be okay, but what do they know? I’m not a statistic, I’m not a twitter poll, I’m just a person, and here I am one year later, still waking up with a frown spread across my weary face to the cracked plaster ceiling above my bed. I feel like I’m walking through a tunnel, constantly searching for the light but never finding it, never finding the happy. I knew that today, I had to release.

 I slowly stepped into the passenger seat of my mother’s old, dented Station Wagon, trying carefully not to step into the puddle aside the car. I strapped myself in, knowing what was coming. The drive was only 3 miles, yet it felt like 3 years. I kept my head covered in long caramel hair, with waves like the ocean at low tide, against the cold, fog-covered window. I peered out the piece of glass, trying to find something to smile about, but failing as usual. With no reason to look around, I closed my eyes, waiting for the car to stop. Knowing that today, I had to release.

 I opened my eyes up to a hard *bump*, becoming aware that this was really happening, my nightmare had become reality. Today was the day that I had to let go of the pain, let go of the memories, let go of the worry that constantly harbored itself in my head. Today, now, I had to release.

 As I looked into the dark brown eyes of my mother, I knew that now I must go. She unlocked the doors to the old car, and watched me as I walked towards the building, awaiting the appointment I had been pretending was a figment of my lightless imagination. I stopped at the revolving glass doors and observed as my mother pulled away, leaving me at what I thought to be a prison, a dungeon, my hell. I stayed there, feet planted into the crumbing cement pavement, until I could see her no longer. Now, it was time to go.

 My feet lead me, bringing me into the well-heated building. I walked up the tall staircase and seated myself in one of the large armchairs in the dimly lit waiting room. I looked down on my hands and waited by myself for my name to be called by one of the assistants behind the desk. It had been minutes, maybe more, I’m not quite sure, when I looked up and noticed a little boy sitting across from me. His eyes. They were the first thing I noticed; they looked as if they were made of the ice from the arctic ocean, and the blue of the Mediterranean Sea; the most beautiful I had ever seen before. His light blonde hair fell delicately upon his frosty eyes, providing himself with an unkept, but loving look about himself. He lit up the entire room, it was almost as though there was a halo surrounding him, but knowing myself, it was obviously just my dropping eyelids playing another one of their tricks on my tired soul. Though the young boy was astonishing and somehow compelling, I thought nothing of it, for now was my time to focus; today, I had to release.

 I turned my sore neck to the side and noticed that the little boy was now sitting next to me, starring into my dark, fatigued face. It was as if his eyes told a thousand stories, each one more intriguing than the last: full of wonder and joy. It was as if time was passing by in eternities. Not a single movement had transpired within this time period, simply looking at each other was enough to know that we knew each other. Suddenly, he began to slowly lean towards my ear, and gently whispered, “it is time for you to release.” My trance was broken to the sound of my name being called, a nurse standing at the short, oak-door. I returned my glance, attempting to say goodbye to the little boy, but he was already gone. Who that boy was, I’ll never know, but his face will stay in my heart forever. Today, I have released.