23 December 2014

He looked up and suddenly she was gone. He stood in the road outside his house, left alone with the moon and stars, which shone above ever so brightly as though a dark cloud hadn't just settled over his entire world.

4 months later, 4 April 2015

Adam Webber walked up to the practice of David Hill, a psychologist in the local clinic. Out of habit, he scrutinised the room before walking in. He could see a bookshelf just opposite the door, in the far right-hand corner he saw a large window, in front of which were two armchairs facing each other, separated by a coffee table. He turned to the right and saw the doctors desk in the corner, facing the window. There was another smaller bookshelf next to the desk. David, who was standing in front of the larger bookshelf smiled and began to speak, "Please, come in", motioning for Adam to enter the room. "Thanks...I'm not quite sure what to call you yet" Adam walked towards David, holding out his hand. "Call me anything you like, David, doc, Dave, sir, buddy, whatever feels comfortable" replied David, shaking Adams hand and smiling. "Okay, I think I'll stick with doc" Adam replied and David led him to the two chairs in front of the window. When they got there Adam stopped and stared out of the window where he could see some trees which had grown around a pound in a field of the greenest grass he had ever seen. After staring for a few seconds he realised he had started smiling and looked down, "I see why your desk is facing the window now...You know, doc, I believe that just because one is depressed it doesn't mean one cannot smile at pretty things, do you think I could turn my chair to face the window?" he asked. "Yeah sure, whatever feels most comfortable to you...and I totally agree with that statement, I think it could go deeper to say that depressed people appreciate pretty things a lot more than those who are not, but that's a topic for another day. For now, let's just talk about you" replied David, sitting down in his armchair and facing Adam, who was now staring out of the window. "Well, I suppose we should...though, I'm not exactly sure how this works yet, so maybe you could start by asking me questions?" Adam asked, turning to look at David, who now sat with a pen and a note pad in hand. "Ok, that's fine by me...So what are you doing at the moment? Studying or working?" David asked. "Studying a BA degree, with hopes of becoming a journalist one day" Adam replied. "Journalism? That's quite interesting. Why, may I ask, that field?" he asked. "I love travelling, and writing, and journalism is one of the few careers which utilises both of those skills, if not journalism then I think I'd like to be a travel writer, though I think poetry is where my true passion lies" Adam replied, looking over at his psychologist and letting out a half smile, before returning his gaze to the window again. "Have you written many poe...?" Adam nodded before David could even finish his question. "What about?" David enquires, sounding genuinely interested. "I don't know, I used to write about life , I guess, I used to just write about any ideas or beliefs I had about life. But I don't want to talk about that just yet" Adam replied. "So, you made a remark about depressed people, do you feel like you're depressed? If so, then why?" David asked, setting his pen on the top page and getting ready to write. Adam laughed a little. "No no, I don't think I'm depressed, doc, I'm 100% sure I am. And the reason is quite simple: Ivy Phillips. It's funny how those two words basically describe my greatest joy and at the same time my greatest sorrow" he said, scratching at his beard with his right hand. David shifted into a more comfortable position in his seat, folding his legs and setting the notepad on his lap. "Ahh, I understand. How unfortunate, or maybe fortunate, you are, to be so young and yet to have already experienced the pains of love. Tell me about her, where did you first meet this girl?" he asked. "Well, it was last year, early in the year..." he began to have a flashback of the day he first met her.

It was still the first teaching block of the year, about three weeks after lectures had started. Adam was now in his second year at WITS University and had decided to join the photography club. Their first assignment was to take pictures of anything on campus that they thought was picture-worthy. The first thing Adam decided to take a picture of was the steps outside the central block building, but taken from the library lawns so that the fountain and the jacaranda trees were in the picture. He stepped onto the lawns and found the perfect spot to take the picture. He looked at the picture on the screen of his Canon digital camera and realised there was someone sitting alone underneath one of the jacaranda trees. It was a girl. She seemed to be listening to music and reading a book. Adam moved in to get a close-up of her. Before taking the picture he stopped for a moment to appreciate the beautiful sight of this pretty girl sitting under a pretty tree, then he took the picture and made sure it was okay on the screen on his camera, when he looked up again she was standing right in front of him, still holding her book. "Well, is it a good picture?" she asked. For a few seconds he was left speechless, partly because of how beautiful she was, partly because he was sure she hadn't seen him taking the picture. Before speaking he scrutinised her, out of habit. She was roughly his height, her skin was light brown, her hair was brunette and had a reddish tone to it and in the sunlight he could see that her eyes were brown. Her hair was tied up in a bun. She was wearing a blue dress with blue sneakers. "Hello?" she asked, waving her hands in front of his face, trying to bring him back from wherever he had just disappeared to. He laughed a little. "Sorry. Yes, it's a good picture" he said, smiling. "Would you like to see?" he asked, holding out his camera. She took the camera and looked at the screen for a few seconds before handing it back. "What are you going to do with it?" she asked. "Well, I'm going to look at it again at home. And if I like it, I'm going to keep it for my assignment, if not I'll delete it" he replied. "Okay. You could have asked first, you know. I wouldn't have said no" she said, walking back to her spot under the tree. He decided to follow her, feeling intrigued by her. "I prefer taking them when people aren't aware. That way everything is so natural, the emotion is real, you know? I think that's when people are the most beautiful, when they think no ones looking" he says. "Wow that's...that's cool actually, I've never thought about it like that" she said, sitting back down in her spot. "Can I join you?" he asked, looking down at her. "Sure, why not?" she replied, smiling. "I'm Adam, by the way" he said, sitting opposite her. "Ivy" she replied. "So what are you doing here all by yourself?" he asked. She lifted the book up, "Sometimes I prefer the company of music and books, you know?" she said, putting the book down again. "Kind of...I'm more of a writer than a reader, though" he replied, crossing his legs and leaning back on one arm, the camera next to him. "Oh. What have you written?" she asked. "Mostly poems, but I've written some short stories as well" he said, reaching out for her book: The Perks of Being A Wallflower. "I'd love to read them some time, I like poems" she said, wrapping her earphones around her iPod. "We'll see, I don't generally let people read them...I've read this book, thought it was pretty average to be honest" he said, putting the book down. "I'm sure you can make an exception for me. I mean, after all, you did just take a picture of me without my permission" she says, smiling. He smiles and looks down, "I guess so", she picks up the book and looks at the front cover. "And I disagree. This is my second time reading it, I think it's absolutely brilliant, especially the way it's written as his diary entries, it makes it so... real" she put the book down again and looked at Adam. They make eye contact for the first time and for a few seconds neither of them blinked or looked away. Then suddenly her eyes went wide, as though she had just remembered she had forgotten the stove on at home, and Adam looked down. She put her book and iPod in her bag and stood up. "I've gotta go, my dad will be here soon" she said, as Adam stood up. "I know we just met but, could I have your number? I'd love to talk to you some more" he said, smiling. "Honestly, I thought you'd never ask" she replied, winking. He hands her his phone and she saves her number. "I'll dial it, just so you can be sure, yeah?" she said, and her phone started ringing in her pocket. Adam smiled and all he was able to say was "It's nice to meet you" before she walked away. He turned around and bent down to pick his camera up.

When he looked up again he was back in the office of his new psychologist, staring out of the window again. "Really? Sounds like a scene out of a movie, to be honest" said Dr Hill, still writing Adams story in his notepad. "I know...that's what's so perfect about it" Adam replied. "So, what happened after that?" David asked, rolling his right hand around, getting ready to start writing again. "Let's change the topic for a bit. You asked about my poems earlier on. They used to be about life, like I said, nothing in specific, just everything I believed to be true about life. That is, until I met her. Then I started writing about the way she made me feel. And it was great, honestly, probably the best stuff I had ever written. And now...now all my writing is so morbid and full of sorrow, and that's when I even do write. Which is the main reason I decided that it was time to come here, I want to write again" Adam said, shaking his head. "This is good, you're opening up" David said, writing something in his notepad, "When is the last time you've written something?" Adam turned to look at him. "About a month ago, I think" he replied, before turning back to the window. "Okay, your first exercise is to write something. It can be a poem, a story, an essay, a paragraph or even a sentence, and it can be about anything, whatever comes to mind, just write it down. What I would also recommend is getting a journal and at the start of each day you could write about everything you'd like to do in the day, like setting some short-term goals to accomplish, and at the end of each day you could write about what you actually did during the day, and if you didn't accomplish any of your goals you could write about what prevented you from doing so, and what you can do to stop this distraction from happening again. Also, your goals should be fairly positive things, you know, like going for a run, or learning something new, or going out to meet new people, just anything positive" David said, lifting his pen from the notepad. "Exercise?' Adam asked, sounding confused. "You didn't think you would just come here, talk about your problems and get better, did you? If so, you were sorely mistaken. When you first made your appointment you said that you hope to leave a little happier, well, the pursuit of happiness is a proactive activity, something that you have to work at" replied David, adjusting his glasses. "Hmmm, fair enough..shall we continue?" Adam asked. "By all means" David nodded, getting ready to start writing again. "I didn't speak to her again until the Friday after we met...I called her early that evening.." said Adam, closing his eyes and beginning to have another flashback.

He was sitting at the dinner table with his family. On his left, at the head of the table, sat his father, Michael Webber, a lawyer who owned his own firm. On his right was his younger brother, Toby, who was now in grade 10 at the same high school Adam had attended. Sitting directly opposite him was his mother, Lauren, who worked as a writer, Adams biggest role model in life. After having supper Adam went to his bedroom and sat on his bed. He took his phone out and turned it around in his hands for a few minutes, building up the courage to dial her number. He felt his heart rate rise just a little, and his breaths became shorter. He stood up and paced around his room, thinking about the perfect conversation starter. After being unable to come up with anything he sat down on the chair behind his desk and dialed her number. She answered almost immediately, and spoke as if she knew who was calling, "Hey you" Adam smiled. "Um, how did you know who it was?" he asked. "I dialed my number from your phone, remember?" she replied. Adams smile grew bigger. "What took you so long anyway?" she asked, filling the silence. "Uhm, well. I thought I'd keep you waiting a little" he replied, jokingly. She let out a little laugh, "Smooth, so what's up?" she asked. "Well, are you doing anything tonight? I thought we could go out for ice cream, or something, if you're not busy?" he asked, now pacing his room again. For a few seconds she didn't say anything and he thought the call might have been cut but then he heard faint voices in the background. "Okay, I've gotta be home by 10 though" she said, with excitement in her voice. "Okay, great! Text me your address and I'll there in about 20, yeah?" he said, trying hard to hide his excitement. "Make it 40?" she replied. "Yeah okay, see you soon" he said, hanging up. Toby walked into the room just as his brother did an air punch and started laughing. "What are you doing?" he asked. "I've got a date" Adam replied, looking slightly embarrassed. "Nice. Need some pointers, I mean, it is your first one, right?" Toby asked sarcastically, sitting on the bed. "Ha ha, very funny. I've been on more dates than you, little bro, and don't ever forget it" Adam replied winking. He walked to his cupboard and picked out what he was going to wear for the evening: a black "Man of steel" t-shirt, a khaki pair of chinos and black sneakers. He decided to take a shower before getting dressed. With a towel wrapped around his waist he walked back into his now-empty bedroom. From his brothers room he could hear the strumming of a guitar and realised what Toby had come to his room for. He put his clothes on and styled his hair with some hair gel. He left his room to find his father. "Dad, can I go out with my friend?" he asked, walking up to his father. "Looks like you've already answered that question" replied his father, noticing his change of clothes and hairstyle. "Sorry, I was just so excited I forgot to ask you...I met this girl and.." he was cut off before he could finish his sentence. "Take my card, it's on me tonight" his father said, taking out his wallet from his pocket. "Wow! Really? Thanks" Adam replied, reaching out for the card. "Yeah, she must be really special if you already showered before asking for my permission...also, once upon a time, I went up to my dad saying 'I met this girl' and today she's my wife" said his father, winking and patting him on the shoulder before walking away. When he was sure 40 minutes had passed he sent Ivy a message saying "On my way", greeted his mom and left. He got to Ivys' house fifteen minutes later, finding it without any problems. She was sitting outside on a swing on the veranda next to a man who appeared to be her father. They were laughing about something. Adam walked up to the house and they stood up, as soon as he saw Ivy in the light he stopped walking and stared at her for a few seconds. She was wearing the same dress she had on the day they met, but she had on sandals instead of sneakers, and her hair was tied in a bow. She caught his eye and let out a shy smile. "He zones out sometimes" she said to her father. After a few seconds he walked up to her father and held out his hand. "Good evening sir, I'm Adam" he said. "So you're the photographer? I've gotta tell you, that was smooth. I'm Ivys' father, William. Nice to meet you" he said, shaking Adams hand and laughing a little. Adams eyes went wide and he was left speechless. "All ready to go, superman?" she asked, tapping his shoulder and breaking the silence. "It's nice to meet you too, sir. We'll be back by 10" Adam said, before turning to Ivy with his arm held out. She kissed her father on the cheek and took Adams arm. "I'm more of a Batman type of girl, you know" she said as they walked towards the car. "Next time I'll pick you up in my Bat-mobile then" he replied. He opened the door for her and she giggled, "Such a gentleman" Adam closed the door and walked around to the other side of the car. "You sound surprised" he replied, while opening the door. "Little bit..." she said, as he got into the car. "I didn't zone out back there, you know, I was just thinking about how beautiful you look" he said, closing the door. She blushed, "Thank you...so where are we going?" she asked. "You'll see" he replied. "I love this ice cream shop!" she exclaimed as they pulled into the parking lot of "The Hitchhikers pit stop". "I used to come here all the time when I was a kid" Adam replied. They got a table on the balcony of the two-story building and sat opposite each other. Ivy ordered the "Friday night chocolate and mint milkshake" while Adam ordered a normal chocolate milkshake. "No way! You come to the best ice cream/milkshake shop in town and you order something plain" Ivy rolled her eyes as their waiter walked away. "Hey , chocolate milkshakes are my favourite okay" replied Adam, smiling. "Do you always stick to stuff you know?" she asked, leaning forward. "Always" Adam replied, leaning forward as well. "Not tonight. We're swapping" Ivy said, winking. Adam started laughing. "I see what's going on here. I see right through you" Adam replied. "Oh really? Enlighten me?" Ivy replied, sounding intrigued. "You've realised what a horrible mistake you made in not ordering a chocolate milkshake and now you want mine" Adam replied in a sarcastic tone, raising his eyebrows. Ivy laughed for a few seconds and Adam sat watching her, stunned at how beautiful she was in that moment. "Okay, you caught me, smart guy. Either way, we're swapping!" she replied. When the milkshakes came Ivy took the chocolate and mint and slid it over to Adams side of the table. "Welcome to the wild side" she said, smiling. "If I don't like it, we're swapping again" he returned the smile. "So...tell me about yourself, stranger" she said, taking a sip of her milkshake. "Do you always let strangers buy you milkshake?" he asked. "Pretty much. Who else is going to?" she replied, jokingly. "Well, what would you like to know?" he took a sip of the milkshake and his eyes went wide. He took another sip, realising that he actually liked it. "You like it! I knew you would!" Ivy started smiling. "Fine, I'll admit, it's pretty decent" he replied, taking another sip. "Decent?! It's the best thing since, well, it's just the best thing! But anyway, what are you studying and why?" she took a sip of her milkshake. "I'm studying a BA degree with hopes of becoming a journalist, or a travel writer, and I guess the reason is that I love writing and travelling, and I believe that that's all that matters, you know, doing what you love" he replied, "What about you?" she took another sip, "I'm doing a BSc degree with the hopes of becoming something one day...I don't really know what I want to do...I like psychology though, which is one of my majors so that's cool...So when can I read some of your poems" she asks. "Sorry, I don't let strangers read my poems" he replied, grinning. "Do you always buy strangers milkshakes?" she asked. "Pretty much" he winked, "But, I'll put one or two on my phone and show you on Monday?" he replied, taking a sip of his milkshake. "Who said I want to see you again on Monday?" she replied sarcastically. "Ahh, and I thought I was being so smooth again, damn" he rested his chin on his hand and looked at her, smiling. She reached out for his other hand, "It would be a great privilege to see you again on Monday...and every other day" she squeezed his hand and let go. "Damn, and I just wanted Monday" he replied. "Well, you've gotta take what you get" she said. "So...how come I only met your dad tonight?" he asked. "Well, my mom passed away when I was five" she replied, looking down. "Oh, I'm so sorry" he said, reaching for hand and holding it for a few seconds before letting it go again. "It's okay, I was very young. I feel really bad for my dad though...you know, he loved her very much, still does...I want to experience that before I die, to love completely and unconditionally and be loved back completely and unconditionally, I think it's the most beautiful thing" she said, looking up again with her eyes wide and filled with passion as she spoke. "You know. I think most people want that, but not many people know what love actually is" he said. "What is love to you?" she leaned forward in her seat. He leaned forward and his eyes caught hers. Locked in eye contact he began to speak. "Love is a constant, it's not something that's there one day and gone the next; it's something you always feel. It's not something that's based solely on physical attractions or non-physical connections, but rather on how those two come together, because once you love someone for who they are, they're the most physically attractive person you'll ever meet. Love is also unconditional, you know. It doesn't depend on anything, because once you feel it, you feel it and there's no going back" he said. She started smiling, "That was so beautiful" , he laughed a little. "That's just what I believe though" he said, leaning back in his seat. "Wow! Let me ask you something, have you ever written anyone a poem?" she asked. "No, I've never had anyone to write about...tell you what, I'll write a poem for you one day" he said. "Keep talking like that and I may just fall for you" she smiled. Adam laughed. "Are we going to pretend you haven't already?" he asked, smiling. Ivy blushed and looked down. She looked up suddenly with wide eyes realising what time it was. "We should go" she said. When they got to her house Adam took a seat on the swing on the veranda while Ivy went to tell her father she was home. She came out sat next to Adam, leaving some space between them. "So, you think I've fallen for you?" she asked turning to look at him. He moved closer to her, leaving no space between them. He turned to face her, resting his left leg on the swing. "Not only that" he said, resting his hand on her back, "I think I've fallen for you too" He leaned forward, bringing his face closer to hers. Their eyes met. He stayed there for a while, then leaned in further, leaving no space between them, and their lips met. He closed his eyes.

When he opened them the sight that met him wasn't Ivys eyes, but instead the pond outside Dr Hills office. "They say that it all goes downhill after the first kiss, but not for us, doc. After that night, everything changed, for the better" he said, rubbing his eyes. "How so?" David asked looking over at Adam. "We started meeting up at university, at first only during lunch time but after a while whenever we had free time we spent it together, and still it wasn't enough. She met my friends and I met hers, but most of the time we just wanted to be alone. We spent weekends together, not always doing something in particular, just being together was enough. I watched her favourite movies and shows and she watched mine. I got to know her, deep down to the very core of who she was, and in return I opened up myself to her. She studied me and I studied her" he said. "When did things start going wrong?" David asked, shifting a little in his seat. "We'll get there. Let me tell you about the first time I wrote her a poem. We had decided to go to the park a few blocks away from her house..." he started having a flashback to that day.

They were walking towards the park in their town, her fingers intertwined in his, as though their hands were designed to fit each others perfectly. They weren't saying much, but that was the beauty of their relationship; the silence was comfortable. They sat on one of the benches at the park, which was empty except for some kids playing on the jungle gym and a few people walking through it. Adam turned to face Ivy. "So, do you remember on our first date I told you I'd write you a poem one day?" he asked. Her face seemed to light up. "Do you have it?" she asked smiling. Adam nodded and reached into his pocket, pulling out a folded page. "I was thinking I could read it to you?" he asked. Ivy nodded excitedly. Adam got up and stood in front of Ivy, looking down at her. His eyes meet hers.

"I look at you and you look at me,

and suddenly I have so much to say.

about your smile,

and how I find it so pleasant,

like a warm summer day,

about your eyes,

and how, for me, they shine much brighter than

the galaxies I tend to lose myself in,

about your hair,

and the way it curls into your "Mufasa look",

I look at you and you look at me,

and suddenly I know why they say

'The best things in life are free'" he spoke slowly, holding the page in front of him, looking down at it a few times. Ivy lifted her hands to cover her mouth, because she had started smiling and blushing. "What?" Adam asked, folding the page again. "It was perfect" she replied, standing to hug him. They held each other for a while, his arms around her waist, her arms wrapped around his back. Her head resting in the curve of his neck. They sat on the bench again and she rested her head on his shoulder, he put his arm around her.

"...And we just sat there for a while, until the sun set" he turned to look at David who was making some notes. "Right, I see. Not a bad poem, just by the way" said David. "Thank you, doc" replied Adam smiling and turning to face the window again. "So, are you ready to tell me when things started going awry?" David asked. "Yeah, we're at that part of the story" Adam sank into his seat a little. "Before I start telling you about that, you should know that Ivy and I were almost completely different, in terms of our interests, our likes and dislikes, our beliefs about certain things and even what we were studying, but we fit together so well. There was absolutely no friction, and I've come to learn that when people say stuff like "relationships require a little friction" or "you shouldn't worry when you fight, you should worry when you don't fight because it means that you don't care enough to fight" they aren't always right, because Ivy and I never had anything to argue or fight about. We didn't always agree, sure, but we were both so compromising that there was no need for a fight. I let her do her thing, and she let me do mine, and eventually there was no 'her thing' or 'my thing', it was just 'our thing'. Which makes the night she told me she was leaving the first time we ever had friction. It also happens to be the first time I told her I love her" Adam said, his head hanging low, staring for the first time at the ground and not at the window. "So, what happened?" David asked. "Well, it was early evening and we had decided to walk to this cafe not too far from my house. We stayed for a while, and everything seemed normal. Then we left at about 8 or 9, when it was dark. She asked me if we could talk for a while on this bench we passed, and I agreed without thinking twice because I had just written her another poem and couldn't wait to recite it to her..." Adam closed his eyes and began to have a flashback of that night.

They had just sat down on the bench and Ivy was staring at the sky, Adam was staring at her. "Guess what" he said, standing up. "What?" she asked, shifting her gaze from the bright moon to Adam, who now stood in front of her. "I wrote you another poem" he said excitedly. "Adam..." she began to say before he cut her off, starting to recite his poem.

"I wanted to write you a poem,

to tell you how much I

enjoy your company,

to tell you how much I

hate it when we're apart,

to tell you how much I

like our conversations,

to tell you how much I

adore our comfortable silences,

to tell you how much I

appreciate every second I ever got to hold your hand,

to tell you how much I

wish I could kiss your soft lips more often,

the truth is,

I wanted to write you a poem

just to tell you how much I love you" by the time he had finished the poem Ivy had tears rolling down her cheeks. Adam sat next to her and put his arm around her, pulling her closer. She rested her head on his shoulder and he held her for a while. Then she lifted her head and turned to face him. "I'm leaving" she said, sniffing. "What? Leaving?" Adam asked, looking confused. "Earlier on in the year I applied for a scholarship to study overseas next year and I got accepted...I didn't tell you because I didn't think I would, their requirements were ridiculous and..." Adam cut her off, his eyes were wide. "That's great, Ivy! Wow, I'm really proud of you" he spoke excitedly, taking her hands in his. "Adam, aren't you upset?" she asked. "I suppose, but I know it's always been a dream of yours and I wouldn't dare beguile you of it!" he replied. "I have a few days to accept or reject it..you know, if you asked me to stay I..." she let go of Adams hands to wipe her face. "Ask you to stay? Ivy, I could never" Adam stood and after a while Ivy did too. They began walking towards Adams house, not saying anything, and Ivy slid her fingers into his when Adam realised something; she hadn't said it back and then, even though they were holding hands, Adam felt, for the first time, like they couldn't have been farther apart. It was also the first time their silence felt uncomfortable. He dropped her off at home and everything changed. She decided to accept the offer the next day and it was set; she was to fly to England on the 20th of December. They stopped seeing each other as often, their conversations became shorter and forced and, which Adam found most upsetting, their silence remained uncomfortable. The night before she left, Ivy drove to Adam's house. She said goodbye to his brother and parents and they went outside. "Adam...we need to talk" she said, stopping by the door of her fathers car. She began speaking slowly, her voice shaking a little. "On the night of our first date, I told you that before I die I want to love someone completely and unconditionally and be loved, by that person, in return, and you have given me that. These past few months have probably been the best of my life. The night you told me you love me, I didn't say it back, not because I don't, but because I knew what was coming. I knew that if I told you I love you right before I told you I'm leaving it wouldn't have had the effect on you that I would have wanted to. Now, things have changed, but I know that our feelings have stayed the same. However, I think that maybe we should..." Ivy stopped speaking and looked down. Adam stepped closer to her and lifted her face, until her eyes met his. "Ivy, you should know something, about the night of our first date, when I was walking towards you and your father and I froze; That night when I saw you, I fell in love. And I think you smiled because you knew...so please don't say what I think it is you're about to say. Things have changed, and will continue to change, but we can get through it, together" he said. "We should...we should break up, Adam. I wish that what we had could last forever, but everything comes to an end" she turned her face away. "Fine then. If that's what you want" he said, stepping back. She stepped forward and kissed him lightly on the cheek. He looked down, accepting defeat. "I just want you to know, I do love you. More than you'll probably ever know...I hope we meet again some day, when we could last. Because our love deserves nothing less than forever" she said, before climbing into her father's car and driving away. He looked up and suddenly she was gone. He stood in the road outside his house, left alone with the moon and stars, which shone above ever so brightly as though a dark cloud hadn't just settled over his entire world. He closed his eyes, fighting back tears.

When he opened he eyes he could feel the tears he had tried so hard to fight back rolling down his cheeks and wiped them away. "Sorry, doc. I tend to be a bit sensitive around this topic" he sniffs. "It's alright. This is your space" David replied. "You know what hurts the most? The fact that she didn't even say goodbye. She just got in the damn car and drove away, and that was it. No text, no email, no phone call, no nothing. I don't know how one can just wake up one day and decide that they're going to cut someone out of their life, I just don't get it, doc. At the end of the day, I have learnt one thing though " Adam said, looking over at Dr Hill. "What's that?" David asked. "I've learnt to appreciate each and every moment in its entirety, whether it's good or bad, because the truth is that nothing ever happens exactly the same way twice, and often we find ourselves wishing to relive certain moments which, at the time, we didn't fully appreciate" Adam replied, still looking at Dr Hill. "You know, Adam, there are no wise words that I, nor anyone else for that matter, can say to stop the pain. In fact, that is something that only you can do, and by you coming here you've taken the first step. There is this saying that I like, and I'd like to share it with you: 'One day, whether you are 14, 28 or 65 you will stumble upon someone who will start a fire in you that cannot die. However, the saddest, most awful truth you will ever come to find is that they are not always with whom we spend our lives' and you should know that though this may be true, it does not mean that all hope is lost, because life goes on, you know. We meet new people, we make new memories. We can learn to love again, and that, I believe, is the beauty of life"