He woke up sweating, confused and paranoid. He’s gone through this before but something felt a little different this time. Mike hopped out of bed and jumped in the shower, still feeling a little groggy from partying the night before. Was it just a case of the flu? It couldn’t be, nope, it wasn’t really a sick feeling. Then there, right in the middle of his shower it hit him. The memories of last night hit him in a rush. He remembered taking an uber home after a night of some heavy drinking. Mike’s a depressed drunk and the driver wasn’t having it. After depressing him with his talking, the driver pulled up to an alley and got out of the car. Mike was freaking out but so gone he couldn’t do anything about it. The driver came in the back seat of the car and sat next to him. He pulled out a syringe and told him, “I can tell you’ve got some issues, I think you deserve this,” right before plunging it right in his vein. He doesn’t remember what he felt after that but goes to doctor to get checked out. As he leaves his house he hears all these voices. Nobody’s talking but as he walks by people he hears them saying depressing things. It finally hit him, the driver gave him the power to read minds of other depressed people. The man was tired of Mikes whining and wanted him to see what it’s like dealing with the depressed venting of strangers. Mike took advantage of this newfound power and became a psychiatrist, helping people as he knew what they were truly going through. The constant barrage of depressing thoughts intruding upon his conscious led to him outgrowing his own depression. He realized that everyone goes through their own personal struggles and with the right help everyone could be saved.