Sebastian didn’t realize what he had become. He couldn’t see people in the same way that he used to. All he saw and heard was the truth that was hidden behind what everyone said. He could no longer hear his friends congratulating him on getting the best grades in his class, but heard distant whispers of envious thoughts that his friends were thinking.

No one ever told the truth. The constant chattering of secrets and whispers drove him insane. Even when he called his mother for help, though she tried to reassure him on the surface, deep down, she was getting concerned about the mental well-being for his son. He didn’t know who he could trust anymore. Should he see psychological professionals to see if they would help at all?

He thought long and hard. Why was this happening to him? It was not like he went through a life-changing experience that gave him supernatural powers, he just woke up one day, and noticed that he could hear everyone’s thoughts. He thought it was fun at first—hearing all the dirty secrets of his friends and peers, very juicy, unexpected secrets. However, as time passed, he realized this was not a blessing, but a curse. He couldn’t turn it off. He no longer wanted to hear deceitful conversations when he saw couples on campus, or listen to the truth about how professors and administration can care less about their students. Some of the things he overheard were so repulsive and depressing. But he couldn’t tell anyone. If he reported some of the incidents he had heard with his new power, how would he justify it? If anything he could get accused as well. He felt trapped in this hole of knowing too much, but not able to let anything out.

He needed to escape. Right as he got home from class, he dropped off his backpack, grabbed his keys, wallet, and drawstring bag, and got in his car. He took one last, good look at his apartment, and got out of his driveway. Sebastian had no idea where he was going—just the fact that he was driving far away.

It was a beautiful day, clear blue skies, the warm rays of sun on his skin, he thought he could get used to this journey of his. After driving for several hours on the freeway, he decided it was time to grab dinner. He decided to look for the next resting stop, eat dinner, and camp out there for the night. The freeway, however, did not seem like it would have exits any time soon. The road in front of him looked like an endless plane. He then noticed that there were no more cars driving around him. He had been so caught up with getting away, that he had lost track of where he was.