



A Message from Michael:

A Phone Transcript

By Andrew C. Hartford

MEGAPhone™ Voicemail Transcript

First message

Contact's name: Unknown – Refers to self as 'Michael Edmond'
Contact's number: *****
Voicemail received: {08/04/2019 - 02:39:55}

{MESSAGE BEGINS}

ME: Alright mate? How's it going? It's me, Michael. Michael Edmond. Sorry for phoning you so late, I meant to call you earlier but I lost track of time. I hope this is still your number but I guess we'll find out soon enough! Ha ha, mate, long time eh!? I can guess what you're thinking, 'Hello stranger! Where've you been!? Thought you were dead!' No, no, I'm still keeping on. My fault for not keeping in touch, I didn't mean to become so distant. Truth is, I've not spoken to anybody for a while now and I'm kind of needing somebody to talk to tonight. I know it's been a while but I still consider us good friends and I can't imagine too much has changed between us. I'm not trying to disrupt your life or anything and I get that this'll be a lot to wake up to. It's just there's this thing eating me up inside and... I need to say something, let it out for my own sake, while I've still got the chance to do so. If that's selfish of me then I'm sorry but I'm hoping you'll listen and try to understand? Take the time to hear me out, give me the benefit of the doubt, that kind of thing?

I'm not even sure how to begin. Something happened recently, something I did that wouldn't seem like a big deal on its own, maybe, but there's other things in the past that go along with it and I think it'll be easier if I backtrack a bit, go over a few things first and work my way up to what I need to say.

See, thing is... I'm not well and I haven't been so for a long time. Ever since we were in secondary, I've had this illness, and nobody at the time, not even me, noticed it as such. Teenagers are meant to be a mess, right? Clumsy and confused, going through all these changes, new emotions, new ways of thinking, all while their hormones are going nuts. That's how it goes for all of us, aye? So I used to think this was how everyone was, that everyone had this thing with them and it was just another part of growing up. I thought once I left school I'd be better. But as I got older it only got worse and it's come to the point where I've had to finally do something about it.

I saw a doctor last week and she told me I've got severe depression and anxiety. OCD to be specific and, no, it doesn't mean I'm always cleaning my house and that. It's not like that at all. For some, yes, but not for me. It's more like obsessing over thoughts and feelings that don't really deserve the time or effort. Like, did anybody ever say to you "Don't think about a white rabbit?" What happened? Aye, well it's similar to that but instead of it lasting a few minutes, try weeks or months. Just that alone would be maddening enough, but with me... mate it's so much worse. My brain comes up with some truly horrible stuff. Sometimes it's things to do with myself, my 'character' I guess you could say, but more often than not I'm worried about what's going to happen tomorrow. I know that's something most people worry about, but I can't seem to shake this sense of impending doom. Like the rug could be pulled from under me at any moment. I'll remember a mistake I made ages ago and I'll torture myself with it, thinking if it happened once it can happen again, that I'll not be able to stop myself from repeating it. I get all panicky and I'll want to bolt but where do I run to? What is it I'm even running from exactly? Makes me want to scream sometimes.

I told all of this to the doctor and she says these are called "intrusive thoughts", common with folk suffering like me. "OCD turns your mind against itself, twists your logic and makes you think irrationally." Too right, should've seen the shock I gave her when I told her how long I'd been feeling this way. "Have you been experiencing any physical symptoms? Any pains or abnormal feelings around the body?" "Well, aye" I said. "There's junkies coming down with a steadier hand than me. I can't stop shaking, I'm always feeling sick when I eat, there's a burning at the back of my head and in the centre of my chest for most of the day and my heart beats out my chest almost." I was afraid she wouldn't let me leave. She gave me a prescription for some SSRIs, then tried to get me to open up about the thoughts I was having... and I wanted to tell her. But I couldn't, I didn't dare. I was too scared. She said she understood my reservations but I don't think she would if I opened my mouth.

Mate, I can't bear to think how people would react if I told them about the shite in my head. But I know it's the only way I'm going to get any better. I'm so tired of being afraid all the time. The effect it's had on my life is... Christ, it's going to kill me before I'm thirty I swear. I need to get it out of me. So here it is.

I'm afraid that one day I'm going to kill somebody.

Fuck. No. Wait, hold on. It's not like that. That sounded bad. It's not like that. I'm not saying I'm going to start chopping people up or anything like that. It's not like that, I promise you. What I mean is I'm scared that one day I'm going to end up causing some poor cunt's death, like... an accidental murder? Jesus, that still sounds terrible. Look, there's a word for what I'm trying to say but I can't remember it. I'm making a complete arse of this aren't I? OK. Ahem.

I'm terrified of the possibility that one day as I'm out and about, living my life, not interfering with anybody else, I'm going to do something or not do something without thinking it through and realizing the danger at hand that will then result in another person's untimely demise.

Now, that sounds absolutely mental right? Just saying it out loud I'm thinking 'What? Why on Earth are you so worried about that? That's crazy! Totally. Get your head examined because that's not a normal thing to be preoccupied with. Hold up a moment, catch your breath and think what the chances of that happening actually are. So low it's not worth thinking about aye? Aye. So stop fussing.'

Thing is mate, it's not impossible is it? It could happen. It's happened to others. It's probably happening to somebody right now. Go turn on the TV, shove the news on and I bet at least one story this week is about someone losing their life due to another's negligence. Some dozy prick hitting another with his car maybe, or something along those lines. You think either of them had *that* penned in for the day? No, of course not. So what makes me so special that it couldn't happen to me? I'm not the centre of the Universe. I'm just a random guy. One person out of billions. And do you know what? I reckon I've got a higher chance than most of getting into the same bother.

Do you mind Malcolm Donaldson? Wee Malky? The lad who would never leave his mum's house? Aye, well a few years back I was driving us through the town, coming home from the pool. There was a lot of stop and start with the traffic and when we were waiting at one of the lights I saw this woman who looked just like Sarah, my Sarah. So much so that I rolled my window down to shout to her, but it turned out to be somebody else. The lights went green and I drove on but my mind started to wander, wondering how she was, what she was doing now. 'Did she meet someone else? Did she leave the country like she said she would? Maybe she's there with him now. Is she living the life she wants? Is she happy? I hope so. She was pretty upset with the way I left things. I'd like to see her again, to chat, catch up, tell her I'm sorry. I'll need to find her on social

media. Maybe if she's abroad I can go and see her. I'll get a visa sorted, put in the holidays, fly out and meet her. Might be she's past it all and we get back together. We'll move on and start again, and I'll love her this time, really love her, so there's no doubt. She deserves that much.'

Malky started yelling at me and I came to my senses immediately, braking just in time. Not two feet in front of us was this old man, all wrinkled and bony and hunched over. He wouldn't have made a dent. I was ready to get out the car and ask what he thought he was doing, walking in the middle of the road like that, but then I clock the red light as well as the green man by the side of the road and I instantly deflated. He gave me absolute dog's abuse so he did. Called me everything he could think of before he tried whacking at my bonnet with his cane. Everyone on the pavement was looking too, shaking their heads and staring daggers at me. That's when it sank in, what I'd almost done. Malky didn't say another word to me until we got back to his, he just sat there gripping his seat, face tight and eyes wide open. Christ, he was pale as a sheep. He swore off ever getting in my car again.

When I got home I tried telling myself 'everything was fine, nobody was hurt and they've every right to be angry with you but it's over now. You'll never do that again, so chin up.' Didn't help though. I wish I could reason it all away like that, but it's just not in me. The guilt, the shame, the self-loathing, the fear it could happen again, it hung about for ages. Spent a week without a proper sleep after that. 'What if I hadn't stopped in time? What if Malky wasn't there to warn me? How long would they have put me away for? What would my folks think, their only son a killer? How could I live with myself after doing thing like that?' The what ifs. They're like a whirlpool. You get sucked in picturing these nightmare scenarios, playing them over and over again in your head until you're there, living it. How can something that never happened have such an impact on someone? [EXHALING] I sold the car not long after. Sitting behind the wheel got me too worked up, made me too jittery. I can't drive myself anywhere these days without panicking.

It usually happens like that. I slip away into a daydream, ignorant of everything going on around me. Like when I flicked my fag too close to the petrol station, or the accident with my grandad's fuse box, or that time we all went camping by Loch Lomond and I accidentally set fire to the tents? You remember? Got a lot of grief for that. Then there was Mark's fall down the stairs at Gregor's empty, Rocky's tail under the lawnmower, the barbeque where I almost poisoned everyone... the list goes on and on. I've lost count of how many times I've done something like that. It pure haunts me.

You know for a while there I couldn't cope anymore. It all got too much to bear, every wee incident adding up as it did. Eventually I stopped going out or answering my phone. I wouldn't even answer the door. If I heard a knock I pretended I wasn't home. Couldn't face being around anybody. Packed my job in and moved back in with my parents too, before the rent could bankrupt me. My mum and dad were happy for me to stay but I could tell they knew something was up. I wasn't entirely honest with them about what I'd been going through so I can't blame them for thinking I just needed a change of pace, a boot up the backside to sort myself out. They'd push job listings under my nose as well as college courses I had the grades for. "A new direction in life is what you need son." I didn't want to see any of that though. Didn't want anything to do with the outside world. When I wouldn't come out my room anymore they wisened up and tried getting me to go to a doctor, but I wasn't keen on that either, for reasons I mentioned earlier.

I ended up staying indoors for a year, a whole year. All that time spent hiding, doing fuck all with my life. Can't blame my folks for saying enough's enough. Since I was adamant I wasn't leaving the house, they tried a different tactic. By forcing me out with them. They'd take me out while they were running errands, getting the shopping, posting letters, that sort of thing. Wasn't easy getting out again, being in fear of everything, but I kept at it. Part of me knew I had to make an effort. Day by day I pushed myself a wee bit further, getting myself used to the crowds, the noise or just crossing the damn road. [CHUCKLING] Hell, this wasn't even that long ago. Was only a couple of months back. I was doing alright as well, until the other week there. Went and fucked it didn't I? Muppet that I am.

What happened was one evening, when I was feeling brave, I decided to go to my local without my mum and dad holding my hand. Friday night, place should have been jumping but it was only half full. Couple of regulars, number of lads on a pub crawl and a group of girls mingling with them. I came in, kind of relieved at the lack of numbers, and settled in. I had my mind set on a couple of pints then, if I was up to it, try strike up a conversation with someone, preferably one of the girls. I hadn't been there five minutes however before I met one of them. We were both at the bar standing beside each other, waiting for the barman to pop up from the basement. Just us two, both quiet like. I snuck a look at her. She was a bit shorter than me, had shoulder length ginger hair, more blonde than brown. A fair complexion, light freckles below the eyes. Good arms too, toned and strong looking, must keep herself fit I thought. Her sleeveless top, which was a striped dark blue, covered everything up to her neck. Don't know why her top sticks in my memory, guess I'm not used to that style.

Either way, I thought she was stunning. There was a time I would've went up to her, right there and then despite my nerves, and started chatting to her. That was an issue I never really had, approaching women, but that boldness seems to have vanished. Not just with women but with people in general. I went back to staring at the TV behind the bar, trying not to look at her again. I failed, but this time she was looking at me. She noticed my tattoo peeking out from under my shirt sleeve, said she liked it. Then she showed me hers on the inside of one of her arms, a Chinese symbol that meant 'daring', 'adventure' or some such thing. We got chatting, mostly about our tattoos but gradually we got on to other topics and I began to remember what it's like, talking to somebody new, hearing a fresh voice that's interested in you. It's exciting I think.

The barman finally showed up, I paid for both our drinks and we kept on talking. We ended up staying at the bar for the rest of the night. Her name was Rebecca and she wasn't living too far from me as it turns out. Moved to the area a year ago. Told me all about her daughter, Margo, who was only three but had hair thicker than her mother's. The father had her on weekends so this was her time to relax. I got the story on him, and when she paused to take a drink I tried a wee joke at the guy's expense. No very sporting I know, but the way she smiled at me with that straw in her mouth, mate, I was smitten. I found out she was right into mountaineering, not just hiking up a trail but all that carry-on with the ropes and harnesses and carabiners and that. Makes her feel free and alive she said. I was made nervous just hearing it though. Mental, tempting fate like that. I was honest with her, told her just how out of my comfort zone that would be. She didn't bat an eye though and went on to tell me how everyone has the wrong idea about it. How so much of the sport - Aye, it's a sport. Who'd have thought? - relies on ensuring everyone else's safety. "Some friends and I, not this lot, are going scrambling next weekend up the Cairngorms. You should come with us!"

Heh.

"Not. A. Chance."

No, just kidding. I didn't say that. I didn't say anything actually. All my chat disappeared. I wasn't sure what to say. I must've looked a right clown, tripping over my words, practically choking on my own air. I didn't want to let her down, you know? I liked her, there was something comforting about being in her presence. She was so at ease with herself, confident but not in a full-of-herself way. One of those people who makes friends without trying. So I surprised myself and took a leap of faith. "Aye, aye okay. I'll come." How bright her face lit

up when I said that, but she'll need to explain it all to me I told her, keep an eye out for me and make sure I don't put anyone in danger.

We'd only met a couple of hours ago but it's like we were best pals now, and it's strange because after saying yes I settled into the idea pretty quickly. I was keen for it, actually looking forward to it. I couldn't remember the last time I was this eager for something. I even went out and bought myself a pair of walking boots the next day. Before the night was done though I got her number, she got mine and she gave me the details of the place and time we were going. I got a kiss as well before the taxi pulled away.

The week leading up to wasn't a worrisome as I expected. There was a... positivity about me now. Sounds wrong, but it's the only way I can describe it. Sure I was nervous, I had some doubt lingering in my head, but it didn't trouble me too much.

When the day arrived it was an early start. 5:00 am, what an ungodly time that is. She chapped the door and I came out to see her in full walking clothes, hair tied back and hat on, and the van full of rucksacks, ropes and people all packed in. I didn't trust myself to be ready on time so I'd packed my gear in an old bag the night before. Not much to put in it really, I was going to be using Rebecca's spare gear for the most part. I slept in my walking clothes too, just in case. In the van I was introduced to her other group of pals, all male. From south of the border, they'd known Rebecca since Uni - she'd went to Edinburgh to study sport's science. It was funny though, they still had that 'studenty' feel about them despite having been in work for a while. Felt like one of them 'gap year' crowds. They had these long straggly beards, and a couple had dreads too. Odd accents; posh. Were they putting that on, I wondered? I don't mean to sound snobbish, they were a decent enough crowd. Only there was some arrogance there, overconfidence perhaps. I couldn't warm to them as I had with Rebecca.

The sun was just coming up when we passed Aviemore, heading towards Glenmore. What views you get up north by the way. The highlands are absolutely stunning. You forget that, how beautiful this country is when your surrounded by concrete all the time.

We came into the carpark at the base of the mountain and there were a few cars plus a couple of mini buses about, walking groups getting ready to hike, the leaders giving instructions to everybody as they all geared up. Don't think you'll be surprised to hear I felt pretty out of place. That initial excitement I had before had

dampened a tad on the way there and now it was starting to give way to something a lot more uncomfortable. I must've been pulling a face because Rebecca came up and started with the reassurances, trying to downplay my nerves. I saw one of her pals giving me a sympathetic look which irked me, so I told her I was fine.

We walked up along the path with hills on either side for a good stretch, then after an hour or so we made a hard right, heading towards this long, spikey mess of rocks called Twin Ribs. It was the height of the hill face, which must have been a couple hundred feet high. I remember everyone was eager to get up there, but I was shitting it. 'At least it's in summer conditions' I remember thinking. When we were approaching our starting point I was surprised to see a few climbers going up already. 'Fuck me lads, what time did *you* wake up?' Anyway, we came over and I got a helmet put on me, a harness pulled up my legs, and several bits and bobs clipped onto my waist. Oh, but I was sweating now. 'It's going to go wrong. Something is going to go wrong, I know it. I'm going to do something stupid with the rope or one of these devices hanging off me and somebody's going to snuff it. Jesus fuck, why did I ever agree to this?'

Rebecca said she'd be my partner for the climb, which calmed me a bit but not enough. She went through everything we'd be doing, explaining it clearly step by step. I'd done my homework before coming here and I was listening as best I could, but it's difficult to concentrate when your mind's racing. I had the gist of it remembered but I didn't want to lead or anything like that. So she went up first while I belayed, ready to stop her from falling if necessary. My hands were soaked at this point, shaking, and my guts were in a queer state. If that wasn't bad enough a gathering of spectators had grown behind me, a climbing group from below intermingling with her mates, all geared up and looking the part. An audience of professionals. Great. Superb. Just what I wanted.

Eventually she called down saying I could start climbing. It was slow going at first, I was being dead careful where I put my hands and feet but I got into the swing of things faster than I expected. Each time I would reach her she'd do something with the rope, get all the gear transferred to her and we'd begin again. She led all the way to the top and while I was ascending I was focusing more and more on the climbing, forgetting the fear. Here and there other people appeared beside me, them on a separate route up. They were a big help, these few. They didn't have to but they went out their way to offer advice and encourage me. Soon enough, as I was reaching the top, I caught myself smiling and I couldn't believe it. I was loving this! 'Rebecca was right, this *is* freeing. What a rush!' Enjoying the adrenaline rush for a change, I thought 'Aye, I'll definitely be doing this

again. I'll get working again so I can buy my own gear and I'll learn how to use it confidently so it becomes second nature. I'll need to get myself fit too. This is a good workout but I can tell I'll be done in after this. There's a climbing wall not far from me, I'll need to join it, get some experience, and train my body. Maybe once I'm skilled enough I can find work relating to this. Imagine that, hanging and climbing for a living! I'll need to tell Rebecca all this. Tell her what she's done, what she's awakened in me and that I want to do more with her. What if this is where it all turns round? Maybe I was meant to struggle, to shut myself away, all so she could bring me back. I like her, and I'm sure she likes me too. There's a connection between us, I know it. I could be wrong. She might not see me in that way. There's a chance that kiss didn't mean anything, but even so, it doesn't change a thing. I'll still be her friend and she'll be mine. That's enough. That would be enough. My life starts anew from here. Sure I've made mistakes, put myself and others in danger. But that was the old me. I'm more focused now, more conscious of my actions. I can't control the future so why should I worry about it? Why *have* I been so worried about it? The past can be just that, the past. This moment I'm living in is what matters. As long as I'm alert and focused as I am now, everything will be okay. I don't need to live in fear anymore.'

It was a nice feeling while it lasted. During this enlightenment of mine however, I was at a difficult section of the climb. Difficult for me at least. I was trying to bring my foot up to this rock in front of me, about twice the size of my head. It was at chest height the part I was trying to stand on and it was trapped, or suspended, between two boulders. Once I got a foothold I figured I could push between the boulders with my hands, straighten my leg as I stand, and reach above to get better leverage for the next part. I wasn't sure at first if I was that flexible, but my foot reached the rock well enough. Only it loosened a touch.

Now, I've been warned of loose rocks. As if it wasn't obvious enough, you never put your full weight on them. Simple. But of course I was somewhere else entirely, flying high, not realising the potential for disaster before me. I hauled myself up, putting all my weight down on the rock... then came tumbling back to reality. I toppled about the height of myself before the rope went tight and caught me but I managed to look in time at to see where the rock was heading. There it was, already a good distance from me, bouncing down the Twin Ribs. Aye, you heard me right. Not rolling. *Bouncing*. And what do you think I did? Attempt to warn the rest below what was coming? Scream, so at least they'd be on alert? Cry out in pain even? Nope. I just froze and watched in silent horror as that monster went over an edge and out of sight.

When I got to the top... when I saw Rebecca, I told her what had happened. I was speaking too fast though. I was a non-coherent mess, apologizing and making excuses and trying to explain myself, all while wiping at my nose and trying to keep the tears from my eyes. She just stared at me, bewildered, astonished even, as I went to pieces right there in front of her.

We came down via the ridge beside the climb and to my relief nobody was dead, thank Christ. But there were even more people at the Twin Ribs now than when I'd started and a lot of them were raging, glaring at us as we walked back to them. I didn't hesitate to come clean. I can't remember how many times I said I was sorry. Rebecca was able to soothe things over with some of them. Her mates weren't angry, hell a few of them were laughing, a few others shrugged their shoulders and carried on. It was the instructors of the groups that were pissed off the most. Suppose that makes sense, they're in charge of everyone's safety. How does it look if somebody dies on their watch? Is that considered negligence on their part?

Rebecca and them went back and forth, and it became a bit heated between one of the leaders and her. She was trying to explain how new I was at this but the other, a female instructor, she wasn't having it. This one had a hard look to her, ex-army I thought, and she was blasting Rebecca, demanding to know what the hell she was doing bringing somebody that inexperienced up here in the first place?

I should've spoken up for her, defended her and myself, but I didn't. Instead I trudged back to the van, alone, sick from the adrenaline now that had found a place in my stomach to settle. I just wanted the world to swallow me out of existence. Rebecca wasn't long in following me. I thought I heard her call to me a couple of times when I was descending but I was zoned out; numb. By the time she caught up to me at the van I'd dried my eyes and that, semi-composed. She was speaking to me, but I wasn't listening. All I heard was she'd take me home then come back for her mates. I'd ruined her day and stained the thought of Twin Ribs for her too I suspect. I expected her to fire into me, but she never. She just threw her bag in the back and took her seat behind the wheel. "I didn't mean to cause all this". That's what I wanted to say, but it wouldn't have made a difference. We drove back in silence, and that was that.

I'm laying here now, can't sleep for the anxiety, and I still can't get that day out my head. I keep thinking what if that rock hadn't missed? What if I had killed somebody? Wouldn't matter if he or she was wearing a helmet,

that person is gone. And if by some miracle their head didn't explode their neck would still be crushed or they'd be put into the mother of all comas. Is that better?

I mean, how do you explain that? How do you explain yourself? "I'm sorry your Honour, I didn't mean to brain that poor fellow, honest. I wasn't thinking clearly. It was out of my control. It's not my fault. It was an accident."

So? Do people think that changes anything? You *killed* somebody. Accident or not it's too late, the world will know what you did and it will never forget. Never let you forget. You're as well branding yourself across the forehead, a social suicide for all to relish. Those you cared for most in life? Forget it, they're done with you. They've already removed you from their hearts, and when you're locked up in the cells there'll be no hiding from your crime. No hiding from the real monsters either. Those creatures with intent, if you want to survive you'll need to blend in, act like they are. But then how can you claim to be any different? You all look so similar. And when the sentence is spent and you're shoved back into society, you still have to live with what you've done. That's the worst part I reckon. Knowing everyone's right to hate you.

Why me, mate? Why am I the one that has to ruin everything, that has to suffer? What am I supposed to do? What am I supposed to do!? Lock myself away? Chain my arms to my sides? Live in the fucking woods? I don't want to hurt anyone. I've *never* wanted to hurt anyone. But I keep slipping away and I don't know how to stop it.

How am I meant to explain this to the doctor tomorrow? If I'm as open with her as I'm being with you she'll think I'm unhinged, a danger to the public! But I'm not! You know I'm not! Christ, what if she thinks I've been doing it on purpose? They'd definitely put me away then, prison or the asylum, placed in a box never to see the sun again. I can't accept that. I won't.

What if I just ended it, eh? What if I saved everyone the trouble of dealing with me and just tanned my wrists right now? Put my mouth to the exhaust or dashed my head against a brick wall? Would everyone be safe then?

I don't... I can't do this anymore.

{MESSAGE ENDS}

Second Message

Contact's Name: Unknown - Confirmed to be 'Michael Edmond' (ME)
Contact's Number: *****
Voicemail received: {08/04/2019 – 03:07:38}

{MESSAGE BEGINS}

ME: I'm sorry mate, for going off like that. I'm sorry for the whole phone call actually. All I've probably done is confused and frightened you. I shouldn't have called you. I had no right to burden you in this way. I just needed someone to talk to, someone to share with free from judgement. I can't tell my mum and dad any of this. Can you imagine I laid all of this on them? It's too much. They don't deserve that at their age.

Why you then? Well, nearly everyone I once called a friend is no longer in my life. I saw to that, didn't I? Hurting or ignoring those who could help. I'm not sure what happened to Malky. Heard he left the country after his mum died. Never did look up Sarah. I thought it best to leave her in peace, wherever she is. Rebecca? She's made it clear she wants no more to do with me. My phone hasn't buzzed once since I saw her last. We didn't know each other anyway, not really. Everyone else is beyond reach. You're all I have.

You don't need to phone me back. It's alright, honest. I get it. I think... ah, never mind. Thanks. For listening I mean. It can't have been easy, but you took the time didn't you? That says a lot about you, your character. I hope you're keeping well by the way. It would be good to catch up sometime, should things go okay tomorrow.

And maybe it will. What if I've been overly catastrophizing everything, hurting myself more than I needed to? What if opening up to someone is what saves me and everyone else? What if everything gets better from tomorrow onwards, they don't lock me away and curse me, but help me? Actually help me?

It's a comforting thought. I just wish I could know for sure.

{MESSAGE ENDS}