

# The Closet

*Sophie Davis*

Lola, though young, had struggled for some time. At the age of 13 she was diagnosed with depression. Even at 16 she still struggled.

The cause of her depression was simply, unsimple. At the age of twelve she figured out that she was not straight. At the time, this wasn't a big deal. If anything, Lola finally felt complete, as if she truly understood herself. But when she told her bestest friend in the whole wide world, her friend simply looked at her in disgust and snarled "I hope you don't have a crush on me, cause I would never like a girl!". Before stalking away to join her other friends. From then on Lola vowed to never tell anyone about her disgusting secret. She was determined to stay in the figurative closet, until her dying days.

At first, she simply felt sad, but gradually over the years it got harder to bear. The things she once enjoyed like school, sport and shopping she soon stop wanting to do them, she no longer took enjoyment from them. Her life was almost a blur. Wake up, go to school, eat, go home. She felt as if every day was another step into the ocean. Her head once above the crashing waves were slowly going deeper into its depths. She couldn't breathe, there was no sound only the faint whisper telling her how horrible she is and how she didn't deserve love. She felt heavy and tired, she had no will left to fight this overwhelming feeling of emotions she couldn't quite name.

But no one seemed to notice. She still went to parties with her friends, still gossiped with her sisters and still ate dinner with her family. They all seemed so happy, like they were on top of the world. They could deal with life, whilst she was dying inside. Lola couldn't help thinking 'why is this fair? What did I do to deserve being cursed? For loving other girls? Why couldn't I be normal, like everyone else?'

It got harder to hide it, she constantly wanted to yell at someone 'I'm not fine!' instead of always answering I'm fine with a smile. Lola knew she couldn't continue like this. A mind in a constant state of turmoil is not one she could live with. Something had to change.

Lola, was done.