

I burst through the door, rushing to the car so they wouldn't see the tears spilling from my eyes. Overflowing water, seeming as though it will never stop. I flung my bags into the car as quickly as possible. And I'm off, to start a new life.

Suddenly I'm on a plane. What the future holds is as cloudy as the sky above. The intercom blares into the passenger's ears.

"Hello passenger's. Our destination will be Detroit, Michigan. The time estimate is about 20 minutes." I think back to when my grandma used to tell stories of plane rides that would take 2 hours to get to Michigan. Insane to think about now.

"Everyone please fasten your seatbelts and get ready for a quick and safe flight." As the engine roars to life, I lean back in my seat, slowly closing my eyes. My mind races through possibilities of the city will look. I imagine beautiful skies as I awake to the sunrise every morning. Helping new people everyday, getting to know all my patients individually. When I opened my eyes, we were landing.

"Thank you for flying with us. Have a great day." I wobbled a little when my sleeping legs had to straighten. Everything came into focus and I realized, I was stepping into my new home. Run down buildings line the streets. I walk with fear but also passion, as each foot hit the ground. Many others walked the streets, herds of people infact. I was on a path for the hospital, passing by people with glum looks, not a smile in sight. Strange. I found my destination. This building was different. It was newer, perhaps more intricate.

"Hello, is there anything I can help you with?" the lady at the front quickly blurted as I walked through the door.

“Yes. I’m here to fulfill my job offer.”

“Of course! Dakota from San Antonio I would assume.”

“Yes that is me.”

“Great! If you could fill out just a few more forms that would be great! Then we can give you a quick tour and introduction to your co-workers and you can get to work!”, she said as she handed me a few papers.

“Sounds good.”

My hand ached afterwards but I hurried along the tour without a problem, smiling at everyone I passed. None of the patient's smiled back.

After the whole introduction, I began working immediately. Patients were in and out all day with small things along with easy fixes. My favorite patient was Claire; Eleven, with these bursting blue eyes. I didn’t know exactly what was special about her but she was different, besides her face, that remained as bland as the rest.

I awoke the next morning to discover horrific news. Claire had committed suicide. Everyone just shook it off, but how was this casual in anyway? My suspicions got the best of me and I started wandering the hospital during breaks and even after hours.

One night, I didn’t register that I was in an unfamiliar area until something caught my eye; A sign saying “Surgeons Only”. Don’t signs normally say “Staff Only”? I may only be a nurse but I was determined to get behind that door. I grabbed the handle but it wouldn't budge. Disappointed, I ran my hand through my hair. My finger felt a dull prick, from the bobby-pin holding back my waves. That’s it! I shoved the pin in the lock before anyone could see. My feet tiptoed inside.

I looked around to see brain scans and MRI machines, luckily not a person in sight. This place was like some kind of puzzle, but what did all the pieces mean? In one brain scan, the amygdala was noticeably bigger, a clear sign of depression. I sprinted out when I put all of the pieces together. These surgeons were doing neurosurgery on the people to develop depression.

I started to tell all my patients and their parents, although no one seemed to care. That's when I decided to take matters into my own hands. I started putting depressional brain scans for the patients, to show the world they had it. I looked for any types of antidepressants I could find.

The next morning, I had a visitor in my office, grab me by the arm and drag me into the mysterious surgeons room. They strapped down my flailing arms as I let out one final scream before the world suddenly went black.