Panicked and with his heart thumping, a hysterical Theo ran down the now familiar streets to the dock, apparently deaf to his own voice, as he was screaming at the top of lungs as he whizzed down through the quiet, empty town. Hundreds of voices clamoured for attention in his head, steadily rising in volume until they were roaring, wailing, unutterable things that came from the darkest place in his mind. Tears streamed down his face, mixing with the slashing rain. His clothes were soaked, his hair a tangled mop whipping behind him, his muscles exhausted and his lungs almost destroyed when he finally reached Baradwys Point.

     Of course, he thought, it makes sense that the place that meant the most to him and to India would be the place it all ends. Thinking of India brought on waves of more emotion, crashing over him as he sank to his knees on the wet grass, sobbing, and then suddenly it was in his head, the memory of that day. Ragged images flashed past his eyes – the clinical stainless steel kitchen that coldly greeted him home – the metallic tang of the kitchen knives – the deep red smeared across silver - the delightful, fascination tinged horror when he saw how easily he could destroy himself. He remembered the sudden realisation that he was in control; he could stop this, and the irresistible temptation of no more responsibilities or worries. He remembered the emptying of the medicine cabinet seen through teary, blurry eyes, the urgency, hurry for escape. Theo’s body involuntarily curled up into the foetal position on the grass as he let out an animalistic howl – cursing himself for not taking enough. Too stupid to do even the simplest of tasks. Millions of people died every day and Theo had an unexplainable dark desire to be one of them. He rolled onto his back and looked up at the night sky, panting, his legs pulsing from the run. He knew that he would never escape this feeling; it would never fully leave him, it was bigger than him, too powerful. There was only one clear way to get rid of it. Rain shot down onto his face. Calmly, he stood, turned, and walked towards the utmost point of the rock, standing straight, chest puffed out, on top of the world. Certainty and confidence soared through his veins, and he began to smile with relief that it would finally end tonight. Then all of a sudden, she re-entered Theo’s head. He saw her crying at a grave, her beautiful face creased up in unimaginable pain. Her gorgeous, delicate, alabaster skin tinged grey and her usually breathtakingly alive eyes with their spark missing – empty, dead. A single tear for India escaped Theo’s eye, ran down his cheek and dripped off the end of his sharp jaw, sailing down the cliff with the rain and into the stormy sea. He tried to wrench her out of his mind but she stayed, curled up in the corner of his brain wearing his t-shirt, crying, clutching it, sobbing, wailing. He couldn’t stand seeing her like that and let out a terrifying shriek, emptying the entirety of his lungs into the bay and it echoed around the ocean.

 India’s blue eyes sprung open. She looked around the moonlit room, to the empty space next to her, and felt a sharp pang of panic stab her deep in the stomach. Suddenly nauseous and confused, she swung her thin, shivering legs out of bed and ran barefoot to the bathroom, hoping with all her heart to find Theo on the toilet, his hair tousled and a sleepy smile on his face.