

# THE LONELIEST MAN IN THE WORLD

He throws the mug at the wall. It shatters and crumbles to the floor. He felt broken like the mug. Holding back the tears he falls onto his knees, trying to understand why this was happening to him, why he felt this way.

“Everyone feels lonely in life, Winston. But I can assure you that you will feel fine soon. I can’t say that there will ever be someone in your life. As rude as it sounds.” That’s what his therapist said to him. It only made him more mad at his situation.

“No family, no mother, no father, no sister, nor brother, not a aunt or an uncle or grandfather or grandmother. SO you can’t look at me and say that it will all be alright. Because I’m quite literally the loneliest man in Missouri.” The therapist slowly nods his head. It made him mad because it seemed that he was just acting like he cared. Mr.Opp clicks his tongue and takes a sip of his coffee, softly blowing on it before he drank it and set it down gently.

“I see what your problem here is Winston. Now I’m not going to talk to a 34 year old man as if he is 5 but you have something we call depression.” Winston rolls his eyes. As if that wasn’t clear enough, he thought to himself.

“You know it did seem like you were talking to me like I was 5.” Without a reaction Mr. Opp starts to go on about his problem

“I get that you feel very, deeply, alone. And that will keep feasting on you until you find someone to be friends with! It doesn’t even need to be romantically just a friend to talk to you and trust.” Winston was never good at making friends. Ever since grade school he would be the kid everyone knew as the kid to avoid. Not even for a particular reason, when they saw that you had no friends they just assumed you were some emo kid that hated the world. When really you were just a sad kid wanting the world.

“It’s not as easy as you people make it seem. That would include me walking up to them and saying, Hey! I have no family and I’m really desperate! Please be my friend!” Mr.Opp just laughs a little at my dull sense of humor. Running his

hand through his hair and rubbing his eyes as if he had stayed up late from a fever.

“It’s really not hard, Winston. It’s not like people are scared of you. It’s just that they don’t know you. I suggest going somewhere a little more inviting like a church or even a library, it would help to get someone to talk to.” Winston leans back in his chair, looking at the clock. He had two minutes left.

“But I talk to you.” Mr. Opp just stares at the floor, as if he hadn't heard me say a thing. He swallows, but doesn't seem to have anything in his mouth.

“I just want to make it clear , Winston. I’m not a friend, I’m a doctor.” And with that the clock started to ring, He taps the button to stop the sound. Looking Winston in the eye when doing it. Winston’s face flows with disappointment. He gets out of the chair and walks to the door. As he opens it the light seeps in. Before he leaves he looks back at Mr. Opp.

“Sometimes I feel like you just repeat yourself. Dr. Opp.” He closes the door as Mr. Opp opens his mouth to respond.

He walks over and picks up the broken mug, cracked right in half. It just nearly missed his TV. His father got him the TV for his birthday. He was so happy when he got it that he set it up in his room right away and watched Voltron the whole day. Winston wipes a tear from his eyes, the memory of his father hitting his heart hard. He was about to pick it up but saw something. It was a book about family trees. He had bought a day ago at the store. He started to flip through the pages.

“Family trees are what we use to date back and see people from hundreds of years ago, all the way up to now! These will tell you the date they were born, who they are, and their name and even a picture (of your choice of course)!” he felt as if it was more of an advertisement than information. Winston looks around more and see’s that it is in fact a store: Mercy’s Tree of Families. It was also close.

“Why not. Just for old times sake. Good picture for the wall.” Winston rushed out of the house, locking the door before he left. Getting in his car that he had for almost 38 years. Before I was born, he thought. It was very broken down and beaten up but it had been his for only 18 years.

It wasn't long before he arrived at the place. It too, like his car, looked beaten down. Walking to it was weird, the door was stiff and he had to push hard to pop it open. And he stumbled into see the front counter only a foot away from the door. It was extremely dusty and the wood looked as if it was peeling back on itself. He looked around but no one was at the counter. About to leave the place, a lady shoots out from under the counter.

"WOAH!" Winston jumps back. The lady jumps over the counter and stands back up. As if she hadn't seen him, she screams.

"OH MY! A customer!" She scatters around, doing a circle for no reason and facing back at me. She looked about 56. Her eyes going mad she was a skinny as a stick and her hair a mix of gray and brown. Winston stares at her.

"Yes, yes, what can I get you dear?" He remembers why he is here, except he wasn't really sure if he wanted one from her.

"Right, I'm here for a copy of my family tree." She stares at Winston, her crooked smile starting to scare him. She then pulls out a syringe and grabs his arm. Slamming it down on the table. He flails around trying to get free, but her grip was surprisingly strong.

"WHAT THE HECK LADY! LET GO!" She shoves the needle into his arm. He just yells out and smacks it with his other hand. The lady looked offended.

"Why does everyone react like that?" She grabs the needle and runs into the back room. He was thinking of leaving, but he needed to get a tree. So he just stood there. And nothing happened. It was just silent. Winston started to think that maybe she was a just a creep stealing blood but just then she burst from the back room.

"Yes, sir." He hadn't said anything but he just nodded his head as she handed over a thin sheet of paper. It was tree with the names and pictures of all my family. Winston hands the lady her money and leaves. It had been so long since he'd seen their faces. Scanning the whole thing he looks at his father, mother, sister, and....and...a brother...He looks up slowly from the paper. Tears in his eyes. There was no picture, just a name. Alex. He never knew, he had never known he had a brother. Never met him once in his whole life.

"No. There's no way. He might still be alive!" Without thinking he runs to his car and drives into the country roads.

It was about 3 hours later. He kept looking at the sheet. All he knew was that he lived in Oregon. So he kept driving, determined to find his long-lost-never known-before- brother.

“It will take about 27 hours by car. If I drive through the night and take only a few breaks I can get there faster.” He talked and talked to himself like a madman. Not realizing his foot was fully on the pedal, going 103 miles per hour down a 50 road. It is out in the country and the middle of nowhere. Corn fields on both sides of him. As he zooms past a cop, it’s lights flick on and it speeds behind him.

“Don’t have time for this!” So he tried to go faster. Rage and sadness controlled him. The pitch black night sky and blue and red sirens started to make him daze. The cop is ride behind him, Not being able to control his car the cop hits the back of the car. At 50 all it would of done and make him turn and little, but a 110 it made the car flip. He grabs onto his head as gravity seems to fail and the car’s top collides with the ground, and gravity turned on super fast. Slamming forward his seat belt pulls him to the seat. Glass shatters and flies in every direction. He seemed to go deaf for almost the whole thing. Just a ringing sound as the car slides across the ground upside down. Then all at once sound hits him like a cannon ball. A loud screeching and roar fills his ears. He screams out in fear, oddly not pain but fear. Looking out the window he sees the ground scraping against the car’s top. But it jerks to a stop. Sitting still, he felt nothing at first, but the aching of his body started to slowly come over him. His neck and legs unmovable. Being upside down didn’t help. So he tries to unbuckle. His arms feel like they had been stabbed with thousands of needles. It was weak and couldn't press the buckle hard enough. Winston knew he couldn’t fall asleep or he’d pass out. He had to keep his eye open till someone found him. He was mad mostly because the cop kept driving. He knew he’d be fired if he got caught flipping a car. As the cop car drove away, Winston muttered, “Coward,” under his breath. His anger and frustration gives life to his hand, he pushes as hard as he can on the buckle, it snaps off. Without warning or anything to hold on to, Winston falls onto the ground, glass crunching on his back. He holds back the pain and rolls over onto his stomach and crawls out the door. It wasn’t like he could stand up so he just laid on the ground, half of his body in the car half lying outside.

He gasps as his eyes open to the touch of someone grabbing his shoulder, squeezing air into his lungs, choking on what he hoped was his own spit, he spits it onto the ground, it's red ooze made him gag and lay back down. A lady with glasses and a gray jacket starts to shake him. She looks scared and afraid.

"Dear God! What happened? Nevermind that, call 911!" He didn't know if she was talking to him or herself. Winston looks around, corn fields all around him and a tree that looked like it was dead. He tried hard to not panic but his body ached so bad. And he was far from any hospital. Winston was going to ask who she was but she was already on her phone calling the ambulance.

"I didn't do it, I found his car flipped over and a man right outside it and I need help!" She looked more scared then he was at the time. But then everything went black and the lady started to scream.

My eyes flick open again and I was in a car, the lady driving pushed her large glasses up her face. I fly up and scream in pain as my back felt like I was just stabbed. The lady screams in fear and almost shoots off the road.

"ARE YOU TRYING TO GET US KILLED?" I lay back down, still confused of where I was and who was driving and where. She seems apologetic by the look on her face.

"You're in a lot of pain, and there's no service. Going to have to take care of you myself." Whatever it was, he thought it was a bad idea, his head lifted from the seat and he shook it wildly

"No...no that's not a good idea I need to find my brother." She shakes her head back, her long stringy hair tangled up and crazed flow behind her back.

"It's ok I'll get you fixed up soon, no broken bone which is a miracle." I decided that I did need help.

"It's all in the mind, Winston. You can control what you think and how you do things. Just because you are sad doesn't mean you have to stay sad." Mr. Opp said in a calm and charming voice.

"But it feels as if it will never get better." He replied. Mr. Opp had seen many people like Winston. Convinced that no one cares about him and he is completely alone in the world. Even though they really were cared for. It was, like

he said, all in the mind. It is whatever your silly little brain wanted to hear so that it could make life harder or easier or even more interesting.

He wakes up on the couch, forgetting where he was. Everything was still a blur, but he remembers the crash. The lady had taken him into her house. Very nice of her. But he knew he had to leave. It seemed sudden but he had to find his brother, he wouldn't let anything stop him from doing that. His back still in a world of pain and his neck stiff as a rock he rolls off the couch and walked through the kitchen to the backdoor, trying to be quiet and not wake the lady, he writes a note to her, saying thanks and sorry. As he walks out he grabbed an apple. Taking a bite as the chill morning air and wet grass brushed on his feet, he breathed in the morning scent and set off down the long road. The sun peeks over the horizon line, lighting the pitch black road. Cold and alone it starts to warm up in the gleam of the sun.

“You are unlike any patient I have ever seen.” But ,Winston didn't care how long the road was, or how far he'd have to walk.

“Because you, Winston...” He walks on and on, the sun goes up and the sun goes down. Until he reaches a sign. And whenever he felt weak he remembered these words.

“You are the loneliest man in the world.”