* Lizzy meets a boy at her support group
* They quickly become close
* She finds him with another girl
* She is diagnosed with depression
* She gives the boy another chance

Some Things are Worth a Second Chance

I hate Sundays. Mum forces me to go to a mental health support group. She thinks I need talk to other people my age. I go to three counsellors, but I guess that isn’t enough for her. I don’t end up speaking to anyone anyway. But every Sunday I tie my brown hair back and throw on any clothes I can find, knowing that no one important will see me. But even though I hate going and it doesn’t help my anxiety, mum still insists that I go.

We pulled up outside of the community centre. There were no cars there today - most likely because it was the Sunday before Christmas. When I turned to mum with a look of despair across my face she gave me a look that confirmed I still had to go whether I wanted to or not. The corridors seemed long and narrow although to anyone else they were short and well-spaced. When I finally reached the door that I had opened so many times, I noticed that there were only two other people in the room. Molly the appointed supervisor, and a boy that I recognised from previous sessions although he had not been there in quite a few months.

The session was as boring as ever, but I couldn’t help but notice the boy. He had dark brown hair, almost black and the brightest green eyes I had ever seen. As soon as we got out I headed straight for the door hoping I wouldn’t have to speak to anyone about my thoughts and feelings. Just as I was about to make my escape the boy came over to me.

“Lizzy, right?” he announced.

“Um, yeah.” I replied. I fumbled with my hands in my pocket, so he couldn’t see that I was nervous. I was suddenly aware that I looked a mess. My hair in a messy ponytail (not the cute kind) and my clothes that were over sized and faded from how often they had been used and washed.

He extended his hand.

“Nick.” He said looking me straight in the eyes

I looked away and shook his hand. “Want to get lunch?” he said almost too confidently.

“I only found out your name a few minutes ago and now you want to have lunch with me? You must be joking.” I said, snapping more than I intended.

“Oh, come on! We are both here because our parents think we need to make friends so why not get them off our backs about it?”

I looked at him for a while then smiled.

I hadn’t felt this comfortable around someone since I was seven years old. I was waiting for the other shoe to drop. Hours had gone by and I realized that mum was probably worried sick! I hadn’t looked at my phone since end of the support group. “Nick sorry I had a really great time, but I need to get going.”

He handed me a piece of paper. I guessed it was his number, but I was too embarrassed to ask. “I had a good time Lizzy. Hopefully I’ll see you next Sunday?” he said softly, and it sounded genuine. I giggled and walked out the door.

I rang my mum in hope that she would be pleased I had finally found a friend. “Mum?” I said with my voice innocent.

“Well I see you’ve had a great time!” she giggled.

I could see her car not too far from the café me and Nick had lunch at. I hung up the phone and marched right over to the door of the red mini. She just looked at me with a smug look across her face. “You were spying. You creep.” I spat. She just smirked and drove on. The whole way home was silent. I didn’t even want to know what she thought was going on.

“He likes you.” Mum said with a skip in her voice.

“He doesn’t.”

“Then what is that in your hand?”

I looked at the crumpled piece of paper and it occurred to me that I hadn’t opened it to see what it was yet. My hand began to shake, and I felt my chest tighten. Upon opening it I realized that it was his number.

The next few weeks we got so close that we considered each other boyfriend and girlfriend. Every Sunday we went to the same café and had lunch and every other day we talked until night, until we needed to sleep. We still went to the support group, but my anxiety had cleared up and I would say it was because of Nick. He helped me through so much and I hadn’t a serious panic attack in over a month.

The same as every other Sunday me and Nick planned to meet up at the same café as usual. I talked with mum and we both agreed that it was finally time to tell him how I felt. I showed up half an hour early because mum needed to get to work. I decided to just take a walk in the nearby park while I was waiting.

To my surprise I saw Nick walking around the park as well. A smile appeared on my face and I got to my feet to run over to him when I saw a girl walking behind him. They were holding hands. Giggling. She was my age. Blond with what seemed like brown eyes. My smile dropped. I was far enough away that they couldn’t see me, but close enough that I could make out what they were saying. I could hear something about him having to leave soon to take care of his friend that was struggling with anxiety. I could see the girl nodding. My head started to spin. My heart felt like it was about to snap. Everything was spinning. I ran all the way home with tears streaming down my face. They were uncontrollable. I cried so much that my chest hurt, my throat felt like it was closing over. When I reached my house, I ran past my mum into my room. I locked the door.

Months went by of Nick trying to reach me. He was worried apparently. My mum explained to him what had happened. He called me everyday and text me saying he made a mistake and that he loved me. I was going to tell him I loved him too that day. But nothing ever goes right for me.

The other shoe dropped.

I was diagnosed with depression. All because I loved a boy. And he betrayed me. Every week I went to my councillor I looked at her with blank eyes and told her that I was fine. She never believed me. I was exhausted from the sobbing and the heart ache. My eyes were sore, and my throat was raw.

One Sunday I decided to go to the café where it all started. When I was about to sit down at our booth I noticed he was there too. To see his face made my heart twist. Before I could leave Nick saw me. He begged me to listen, so I did.

He told me that the girl I had seen was his ex-girlfriend and that she still had feelings for him; he said he couldn’t bear to tell her that he loved someone else so instead he lied. She was struggling with depression as well and he didn’t want to make it worse. My mind was boggled. I believed him, and I still loved him. He asked could we start fresh. I nodded. I couldn’t say no. I’d regret not giving him a second chance.

He handed me a piece of paper. I guessed it was his number.