

# So Far Away

ELEANOR (25)

I've been on my own six years now. Six years since I last kissed my mother and father good-bye, then set out to make the life I wanted. I left right after New Year's, because I knew how much having family around for the holidays meant to my Mom and Dad...  
...meant to me...

I haven't been back since. I had to prove to myself I could make it on my own.

And I did. I have a good job. A great job, really. A cool apartment. Lots and lots of friends. There's nobody to tell me where to go, or what to do, or when to do it. I have everything I ever dreamed of. Everything I ever wanted...

I made it. I've proven it to them all.

But what I can't understand is why I feel...why I feel like something is missing, you know? Sometimes, late at night, there's this cold shudder deep inside my chest, like an emptiness just dying to eat its way out. Like the walls in my apartment are a little too close...a little too frightening.