

Depressed

by minnie313

Minerva feels depressed

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: NO WAY I own HP and all the HP characters!!! If I did, Albus WOULDNT be gay!!!

Minerva's POV

Well, what can I say?

I just want to cry but no one's there to comfort me, so I cannot.

Do I want to run away from here?

No. Because if I ever do that, I won't see him again and I cannot even bear this thought. And I can't let him down neither, not now.

I know HE's worried. All my friends are. But are they really my friends? Well, pathetic enough, I think that even the students are concerned.

But I can't tell them that all I want, no, need desperately is someone to whom I can run when everything goes wrong but I'm too proud to let them in. My temper keeps them away from me, and anyway, they're afraid of my wrath. Too afraid to come and help... ME. Ludicrous isn't it ?

And, well... As for the men, I'm too plain, anyway, so they wouldn't want to let me cry on their shoulders, would they?

I know I shouldn't have those thoughts because I'll be depressed until HE makes me smile. Hahaha... Now, that's ironic!

I don't want to see him because I love him, and it hurts because I fully well know he doesn't return my feelings. But yet, I can't be away from him because I need to be near him at every moment. Whether I'm awake or asleep.

His twinkling blue eyes are what make me get up every morning. Pathetic, I know, but it's like that, I just can't help it! And yes, I DO know HE will never love me as much I as love him, no need to push me deeper into my self-depreciation, thank you very much.

I need him BUT I can't have him. THAT is what despairs and depresses me. But as usual, I know that my best friend (HIM) is worried about me and...

But he shouldn't worry. He can't do anything about it, anyway.

He should stop being so concerned about my welfare. That's the part of what makes things so difficult, his kindness. But isn't everyone a little depressed once in a while?

I'll be better tomorrow. A nice cup of tea and a good night's sleep has always been the most efficient medicine for people feeling unloved, transparent and non-existent.

Well, anyway...

What time is it? seven p.m. ...

I better take a shower, I still have papers to grade...

The end.