

“You know, it’s funny. I never thought it would end up like this,” I whispered. Specks of white filled the dark blue sky. The stars and moon never seemed brighter.

“Like what?” he asked.

“Like this,” I said as I held his hand. “We’re finally together.” I smiled.

“Are you not scared? Scared of what people will think? We are in a generation of less accepting people after all,” Matthew said softly. Concern was written all over his face.

“Dear lord, you never relax!” I replied as I laughed. He chuckled at my small comment.

A gentle breeze blew passed us, moving bits of Matthew’s hair to the side of his face. The moon radiated a glow that illuminated his features so you could see the grey of his eyes and the freckles sprinkled across his nose. His eyes almost looked like the moon itself--beautiful and breathtaking. He let out a soft hum as I played with the locks of his dark brown hair, twirling the strands between my fingers. I finally felt like I was at ease, like all my problems disappeared because I was next to the person I loved. Absolutely nothing could ruin the moment.

I went home shortly after seeing Matthew, shaking as I stood near the door. I had been thinking about it and I finally came to the conclusion that I was going to come out. I took in a deep breath and walked into my home. The smell of food hit me as I entered the kitchen. My mother stood by the stove, talking to herself angrily.

“What’s up?” I asked as I set my keys down on the table and walked to her. She put her spatula down and turned around.

“Nothing,” she replied, putting her hand on her forehead, clearly irritated. I was about to speak until she explained her anger.

“It’s just the PRIDE parade in New York City. Your sister has been bugging me since the date of the parade has been announced.” She rolled her eyes and focused on cooking. I smiled at the thought of going to New York to see the parade.

“I don’t see anything wrong with it. We should go, when is it?” I asked excitedly.

“What?” she said with a look of disgust. “You have got to be kidding me, not you, too!”

“What’s wrong with the PRIDE parade?” I asked, a bit hurt at her reaction.

“What’s wrong? The gays, lesbians, and bisexuals! Don’t even get me started with the transgenders or the pansexuals. You’re either born as a girl or boy, and have to love the other sex. To think they want to be accepted. Accepted for what? Mental illness?” She sneered.

“But they’re the same as us--”

“Don’t ever associate THOSE people with us. You want to know what they are? Animals! Idiots who don’t get the concept of the real world. All of them need to pull their heads from their sick ‘love’ fantasies before I, and every other normal person left in this world, do,” she snarled.

“LISTEN TO ME!” I snapped. My heart was beating at a rapid pace, hands sweating.

“Listen to you? Listen to ME!”

She slammed the plates onto the table and glared at me. Her next words crushed me. I looked down at the floor, listening to my mother angrily express her utter disgust and hatred.

“What don’t you understand? Am I speaking another language now? It’s absolutely disgusting! It sickens me to see a man love another man. I don’t know why ‘people’, especially you, think it’s normal to love the person of the same gender. I swear if I ever find out YOU are a part of THAT group, I’m going to send you to the asylum. Those people are mentally unstable, stupid even, and I don’t want you ending up like them,” She growled.

Tears brimmed in my eyes as I continued to look down at the kitchen floor. I got up and mumbled an almost inaudible goodnight. I walked into my room, and closed the door. The pain of being unaccepted was almost unbearable. Was my life not worth the same as others? I couldn’t imagine how others would react if this is how my own mother, the one who are suppose to love me no matter who I am, reacted. It felt like I couldn’t breathe, like I was being trapped in the only place I felt safe in. I needed someone because if I don’t have anyone, I swear I’m going to lose myself. “Matthew,” I whimpered. I got up, my whole body shaking, and looked for my phone.

“Where did I leave it?” I asked myself, throwing everything and anything in my way. I slid down the wall crying after realizing I left it downstairs in the kitchen. I couldn’t possibly go downstairs with puffy, red eyes. I began to tremble, sobs leaving me. I heard a quiet, almost faint knock. I felt my body give up, unable to scream at the person to leave. The door opened slowly, light banishing the darkness that surrounded me.

“I’m sorry,” my mom whispered. She sat down next to me and held me in her arms. I wanted to move, but I couldn’t; she wouldn’t want to comfort me once she found out. I remained silent in

hopes of her taking that as a sign to leave.

“Mason?” She asked waiting for a response. She continued, “I just wanted to apologize about earlier. I...I didn’t realize how much my words affected you.”

“Mom,” I said while trying to look anywhere but her face. I could practically feel her eyes staring down onto me as if she was expecting me to break down again. It would be a lie if I said I wasn’t ready to burst into tears right then and there. I looked back at her face and let out a shaky breath. “I’m gay.”