

## 27 - Therapy

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My therapist gave me homework on the first day. What a wreck, huh?

She even supplied a journal for me to write in.

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"For this week, I want you to pick three things that you want to write about. It can be about anything or anyone, and it doesn't matter the emotion. If you feel it, you write it. When we see each other next week, if you want to, you can share them with me."

"What if I don't want to write?"

She sighed, clearly not amused at my antics. I had been making jokes this entire session, something she doesn't mind usually, but I guess I've hit my limit. "I'm not going to make you do anything, Sophia. Therapy isn't about me fixing you, it's about learning skills and talking things through so you can understand yourself. You mentioned you used to write a lot before, yes?"

I nodded.

"Why did you stop?"

I huffed, slightly aggravated at the thought of my ex. "Devon didn't like that I focused all my attention on something that was useless."

"And a er Devon?"

I shrugged, avoiding her gaze. I knew why I wasn't writing anymore—it was too painful. Too raw.

"Do it or don't, Sophia. I'm just here to listen and to help. I'm here as your support. Writing isn't useless, it's a great way to express your emotions."

"This is optional?"

She nodded.

"Okay, then I'm not doing it."

I ended up doing it.

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