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Date: May 15th, 2006

Time: 3:25 PM
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The wind blew a nice breeze through the trees, the cars raced across the city, the sun beat down onto everything under its gaze. There were a few storm clouds in the distance, signifying upcoming rain. People walked through the park, laughing, holding hands, while having a wonderful time with each other.

And Peter was having a panic attack while sitting under a tree.

Well- it wasn't a *panic attack*. He wasn't breathing hard and physically freaking out like they show in movies, so OBVIOUSLY he's fine. He's fine, guys!

Sydney's voice kept repeating in his mind. No matter how much he tried to make it stop, her words were playing like a record on loop.

He's dead.

Peter- Peter's fine. He's ***fine***.



If he had claws, he was sure they'd be digging into his skin. He looked down at his feet and realized how *weird* he looked with socks and slip-on sandals.

People are going to look at him and definitely think he was a weirdo. He can see them looking at him now- they're all walking around, and all *definitely* glancing at him. They're judging him, they all know what happened. They all know what he did. They all know how horrible of a person he is, how unloving and *cruel* he is-

Unpleasant smog from a nearby car filled Peter's nose, causing him to cough himself out of his troublesome thoughts.

Peter wearily stood up from his spot on the grass. He leaned his paw against the tree bark. Maybe going home would help. He does need to go to the store, he's running *very* low on food. He could also get a new phone while he's there. That can *definitely* distract him from everything!

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Time: 6:11 PM
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Peter was having the worst. Day. *Ever.*

Some guy tried to rob the store he was at. They called the police and the *same exact dog-cop from Sydney's house was there.*

You might be thinking, “well, yeah. She's a cop. It's not strange that she would be there, stopping the store from getting robbed. That was only *one* instance!”

You'd be wrong. Well, about the last part, that is.

While walking back to his bus stop, Peter was met with someone who was selling son-related birthday cards, someone who was selling fake tombstones, and someone who was selling fake poison.

Oh, and also he was soaking wet from the rain.

This was unbelievably *horrible.*

When Peter got to his apartment door, he was *then* met with the giant hole in the ceiling from earlier in the day.



If he had even an ounce of energy left, he for *sure* would be *freaking. Out.*

He sighed. Deciding he was too drained to worry about anything, Peter ignored the hole and went inside.

His apartment was just as he left it: sad and pitiful. The cat walked to the kitchen and groaned- he completely forgot about the plate that broke earlier in the morning.

Peter set the grocery bags onto the counter and grabbed a broom. After sweeping up and throwing away the glass, he set the broom down and turned his attention to the groceries.

When he opened his fridge, he was also met with a pretty pitiful sight. His parents would be disappointed with how little he cared for himself.

Oh goodness, his parents. How would they view him now? What would they say to him? They would *surely* hate his guts. And for the past 5 years, he hadn't even decided to *call* them- he's a coward! That's what he is, a complete coward who can't even feed himself, let alone keep his own marriage and son alive-!

The kitchen light bulb flickering and going out snapped Peter out of his thoughts. He groaned.

He would fix it in the morning.

After putting his food away, Peter wearily set up his new phone in his study room. When he finished and started meandering back to his room, something caught the corner of his eye.

The tabby looked over to see the red calendar. The current date had a circle and "BIRTHDAY!" in big blue letters with a smiley face drawn on it.

The sight, which had been so innocent before, now made Peter's stomach sink. It made his paws twitch, his heart ache, and his face damp.

Peter brought his paw to his face and rubbed his tears away. He didn't realize he had been crying- let alone holding any tears in, so they kept on flowing and flowing.

His silent crying soon turned to full-on ugly sobs. These past few years have felt so.. lonely, but the thought of Sydney and Petey kept him going. It helped him move forward and give him motivation to try and find his family.

All of that was for *nothing*.

He sat on the ground, trying to hug himself. But no matter how much he sought comfort, he was alone. The only noises in this moment were his cries, the crickets, and the cars outside of his apartment window.

Eventually, Peter's sniffing came to an end. All he did was lay there on his paws and knees. He had told himself over and over again that what he did had saved them. He had done all that to keep them safe.

He had failed himself.

He failed as a husband, as a father. He failed as an individual as a whole.

Sydney had never screamed at him like that before. Sure, they had yelled occasionally, but never *at* each other.

All Peter could have done was stare. The screaming made him scared, and he finally realized what he did had destroyed his only hope of forming a family.

He had completely and utterly *failed*.

Peter slowly stood up. He gently took the calendar off of the screw (he did *not* want to rip it, it's a pain when that happens), folded it, and dropped it on the ground.

Peter slugged to his room, hugging himself with his arms. He didn't bother to turn his light on. He was exhausted.

He plopped himself onto his bed and fell on his back. Maybe he could take a quick nap to stop thinking about everything. He felt so worn out and empty. He wanted to talk to Sydney today, but he never meant like *that*.

Peter turned off the bedside lamp and adjusted his pillow. A quick nap would be quite good right now. He slowly closed his eyes, not expecting anything hopeful to come from any dreams.

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Date: May 16th, 2006
Time: early morning
—

The feline's eyes sluggishly opened. Or perhaps they already were, the room was too dark to tell.

Peter sat up in bed and scratched his head. Once his eyes finally adjusted, he looked over to the bedside table at the digital clock.

6:19 AM

Peter sighed. He slept for.. how long was that? 12 hours? Eugh.

Well, he certainly needed that rest.

Peter turned on the bedside lamp and steadily got up out of bed. He grabbed a change of clothes and slowly opened the crickety door.

As he was drifting towards the bathroom, he couldn't help but just feel.. sick. The knowledge from yesterday really messed with his head.

All this time, Peter had thought that he saved his family, that he kept them safe. He thought that the two of them were okay. Sydney had seemed fine on the phone, he didn't think that anything would be wrong. He had been so caught up in his goal that he hadn't even suspected anything *could* go wrong. He didn't suspect that Mrs. Lawson could have actually *succeeded*.

Now he was so caught up in his woe that he didn't realize that tingling feeling had engulfed the room.

Peter's bedroom door shut with a **SLAM** that made him jump the highest he'd ever jumped. His fur was the fluffiest it had ever been and he looked behind him in downright terror.

No one should be in his apartment. His bedroom door didn't have any windows- Who could even shut that door? Nobody should have *SHUT THAT DOOR!!!*

The lights to his apartment flicked on. Then, after a few seconds, flicked off again. The moment Peter ran to his study room, the lights violently flickered on and off.

In the process he had dropped his clothes, but he was too scared to care for them. When he got to the room he flinged the door shut and turned on the light.

He tried to catch his breath while pushing his back against the door. Oh god- was he being haunted? He certainly was being haunted. He was being *haunted* haunted!!

His eyes caught sight of the broken green telephone on his desk, with the new, yellow one beside it. They soon drifted to the family photo in the corner. He knew what he had to do.

Peter grabbed a grayish jacket he had spotted on the floor earlier and raced to the window above his desk. He opened the lock- *it was still locked. No one could have gotten in.-* and pushed it up.

Climbing onto the rigid fire escape- and yelping because of how terrifying this escape plan was- Peter closed the window and made his descent downwards.

He will tell Sydney what happened. He'll make everything right again, he'll finally try to set things right and show how horrible that Mrs. Lawson is.

He'll finally get his family back again.

Words: 1,603

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