

A Question of Balance

*A thought-provoking murder mystery probing the uneasy space
where psychology, philosophy, and religion collide.*

*For Dr. Steven Gold, a single patient may unearth
the truth behind a murder—and himself.*

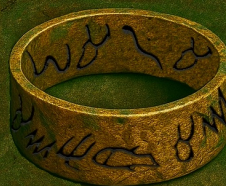
*A Question of Balance is a cerebral and emotionally charged mystery
that examines the fragile terrain of guilt, belief, and the cost of self-knowledge.*

A Question of Balance is a philosophical psychological murder mystery exploring the unraveling mind of therapist Steven Gold after an enigmatic new patient reveals unsettling truths.

Blending the taut intensity of a therapy thriller with the layered depth of literary fiction and the moral complexity of a murder investigation, the novel follows Dr. Steven Gold, a seasoned psychotherapist who prides himself on rationality and control—until a new patient walks through his door. Samael Light is articulate, self-assured, and disturbingly perceptive. What begins as an unusual case quickly becomes something far more personal, as Light begins unearthing truths Gold has long buried.

When a respected rabbi is discovered murdered—his body posed in a crucifixion—Gold is drawn into the investigation. His connection to the victim is hazy, but troubling. And as the sessions with Light deepen, Gold finds himself caught in a tightening web of memory, guilt, and suspicion.

With echoes of *The Silent Patient* and *The Secret History*, A Question of Balance explores the fragile boundary between analysis and obsession—and how even a mind trained to heal can lose sight of itself.



A QUESTION OF BALANCE

a novel by

David S. Sherman

PRE-PUBLICATION PREVIEW ONLY

DRAFT MANUSCRIPT

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A Note to the Reader

At the start of each chapter, you'll find a series of epigraphs—quotes drawn from literature, psychology, philosophy, and scripture. Some are familiar. Others may surprise you.

These are not required reading. But for those who choose to linger, they offer hints, echoes, and emotional resonance—signposts through the inner terrain of this story.

Skip them if you wish. Savor them if you're so inclined.

Like therapy, this novel invites you to take what's useful—and leave the rest.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

DISCLAIMER

This is a work of fiction. All characters, dialogues, and scenarios are products of the author's imagination.

While this novel engages with theological, psychological, and philosophical themes, it is not intended to promote or oppose any particular belief system. The ideas expressed by its characters reflect their internal conflicts and fictional narratives—not the views of the author.

Citations attributed to Dr. Steven Gold, as well as journals such as the *Journal of Existential Psychodynamics*, are entirely fictional and used for narrative purposes.

This book is intended to provoke thought—not offense.

*To open the Eternal Worlds, to open the immortal Eyes
Of Man inwards into the Worlds of Thought: into Eternity
Ever expanding in the Bosom of God. the Human Imagination*
— William Blake, *Milton: A Poem* (1804–1810)

A man must consider what a blindman's-bluff is this game of conformity.
— Ralph Waldo Emerson, *Self-Reliance* (1841)

*I said that we must close our eyes to truly see.
We must become aware of reality.
But you said horses lose their races when
Their eyes are free—
And you're gone.*
— Dave King & Asgard, lyrics from “You’re Gone”

*I know it's crazy. Impossible.
But... what if?*
— Steven Gold, *A Question of Balance* (2026)

PREFACE

This novel's seed took root in 1978, during the early days of my psychotherapy career. That summer, I worked the night shift in a locked, acute-care psychiatric facility. One night, around 2:00 a.m., I made my usual rounds—quiet halls, dimly lit—no horror-movie moans, just reverent silence. Hushed—most patients restrained, physically or chemically.

I opened one door—and froze. A young woman—perhaps roused by the hallway light or the sound of the latch—shot upright in her bed. Her wrists jerked—restraints clanking like chains in a tomb. Her black hair lashed across her face as she thrashed, silhouetted by a dim nightlight behind her.

“Get the fuck out!” she screamed. “*I am the devil.*”

Whether she was delusional, hallucinating, possessed, or the devil herself—I’ll never know. But something in her voice—some fusion of fury and certainty—lodged in my chest and never left. It wasn’t just what she said—it was that she believed it.

That encounter—and another, years later, with a young man convinced he was God—haunted me.

Not because I believed them, but because they believed themselves.

This novel grew from that spark.

David S. Sherman
July 2025
Beverly Hills, California

DEDICATION

PROLOGUE

Beginnings are always messy.
— John Galsworthy, *The Eldest Son* (1912)

The beginning of wisdom is silence.
— Pirkei Avot 3:13

*The absurd is born of this confrontation between the human need and
the unreasonable silence of the world.*
— Albert Camus, *The Myth of Sisyphus* (1942)

PROLOGUE

[PRESENT DAY]

Behind silver-rimmed glasses, his wide, unblinking eyes reflected the golden shimmer of the synagogue's Ner Tamid—the eternal flame above the ark.

Flickers danced across his pupils, as if he were watching something no one else could see.

His lips parted slightly, caught between thought and speech—as if holding back a revelation too sacred—or too dangerous—to name.

The familiar lines of his face—once lit with warmth and wisdom—were unreadable now. His expression offered neither peace nor resistance—only the quiet gravity of surrender.

The silence hung heavy in the sanctuary—thick with waiting. The kind of hush that used to precede Rabbi Shapiro's slow unraveling of hidden meanings—or the solemn calm before his graveside eulogies.

But this silence stretched—past the pause of reverence, into something unspoken.

This was a silence Rabbi Shapiro would never break. Whatever thoughts he held would remain unspoken—forever. Or perhaps another would speak them—at his own interment.

Flash—light split the darkness like a wound.

A police photographer's camera snapped, fracturing the stillness with mechanical precision.

Each burst of light exposed the sacrilege—before the darkness, jealous and ancient, swallowed it whole.

Flash

Hi pale skin and thick white beard glowed faintly in the dim light—haloed by the blood pooling beneath his head, like a medieval painting of the saints.

Flash

He lay cruciform, arms flung wide—not in defense, but offering—as though offered for sacrifice.

Flash

His salmon-colored linen shirt—still neatly pressed, its row of wooden buttons untouched—rested over dark jeans, a strangely serene counterpoint to the carnage below.

The shirt had ridden up, exposing a pallid belly—the same stark white as his spotless Stan Smiths.

Flash

His white yarmulke—knocked loose in the struggle—lay nearby.

Just inches away, its once-white silk turned crimson—drinking from the slow, red stream winding down the gray-carpeted sanctuary steps.

Flash

On the wall behind the bimah, dark red symbols pulsed to life with each flash—crude, finger-drawn shapes that seemed summoned,

then ashamed—more ancient than accidental. They vanished—
recoiling into shadow, as if unwilling to be seen.

For a moment, they left a ghosted afterimage—tears trailing
from the shapes, as if the wall itself were weeping.

CHAPTER ONE

*You can't connect the dots looking forward;
you can only connect them looking backwards.
So you have to trust that the dots will somehow connect in your future.*
— Steve Jobs, Stanford Commencement Address, 2005

What is above knows what is below, but what is below does not know what is above. One climbs, one sees. One descends, one sees no longer, but one has seen. There is an art of conducting oneself in the lower regions by the memory of what one saw higher up. When one can no longer see, one can at least still know.

— Rene Daumal, *Mount Analogue: A Novel of Symbolically Authentic Non-Euclidean Adventures in Mountain Climbing* (1952)

In my experience, lust only ever leads to misery.
— Chrissie Hynde, interview, *The Guardian*, 2014

*Unexpressed emotions will never die.
They are buried alive and will come forth later in uglier ways.*
— Sigmund Freud, attributed paraphrase of psychoanalytic theory

The only thing worse than not getting what you want is getting what you want.
— Steven Gold, therapy session transcript

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Lust

[TWO WEEKS EARLIER]

Fuck. Just go.

Steven Gold froze—as if turned to stone by Medusa.

Rigid, barely breathing, he feared even the chair’s faintest squeak might betray him.

After two minutes of stabbing the Ring doorbell and pounding the door, even Jane Sanders hit her limit.

She jabbed the button—once more, same grating chime. Then screamed and pounded the door with both fists.

At last, she whirled and kicked the door with her heel—conceding defeat.

“This isn’t over, you fucker! I know you’re in there!”

“You can’t hide forever. You’ll be sorry—I swear!”

She stomped toward the elevators. Only the AC’s low hum remained.

Still frozen, Gold shifted only his eyes.

When she finally vanished into the elevator bay, he exhaled—long and shaky. *Fatal Attraction* flashed to mind.

Thank God I don’t have a pet rabbit.

She’s right. I can’t avoid her forever. And Rachel’s already suspicious.

Even grainy video—she still radiated that old runway grace.

She wore the look he remembered: sheer silk Gucci blouse by Tom Ford, low-rise Calvin jeans, and chocolate Hermès Jumping boots.

Still elegant. Still confident. Still dangerous. The runway hadn't left her—she was still in command.

I guess it's like riding a bike. Must be muscle memory or something.

He could hear the echo of her boots through the iPad speakers. Onscreen, she still had that fierce New York strut. Even in rage, she was captivating.

He devoured the video—scrolling, zooming—like a starving man sneaking bites at a forbidden feast.

He froze her mid-glare at the Ring doorbell.

He zoomed in—remembering the silk of her hair, the ghost of *Joy* by Jean Patou haunting his senses.

Her face—now full screen—filled his vision.

He stared, mesmerized. Then slowly zoomed out, savoring how her hair curved around her cheeks and slid down her shoulders—nuzzling the blouse's collar like a secret.

She was no longer the coke-thin waif of her early days. Her once-pristine skin now wore the imprint of life—sun, smoke, and hazy nights. Time had softened her, yes—but her bone structure always commanded attention.

Her tall frame whispered fashion model—an impossible, intoxicating silhouette.

With each fist strike on the door, he thought of catwalk flashbulbs freezing poses like strobe lights. Now, though, he noticed the fine wrinkles and age spots on her long, elegant fingers—clenched in fists.

Behind the locked door, her murderous blue eyes and wild silver hair thrilled him. Dangerous. Erotic. Hypnotic.

He paused again—capturing her face at a strange, slanted angle. One eye slightly higher than the other, one lip subtly fuller. The asymmetry unsettled him—exciting him.

She wasn't twenty-one anymore. But at fifty-one, she remained—undeniably—a perfect ten. She hadn't lost that ineffable “X” factor that once made her the “It Girl” of the 90s.

Crazy as hell—but she's still got it.

He zoomed out—revealing her lithe frame, head to toe.

Still got that round, toned ass. Jesus.

He lingered—then zoomed in tight.

He panned slowly—holding on the outline of her small breasts, ghosted beneath sheer white fabric. He imagined her angry, erect nipples—pressing against the fabric, straining to be seen.

Arousal stirred. Familiar. Unwelcome.

I'm such a moron. I never should've told Rachel I liked that blouse. She always suspected. After Thanksgiving, she said, “I see the way you two look at each other.”

I need to erase this. Now.

He hovered over the trashcan icon. Hesitated. Then tapped: “DELETE VIDEO.”

He exhaled—deep, relieved. But the thrill was already

encoded. Guilt fused to arousal, like a scar that still flinched when touched.

Disaster averted. For now.

Something's off. Vertigo? Get a grip.

He reopened Spotify and resumed Haydn's Cello *Concerto No. 1 in C major*—his Romantic Literature playlist.

Jane never liked Haydn—"too predictable."

Gold needed that order now. Its poised serenity poured into the silence, steadying him. Yo-Yo Ma's cello—mellow, unhurried—spilled like watercolor into the stillness, tinting his thoughts with forgotten hues.

Gold exhaled, then shut the iPad cover with a satisfying magnetic click.

He leaned back and returned to his leather-bound copy of Byron's *Cain: A Mystery*. The same passage—still dog-eared from Jane's intrusion.

He re-read Cain's soliloquy from Act One, Scene I:

Cain. (solus.). And this is
Life!—Toil! and wherefore should I toil?—because
My father could not keep his place in Eden.
What had I done in this?—I was unborn,
I sought not to be born; nor love the state
To which that birth has brought me. Why did he
Yield to the Serpent and the woman? or,
Yielding, why suffer? What was there in this?
The tree planted, and why not for him?
If not, why place him near it, where it grew
The fairest in the centre? They have but
One answer to all questions, "'t was his will,
And he is good."—How know I that? Because
He is all-powerful, must all-good, too, follow?

I judge but by the fruits—and they are bitter—
Which I must feed on for a fault not mine.
Whom have we here?—

BUZZ BUZZ BUZZ

Gold's Apple Watch buzzed, yanking him out of Byron—and back into the dull gravity of the present. His next patient was only moments away.

CHAPTER TWO

*I cannot make you understand.
I cannot make anyone understand what is happening inside me.
I cannot even explain it to myself.*
— Franz Kafka, *The Metamorphosis* (1915)

*I have wandered out of myself in the pursuit of an ideal; and now I am
nothing.*
— Samuel Taylor Coleridge, letter to Thomas Poole (1797)

“But the Emperor has nothing at all on!” said a little child.
— Hans Christian Andersen, *The Emperor’s New Clothes* (1837)

*Bad faith is thus neither exactly a lie nor exactly a truth. It is to lie to
oneself, but lying to oneself presupposes that the truth is present within
oneself. The liar is thus conscious of the truth he is hiding. Bad faith is
distinct from a lie in that it seeks to avoid the truth about one’s freedom and
responsibility.*
— Jean Paul Sartre, *Being and Nothingness* (1943)

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Mauvaise Foi

Gold pressed “Stop,” irritated to be interrupted again—by time or anything else. He’d been absorbed in the injustice of Cain’s punishment—for a sin not his own. Adam and Eve’s fall. He sighed and set the book aside, suddenly distracted.

My shoes aren’t as comfortable as they look.

He lifted his feet, resting his Santoni Uniqua loafers on the edge of the ebony desk. As he leaned back into his black leather Eames chair, striped Brunello Cucinelli socks peeked from beneath tailored cuffs.

Shit—my entire freshman year at Harvard cost less than these shoes. And the dorm bed was more comfortable, too.

Erasmus wrote, ‘vestis virum facit’—clothes make the man. Twain, as always, one-upped him: “Clothes do not merely make the man; the clothes are the man.” So I keep playing the part.

At \$300 an hour, the costume damn well better fit.

He exhaled slowly through pursed lips, dog-eared the yellowed page, and set the book aside in favor of his iPad.

Shit. There it is again—flickering edge, a blind spot blooming. Aura? Migraine? Not stroke—it’s shifting in my vision.

He stopped his Romantic Literature playlist and switched to Pink Floyd. *Comfortably Numb* faded in, low and steady.

*Hello, hello, hello
Is there anybody in there?
Just nod if you can hear me
Is there anyone home?*

He chuckled, remembering the moment at his office door just twenty minutes earlier.

Ha. How fitting.

As David Gilmour's guitar solo filled the office, Gold looked around—relaxed, content. He was proud of his office—how impressive it looked, how precisely it mirrored him.

He was especially pleased with the photo that accompanied last month's *Atlantic* article, *Psychotherapy in America: A Question of Balance*—Gold, with perfect hair and an expensive tie, seated behind his imposing desk.

He took two Advil from his desk drawer and swallowed them dry.

Just in case.

He picked up the small statuette he'd positioned that morning, turning it gently in his hands.

Wish I'd had this for the Atlantic shoot. Would've balanced the desk—made a nice counterpoint to the sandstone.

The statuette—a gift from a world-renowned archaeologist he'd treated for postpartum depression—was an earthenware Sumerian goddess. She'd left him the latest issue of the *Israel Exploration Journal*, featuring an article on her most recent dig.

The relic—either Astarte or Asherah—had likely been smuggled from southern Iraq. He ran his thumb gently over the goddess's breasts—nipples worn smooth, but still discernible.

Is she offering them—or fondling herself?

He reflected on how the “ideal” female form had shifted so

drastically through the ages.

Back and forth like a pendulum—fat, thin, fat, thin. Even pendulums slow eventually—settling into a compromise.

He set the figure down next to the greeting card with large ornate handwriting that read “Thanks for curing me, Dr. Gold!”

“Cured” ... ha. She wasn’t broken—just overwhelmed.

“Life” is a spectrum disorder—we’re all fucked up. No one gets cured—we just get by.

Yeah. “Normal” is being abnormal—just not too often.

He slid the card in his top desk drawer.

First child. She has no idea how much more complicated her whole life just became.

Hell—that’s how I can afford these shoes. She’ll be back.

His eyes wandered to the sandstone plaque—

*Just walk a mile in his moccasins
Before you abuse, criticize and accuse.
If just for one hour, you could find a way
To see through his eyes, instead of your own muse.
— Mary T. Lathrap*

The plaque had been a gift from Rick Hanlon, his old graduate school professor—the one who’d once told him, “You’ve got a great sharp mind and good instincts, but don’t forget who you work for.” He’d quietly bristled at the backhanded compliment. Why he’d recently dug it out and placed it so prominently on his desk—unclear, even to him.

A faint pressure rose in his throat.

Ugh. Nausea again. It’ll pass. It usually does.

No one has any idea what I’m going through.

Lately, Gold had felt unsettled—even about things he once

believed resolved. He wasn't as certain—so cocksure—as he once was.

People rarely change—but they do grow. Not everyone's a redwood. Some twist and turn like oaks, reaching for the sun however they can. Old oaks—gnarled, meandering, crooked—can be just as majestic. Maybe more so.

Do we fault the oak for winding its way around a fence, chasing light? Can we ever truly define it—at fifty, or even five hundred?

Change is inevitable—rarely sudden, never simple.

Decisions feel final. Binary. But they don't have to be. Some are carved in stone. Others in sandstone. All crumble eventually—like Ozymandias.

Hmm. Maybe some of this belongs in a poem—something on change.

He set the sandstone back on his desk. Truth was, he'd never walk in anyone else's shoes—comfortable or not. That wasn't his style.

He chuckled, glancing down at his loafers.

Most people don't know how to choose shoes—let alone how to wear them. Sometimes, you sacrifice function for form.

He stood six feet tall, with stylishly cut gray hair and a neatly trimmed beard. His slender, handsome face was defined by pensive gray-blue eyes—framed not only by wire-rimmed glasses, but by deep crow's feet.

Those who knew him understood—they weren't smile lines.

He wore a tailored navy Zegna suit and a turquoise silk Brioni tie—Rachel's birthday gift for his forty-fifth.

He considered himself funny, though most of his jokes were internal. They were location jokes—you had to be there. And “there” was inside Gold's head: inside jokes for an audience of one. Too clever. Too obscure. Lost on others—so he kept them to himself.

When he did share, close friends would politely laugh—out of kindness, or obligation. Most didn't appreciate Gold's quirky, esoteric humor.

He had a reputation as a stick in the mud—though one close friend joked the stick was “up his ass.”

Outside his inner circle, Gold came off as formal—officious, even cold. Patients called him intelligent, well-read, cultured—but robotic.

At times, he seemed a know-it-all—holier-than-thou, touched by a God complex.

He wasn't completely devoid of emotion, but he insisted on self-restraint—so as not to encourage the “the wrong type of transference which would compromise the therapeutic process.”

Whatever the case, Steven Gold seemed to possess a golden touch. He was wildly successful. Was it brilliance—or mass delusion, *folie à plusieurs*?

It hardly mattered. As people liked to say: *it is what it is*.

Gold had been a wunderkind—a Rhodes Scholar who petitioned to defer Oxford until completing his undergraduate degree at Harvard, his masters at the USC, and his PhD at UCLA—all by twenty-six.

At twenty-seven, he studied late 18th-century Romantic literature at Oxford's St. Peter's College while interning with Dr. Richard Carlyle at Cambridge's Gonville and Caius.

He returned to Los Angeles to practice and teach at UCLA, where he met—and eventually married—Rachel.

Over time, Gold built a lucrative private practice, serving

celebrities and world-class athletes.

His office—on the top floor of a Wilshire Boulevard high-rise across from UCLA—had a modest reception area that opened into a spacious suite, complete with a discreet rear exit so patients could leave unseen.

He installed a Ring video doorbell and smart lock at the reception entry. He often worked late—seeing patients or writing—so the door was always locked.

The main office was spacious, with gray sisal wallpaper and a bright white wood frame encircling the east-facing window—offering a panoramic view of the Los Angeles Country Club. Apart from a few of Rachel's pieces, the office mirrored Gold's personality—though some might say it lacked one. It was sharp, pristine—curated like a real estate listing. Almost sterile.

Any personality it did have came from a cacophony of paintings, sculptures, and framed posters jostling for space—like an overstuffed gallery. Each piece seemed to compete for attention, the chaos curated—perhaps intentionally.

The few items atop his desk and bookshelf credenza were deliberately curated—to spark imagination and provoke conversation. In one corner stood a freestanding sculpture of a nude girl—touching herself. It raised a few eyebrows—but he loved it. He called it a “conversation starter.”

The photographer had insisted on removing it during the Atlantic shoot. Rachel had agreed—she never liked the piece. She'd never even heard of the artist. She'd challenged him when he bought it. “Steven, don't you think it's a bit sexist—for a therapist's office? It

might make some of your female patients uncomfortable.”

“That’s exactly the point,” he said. Of course he was attracted to the piece—that’s why she called it ‘Galatea.’

Gold wasn’t an introvert—his ego wouldn’t allow that—but he was reserved, disliking the idea of “putting himself out there.” He enjoyed what he called “running therapy”—it let him remain firmly in control. He felt safest behind the bulk of his oversized desk—what Rachel mockingly called “Hadrian’s Wall.”

On the other side of the “wall” sat his Harvard College captain’s chair: cherry-finished top, satin black body, the Veritas crest shining from the back. Behind it, resting on a faded Serapi Persian rug, was a Schumacher toile club chair, angled toward its matching couch.

Gold’s gaze drifted to the books lined neatly across his ebony credenza. He loved this little library—each title carried personal weight.

Know the man by his books.

There was no system. He’d often be reading two, three—sometimes four—at once. After reading—more often, rereading—he slid each book into whatever space was open. He took pride in the collection, convinced its authors would be flattered to find themselves shelved in Gold’s private library.

When not running therapy or playing tennis, he was usually reading in his black leather Eames chair—or drifting through used bookstores, hunting odd or evocative titles.

He read only physical books, scoffing at electronic ones: “That’s not how a book is meant to be used. You have to feel it.

Smell it. Hear the page as you turn it.”

In truth, Gold enjoyed displaying his library—it reflected his intellect. Occasionally, he’d share a quote with a patient—but mostly he loved showcasing his erudition with epigrams and aphorisms he deemed apropos.

He’d asked the Atlantic photographer to increase the f-stop—just enough to keep all the book titles sharp in the background.

His four-tiered bookshelf offered a glimpse into who Gold believed himself to be—and what he needed others to believe about him. His collection was eclectic—a bridge spanning psychology, theology, poetry, philosophy, and pulp.

The top shelf of the credenza displayed an eclectic assembly of titles—

Affirmation and Reality; Gestalt Therapy Verbatim; Being and Caring; The Varieties of Religious Experience; The Mask of Sanity; Disorders of Sexual Desire; Dune Messiah; The Dissociative Mind; Prometheus Unbound; Self-Reliance and Other Essays; Creature and Creator; Crime and Punishment; The Teachings of Don Juan: A Yaqui Way of Knowledge; The Mind Parasites; The Unconscious Observed; Existentialism from Dostoevsky to Sartre; The Hitchhiker’s Guide to the Galaxy; Cluster Headache; Mechanisms and Management; The Prince; Faust; William Blake: The Complete Illuminated Books; Mythology; The Doors of Perception and Heaven and Hell; Moses and Akhenaten; The Portable Atheist; Being and Nothingness; The Varieties of Religious Experience: A Study in Human Nature; Miles of Heart; Frankenstein; or, The Modern Prometheus; Ishmael; Fear and Trembling; The Impressionists; Gulliver’s Travels; The Master and Margarita; An Atheist’s Guide to Reality; Meditations on First Philosophy; Flatland;

Nausea; The Art of Dreaming; The God Delusion; Sapiens; and Amador: In Which a Father Addresses His Son on Questions of Ethics.

While the bottom shelf showcased held his own works—multiple copies, meticulously arranged.

Eulogies; The Little Boy Who Wouldn't Go to Sleep; The Image Teleporter; Bark; Trees; Dave King & Asgard: Chronology; DietWrite; ...and his infamously overwrought Harvard psychology honors thesis: A Phenomenological and Neurophysiological Study of Schizophrenic Hallucinations, with an Original Hypothesis for the Etiology and Pathogenesis of Schizophrenia Based on the Mesolimbic Dopamine System. Then came his master's thesis: Schizophrenic Hallucinations: A Psychodiagnostic Tool? And finally, a hardbound copy of his doctoral dissertation: The Psychosocial Correlates of Adolescent Substance Ab/Use.

Substance Ab/Use... a wasted year.

Gold clenched his jaw and exhaled through his nose, recalling the moment his doctoral advisor resigned after reading the abstract.

“I will not allow you to associate my name with this—travesty! You’re not just condoning—you’re promoting teen drug abuse,” his advisor had barked.

“Bullshit,” Gold snapped. “You didn’t even read it. I’m hypothesizing that recreational ‘ab/users,’ as I call them, score higher on self-concept and life satisfaction than non-users or abusers.

They're the ones who feel accepted. They belong. Statistically, they are the norm. These days, it's the strict abstainers who stand out as the real deviants.

He'd replayed the exchange a hundred times, never quite admitting it had been displaced aggression.

Unconsciously, he'd been angry at himself—masking an obsessive fascination with psychedelics beneath academic language. It was his craving—tempered by fear—to experience an alternate reality: Castaneda's *A Separate Reality*.

A strict non-user himself, Gold knew he was one of the deviants his study had labeled. He rationalized his abstinence: he didn't want to be one of *them*—the blissfully ignorant lemmings.

He'd been thoroughly indoctrinated—imprisoned in a parentally sanctioned, well-mannered world. He hadn't realized that his outbursts—then or since—were his unconscious self, banging on the bars of his psychic cell. He'd always wrestled with ambivalence.

Maybe—if he'd been calmer—more honest, more mature, he could've convinced his advisor the research had value. And maybe he wouldn't have wasted a full year recruiting a replacement.

He sometimes wondered: how would his life have been different if he'd finished his doctorate a year earlier?

Bradbury might call it too many butterflies. Who's to say where that path would have led?

He gave himself a pass—clinging to the old belief that he wouldn't change a thing, even if he could.

No regrets... I'm here.

He pretended that simply calling them “mistakes” made them truth—as if naming alone could absolve him. Thinking too long on it made him nauseous. It was more truth than he liked. But he was beginning to understand.

My stomach's growling. I shouldn't have skipped lunch.

He glanced again at the statuette—his quiet proof that therapy, sometimes, actually worked. He needed the reassurance—especially now. In moments like this, no diploma, no certificate, no bookshelf or glowing profile could silence the questions. Or the doubts.

Mauvaise foi. Sartre's phrase. Barnes softened it to “bad faith.” But Kaufmann had nailed it: “self-deception.”

You can't really deceive yourself. You only distract—from the truth—for a while.

Freud knew Shakespeare was right: “truth will out.” If not consciously, then neurotically.

Ha. That's why why I'll always have work.

He leaned back and closed his eyes, as Pink Floyd's *Brain Damage* drifted from his iPad speakers.

*The lunatic is in my head
The lunatic is in my head
You raise the blade
You make the change
You rearrange me 'til I'm sane
You lock the door
And throw away the key
There's someone in my head, but it's not me*

BUZZ. BUZZ. BUZZ.

His Apple Watch vibrated. Another interruption. 6:30—five

minute warning. New patient: Samael Light.

Samael? Had to be a typo.

He couldn't remember who had referred Light—or when. He had a few minutes to text Rachel—to let her know he'd be late again.

He always had new patients complete both the Suicide Probability Scale and the Psychological Screening Inventory. The forms only took twenty minutes, but new patients were always anxious. And he hated having to cut them off when their fifty minutes ran out.

First interviews had stretched past two hours before.

When the floodgates open, you steer the boat. You don't close the dam.

He pulled a new patient folder, clipboard, and leather-bound pad from the top left drawer.

If I call, she'll ask questions. No time. Better to text.

[Typing]

Sorry Rach, I have to run a new patient so I'll be late. Just eat and watch Rogue's Gallery without me. I'll grab something later. I'll see it on DVR. Sorry. Lo

RING CHIME

The Ring chime cut in, the video flashing onto his iPad and interrupting his text.

He saw a dark blur on his screen. He tapped the mic, then the unlock icon. "Come on in and have a seat... be with you in just a sec."

He closed Spotify, straightened his tie, popped a Tic-Tac.

He walked toward the reception room door. A ripple—
somewhere between dizziness and dread—passed through him. His
fingers twitched on the doorknob.

Jumped up too fast?

He released the doorknob.

PVC, probably. Not Afib. Right?

He raised his wrist. Clicked the ECG icon.

Normal sinus rhythm.

A thin, strikingly handsome man—mid-to-late thirties, jet-
black hair—sat, just left of the ficus, thumbing the reception room
copy of the *Atlantic*. He recognized a faint scent of Paco Rabanne's
1 Million Luxe Edition cologne.

*Whoa, that's what LeRoi Davis wears. That stuff's over
\$50,000 a bottle. Not an NBA star—more like a model. Or an
actor.*

He was wearing a black Armani suit with an exquisite black
and burgundy-patterned Hermès tie. A matching pocket square
completed the look—far too formal for a therapy session.

As Light looked up, he caught a flicker—something in his
eyes—triggered something oddly familiar but foreign.

*Déjà vu. Not mere familiarity—something primal. Like
the mark of Cain—invisible, but unmistakable.*

As he approached, he caught himself—somewhat sheepishly
—noticing the enviable gleam on Light's black Prada crocodile-effect
leather Oxfords.

He gave a quick, disappointed glance at his own shoes.

“Dr. Steven Gold,” he said. “Come in.”

CHAPTER THREE

*All truths are easy to understand once they are discovered;
the point is to discover them.*

— Galileo Galilei, *Il Saggiatore* (1623)

There are two ways to be fooled.

One is to believe what isn't true;

the other is to refuse to believe what is true.

— Søren Kierkegaard, *The Journals of Søren Kierkegaard* (1847)

The devil is a better theologian than any of us and is a devil still.

— A.W. Tozer, *The Pursuit of God* (1948)

Some lies are easier to believe than the truth.

— Frank Herbert, *Dune Messiah* (1969)

Man is not what he thinks he is, he is what he hides.

— André Malraux, *Anti-Memoirs* (1967)

-3-

Truth Often Hides In Shadows

Light stood—tall, six-foot-three—and casually dropped the magazine onto the table. As he stepped inside, his deep blue eyes met Gold’s with calm assurance. He extended a manicured hand. A large gold ring on his middle finger flashed—squiggles, maybe writing. Gold couldn’t place them.

“Hello, I’m Samael Light. Just call me Samuel—or Sam, if you prefer. It’s nice to meet you.”

“Nice to meet you too, Samuel.”

Light’s handshake was firm and confident—no hesitation.

A chill traced Gold’s spine as they shook hands.

Crap. COVID again?

Gold turned toward his desk, assuming Light would take the captain’s chair. Instead, Light strolled to the club chair, angled it slightly, and sat—crossing one leg with practiced ease.

Gold stiffened. That chair wasn’t part of the choreography. The office had been designed so patients saw him framed by his diplomas and credentials—enthroned behind the desk. The idea: to establish control—keeping patients on the other side of Hadrian’s Wall.

And Light had just crossed it.

What the fuck?

“You’ve curated some striking art, Dr. Gold.”

Gold grabbed his Hermès Ulysse notebook—a gift from Rachel—along with the intake folder, then walked across the room with a clipboard in hand.

Awkwardly, he perched on the couch's edge, sneaking a glance at Light.

I don't sit on the couch. Never have. Is this a power move?

"Thanks. My wife says it's too gloomy for a psychologist's office."

"Not at all," Light said. "I find it... stimulating." His gaze swept slowly across the diplomas, prints, sculptures, and shelf clutter with deliberate interest.

"Isn't that Asherah—the Canaanite goddess?" Light asked, nodding toward the statuette.

Gold softened, visibly impressed. "Yes, it is. Keen eye. A gift from a patient."

Impressive.

"Fertility goddess, right? Let me guess—she came from someone struggling to conceive? Clearly a success story. But hey, I'm just a mythology nerd."

Most people wouldn't catch that—he's perceptive.

"Ah—Nebuchadnezzar and Newton. I've spent hours in the Blake rooms at the Tate, soaking up the originals. And Moore's *Woman Seated in the Underground*, right? Yes, I thought so."

He motioned toward the wall print. "Pollock—fantastic piece."

He glanced toward the sculpture. "That Michelangelo

reproduction—one of the *Slaves*—perfect for a psychologist’s office.”

Okay, this guy knows his shit. I might actually enjoy this one.

“That bust—the woman in the T-shirt—she looks so... serene. Peaceful. Like nirvana. Very calming. I love how art can draw emotion out of you.”

He looked across the room. “And that oil painting—who’s the artist?”

Rachel.

“I don’t recognize the signature, but the balance of imagination and technique—that’s rare.”

Gold lit up. “My wife would love hearing that. She created both pieces, the bronze and the painting. Van Gogh’s one of her favorites.”

Light nodded. “She’s clearly gifted. That oil reminds me of Seurat’s *Le Mouillage à Grandcamp*—but painted with Van Gogh’s 1888 Arles palette. Personally, I never bought the xanthopsia theory.”

Maybe an art student.

“She said the office needed at least one bright spot. She painted it for my first anniversary in this space.”

“She’s got a strong emotional range—her textures and tones really communicate that. There’s a sadness beneath it all.”

He’s not just perceptive—he’s intuitive.

“Thank you. You really do know your art. I think it helps people relax. Open up. That *Slave* sculpture though—it puzzles some.”

Light gestured back to the large print. “*Lucifer*—that one’s always felt... personal.”

Interesting.

“I’m impressed you knew that was *Lucifer*. People often guess it’s Pollock, but they don’t know its name.”

“It’s always had a special significance for me.”

Definitely loaded. Worth revisiting—but not now. This isn’t an art class.

Gold shifted in his seat. “Okay, Samuel—let’s go ahead and get started.”

He picked up a clipboard and held it out.

“There’s a basic info sheet and a couple of short questionnaires—just to give me a quick snapshot. Then we’ll talk.”

Remember—don’t promise more than you can deliver.

Beneath the clip: a ballpoint pen, a two-page intake, and two short assessments.

Light withdrew a Montblanc fountain pen from his jacket and began to write—slow, deliberate, precise. Form by form. Page by page.

His penmanship evoked *shodō*—disciplined, balanced, ceremonial.

Gold took the opportunity to study him more closely.

Left-handed... but his tie’s a half-Windsor, and his shoelaces are tied right-handed. Interesting. Haven’t seen that before. Balanced, or divided?

Gold leaned in, eyes drawn again to the ring. The markings—faint, angular—looked vaguely familiar.

Runes? Norse? Maybe something older. I’ll ask later.

Heat prickled his scalp—he realized Light had been watching

him.

“Would you like to see it?” Light asked, already slipping the ring from his finger. “Here—take a closer look.”

Gold hesitated, then accepted it.

He turned it slowly between his fingers, thumb tracing the grooves, hoping Light wouldn’t notice the sweat forming along his hairline.

Shit. My whole scalp’s probably glowing.

He exaggerated his hand movements—turning the ring deliberately, hoping to shift Light’s gaze.

Hmm. Feels heavier than it looks—than it should.

“Wow. It’s heavier than I expected. Solid gold?”

Light began to move about in his chair. “Yes—it’s gold. But it’s old. Needs a cleaning.”

Gold rotated the ring. He squinted. “These symbols—prehistoric?”

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“Looks like something from a cave wall.”

Light said, shakily, “It’s ancient Hebrew,” Light said, too quickly.

Gold raised an eyebrow. “Hebrew? I used to read it. Doesn’t look familiar.”

Light squirmed in his chair, clearly uncomfortable.

He’s lying. Shifting more than his story.

“What’s it say?”

Light adjusted his position again. “Actually—it’s Proto-Sinaitic. Oldest known alphabet. Precursor to Hebrew. It’s ancient—1900 BCE.

“No one’s been able to translate it.”

Bullshit. He knows exactly what it says.

Why lie?

“It was a gift from my father. Just sentimental, I guess.”

That's the trigger.

Light's right hand reached instinctively for his left middle finger—then froze, finding it bare. He dropped his arm quickly to his side.

He's trying to act cool, but that meant something... something deep.

He turned the ring again. Inside—another inscription, barely visible. Worn nearly smooth.

“There’s something engraved here too... faded.”

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Light shrugged, trying to act nonchalant. “Yeah. I’ve had it forever.”

Gold handed it back. “Well—must be important.”

A gift from your father—and you never asked what it says? Please.

Light slid the ring back onto his finger. He spun it slowly. With each turn, calm returned—uneasy, suspicious.

OCD? He was sweating the whole time I held it.

What's he hiding... what's it hiding?

There's something in him. Déjà vu again. Be careful.

Gold leaned in and scrawled a single word in his notebook—

then circled it hard.

RING.

CHAPTER FOUR

Nothing fixes a thing so intensely in the memory as the wish to forget it.

— Michel de Montaigne, *Essays* (1580)

Guilt is the most important problem in the development of civilization.

— Sigmund Freud, *Civilization and Its Discontents* (1930)

Shame is a soul-eating emotion.

— C.G. Jung, as quoted in *Boundaries of the Soul* by June Singer (1972)

Please allow me to introduce myself

I'm a man of wealth and taste

— Mick Jagger & Keith Richards, lyrics from *Sympathy for the Devil*,
Beggars Banquet (1968)

Guilt isn't always a rational thing.

Guilt is a weight that will crush you whether you deserve it or not.

— Maureen Johnson, *The Name of the Star* (2011)

Some guilt is earned. Some is inherited.

The hardest kind is borrowed—because you can't return it.

Steven Gold, *Journal of Reflective Psychotherapy* (2012)

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An Anchor Chained To Your Heart

He knows what it says. No question. He's hiding something—but what?

Light returned to the forms, composure regained. Halfway through, he paused—hesitated—then looked up.

“Do all your patients fill these out, Dr. Gold?”

“Yes, standard procedure. They often reveal more than you’d expect—insights, directions to explore.”

Light raised an eyebrow. “I expected conversation, not checkboxes. But—hey, you’re the doctor.”

Gold bristled. That wasn’t curiosity. It was a challenge.

Heat crept up his neck. He hated that Light might notice.
Ignore it. I am the doctor. I don't need to justify my ways to him.

Gold snapped his notebook and set it aside.

“Let me just turn the AC back on—it shuts off after six. Gets stuffy.”

He crossed to the thermostat. He could feel Light’s eyes boring into his back. And he knew—he was losing the upper hand.

“You just about done?” he asked, a little too casually.

Nice. Passive-aggressive. Great job. What the hell is wrong with me? Don't kick things off like an asshole. They'll be of time for that later. Ha.

“Just finished. Here you go.”

Gold took the papers and stood. Instead of returning to the couch, he moved to the desk-side chair and turned it toward Light.

Light slowly swiveled the club chair to face him.

Now Light faced what Gold wanted every patient to see: degrees, books, curated artwork—a carefully assembled wall of quiet authority.

Not the chair I prefer—but now his view is right.

He skimmed the intake form. No referral. Just a question mark.

Occupation: Senior Partner at Legion Law.

I know that firm. White-collar crime central. Crooks in suits. Smug, polished sociopaths.

He looked up. “Samuel, what’s your area of practice?”

“Appellate. Mostly criminal appeals—I work with the wrongly convicted.”

Gold nodded. “Impressive. That’s the Lord’s work.”

Light’s Montblanc slipped from his fingers. He bent to retrieve it, then tucked it back into his suit pocket.

Gold noticed the mobile number and emergency contact lines were blank.

“You left these blank. I’ll need a number in case we reschedule—or if there’s a medical emergency. Completely confidential.”

Light gave a slight shrug. “Oh, I believe you.”

He leaned in, voice lowered. “I just got in from New York yesterday. Someone snagged my phone in the TSA line at JFK.”

That's annoying.

He shook his head. "I'll replace it tomorrow or Friday. New phone, new number—like starting over. Just haven't had a chance to breathe."

He smiled faintly. "Don't know a soul here yet. But I'm healthy—and careful."

He is likable—undeniably. But it feels like something lurks beneath—polished, but buried. Whatever it is—I doubt I'll enjoy unearthing it.

Fear's always about loss. But whose—his, or mine?

"You mentioned your father. Still alive? Want to list him as your emergency contact?"

Light hesitated. "Oh, he's alive. But we're not on speaking terms."

"We worked together—for a long time. Many years. Then... disagreements. A total break. He threw me out. I left. Never went back.

As he spoke, Light's thumb fidgeted, slowly turning his ring—rhythmic, automatic.

"He's a judge now. I haven't seen him in... ages. Given how long we've been estranged, it doesn't really make sense to list him."

He gave a tight, knowing smile. "I'm sure we'll get into it—your specialty, right?" Then came the wink.

That wink again—like a magician's misdirection—pulling focus while the real trick happens elsewhere. What's he hiding? Is he mocking me? Testing me?

Or something darker—sociopathy?

Gold said nothing. He knew that smile—the kind that shuts a door just as it begins to open. The wink sealed it—Gold braced. He’d have his work cut out for him.

Let it go—for now. But make a note. This matters.

The SPS and PSI showed nothing remarkable.

No suicidal ideation. No major red flags. Slight elevations in Alienation and Discomfort—fairly common. No depression. No clinical psychopathology. Even his Defensiveness score was low—everything seems valid.

That’s what bothered him most.

These numbers don’t track. Something doesn’t add up.

This didn’t read like someone new to therapy. It felt rehearsed—like a part he’d played before.

“Why don’t you start by telling me what brought you in today,” Gold said, leaning back slightly—projecting a calm he didn’t feel.

He preferred sitting behind Hadrian’s Wall—his default intake perch.

The college chair was no accident—just uncomfortable enough to stir emotion. And now, shifting in it, he realized: it worked.
Brace yourself.

He readied himself for the usual cerebral hide-and-seek patients played at the start.

Therapy is a slow sneak with a mirror—until it catches them off guard. People flinch when it shows them who they really are. Everyone thinks they’re better at hiding who they are than they actually are.

They don’t care what I uncover. I’m a stranger—legally gagged. That makes the mirror tolerable—initially.

They expect I’ll be non-judgmental. But we all judge.

Constantly. The only way to avoid judgment is to avoid listening.

Gold saw early therapy—the trust games, the surface-level problem-solving—as sandbox play, not curative. A safe rehearsal space before the real issues emerged.

No one ever comes to therapy for the problem they claim. Their “presenting problem” is just the ticket in. It takes a few weeks for the transference to kick in—then they think they trust me. But transference isn’t always helpful. Sometimes it complicates everything.

Gold understood transference: the mind’s quiet substitution of old emotions for new contexts—projecting ghosts onto him. But countertransference—his own emotional leakage—unsettled him, as it had Freud. He insisted on objectivity—to shield the process from distortion.

Rachel gets it. She watches ‘Real Housewives,’ and ‘Survivor’—reads people like novels. She remembers what’s passed, senses what’s coming. She would’ve made a better therapist than me—she’s an empath. I barely qualify as sympathetic. I just echo. They see the diplomas and assume I know. Assume I care.

I’ve never had much interest in other people. No patience. No gift for decoding loyalties and lies. She hates it when I skip the human-interest segments.

I should’ve gone into medicine. Pathology. No patients, no people. Just the cold comfort of a final report—anchored in real science.

He told himself it was therapeutic necessity: objectivity, emotional neutrality, impartiality. In truth, it was just his nature—clinical detachment that bled into every relationship.

Even behind the mask of neutrality, faint echoes surfaced—

flickers of feeling neither fully his, nor fully theirs. He'd always seen Professor Hanlon's mantra—Get in touch with yourself—as a rebrand of Socrates' Know thyself. A summons to confront his blind spots before they shadowed someone else.

Sometimes he imagined Carl Rogers—the saint of unconditional positive regard—leaving sessions seething, poisoned by his own restraint. Gold's method: no apologies. Don't suppress your bias—face it. Own it. Use it.

Gold lived easily in black and white. But gray? Shadows? Not his domain. He wasn't a detective. He fancied himself a teacher. A counselor. A fixer. He preferred concrete problems—fixable ones. Something he could grip and guide.

He saw early therapy like his old Rorschach cards—smudged, incomplete, frayed corners. Ambiguity on ambiguity. Assumptions were minefields. Process, not content. He wasn't listening. Not really. He was watching—always analyzing behavior.

Intuition mattered—but only after groundwork. He needed to see them “walk” before trying to “run” them.

Gold hated dancing—literal or metaphorical. A behavioral therapist might've labeled him “well-adjusted.” But he knew better. He'd always felt like he was dancing to a song no one else could hear—off-beat, out of step.

No. Nobody really knows what I'm going through. Not even Bob.

Light leaned back, crossed his legs, and exhaled slowly.

“I'm not sure,” Light said softly. “I'm not happy. Honestly... I

don't think I ever have been."

He looked up. "Maybe it's naïve... wanting to feel wanted. Or loved. You'll tell me."

Wow. That's unusually open—for an intake.

His fingers returned to the ring—as if guilt lived there, coiled and waiting.

"People don't know me. But they have opinions—stories. About who I am. All because of Him."

Don't interrupt. Let him go on.

"I feel guilty. But I'm not a bad person. I shouldn't feel this way. But they make me feel like I did something... unforgivable."

He stared down to his shoes. "I'm not comfortable. I just want to feel normal."

His hand returned to the ring—twisting it like a silent rosary of guilt. Miniature self-flagellation.

"My father started that fire," he said softly. "And he's still feeding it."

Gold said nothing.

That's deep. Real deep for fifteen minutes in.

Spontaneity dies when we wait our turn. Truth doesn't survive that silence. But speak too soon, and it's all collisions. Noise. Static. Just shut up and listen.

Gold leaned forward—thumb tucked beneath his chin, forefinger curled over his lips. A gesture of self-restraint—fingers pressing silence into his face.

He spoke gently. "Go on."

“We’ll get into the details later, I know. But growing up—my father made me do things. Things I knew were wrong. I couldn’t understand how he didn’t know. He had to. They were... sinister.”

Pain crossed Light’s face—undeniable, unguarded.

“I think he did. But that’s him. He knows everything.”

What the hell? Was this sexual abuse?

His right hand clenched—tight, white-knuckled.

“After what felt like forever, I couldn’t take it anymore. I left. Then I became the villain. Everything got pinned on me—like it was all my fault. That’s why I can’t look at him. I can’t even talk to him... not anymore. I’ve been misunderstood my whole life—and it’s all because of him.”

And yet—he wears the ring. Still. As if forged from guilt itself.

What the hell did he do?

“I know you worked with Dr. Carlyle at Cambridge. Thought maybe a little Freudian lineage could help with my father issues.”

“Just to be clear—I never wanted to kill him. I didn’t.”

He paused—then leaned in. Just a little too close.

“But... if he’d asked me to?” Light paused. “I don’t know...”

He gave a quick wink.

“I might have.”

That’s... bizarre.

“If it’s not his idea? Forget it. If he says it’s good? It’s good.

“He’s a narcissistic, vindictive bully—controlling, sadistic, and homophobic.

Maybe he’s gay.

“You probably think I’m being dramatic. I’m not.

“You don’t know him. But if you did—if you knew him like I do—you’d know he’s worse than all that.”

I can’t believe this is still our first session—an intake—this is insane.

“For years, I kept asking—why doesn’t he love me?

Shouldn’t a father’s love be unconditional? Eventually, I realized—he only loves one person unconditionally—himself.

“He disgusted me. I hated him. I couldn’t live with him—or work with him—any longer. I couldn’t live in his world anymore. So I left.

He saw it as betrayal. And because he’s so egotistical, so vindictive—he made sure I took the fall.”

Disgust is intimate. But hate? Hate is closer. It requires history. It requires hope.

You can’t hate someone you’ve never hoped would love you. Hate requires proximity—emotional and historical. It demands intimacy. It’s not wasted on strangers.

You can’t hate and walk away from someone forever unless some part of you still cares about them—wants something from them. Needs something from them.

He’s not just angry—he’s wounded. Still searching for love, even through rejection. The ring? A relic. A loop of unfinished grief.

This is his narrative. But it’s missing texture—missing the grays. I need color. Detail. A full spectrum of truth.

“I’m no saint. You can’t be—when obedience means survival.

I couldn't say no—to anything he asked. I wanted to. I knew it was wrong. But saying no... to him... that just wasn't an option. Choice was an illusion.

*Was it? We all have a choice. Don't we?
Let him keep talking. Don't dam the flood.*

"My biggest flaw? Honesty. Odd, I know—for a criminal lawyer. But I swear, it's true.

"Everyone assumes I lie. But honesty? That's what ruined us. That's what ended me—with him."

Gold swallowed the urge to interrupt. "Mmm hmm," he murmured instead.

"He shifts it all onto me. I'm the fall guy—that way he keeps his halo.

"I'm the evil one. The liar. The troublemaker. They believe him—every time. If you knew what he made happen—what he ordered—you'd never dare question him. If I weren't his son, I'd be dead."

Jesus. Who is this guy's father—a cartel boss?

"You know this, Dr. Gold—it's hypnosis. Repeat something often enough, from enough mouths—and no matter how insane, it becomes truth. *Their truth.*

"And the truth is—he's insane. Arrogant. Egotistical. A megalomaniacal bastard.

"I never want to see him again."

But here you are.

“They trust him. Blindly. Believe every word. Thinking’s harder. Question him—and you’re punished. Branded. Forever.

“Sorry, I know I’m ranting. But I swear—I’ve been honest.”

Maybe. Your truth. Honest—“to the best of your knowledge,” as your affidavits say.

Pilate asked, ‘What is truth?’ Not an answer—just a dodge. But the question still haunts us.

Gold stayed silent. Fingertip whitening against his lips. The instinct to jump in—to interpret—held in check.

After a taut silence, Light stared—hungry for something. A nod. A flicker of belief. Anything.

The literal truth about his father? Maybe that doesn’t matter anymore. Reconciliation? Unlikely. The facts—whatever they are—feel secondary now. What matters is what he believes.

Still, if I knew more, maybe I could help him reframe it—understand it, accept it—without the emotion. Without the vitriol.

Gold finally spoke. “Samuel, that’s a rare kind of self-awareness. Most people take weeks to open up like this. You seem to understand why you’re here. I appreciate your openness—it’s never easy. Sharing is a gift. Trust—a rare treasure. Thank you.”

Gold shifted in his chair. “I agree. Most people don’t want the truth. Like *A Few Good Men*—they can’t handle it. Too uncomfortable.

“People prefer affirmation—even if it isn’t real.

“It’s confirmation bias. That’s why people gather their ‘truth’ from friends, echo-chamber podcasts, or their go-to network—

anything that validates what they already believe. Birds of a feather.”

Gold picked up the assessments again, flipping through them slowly.

Did I misread this?

He double-checked the PSI’s Social Nonconformity score.

*Normal. Minor elevations in Alienation and Discomfort
—common enough.*

Gold said, “People hate discord. You hear a bad note—you flinch. In music or in life—uncertainty sets nerves on edge. That’s anxiety: a future you can’t predict or control.

“A jigsaw puzzle with a missing piece—infuriating. Some people jam in a wrong one, just to feel whole. Pretend it’s complete.”

One reason for the high divorce rate.

“We crave closure. Ambiguity rattles the soul. We want resolution—no loose ends. To believe everything’s fine. Just... as it should be.

“It’s not unlike religion.”

Should I go here? Why not.

“Belief is *thinking you know*. That’s faith. Binary. On or off.

“Agnosticism? I’m not sure it truly exists. People either believe—or they don’t.”

Light raised a hand, gently objecting. “But Dr. Gold, a lot of people say they don’t know exactly what God is.”

Gold nodded, energized. “Exactly! They believe—they just don’t comprehend.

“I don’t understand quantum physics, but I don’t doubt it exists. It’s just beyond me.

“That’s why you can’t argue someone out of their religion—it’s been baked in since childhood. Once someone believes, it’s almost impossible to convince them they don’t really know.

“Hope is wanting to believe—even when the facts suggest otherwise. Wanting always trumps knowing. People want to believe. No one wants to discover they’re wrong—it creates cognitive dissonance. It threatens their beliefs. It could unravel everything.

“Suggesting another viewpoint—even a better one—feels like betrayal to them. So we double down—telling ourselves we see clearly while others are misled, mistaken, or lying.

Light nodded in agreement.

Am I pushing too hard? No—he’s still with me.

“It’s human nature to be biased. We’re judged by what we do. Intentions don’t count—you can’t see them. Only actions register.

“Seeing clearly—while everyone else stays blind—that’s the hard part.”

Light’s expression softened, a flicker of amusement surfacing. “Preaching to the choir, huh? That’s my job too—juries for me, patients for you.”

Gold nodded. “Exactly. We’re told how to act—what to be. But we don’t know what we really want. Just what we’re supposed to want. That gap? That’s what drives the neurosis—questioning

everything.”

This is his hour. Not mine. Save it for Bob. Wrap it up.

“You’re right of course. And I do want to hear more about your father. You’ve shared a great deal already—we’ll explore it, piece by piece.”

What evil did he actually do?

“Samuel—and I apologize, I tend to talk too much—I’d like to revisit something. You used a powerful word: ‘evil.’ What do you mean by that? You said you were the evil one. Did you actually do something wrong? Or, were you just told you had?

Shit. One question. Not a list. Don’t hand him the answers. Make him earn them.

Light slouched back with a heavy exhale, something in him collapsing.

“Everyone,” Light said softly. “Judged. Convicted. Sentenced.”

A grimace flickered across his face. His eyes—pained, distant—made him seem smaller, older.

“I was told—commanded—to do things I knew were wrong. Morally wrong.”

“I hurt people. People who didn’t deserve it.”

He swallowed hard. “I had no choice. I had to obey.”

We always have a choice. Like it or not—our choices define us.

“My father didn’t allow questions. But I knew—what he asked—commanded—was wrong. And I’m sure he knew it too.”

There he goes again... spinning that ring. Like an ouroboros, devouring its own guilt.

“A few times, I tried to fake it—pretend I’d done his bidding, hope he’d forget. But when I finally disobeyed... the punishment was severe.

“That didn’t bother me. I deserved it—for disobeying him. The punishments didn’t break me—I was used to them. I didn’t care about myself—I was numb.

“It was seeing others hurt—people I tried to protect. After a while, I couldn’t take it anymore. Too many people were getting hurt. So I stood up to him.”

Severely punished? He’s a criminal attorney. Jesus. Who the hell is his father—El Chapo?

“I confronted him—and didn’t back down. I’d never seen him so furious. He never gave explanations. Just: ‘Do it. Because I said so.’

Sounds familiar.

But he lost it when I asked, ‘Who are you?’

“He thundered back at me ‘*I AM!*’

“I said, ‘You are what? Look at yourself. Look at what you’ve become.’

“He screamed: ‘You weren’t there. Where were you when I laid the foundation. You can’t understand.’

“There was no reasoning with him. And more people were going to get hurt. So I quit—I left for good., and that more people were going to get hurt, so I just quit—I left for good.

“He blamed everything he’d commanded me to do on me. It

wasn't fair, but I feel guilty. And I've felt like shit ever since."

Gold sat back, letting it all wash over him.

He waited, but Light sat slumped, head bowed—dejected, drained.

I can't just leave him sitting in the wreckage. Despair is no place to pause. Time for something positive—hopeful. A little teaching, but not too much. My brothers used to say, 'Not everybody went to Harvard.'

I need to win him over. Give him hope. Be human—be kind.

"Thank you, Samuel. I appreciate your honesty. I'm sorry you went through that—it sounds harrowing. I don't know the specifics, but the fact that you held yourself together... that says a lot.

"Nobody grows up without scars. And the emotional kind? They cut deeper than flesh—and rarely heal completely.

"Guilt's rarely what people think. It masquerades as one thing—but there are two kinds. And the difference matters.

"First, there's true guilt. You've done something wrong, you know it, and others do too. That's the guilt you should feel—it belongs to you—it reflects reality."

Light accepted this with a slight nod.

"Guilt is an anchor, chained to your heart—it's deepest fold—silent, heavy, inescapable. You feel it physically—it's weight dragging you down. It lingers—not because others judge you, but because you judge yourself.

“Disappointing your family is hard—disappointing yourself is worse. You might withdraw, hide, run—but it stays with you. It depresses you.

“Even when you make amends, it lingers. It stops devouring you—but it never quite leaves. Not until you forgive yourself. And even then—you remember.

Okay. Give him a minute to let that sink in. Looks like he's following.

“Then there's neurotic guilt—the kind that creeps in when you're blamed for something that wasn't your fault. When someone tells you it's your fault—or makes you feel like it—even when you know it isn't.

“Being blamed for something you didn't do—or never intended—is the kind of crazy-making that breaks people. It usually starts with parents, teachers, friends—the ones who matter to us. Sometimes it's not even malicious. But often it is.

“But you still feel guilty—because someone told you to.”

Light nodded in agreement. Gold continued.

“You try to fix it, but nothing changes. That's when guilt becomes a trap—no off-ramp, no exit. You keep fixing what you didn't break. That's what drives you mad.

Light nodded again, slowly.

“We start to doubt everything—especially ourselves. Maybe we don't even know ourselves. Maybe we can't trust ourselves. So how do we make amends? How do we fix it?

“Why do we still feel awful after apologizing? It's

manipulative. It lets someone else pull the strings—but only because we agree to play along. We play their game, by their rules—and the rules keep changing.

“It paralyzes us—emotionally and psychologically. We become afraid to think. To move. To act.”

Light nodded. “Yes”

Good.

Gold continued. “That’s what causes neurosis.”

“It becomes a scream in your unconscious—*What did I do wrong? I can’t live like this.*

“So we grasp for relief—but it never comes. We spiral—faster, deeper. We feel shame and guilt—unearned, but corrosive. And because apologizing doesn’t fix it, we start hiding from ourselves. The unconscious starts to doubt even our feelings—lashing out in confusion, searching for relief that never comes. That’s when guilt becomes the anchor—dragging us down into the deep.

“Some believe guilt is the prime mover—the great motivator of human action. I’m not sure I’d go that far. But guilt? It makes people act—or freeze.”

He’s with me. Good. Emotions are resonating—but don’t overload him. Let it breathe another minute.

“*Feelings* just happen—we don’t choose them. But *emotions*? Emotions are how we respond.

“That’s where therapy comes in—to help you recognize feelings and choose how to respond emotionally. Remember—emotions are your reactions to your feelings. We’re conditioned to

feel certain things. But emotions aren't automatic. They're choices—if we can catch them in time.”

Ping him.

“Does that make sense to you? Is this too much?”

Light nodded. “No, it's not too much. It's cerebral—but it makes sense. Sounds like mine's neurotic guilt. But how do I make it stop?”

A great question—if his hands are clean. But nobody's are spotless.

Gold nodded. “Good. First step? Naming what you feel. Therapy is language—and honesty. Learn the words. Then you can name the feelings. Understand, then verbalize. Only then can you choose how to respond—consciously, intentionally.

“When we say we ‘know how someone feels,’ we're guessing—reading their emotions—their outward cues.

“Someone says something cruel. I feel hurt. I respond—with anger, sarcasm, withdrawal, maybe tears.

“One of my jobs is to help you figure out what you're feeling—and why. The why helps you judge if the feeling fits—then you decide how to respond.

“If you did something wrong—objectively—you have to confront that guilt. If your guilt is earned, then you're serving time for a real crime. The work then is redemption.

“But if you were made to feel at fault for something you didn't do, then my job is to help you respond—not with symptoms—but with clarity.”

“My job is to help you reclaim your free will—and the responsibility it brings. No shifting blame. Not after that.

“We’re judged by what we do. Intentions? Invisible. No one sees those. All we see is behavior—actions, gestures, maybe emotion. That’s what people react to.”

Light sat upright, attentive—as if in a classroom.

Okay. The horse is dead. Enough.

I can hear Oster saying, ‘Lecture less and listen more.’

Ha. Guess I didn’t listen—to him.

“Sorry—bit of a firehose moment. Old habits. I used to teach psych, back in the day. Hope that all made sense. I just wanted to define terms—to show you how I work.

“Take a breath. Sit with your thoughts. Your feelings aren’t wrong. They just... *are*. They’re always valid.

Gold paused for a moment. Then he continued. “You said you were called the ‘*evil one*.’ I’d like to understand that—if you’re willing. Why do they see you that way?”

What things did you do?

“Life’s a journey—we all screw up. If we’re lucky, someone teaches us along the way. That’s how we learn. From our mistakes. It’s normal to feel uneasy. This is all new. I’m new. Take your time.

“Be real. Be honest. I’m listening.”

Light’s knee bounced. His fingers spun the ring—restless,

twitching.

“Thank you, Dr. Gold,” Light said. “I appreciate it—I really do. I think I followed it all. It makes sense.”

He paused.

His voice dropped, barely a whisper.

“And now... I feel guilty.

“Not because I lied.”

He glanced down.

“I told you the truth. But I left something out.”

He bowed his head, fingers clenched on the armrest.

The air thickened— heavy, waiting.

Gold leaned forward, heart clenched. One finger curled over his lips—the listening pose. A silent vow: just listen.

Light slumped forward. The overhead light painted him like a chiaroscuro portrait—half-lit, half-lost. Suspended between confession and concealment.

He stopped spinning the ring.

His voice barely escaped—a whisper.

“My real name is... *Satan*.”
