The war had changed him. There was no getting around, away, or beyond that fact. The secrets he kept had finally done him in. That secret mission he couldn’t tell his wife about. That near miss with the IED that he wouldn’t tell his wife about. It wasn’t just his war secrets anymore, either. He kept secret how many beers he drank after he got off work. He didn’t tell anyone about the twenty-dollar bill he found on the ground coming home from therapy. And when his wife asked him if he had seen the grocery list, he moved the newspaper to hide it, and told her he hadn’t, just so he could keep its location a secret too. After awhile the secrets piled on top of the secrets on top of more secrets until he couldn’t handle them anymore and the foundation he had built for himself stateside had begun to fall apart. And so, when his family kept the secret of his suicide, calling it an accident, it wasn’t the first and it probably wouldn’t be the last.

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