"The world – THIS world, is filled with broken-hearted people and closets full of skeletons; there are loads on shoulders, weighing people down, loads only God can carry and scars, scars you can’t see but even if you could, you wouldn’t understand unless you shared the same ones.”

He took a deep breath and exhaled. “Everyone else in the world has picked themselves up from falls and failures, they get it, you don’t, and this wouldn’t be a failure you’d learn from; it would be a fall you’d never get back up from.”

"Moments felt like minutes and minutes felt like hours. Why do terrible times seem to happen in slow motion? As if it were the devils cruel joke to drag out your suffering as much as possible; and yet time flies when you’re having fun, doesn’t it? The barrel no longer pointed, pointlessly, at Belle. Instead it intended to make some use out of itself and point towards the vulnerable human. It’s barrel’s deadly end intending to be the deadly end of her."