

While it seemed as if everyone was certain about the reason for their wait at the Pearly Gates, a young man leaning, more like slumping, against the Gates could not figure out his reason. His short, dark hair was simply a mess atop his small-framed body. The piercing light brown eyes that shifted expectantly belonged to him, he didn't own much more. He led a simple life, not solely because he couldn't keep a steady job, but mostly by choice. His dark clothing and ashamed expression outwardly exposed his failures. He had not predicted this failure the day he walked out of one of the best universities in the world. Yet his wisdom and intellect could not save him from poverty, breaking bad habits would. He could solve any problem for math or history, but couldn't answer simple questions about himself, such as sexual orientation, he never had to. He didn't really know himself, and would take days off at work in an attempt to find the creativity within himself. He spent most of his time depressed and looking for answers. This is why he found comfort in learning, he could attain solid answers. His past is full of anything but solid answers, at least what he remembers of it. He does remember ending up alone in a large city after his life twisted and turned until he could no longer stay at his family's countryside home. It was obvious he was a loner. The more time he spent with himself, the more he disliked the person he became. He would give anything to be someone else, anyone. As time passed, Mark began to consider the possibility of suicide being the reason for his presence at the Gates.