

Jaydon Ongley

My eyes slowly opened as I awoke from my sleep what I had been dreaming of quickly becoming a distant memory. I looked around the room, but the light had just begun to shine leaving the room dim with barely enough light to make out any details. I could still see her, however, standing in the center of the room looking blankly towards me, her eyes a bright green I could never forget.

I studied her for a short while, checking if she had lost anything. Her face, other than her hair and eyes, had almost completely been forgotten and had become a flat, amorphous blob. I tried not to remain on it for too long. I studied her hair. I remembered it was a gorgeous dark brown. I had always thought it was the most beautiful hair I had ever seen, or was it light brown?

No it was dark brown it had never been light brown what was I thinking. I examined her again, finding the dark brown hair I remember. Her ears looked the same as everything I remembered. It's strange you never focus on details like the ears yet sometimes they remain even when everything else is lost.

After I finished examining her, I resumed yesterday's writing. As I was just about to write I heard a voice from behind me sounding eerily like hers, but I could hear a slight difference as if it was recorded and had slightly distorted over the years "You don't remember do you?"

I quickly turned around looking for anywhere the voice could have come from. Other than her standing in the center of the room nothing else was there. I first like any reasonable person thought possibly she had talked somehow.

That couldn't be possible though the lips were long forgotten. I examined the room and looked to see the window open, the chilling breeze making my hair stand up as I shivered. I ran to the window to see if whatever had said that had somehow used the window to run.

I looked out the window, but all I saw outside was a great amount of white. The texture of the ground was enshrouded, barely visible, and only appeared as smooth, small hills. I looked into the distance, squinting to see if I could make out anything. All I could see from my room was a tree, bare from the cold, its branches flowing in the wind.

I couldn't see any possible person or thing that could have made the noise I heard. Guessing my mind was getting to me, I closed the window tightly this time, hoping the wind or something else could not easily open it again. I was walking back to my seat when I heard the voice again: "How could you not remember?"

I stopped for a second feeling anger begin to rise from deep within me. I turned to her, still standing in the center where she stood always. How could she talk? She hadn't for years I studied her closely and there was somehow something missing when compared to this morning.

How was I forgetting so quickly? I swear her hair was a different color this morning. Her eyes lacked any color, almost turning into just a white sphere with black circles in the middle. What is the beautiful color I know she had?

"You have forgotten her," she spoke again, the voice sounded like her, but I was looking at her, and nothing moved. She remained completely still. Where were the words coming from? I looked around the room, and my body felt like spikes were going through it—not in pain, but in anxiety. I said in a mix of fear and anger, "I remember! I would never forget her. I will never forget it!" I screamed the second sentence, the volume itself instilling me with a small amount of confidence.

I searched the room first under the bed then in my drawers items within pencils pen and various other things fell out I didn't care I continued looking whatever was speaking I would find. I grabbed a knife to cut into my mattress to check the inside. They must be somewhere and I would find whoever was trying to copy her voice.

As I was about to cut into the mattress, a knock came from my door three slight taps that were barely audible. However, I heard it and went toward the door to answer. Right before I answered, I realized that answering the door with a knife might seem bad, so I hid the knife behind my back quickly before answering the door with my other hand.

As I opened I saw my neighbor, a shorter man. He was older than me by a decent bit though we were never close enough for me to know his exact age relative to mine. He looked at me a bit strangely as I answered before saying "Hey so I was just getting ready and I heard some noises coming from your room. Is everything alright?"

If I actually explained, I knew he would think I was crazy. Thinking quickly, I responded with as nice of a fake smile as I could present to appease him. "Yeah, I just can't find my keys. I must have been a little too loud. Sorry, I will try to keep it down."

"Are you sure I could have sworn I heard screaming coming from your room a little while ago," he asked clearly not really believing what I was saying but being too polite to simply call me out on my lies.

"Yeah, sorry. You know how it can get everyone arguing over where it could be and stuff," I gave a lame excuse. I had never been really good at talking to people and was an even worse liar. After I said that, the old man looked puzzled for a second, and after going on his toes to look over my shoulder, he looked at me even more strangely.

"Who were you arguing with? There is no one in the room with you." I looked behind me; she was still clearly there but she made no movement to show my neighbor that, so I couldn't really ask her to show him she existed. Instead, I came up with another middling excuse. "Yeah, sorry, I was on the phone. I am running late, so if you will excuse me, I will make sure to keep the noise down. Sorry for bothering you!"

As I said that I began going for the door, and as the door closed my neighbor whom I still don't know the name for quickly went "wait!" before the door shut in his face and I locked it behind me to make sure he couldn't come in. I assume he gave up, because after I closed the door no one made an attempt to open it again.

I didn't hear her voice again for much of the day. I don't know what my neighbor did, but it apparently made whatever had stolen her voice from me leave me alone for a while. I returned to writing but found it challenging, as the events that had happened filled my mind far more than any writing could.

What could it have been? It definitely wasn't her. I remember she never sounded like that, but I do know it did sound like her. I continued not writing, instead thinking of the origins of the voice, my train of thought being interrupted as I again heard the voice, sounding even more like a distorted version of her actual voice. "You don't even remember the name, do you?"

I looked around, and I knew I remembered her name. I knew her name started with an A-Aubrey? No, that didn't sound right. What was it I had to remember? I could never forget her name.

I tried in vain to remember her, and as I did, I continued looking for the voice. Eventually, while near her, I screamed, "Who are you? Please just leave us alone." I tried to summon as much authority and threat in my voice as I could.

I swear I saw movement in the shadows, a form that looked like her but it couldn't be. I could see her right in front of me. There was no way. The room felt like it was shaking and I quickly tried to go to the desk to help stabilize myself but as I did I tripped.

My eyes groggily opened and the dream I had previously had was quickly becoming a distant memory. As I woke up and slowly stretched my body in bed enough to feel ready I went

over to her to study her. Her eyes were almost gone, a shiny white her hair was a black just like I had remembered it.