**--You replace the batteries in the clock—**

You reach over to pull down the 8-bit clock you got for your fifteenth birthday. The clock is made up with a range of black and grey block bits. The face of the clock is blocky white. The hands of the clock is a sleek straight black that is currently stuck at 3:15. The clock is dusty, but it doesn’t disturb you.

You smile to yourself as you recall the memory of getting the clock. You still remember how ecstatic you were to receive it. Mom took a photo of the exact moment where you opened up the box and your face lit up.

“That’s sweet,” said Narrator.

Your heart leaped out of your chest. The strong beating of your heart drummed in your ears. It was deafening.

Narrator laughed. “Did you forget I was still here?”

You clutch your chest in hopes of slowing it down. “Yes. Actually I did.” You shake your head. “I’m never going to get used to this,”

“That’s what everyone says. Remember I can hear your thoughts,”

“Duly noted,” you replied, turning the clock backwards.

You revealed the back panel of the clock and lift the battery cover out of its holding. The batteries make a small springing noise as you pop them out of their nest. You toss them in the trash can before you reach over to your desk drawer. The drawer doesn’t budge as you try to tug on the handle. That’s odd. That drawer never used to stick. You reach over and tug on the drawer below it. Like the one above it, it doesn’t open up either.

“Okay, that’s odd.” You whisper to yourself.

“Is it? Are you sure you’re not forgetting that it was sticky before?”

You shake your head. “I’m pretty sure, it didn’t used to stick,”

“Pretty sure, isn’t exactly sure. Memories are a tricky thing. They are often easy to evolve and change into something different,”

“Hmm, maybe Mom will have some extra ones,”

**--You go and ask your parents where the batteries are--**