She woke up, did the usual routine of feeling around for her phone to shut off the alarm, then pull back the covers and try to get a little more shut-eye. The snooze alarm goes off for a second time, and that’s when she finally decides to get out of bed and get ready to go on a lunch date her friend has attempted to plan multiple times in the past week. When she sits up in bed, a huge wave seems to hit her head and she is blind-sighted for a moment, feeling as if a massive headache had just dawned on her. She sits motionless in bed, waiting for the feeling to subside, blaming it on the lack of sleep she just had. She gets up again and tries to walk but her body seems to defy that simple action. Her legs waver, and before she is about to crumple to the floor, she grabs on to the nightstand to steady herself. As she pushes herself up to balance again, she notices her hand is missing. At first, she thought her headache was simply making her see things, but as she leans in closer, she does a double take and her scream resonates through the whole house. No one was home this late morning to hear her shriek as she begins to panic. She walks quickly across the room to where her mirror stood and looked at the missing right hand. It wasn’t there. She lifts her arm up and still, sees nothing. Terror begins to flow through her body and adrenaline courses through her blood. At this point, who does she call? Who does she tell? She runs down the stairs to the home phone, only to realize on the last step of the stairs, she cannot see her feet. Her head is pounding, mind racing, heart pulsing, as she falls to the floor with her legs out in front of her, no feet in sight. She stares and stares until she slowly catches on that parts of her body continue to disappear. She gets up and runs to the bathroom down the hall, and watches the mirror image of her body fade away until there is nothing left but a faint gray outline of her body. She is confused and frantic and decides to call her best friend. Dialing her cell, she begins to tell her friend of this morning’s events in a rushed jumble of words. “Calm down, speak slowly, I don’t understand what you’re saying! Take a deep breath and start over.” She breathes in and out, one, two, three, deep breath. “I know this is hard to believe, but please, come over and see for yourself.” Her best friend, skeptical and shaking her head dubiously on the other line, decides to go over. She leans against the kitchen counter, impatiently waiting for her friend’s arrival. The doorbell rings, and she bursts out into the hallway to let her friend in. Her friend steps in and calls out, “Anna?” Anna stands there in silence, her eyes wide with fright, staring right back at her friend that is standing straight in front of her. “Jess! Jess?! I’m right here!” Jess is taken aback and steps away from the door, looking around the house at, well, nothing. Anna reaches out for her, and grabs her arm. Jess feels it and looks down at her left arm, but seeing no one. “Anna where are you, oh my god what is going on, where are you?! I feel you, is that you?”

Jess sits there at the dining table with an invisible Anna as everything finally settles in and they begin to understand what is happening to Anna. “I’ve become invisible…but how?” Jess tries to look it up on Google, still in shock that she is talking to air. “Wait Anna, try controlling it. Think hard about letting color flow back into your body, think about becoming whole again.” Anna closes her eyes tightly, and feels the all too familiar sensation of her head pounding in waves again. “Think, Anna, think”, she says to herself. Jess yells, “Anna! Your hand! Wait, wait…your arm! I see it!” Anna opens her eyes and looks down. Indeed, her physical characteristics were beginning to show. Jess urges her to continue, and Anna does so. Hours later, after cancelling on both their friend’s lunch plans, they pace around the house in silence. Anna is now completely visible, walking around with her mind racing a million words per minute.