

The Memory

The muffled screech of sirens filled my eardrums. A blurred image of flashing colors swelled my eyes. Red. Blue. Red. Blue. Red. Blue. I could hear the panicked conversations of people with the occasional “Are they alive?” or “Hey, wake up!” cutting in between. “Hey, wake up! ...WAKE UP!” I woke up to my dad tugging at my sheets. “Come on, Lucas! You’re going to be late for school!” What did he say? School? Why was that so important again?

Just then, I felt a cold breeze attack me as my blanket was torn out of my grip. “I have your breakfast on the table but you have to hurry because it’s going to get cold soon. As he left the room, I slowly rotated my head to find a buzzing alarm clock. “Just a couple more minutes,” I thought. Before my eyelids could collapse on themselves again, a weak sense of urgency struggled to drag me out of bed and lead me to the dining room.

For a while, the only things I could hear was the clinking of silverware against ceramic plates. After a few minutes, they morphed into the sounds of scrubbing and a zipper. The noises then became footsteps on concrete and the snaps of flower stems as I walked to the field at the end of the street to give my mom flowers. They continued to swap places as I returned to a stone driveway and climbed in the white vehicle. Eventually, my dad decided to take his turn. “Alright kiddo, we’re here. I love you.” “You too.”

I watched as he drove away from behind the fence and turned to face the unfamiliar building. School wasn’t new to me, but this one was. My parents couldn’t afford my old school anymore, so I had to transfer to a new school. I don’t care much, nor do I miss it. It’s not like there was anything for me there anyway.

My footsteps echoed through the halls as I wandered to find my classroom. I climbed the stairs until I reached a blue door with a metal handle. BEEEEEP. -CLICK! I placed my hand on

the knob and looked up to see a pair of blue eyes staring at me. They showed sighs of stress as the click repeated itself and the door opened toward the desk-filled space. "I'm sorry! I didn't see you there," apologized the bearer. I watched as the shy girl fiddled with the lock on the door and stared as her light brown hair flowed when she hurried back to her desk. Eyes of all shapes and colors stared back at me from the small room.

A lady's green eyes lifted themselves to me and rose from their desk to greet me. "Welcome! You must be Lucas Rivera right? Why don't you introduce yourself?" she asked as she tried to get the attention of the other eyes in the room. No matter how hard I tried, I couldn't say a thing. My mouth was sewn shut by the threads of panic and fear. I pleaded to be freed and she eventually let me go. There were quiet voices now. I rushed to my assigned seat so that I wouldn't have to endure it much longer. Once again, I started to drift off to the vision of sirens and colors. Red. Blue. Red. Blue. Re- "Lucas? Are you there?" The eyes and voices surrounded me again. No, I don't think I was, but it didn't say anything.

The days seemed like months as the endless cycle repeated itself over and over again. It was always the same muffled sirens, waking up, going to school, and colors that eventually led me to finally go home again. I drowned in a sea of boredom as I switched my legs to autopilot to walk to the cafeteria as. As I took my seat at a small bench in the corner of the cafeteria, I was surprised to hear the sound of a red tray colliding with the wooden table. I looked up to find the same petite girl from the first morning.

"Hello," she said with a friendly smile. She looked a bit tense, so I returned her expression, but failed to mimic the same warmth. She frowned and said "I'm sorry I locked the door on you a couple days ago." "Oh, that's ok." The air turned cold. "I'm Naomi. You're Lucas right?" "Yes." "Nice to meet you!" She was like sunshine in human form. Despite being nervous,

she made an effort to talk to me. I'm not sure if it was out of pity or because she wanted to get to know me, but I really appreciated it. I wanted to do the same "What's your favorite color?"

"The cycle kept repeating itself, but it became more bearable. I kept sitting with Naomi at lunch every day, and we got to know each other. She said that she had a tabby cat named biscuit and younger twin siblings named Noel and Leon. Eventually, we were talking with each other outside of lunch, and sometimes stayed after school to talk more. Naomi may be my only friend, but she's special to me. Because of her, I have someone to look forward to every day. I won't ever be able to get rid of the sadness I feel, but I think I can learn to be happy again."

I plucked at the tall blades of grass as I conversed. They were now above my knees since they haven't been cut in a while. I placed the flowers I held onto in the holder. "I brought you some irises this time. Naomi said you might like them," I spoke. "Apparently all flowers have a different meaning, do you know what irises represent?" "... "Me neither." As I stood up again, I tore a handful of grass from the ground and threw them to the side. "I have to go now, but I'll see you soon!" I waved goodbye to my mom as I departed from the overgrown cemetery.

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