

Day by Day

The morning sun cuts through a gaping hole between the wooden boards. My head throbs as I adjust to the blinding light. I wobble over and scratch a line onto the wall to signify another day gone by. I rest my hands on the damp wood, dejected. Days have evolved into weeks. I've searched endlessly. There has been no sign of anyone. Today will be my last journey. Gathering some supplies, I head out into the unknown.

The pond outside my shack was murky, but fairly sufficient when it came to looking at my reflection. I sigh. Dropping a stone into the water, I let my eyes follow the ripples of a tiny tsunami. *Where did I come from? Who am I? Why am I ... Alone? And why can't I remember anything?* All these questions wash into my mind like a flood as I pull myself away from the water. I close my eyes, thinking of the journey that lay ahead. All I knew now was that I had to keep going.

A brick path weaves its way through the land, aimlessly meandering like a slithering snake. My stomach longs for food. Ignoring the pain, I stride over to a nearby hill. Where it had once been lush and green and cheerful, plants lay neglected and decayed, fighting for survival. They reminded me of someone who had nearly lost all hope. I glance at the shack I now call my home, knowing that this might be the last time I see it. I turn around, determined to confront the truth no matter how deadly it may be.

Hours pass and still no sign of life. The boiling hot sun turns everything around me blurry as sweat pours down my face. My back and legs ache from continuous walking. The intense heat overwhelms me. I feel my body become sluggish. How far have I walked? Then my eyes narrow, in great effort to peer into the light. I glimpse an outline of something or someone in the distance. It looks like... a creature. My head starts to spin and my breathing is rapid. I feel disoriented. I drink a sip of water but when I look up the figure is gone. I freeze. Was it real?

It appears again. "Wait!" I call out desperately. This time, I am certain it is a person. I reach out frantically and the figure turns to face me. The sweltering heat blurs my vision, but I am able to distinguish the outline of a woman. Her curly hair rests on her shoulders, framing her angular face, and she dons a sweeping emerald robe that is inscribed with intricate Greek lettering.

"Είμαι η Μνημοσύνη (I am Mnemosyne)," she says.

Her voice sounds vaguely familiar but I fumble to place my finger on it. I allow my gaze to settle on the woman in front of me. She glares at me and says, "You have been sent here as a punishment for five terrible wrongdoings." *Wrongdoings?* I thought, "undo the wrongs and redeem yourself, child."

She fades back into the swirling sand, leaving me with countless questions racing through my mind. My knees give out beneath me and I sink into the sand. My memories, my memories, my memories. *Where are they?*

By Shamindra 6W