

What I Can't Remember

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October 3, 2005*



The Halo and Darkness

He stood there under the halo of the street light on that cold February night. His breath stood high on the cold night air before it was whist away by a slight puff of wind. With every breath he took I could see his eyes glow red from the light of his cigarette. His head was in a veil of darkness shaded by the brim of his hat, but his eyes glowing red made my spine shiver. He was the type of man who would give you the shivers by just standing next to him, but tonight was different. I searched my mind for a word to describe him but my mind was drawing a blank. The two red eyes, his black shadow under the halo of the street lamp made my mind click into place and the word came to me so hard that I almost fell backwards in the snow bank. As I looked into his eyes and he looked back into my mind. He then whispered the words: death, murder, evil. I had to look away. His eyes burning into my head, my mind; it hurt to think. But I looked at him once again. His red eyes grabbed me even harder; as I stumbled forward he whispered to me: 'welcome to the dead zone'. He let me go; I stumbled again and looked up just in time to see two bright lights moving towards me. I did not have time enough to think, or move, or scream, all I could do was listen to the sound of the screaming tires. Then I woke up.

Rebirth

"Welcome back Mr. Maxwell, you're lucky to be alive," said the nurse. Her name was Mrs. Jackson. She was the nice, old, friendly, always-smiling nurse, the kind you always want to get but never do. Today, I guess, was my lucky day indeed. I tried to sit up but a great pain hit my head, then my body and I flopped back down upon the bed.

"Easy Mr. Maxwell you are still banged up," Mrs. Jackson said as she wheeled around setting down her clipboard. She came over to the bed side checking screens and my IV.

"What a weird dream," I thought to myself.

How long has it been?" I asked.

"Two weeks," she said.

"What happened to me?" I said asked before I really thought about it myself.

She replied as calmly as ever, "We hoped you could tell us. It was the truck driver who called the ambulance after hitting you as you walked out right in front of him, while he was traveling over 80. What compelled you to walk out on to the road in front of a truck?"

I sat in the bed thinking hard about what did happen as she was going over all this. I went through the books in my mind looking and looking Then I found it: two red eyes and pain. Oh, the pain was horrendous. It hit my head but still all I saw was the open book upon the table, the red eyes burning into my mind. I slammed it closed and opened my eyes.

"I don't know what happened, all pain and red eyes," I said looking into the eyes of the nurse.

I closed my eyes to drive the memory away.

I heard the nurse scream.

As I squeezed my eyes closed to try and drive away the red eyes and the pain coming towards me, griping me.

The nurse screamed again.

The pain faded away and I opened my eyes.

College Life

Beep, beep, beep! I rolled over and looked at the clock -- 9:00 am. I gave it a good hit on the top and rolled back over. I settled back into bed, my mind searched for something. I pulled books off the shelves and glanced at them and then back they went. I opened my eyes, jumped out of bed. Hell, I am late again. I found myself struggling to get my pants and shirt on and trying to hop to the washroom. I found myself with my shirt on backwards, trying to put two legs into one pant leg, while I am now on the floor.

"Why does this always happen to me?" I ask the dog as who decides I would be a fun thing to play with.

I drag myself into the washroom, throw my shirt around and button it up. Move one leg over and straighten up my pants. Slap on some stick and mist some fruit into the air as I walk out the door. I grab my bag and head for the door. I turn and look at the dog.

"Do I look enough like a hunk," I ask the dog? He cocks his head and looks at me with a dumb-founded look on his face, which I have determined means no. So I head out the door locking it behind me.

"Today is going to be just like every other day." I think to myself as I walked down the hall towards the college.

I never knew I could be so wrong. It had been two weeks since I first saw the eyes and felt the pain. I had shelved it away somewhere in the memory of my mind and never wanted to find it again. But it was still there and someone wanted to find it, and today was the day they would.

I open the door and slip, into my first period history class. This class should start at 9:00 but for me it started at about 9:20 almost every day. I slide down the isle and into my seat, took out my books and set them up. I glanced around to get my bearings of what's been going on so far. The professor is just starting the first movie we are going to watch today. The board has the date of the test coming up.

Oh great! That makes 3 the same day teachers ganging up on us again. I glanced at one of my friends from the same program.

"Typical," I thought to myself. He was chatting it up with a girl he has had the hots for since we got here but he'll never ask her out. I roll my eyes back into my head.

I continue my scan of the room and I find myself drawn to Chris. Who happens to be looking at me. She winks, I laugh to myself, and she looks away as the professor finally gets the movie going. I laugh to myself again. The technology changes faster than these old farts can keep up with. They should be the ones going to school. I look back at Chris again as she just turns away.

Chris is one of those pretty girls that everyone likes but she will never date them. She is twenty, six foot one, slim body, small ass, long blond hair, and a great smile. The

kind of girl you want to have winking at you. But I remind myself she is just winking at me because she thinks I am another one of those hunks.

I know better in my own mind. I am nineteen, five foot eleven, skin and bones, long very shaggy brown hair and a go-tee; The perfect redneck some hunk I am. My mother could beat me in an arm wrestle. I pump my arm muscle a few times and laughed to myself.

"Ok class. What happened to the Canadians at Vimy Ridge and why was it an important event in Canadian history?" the professor asks as the movie finishes and he paused it to talk before going on to the next one.

I laughed to myself, "Thought my self right through another movie. Well, I know the answer. If he feels like picking on me because I was late again."

"Chris," spoke the professor, "Chris, do you know the answer?"

"Hum no," Chris said.

"John," asked the professor.

"Yes," I said before he could even ask the question.

"The battle was the first battle that all the Canadian troops fought together under the command of a Canadian and planned by Canadians."

"Right. Well done," said the professor.

He moves on with the questioning of the class which most of them say 'hum no' because they were asleep or like most other people, really didn't care and waited for someone who did to give out the answer, then scribble it down.

I look over at Chris, she winked and looked away again.

"Hell she is hot," I find myself thinking yet again.

"Yes today is going to be just like every other day," I think as I roll my eyes, laugh to myself, and get ready to watch the next movie the professor is putting on.

The Star and the Stranger

I yawn, open my eyes, get up and follow the line of people out of the classroom another history class, another ten years. The professor packs up his stuff humming a tune from the movie. I laugh, walk to the door weaving in and out of classmates.

"John wait up." It was Chris.

"What on earth could she want," I think as she tried her best to keep up.

"You want to get a coffee and chat?" Chris said.

"Sure," I found myself saying. I did have an hour till next class and she was hot.

"One problem thou, I don't drink coffee." I said to her as we walked around the corner to the small cafe.

I grabbed the Star to read, now or later, depending on how things turned out. I gave a little chuckle as I thought about it.

"What you laughing at?" Chris asked.

"Oh nothing," I said.

I had learned long ago that 'oh nothing' was very much the wrong answer to that question, but I really didn't care and never had. Of course, when a girl hears those words, some auto-reaction clicks in.

"What! You think something about me is funny?" she said loudly, "what? Do I walk funny? Come on tell me?"

This chat being more than over and I not drinking coffee convinced me there was no need to continue to stand there and answer these questions, which would for sure be the death of me.

"Look at the time. I got to run," I said as I rounded the corner. I thought that was about the stupidest thing I could have said! Oh well.

I look back as I sat down at a table to read the paper. She was not winking at me. She was storming off flipping me the bird over her shoulder. I could not stop myself from laughing.

"No wonder I don't have a girlfriend," I thought as I tried to control my laughter. I gave the double thumbs up and large smile, a classic sign of mine, to the group next to me who had become interested in what was going on. They sneered, turned away and went about their business. I flipped over the Star. The head line read 'Electrical Phenomena Causing Computer Problems World Wide!'

"Great, one more thing to make my day," I said to myself.

I skimmed over the front page and opened the paper. I started to read an article about the Mars mission.

"Welcome." I heard a voice say. I folded the paper, set it down and had a look to see where the voice was coming from and who it belonged to? To my great surprise there was no one within five tables of me. So I gave a wave to the single guy sitting there reading the paper. He gave me a look of shock and complete bewilderment. So I picked up the paper and began to read about the red rock again.

"Welcome To..." I dropped the paper and again there was no one there. "Creepy," I thought to myself as I looked around wondering if I was really going crazy? My name and crazy have been used in the same sentence quite a few times in the last two weeks, but I know it was all wish-wash anyway. I picked back up the paper and went quickly back to reading about Mars.

"Welcome To the Dead Zone..."

I froze.

He was there sitting next to me. I could feel him burning a hole right through the paper and into my mind. The red eyes, the pain, it was coming back. The books fell off the shelves all around me; books of memories with the red eyes burning deeper and deeper into my mind, looking, searching for something, something that it could not find. Books fell around me. Searching, searching, and searching.

I dropped the paper and the feeling of pain was gone. I looked up and it was not him.

Faith

It was a girl, she had to be younger than me and very cute, but all this was not the real reason my mouth was unglued and hanging on the floor. It was the power she had, which seemed to be pouring out of her. It was her hair, which was blond, but had been dyed pink under and a neon blue on top. It was the Star tattoo on her cheek which was bright pink. It was the bright pink shirt and light blue overalls she was wearing. It

was her bright blue eyes. It was the fact that in a dark room she glowed more brilliantly than the sun.

I felt light-headed; the room seemed to be moving. Then I realized that it was I who was moving. Then crash. I connected with the floor as my chair fell over. Here I was on the floor, looking at a tilted picture of this girl, who was now laughing to herself.

"Do you have faith?" she asked with me still on the floor. I pulled myself to my feet, and sat back into my chair and had a look around to make sure no one had seen. To my surprise, there was no one in sight.

"Do you have faith?" she repeated.

I sat here spellbound waiting for my mind to figure what the hell was going on.

"Do I have faith?" I repeated dumbfounded.

She repeated, "Do you have faith?"

And so I had to ask. I always have to ask the stupid questions.

"What do you mean?"

"I will show you," she said without missing a beat. She slipped out of the seat and walked away. She paused at the door and asked, "Are you coming?"

The spell was released and I jumped to my feet and hurried after her. She led me quickly to the top floor of the college. There she stopped in front of a large window. She touched it and the glass changed. The spell hit me hard, again and I was completely dumbfounded.

"I must really be going crazy," I thought to myself.

"You are not crazy," she said, or at least I thought she said.

"Wrong again. Care to take another guess?" I heard her voice say

"You... you... are telepathic," I said.

"You are too." her voice said and then she walked right through where the glass used to be.

"Do you have faith?" her voice said.

I stood there dumbfounded, unable to move. Thinking to myself about how crazy I must be. I just saw a girl walk through a window and disappear.

"For the last time you are not crazy," her voice said, "Are you coming?"

As my legs started to move I found myself walking toward the window. I touched the glass; it melted away between my fingers. I let go and it sprang back into place, sending ripples throughout the glass.

I leaned in close and waved my hand just above the glass. Then, like lightening, a hand shot out, grabbed me, and pulled me through the glass.