

Kim Jubie + Julia , Kris Churchill

flashback → set it up as a description of a memory, the story should - sharers - <sup>Aynsley</sup> Lukas

I remembered the first time I realized that being my kind would be a bad way to go. I was a teenager, had to pee, I couldn't find my key. Our elderly

got home from school. A smile, a fresh neighbour Mrs. Paradis let me in. A smile, a fresh smile. + Trist. Amen. We'd sit and chat for a bit.

he'd tell me about her sister how it was growing up in the Laumentions how her husband died in the war. Then she'd tell me about her sister about

growing up in the Laumentions and how her husband died in the war. Her memory had become a scratch record, hitting the same notes on repeat. It was so sad because she never lost any enthusiasm for

each story, like she forgot she was telling it as soon as the thought left her mouth. You couldn't get out either - pity shouldn't register on your face, and you can't tell them you just heard the story.

It doesn't register. Nope. I used to think drowning or burning would be bad ways to go - but this... of even knowing you're going - or watching yourself

go - as if riding off in the sunset - inching further + further away from yourself - till you're invisible. Nope. That has to be the worst.

Now that I'm in a family of high blood pressure, stroke, heart disease and cancer - this one - this disappearance is still the scariest to me - All

of myself. The scariest now that I've had a physical blow to the head with no idea of the short or long term effects.