

## Remembering Comes Back in Flashbacks and Echoes

I had the dream again. The somber atmosphere. The haunted look in my mother's emerald eyes. The sinister smirk that seemed still on her face. The smoke that engulfed my lungs. The dull, burning feeling that lingered on skin. What was my subconscious telling me? My conscience rambled as I sat up in bed. This was the third time I had dream – nightmare. Instead of waking up afraid, I woke up with a completely different reaction, with the knobs turning in my head, puzzled and with a face that showed. I woke up without a drop of sweat – without the rapid tattoo of my frightened heart. My boyfriend said I've gotten use to it, but I believe I merely became numb. It was scary – terrifying even, having reoccurring dream that horrifying but it was bits of the past coming back in flashbacks and echoes. I couldn't help but wonder why. What have

I done to cause this? I internally yelled. With all the thoughts flying through my head, I find myself growing more frustrated unable to come up with an solution to the posing problem. I almost smacked down on the bed in a fit of rage but I stopped myself. Jaden, my boyfriend, was sleeping soundly no more than two feet away and if I would've reacted like I wanted to and still want to, he would've woke up. I didn't want that to happen. If it did, he would've ask what was wrong and it was stating to get redundant, painfully redundant. I've caught him on several occasions that week giving me a look.

Quietly, I removed the floral duvet off my lap and tip toed out the room and into the living room. I heavily fell into the pleather couch, brought my knees up to my chest

and hugged them tightly, relieving a sigh. On the dark brown coffee table were miscellaneous objects such as glass cups resting on-top of coasters and more importantly her phone. Maybe I should call someone? Get this nagging feeling off my chest? I asked myself, feeling the pressure of my phone's presents. It'd help feel better, my conscience stated. I was right. Maybe I should. Maybe not. It was the middle of the night, no one would answer. With unsteady hands, I picked up my phone and dialed a number I haven't dialed in a while and set the phone to my ear. He's not gonna answer, I chided myself. I make to hang up but the other side of the receiver was answered. I heard a groggy voice ask.

"Hello?"

"Dad, I need to know," I started off without preamble. I couldn't care less. I wanted to know now. He seemed to understand the dire situation I was in because he asked.

"Need to know what, Sabine?" He asked almost tired as if we've been on the phone most of the night and not just for a few seconds. The conversation just begun.

"Why did she do that to me?" The question was barely above a whisper. There was silence. It lasted an uncomfortable minute. I had to check the phone screen to see if he hung up. He didn't.

"She wasn't in her right state of mind, honey. I tried to keep her away in fear for -"

"That was not what I was asking." "Why are you asking this now?" "Answer the question, Dad. I've been thinking about her a lot lately," I omitted. "and now I want some type of closure."

Ah. Now everything was making sense to him. He sighed. "Sabrine, honey, i'm afraid I don't have the answers you want."

"No one ever does," I barked as I sunk into the black pleather, making it squeak under pressure.

"I do have a solution for you, but I'm not entirely comfortable with you doing it. I'll wager you'd do it anyway."

"Which is?" I goaded him on using a hand gesticulation he wouldn't be able to see. "She wants you to call her." I blinked in surprise -- surprised that I heard those words leave my father's mouth. The only indication I heard him was the whitening of my knuckles as I gripped my phone tighter.

"Why?" I managed to croak out around the limp that formed in my throat. "She wants to talk to you, I guess."

"So..." he trailed off, trying to gain an answer. I stood silent ( insert contemplative thoughts)

"Sabrine?" He tried again. "What does she want to talk to me about?" I asked. I could feel the profound fear working it's way into my chest. I hate it. I absolutely hate that one mention of that woman could make me feel claustrophobic. (Symptoms of claustrophobia) breathless, excessive sweating, dry mouth, shaking, heart palpitations, inability to speak or think clearly, becoming mad or losing control. That woman... what could she possibly want? What? Certainly not me. Please, God, don't let it be me. "I don't know, honey. She wants you to call," he answered well aware of the negative affect I had at he mention of that woman. When it came to her I couldn't exactly guard

my expressions and emotions... at all. "And if I don't call?" I asked flippantly. "Don't tell me you're gonna try and make me," i challenged, crossing my arms over my chest. "If I call her, do you think she's gonna ask to see me?" I asked, deciding not to play the what if game and see if I could actually get some freakin' answers. "She might." I felt sick. There was a sinking feeling in my gut and I know it'd be there a while. I hated it when my Dad, although rare, talked about Allison. I didn't need - in fact - I'm doing much better without her. I only needed my father. I wished I wasn't that woman's biologically -- that we didn't share DNA -- didn't share the same last name. I couldn't help but wonder, Why? Is it me? "Do you want me to go?" I suddenly blurted out before I even realized I'd been wondering about it. "I want you to do what's right for you," he answered. Another freakin' cop out. But I guess he was right.