

I Can't Remember

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The cool breeze blew gently. It tangled its way through my hair and gripped my arms, causing me to break out with thousands of goose bumps. The distant smell of ocean and the gentle aroma of bottle green grass and forest swirled around to create a combustion of fragrance, unique and fresh. I climbed the stone stairs, each step taking me closer and closer to the stone walls, which seemed to be whispering, taunting, deriding, using some unknown force to pull me in. As I reached the top, I heard the trees, whispering unknown secrets across the valley, swaying slowly and dreamily, almost as if they were falling asleep.

I walked beneath the trees, their branches like outstretched arms, hiding me from the gathering clouds above. My legs burned with a tingling sensation, begging me to sit down. Pressing my back against the stone wall, I drifted to the ground. I buried my ears in my palms and squeezed my eyes shut, attempting desperately to block my senses. My head thumped violently, trying to find anything. Anything at all. A memory, a thought. My mind remained a blank canvas, a puzzle board without the pieces. Hot tears gushed down my cheeks and my breaths became short, painful stabs in my lungs. I dug at the dirt with my heels in frustration, screaming out to the world.

I couldn't remember anything. My mind had been wiped clean. All forms of memories, the good and the bad, none existent in my head. I had woken up in this valley, lost and confused, trying to force myself to recall anything in my life. Nothing came to mind. I sat on a cliff face, staring out to the ocean, a dark, cold and violent body of water, capsizing small boats I could see on the horizon and spitting at the jagged rocks below. I closed my eyes and breathed in deeply, the sharp, icy air hurting my lungs.

'Turn it off!'

My eyes snapped open and my mouth hung open. I twisted my neck to look behind myself, my eyes searching for the source of the noise. No one. I turned back to the cliff-face, shaking my head. 'I'm going insane' I thought to myself, assuming my previous position.

'Turn it off! Get him out!'

'Memories' I realised. I shot up, my hand immediately pressing into my temple. I tried to push through more, squeezing my eyes shut and forcing my head to race with blood. My mind was washed over with a sudden wave of memories, drowning my confusion.

I sat in a hospital bed, soft linen caressing my body. The smell of disinfectant attacked my nose and my ears picked up on a soft but sharp reoccurring beep, sounding every two seconds. I couldn't move and I could barely breath. I looked down at my arm which stung with a subtle sting, only to see a drip plugged into my body, making me appear like some type of mangled robot. I began to panic. My breaths turned short and sharp, stabbing my lungs with a painful sting. The heart rate monitor began to sound like a ticking bomb, each beep pulling me closer to death. I could hear shuffling outside, people running back and forth, yelling out to doctors in panicked voices. I tried to call out but couldn't, like my voice had been torn from my throat and thrown away. I tried to move, to get up and run, but my body remained motionless. My heart continued to speed up, pushing harder and harder, as if trying desperately to leave my chest.

"Sir!" Someone was calling out in the hall just behind the door.

"I... I think there's a patient in there but the door wont budge."

I could hear footsteps tapping there way closer to the door.

"Get him out! We don't have rime for this." A harsh voice came bellowing from the hall, his voice causing the wall to vibrate slightly.

"But sir, this patient has been diagnosed with a rare disorder and we don't completely understand its nature. Unplugging him could result in serious consequences. "

My blood turned cold. Rare disorder? What was wrong with me? I listened closely to what they were saying.

"Leaving a patient here is not an option. Get him out now. "

"But sir-"

"Turn it off! Get him out!" His voice caused the hairs on the back of my neck to stand up.

Help. My voice still wouldn't come out. Even though I didn't know were I was, I knew I needed to leave.

"Help!"

My eyes drifted open and I was back on the cliff-face overlooking the waters. My heart still thumped wildly and my mouth was bone dry. Although the air had never been warm, it felt as if the temperature had dropped drastically. I hugged my arms around the body as the wind crushed me in its chilled embrace, and as quickly as the memories had bombarded my brain, they left.

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