SHORT STORY

Third Drawer

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BLACK. . .

NARRATOR (V.O.)

It is always the same. Every morning She wakes up without memory. There exists a magnificent moment of peace where the other world, the one she was living in just seconds ago, collides in a very confusing multitude of spots and grays with the world she is in now.

Then, tragically, she remembers. There is something missing. Or rather, there is someone missing.

INT. BEDROOM. DAY.

SHE starts waking up. As she opens her eyes halfway, a glimpse of the beginning of a smile starts showing. As she opens her eyes completely, the smile is gone. Her eyelids are swollen. Her chest feels uneasy and her stomach dizzy.

NARRATOR

If there's anything She hates it's uncertainty.

Day 7

October, 16

I have bad dreams. Not every night but there are entire weeks where I just can't stop dreaming about all those stereotypical nightmare characters.

Ghosts, demons, clowns, spiders, being naked in front of a thousand people.

Her **ghostly** perfection.

> Your **demons** that have been slowly crawling into my empty corners
> and inhabit them.

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All the **clowns** that mock me when I see you smiling from afar.
Next to them.

Spiders. With all their legs around your arms.

And of course, at the end I'm **naked**. In front of a reflection that screams *you knew* and walks away.

And I’m still not quite sure what they mean. I think my subconscious is trying to tell me something. Don’t drink coffee. Or have less food for dinner. It has to be food.

Day 26

She looks tired. Again. He doesn’t want to tell her anything but she’s been yawning for the last 30 minutes. Painstakingly, he initiates a conversation.

— It’s been a rough week. — he says — I will be needing a long nap to recover.

After a movement of her facial muscles intended as a smile, She asks haphazardly — what? — and He, ravaged, answers — nothing.

— I’m so tired. I’ve been having nightmares — she, unintentionally, says.

— Again? — he asks.

— Always —in the most resigned tone, she mumbles.

— Do you eat a lot before going to bed? — he asks.

— I knew it! It must be that. — and with a satisfied smile, followed by a satisfying yawn, She walks away.

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Day 40

It’s time. Her internal clock is doing its job.

One step down. Some sounds start to filter out. One more step. Scents. Is that toast? Closer to what we call reality, light forces her to open her eyes.

She remembers.

She runs to the desk in the right corner of her room and from the third drawer she pulls out a note that reads:

Don’t suppress the feeling.
Don’t make yourself forget it.
Let it transform you. Embrace it.

And just when it has fully invaded you,
let it go.

Save it in a drawer and lock it.
Visit it when necessary but don’t let it control you.

Too late. It has infested her.

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