**Lost in a Memory**

I watch the people crossing the street- how innocent they are, with their purses and their high heeled shoes. They know nothing of pain, nothing of what I felt. They never had to deal with the pain and terror of not knowing who they are, of not knowing how they had spent 8 years of their life. Perhaps that was because they had never really known. All they knew of themselves were their names, and all they remembered of their lives were the important events that formed their presents. Of course, I cannot even remember those. I sigh to myself, and continue on my way.

The museum –*my* museum, I remind myself- is quiet. The soft, multicolored floor feels warm against my bare feet. I don’t know why I hate shoes, but I do. As far as I can remember (which means almost nothing) I always have. I have never understood why people would want to box up their feet, and I have always had a sort of contempt for shoes. It never helped my relationships with other people, I suppose. If I had been a boy it might not have been a big deal, but I am a girl, and girls are supposed to enjoy shoe shopping. Of course, it would be an exaggeration to say that my dislike of shoes single-handedly caused me to be unpopular. I’m sure that was due to a wide variety of reasons.

As I enter the apartment-like set of rooms I had, presumably, put in the museum for myself, I relax. I hate being around a lot of people like that. I don’t mind some people, in small groups, but when I am around a large amount of people, I freeze up. It seems like there are so many people, so many minds that could potentially be happy, that could be doing creative things, or caring for others, and yet all they seem to do is stay in their own little world. It makes me sad, and I always feel a bit like a fish out of water when I’m around a large amount of people. Most of the time they never even see me, small as I am. I am at least eighteen years old (I do not know my exact age) but I look like a twelve year old. I don’t know how old I am mentally, as I’ve never really felt any specific age. It’s almost as if-

My thoughts are cut short as someone I do not know (but should) walks into the room.

“Moment, would you please come with me?” she says. She is a tall, black haired woman with a North American accent, and I find myself craning my neck to look at her face. I nod and follow her out of the room.

“You have been invited to make a speech for the International Association of Worldwide Harmony” She tells me excitedly. “Don’t you remember applying to make a speech about your travels?” she has seen my blank look.

“Well, not really”

“That’s ok. It’s not a big deal. All you have to do is tell them about your travels, and throw something in there about word peace.”

“What *is* the International Association of…” I try to remember.

“Of Worldwide Harmony” She finishes for me. “They are an organization for world peace, but they also cover a wide variety of topics, including, but not limited to: travel, health, meditation, organizational skills, and psychology” She looks at me. “Don’t you remember any of this?”

“It’s starting to come back to me” I lie. None of it is coming back to me. “So, what language am I supposed to be talking in?” For some reason, my memory can still recall all the languages Moment learned. Apart from my native Spanish, I can also speak English, Chinese, and several other languages I haven’t needed to know yet. I think maybe I can remember languages because they are stored in a different part of your brain than your concrete memories. Languages are, once you learn them, an unconscious thing, and are therefore not subject to my memory’s constant upheaval.

“They are centered in Europe, so they want you to speak in English”

“Ok, I can do that” To prove it to her I say the sentence in the aforementioned language. “When is the speech?”

“The speech is a month from now, but they want you to be there early so you can meet their people. I think if you do this right you could get some business proposals from them”

“Good… Good” I was a bit nervous now, as I didn’t remember any of these travels I was supposed to speak about. “Um… Is there any way for me to back out of this? I don’t know if I can do it…”
She smiles at me. “Don’t worry Moment, you’ll do fine! Everyone has stage fright at some point or another, but I’m sure you’ll get over it. This is a really good opportunity”
I take that as a no. “Yeah,” I try to smile. “It’s probably just a case of stage fright.” I’m trying to think of what I can do or say to get out of this, but nothing comes to mind. Maybe I’ll remember in time for the speech, but I doubt it. We have walked around the top floor now and are back at my apartment.

“Well,” She says, “I guess you’re getting tired by now. I won’t be keeping you. Just try to be packed up for the trip in a couple of days.”

“Ok.” I yawn. I’m starting to feel tired all of the sudden. “Bye”

“Bye!” She gives me a little wave and heads down the hall. I open the door to my room and head in, catching my reflection in the mirror. My reflection. Deep green eyes, shoulder length brown hair, medium-small frame… My reflection is all I can really count on when I come to. Everything else can change from one frame of awareness to the next, but I always look the same, usually. The only time my reflection failed was what I must assume was a long time ago. I came to, like I usually did, and continued living my life. It was only when I looked in the mirror I realized something had happened. I usually had long hair, down to the middle of my back, but when I looked in the mirror I realized it was now shoulder length! My hair had never been that short before and it scared me to see it. It didn’t scare me to have short hair- that didn’t matter much to me at all- but it did scare me to think that *she* could have enough control to change me like that. I didn’t like feeling powerless about my own life, but that was the case. Even now, I’m not sure when I might suddenly skip ahead to some other time, and be forced to re-learn my life all over again… I shake my head, pulling myself away from the bad memories, and head to the bedroom. I’m getting tired and it’s time for bed.