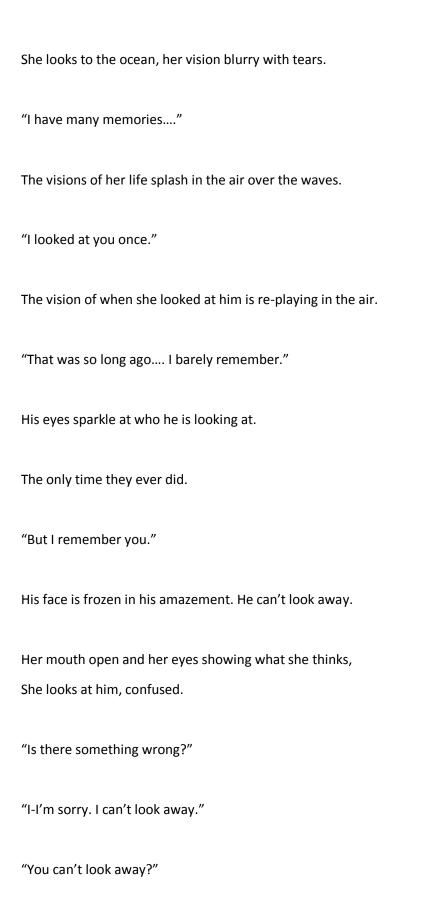
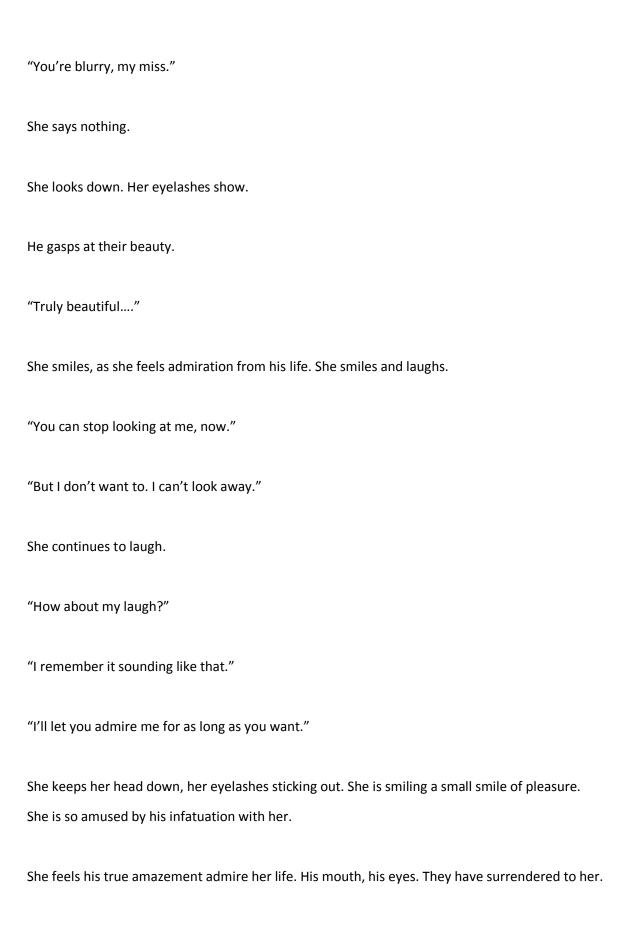


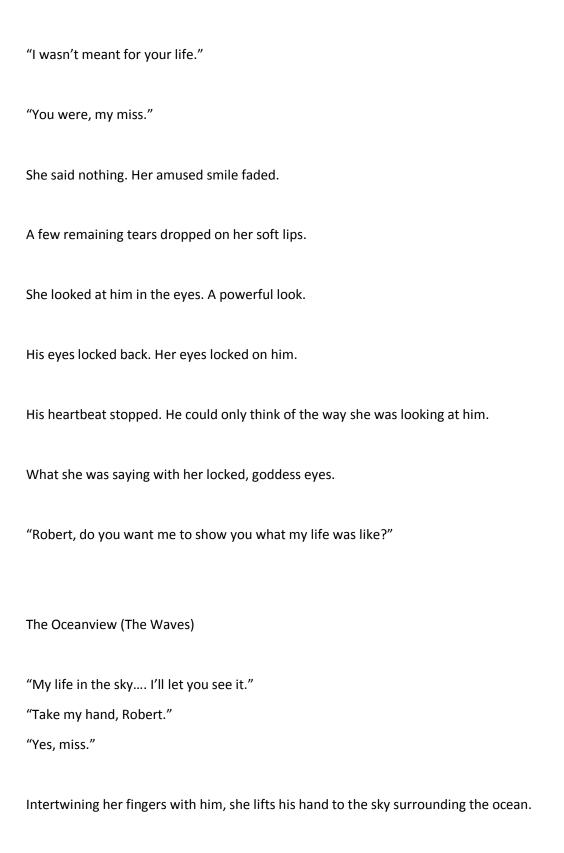
He watches from afar, his feet on the sand,
Peeking from behind rocks to see her,
He spots her, cupping water and splashing it
On her pretty face
Approaching, he is hesitant on how she may react to him
He stops when he sees her crying
Her large eyes, full with tears
Drip in the ocean
She lifts her chin up,
Wanting herself to view the ocean despite her tears
Feeling her pain, unsure what to make of it,
He feels a gut feeling of sadness
"Please stop crying, miss"
Her large eyes are too filled with tears for her to see.
Her view of the ocean is blurred.
A hand on her shoulder.
"Oh-!"
He pulls her to face him
Her surprise to see him.
"Oh, it's you!"
"It's me. Do you remember me?"











The memory of when she locked eyes with him became blurry and faded from the sky. The few drops of water left from the memory fell into the ocean.
"Look, Robert."
In the sky, her visions opened up before him. Splashing waves, each a vision she remembered from her life.
He looked in surprise at the waves.
She looked with him.
"These They're all you?"
Her life was presented before him, making their mark on life with her own will.
Memories of when she was born they splashed in the sky.
Memories of her parents Splashing in the sky.
Memories of her growing up Splashing.
Memories of her when she was younger Splashing.
As a teenager, as a youth Splashing.
Every time she had an argument with her parents Every time she met a friend Every time she went away with her family Every event, every special moment in her life the music she listened to when she was younger, back in the day Everywhere she had ever been Every time she had laughed, been happy, enjoyed herself Every time she had ever loved someone How she changed when she grew

up, when she grew older How she became who she was when she grew up Every moment of time that had gone by in her life Lost in a past, but shown to him
It was too much to take in. He was speechless.
"Huhhh-!"
He gasped.
She turned to him.
Holding his hand to her memory of birth.
"That's when I was a baby. Do you want to see?"
"I don't recognize you"
She giggled. A deep giggle.
"That's cause I was a baby, silly."
A voice that was forever a little deep, womanly, and strong, that would always belong to her.
So, a journey to see her life began.
Throughout the waves of this spot of ocean, somewhere hidden from the rest of the world

They shared in her memories, the waves of the ocean a memory for every point in her life.
The adult girl Yoko's remembrance, splashed in the ocean for Robert to see
Somewhere far From society. A boy young manand a young woman he once saw, alone to spend as much time as they wanted with each other.
A day to be alone with each other.
A day to not worry about the troubles that concerned them.
A day to be so passionate with the other, letting the young man and young woman of unimportant names splash their visions Under the waves
Of this oceanview, isolated from this day.
From birth, to youth, to adulthood, to death.
From her life, to her death.
The young, goddess-like Yoko would see her visions of life
With Robert.
She would not be alone.
Her such desirable visions of life.



"My parents always told me I was an attractive baby. Looking back on it now, however many years ago that was, I think I agree with them."
"You are a lovely baby, miss."
She smiled her coy smile again, her eyes widening a little.
"Thank you. My parents loved me."
She thought for a moment.
"I remember myself a bit older, as well. A baby, still, but a bit older."
She looked up at the sky, as another wave appeared in it. It splashed on the shore to replace her earlier baby vision, dripping water on the sand, until it was fully living in front of them.
"You are out of your crib now, miss.", he said, looking at the vision of her.
"Ya. This was when I was a bit older. I had a stumble-like walk."
He laughed.
"Well, that certainly changed. You walk so differently now."
She laughed back at this.
"Ya, I sometimes wonder if this baby is me because of how different the walk is. Hard to believe I used to walk like that at one time, so many years ago."





He thought a little, looking at the man and woman who were her parents.
"I see you in both your mom and dad. You have physical traits of both of them. And the way you talk kind of reminds me of how your dad is here, but with more femininity, like with what your mom has."
She laughed.
"Ya Funny story, they sai-say the same thing about me. I'm like both of them. My dad thinks I'm like him. My mom thinks I'm like her. They can't make their mind up who I'm more like."
"Who do you think you're more like, miss?"
"Honestly? I think I'm my own person. I don't feel like I'm more like either."
"Oh. Interesting."
"Ya. And my walk"
She stopped herself.
"Your walk what, miss?"
She shook her head. "Never mind. I can tell you later in my life."
"Oh. Ok, miss."
They turned back to the memory.
She, as a toddler, had a gift in her hand.

"What did you get for Christmas when you were a baby, miss?"
She thought. "I think for this Christmas, I got a teddy bear and some socks." The toddler her began to open her gift.
"Oh-I was right. It was a teddy bear."
She looked to the far-left corner of the room, of the vision.
"And there are the socks I got that year." A few pairs of socks were spilling out of the gift box in the corner.
"You had such a nice house back then, miss. Your parents really seemed to like dressing up their home with Christmas decorations. It's so fancy and well-done."
He said this, looking around at her family's house.
She smiled at this.
"Ya. I helped decorate my house back in those days. When I got older, too, but at that age as well."
Her house was bright and colourful, filled with Christmas decorations that glowed, lit-up and shined.
Her house was bright and colourful, filled with Christmas decorations that glowed, lit-up and shined. A mistletoe lay above the room her and her family were in. It hung over their heads, as they were closely grouped together.
A mistletoe lay above the room her and her family were in. It hung over their heads, as they were closely



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