

The Oceanview (Youth)

He and she were by the ocean again. It was a bit brighter than before, as afternoon had been passing by.

“Robert, what’s wrong....”

He was quiet.

She looked at the oceanview, with the bright sunlight of afternoon, warming the shore.

The blinding sun.

“This afternoon....it reminds me of an afternoon when I was a teenager. It’s “one of those days” I told you about, remember?”

“Yes.”

A wave fell from the bright sky. It splashed on the warm shore as the park vision disappeared.

The memory formed in front of her and him.

Still looking down-this time, at the shore-he looked up to be treated to a truly pleasant, special surprise.

“Oh-!”, he started, mimicking her cry of pleasant surprise.

She giggled a little at his response. “Ya. This was when I was a youth, Robert.”

The young girl in her vision was a girl that he only somewhat recognized. Her body was similar, but also different.

The curves that he recognized on her were much less development and visible, although her strong body and strong femininity still remained to be identified with her, despite her young age.

“Ya, I look different, huh? I think I was twelve here. I thought differently, too.”

“You thought differently, miss?”

“Ya.... You’ll see what I mean later in my life.”

The vision was of barely-hit-puberty girl. Her hair, a long brown, was falling over her left shoulder.

“Your hair is longer now.”

“Ya. It grew overtime when I was young.”

Her hair was shorter than what she had now, but it could still be identified as belonging to her.

She was over at another house, the girl she was with relaxing and hanging out together.

“I remember she was a friend I had in school. We got along so well, and her parents got along with me and my parents so well, and the opposite way around. We went to the same high school together, and we were close friends until she moved at the end of high school. I still keep in touch with her, through her phone.”

“Oh.” A strange response. Almost sad. He put his head down again to look at the floor of the house they were in.

She looked at him, concerned, leaning into him a little.

“Robert? What troubles you?”

“It’s nothing, miss.”

He looked back at the scene. She and her youth friend were talking with each other on a sofa in her friend’s house.

“Are you sure, Robert?”

“You must have been popular in high school, huh? With all your looks and everything, miss.”

She was quiet for a second, as measured by the ticking clock on the wall.

Then, she started laughing. Her distinct laugh, something he never got tired of remembering.

“Well, I was kind of popular! Ya, it was because of my looks. I think people really liked my personality too. I was well liked by a lot of people. A lot of guys wanted to date me, or be with me, or.... Probably have sex with me.”

“I thought so. You’re so cool, miss.”

“But I wasn’t as popular as you think. I didn’t even care, or want to be “popular”, whatever that means. I was myself, and I guess I attracted a lot of guys and some girls. Some girls that became close friends with me. A lot of guys who thought I was attractive and wanted to date me.”

“.... But I was never one of them. I never knew you back then, miss.”

“Come one, Robert, what are you talking about?”

He looked at her eyes, so sad. His drooping eyelids.

“This vision of yours is lovely, miss. I see you as you were back then. It is a wonderful sight for me. Thank you.”

“Oh. Of course. You’re welcome, Robert.”

She looked at the memory of her and her friend.

“Ya, she was a true friend. She really was. But she had to move at the end of high school. I miss her, but I still talk occasionally over the phone with her, so.... she’s not lost, I guess.”

“That’s nice, miss. That’s so nice to hear. It truly is.”

They looked at the two girls laughing and talking.

The house still.

“So peaceful....” He muttered.

“Mmmhh? What was that?” she asked.

“It’s so peaceful. You look like you want to be with her.”

“Oh. I truly do.”

“That’s so peaceful....”

She laughed a little.

"I take it you like peace, Robert?"

He nodded a little.

The sun from the outside was bright.

"What season was this, miss?"

"I think it was summer. The strong sun gives it away."

He stood there with her, looking at the girls.

"Seeing me like this..." she began, "You know, it's a little weird-feeling. I'm seeing myself in my past. I only kind of recognize myself. What a weird feeling. This isn't my life anymore."

Robert said nothing.

"Would you feel that way if you saw your own life, in your past, before you, Robert?"

Robert was quiet.

"Do you.... want to stay here and keep looking at this memory, Robert? Do you want to keep looking at my friend and I?"

"I do."

"Ok."

He and she observed the girls as they continued to talk and laugh together on her friend's sofa.

The clock ticked on, in the friend's house. The sun became a little less bright.

"I remember I went home soon after this time. The sun wasn't setting, it had just been a while. It was still day."

"I can see, miss."

Eventually, she left her friend's home, waving goodbye.

A front door closed behind her.

"There I go."

He looked at the girl that was her friend, sitting alone after she had left.

"Your friend looks lonely.", he observed.

She laughed.

"What, her? No way. She was always fine by herself. She told me she found ways to keep herself from being lonely."

"Lonely..."

"Lonely, Robert?"

She locked eyes with him.

“I’m terrified you’ll leave me lonely, my miss.”

She was so quiet.

“Robert, do you want to move on to another vision?”

He locked his eyes with her.

“Yes, miss. I want to move on to another one of your visions.”

She smiled.

“Ok.”

She looked back at her past friend, sitting alone in her parent’s house.

“Goodbye.”

The memory began to recede from sight, as her friend in the vision fell asleep on the couch.

“This next memory is one when I was a bit older.”, she said to Robert.

“Ok.”, he said back, “Please show me, miss.”

A wave in the sky splashed down over the memory. The friend disappeared from sight.

The oceanview was a little less bright now, as the day had continued on.

The wave splashed on the shore and formed the vision, which showed her, a bit older, in her bedroom-

"I remember this was a morning I woke up to go to school. I don't know why I remember this specific morning. It's interesting."

"I see, miss."

She was lying in bed, wearing light pajamas. The sheets were uncovering her, and the bedsheet below her that she was lying on was crumpled and untidy.

She slept on the left side of her bed, and empty pillow and space, that was a little less untidy and wrinkled, to the right side of her bed.

"How old were you here, miss?"

She thought for a second, as counted by the ticking clock above her bed.

"Let's see.... It was 2003, if I can remember correctly. I think I was thirteen-years-old. I'm twenty-eight now, so that makes a lot of sense. I was in elementary school still, I think."

She looked at the her lying in her adolescent bedroom, surprised by who she was looking at.

"Looking at me like this is really.... strange."

"You look so peaceful in the morning, miss."

"Oh. Thank you."

"Do you look that peaceful when you sleep nowadays, miss?"

She laughed.

“I hope I do!”

“I would have liked to see that.”

She giggled and locked eyes with him.

“Why are you saying that? Didn’t you say you thought speaking in the past would make it sound like I was dead?”

He blushed.

“Oh, I’m sorry, miss.”

“No, you have nothing to be sorry for. I’m not dead, Robert.”

He looked to the empty right side of the bed.

“Why are you sleeping alone, miss? Did you mind that back then?”

She smiled at him. The sun outside was early morning, but it wasn’t very bright. It blended into the sky, not showing too much among the clouds.

“I don’t know. I never really thought about filling my bed with someone else back in those days. I guess I was ok sleeping by myself, Robert.”

He looked at the carpet in her room. He was so quiet.

“Robert, why do you keep doing that-?”

“This carpet seems like a past that was lost a long time ago, miss. Like I’m looking at another period of time, just by looking at it.”

She thought.

“Well, I remember my parents removed the carpet later on, when I was an older teenager. Hardly even a teenager anymore, if I remember correctly. I think they wanted a change for my room. I was going to be moving out shortly after, anyway, so....”

He started walking to her bed.

“Oh!”, she exclaimed surprised, “What are you doing?”

Robert lay down in the bed next to her, filling the empty pillow and empty space on her right side.

“Oh....” She watched him.

He pulled the sheets over his body and put his head on the pillow to rest it.

He turned to his left, and cuddled with her, hugging her close to him. She still lay on her back, face-up to the ceiling.

“Oh.... Robert....”

With his eyes open, he looked at her.

“You’re still asleep.”

“I was still asleep, yes. I remember I was.”

“You look so peaceful.”

She laughed. “Wow, you really think I look peaceful, huh?”

“I do.”

The sun outside continued to mold into the clouds. A few chirping birds started to be heard.

“Please don’t wake up, miss. I want to hold you like this forever.”

“Oh, I don’t wake up until a little bit later.”

He continued to cuddle her.

“Do you.... want to see more, Robert?”, she said, after a long time had passed. The thirteen year old her was still asleep, facing up in his arms.

A strong breeze blew in from outside, cooling the bed. Her hair blew on the bed a little. He let it settle on his face.

“That wind....it belongs to a past.”

“Ya. I guess it does.”

He cuddled her a bit tighter, then looked at her teenage face.

He faced her at eye-level, straddling her directly.

Her eyes were closed.

“You look.... different, yet the same. I can still tell it is you, miss.”

He looked at her closed eyes and sleeping face for a few more seconds, counted by the ticking of her bedroom clock.

“Did you want to move on?”

“... I can only look at you for so long.”

She smiled, coyly.

“Ya. Did you want to move on?”

“I want to look at you forever.”

Her coy smile of flattery grew bigger.

“Ya, I know you do. Sorry that you can’t look at me forever, Robert.”

....

He kept looking at her sleeping-teenage-girl-self.

“Would you like to move on?”

He continued to look at her. Faintly, like she was fading.

“Yes.”

He got off the bed, as the bed creaked beneath him. It did not wake her.

He rejoined the twenty-eight-year-old her, standing near the open door of the room. Outside the door, it was a somewhat dim black, though still visible in a mild light coming in the house.

The memory evaporated into the water that made it come to life.

The sky was even a bit dimmer now, with even less sun shining in the sky. Even still, It looked like daytime.

“The next memory is when I was a bit older, but still a teen.”

“Yes, miss.”

The wave from the day sky splashed on the shore, slowly replacing the earlier vision and causing it to die.

Water drops, on the shore. The new vision formed into a living shape.

The vision that was shown to him and her was a vision of her-as a teen girl-in school. She looked at bit older then when she was lying in her bed.

“Let’s see.... the year was 2005, I believe. I was fifteen. I had just started high school.”

“Were you popular?”

She looked at him.

“Is that the first thing you think of?”

“Yes.”

She sighed. She looked away from him.

“I never cared. It didn’t matter to me. I was kind of well-liked in elementary school, I guess. But I never thought about it much. I had my friends then, as I had my friends when I was in high school.”

“Oh.”

“Ya. I figured school is only a small part of my life, so why would I get so hung up about it? I hoped I would have friends that lasted when I was older, but most of them moved away. I kept in contact with a few girls by phone. Like that friend you saw.”

She paused, thoughtful.

“Until some of them stopped answering my calls. I don’t think they ever really cared about me.”

“Oh, miss.”

“Ya. I guess it’s whatever now, though.”

The vision before them showed her with a few girls, over at another house that wasn’t hers or her friends.

“Whose house is this, miss?”

“This is the house of a girl I met during this time, If I remember correctly. A bit before, now that I think about it. It was a real nice house. It really left an imprint on my mind, because it seemed so nice.”

The house she and the few girls were in was very large, with a winding, spiral staircase, and a barbecue on the wooden back porch, leading to a large backyard.

Inside, the girls walked and ran around with their socks on. The floor was wood.

“Ya, it sure was a real nice home....” She thought again, saying it out loud.

“You looked like you had a nice time, miss?”

“In this memory? Ya. It was nice.”

She looked at where he was looking. He was studying her as she lived.

“What do you see, Robert?”

“You seem.... different, miss. Not bad or good. Different. Your personality. The way you’re acting. The way your speaking. Even your voice is a bit different.”

She smiled at him, then smiled, looking at her young self, and watched the past her live her life.

“Ya....”, she started, remembering who she was.

“My voice was a bit different back then. It became a bit deeper and less.... girly, I guess you could say, overtime, as I grew up. It sounded a bit rougher. I thought that, anyway. My friends noticed the change.”

“But it was me. So I was proud of it.”

Robert smiled.

“I bet you were, miss.”

They watched the girls have fun and talk with each other.

She was laughing. He recognized the same laugh, even from her past young girl self. It was so distinct.

“You still have the same laugh I remember, miss.”

She laughed. “Ya, I did, didn’t I? It changed a little when my voice got deeper, but people always said they could tell me from my laugh.”

“I don’t blame them. It’s easy to tell that it’s you, miss.”

“Thanks, Robert.”

The girls in the vision had gone outside on the wood balcony, with the barbecue. There was a man out there, cooking on it. Steam rose up into the air.

“Ya, we went out into the backyard at this time. I remember the dad-of the girl who lived here-was cooking barbecue that day. I was hungry, too. So it worked out well.”

More steam rose in the air. In the backyard was a table and some chairs.

After a bit, the barbecue was done. It was served, along with other food. The girls sat down at the table outside to eat with each other.

“Who made the other food?”

“I think it was the girl’s mom. We didn’t see her, because of the way the kitchen was set up, but she was cooking in there.”

He thought. There was a faint sizzling sound from inside the house in the vision.

“I did hear something that sounded like a stove.”

“Ya. That was her.”

They watched the girls eat and talk with each other.

The day outside, in the backyard of the house, was a little sunny, but also cool. Wind blew through the tree leaves in the backyard, far above the house and surrounding homes.

“I think it was spring. If I remember.”

“I thought that too, miss.”

He started walking to where the girls were seated.

“You’re going to cuddle me again?”

He was a small distance away from her.

“No. I’m going to sit with you, miss.”

She looked at him.

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