

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.







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.

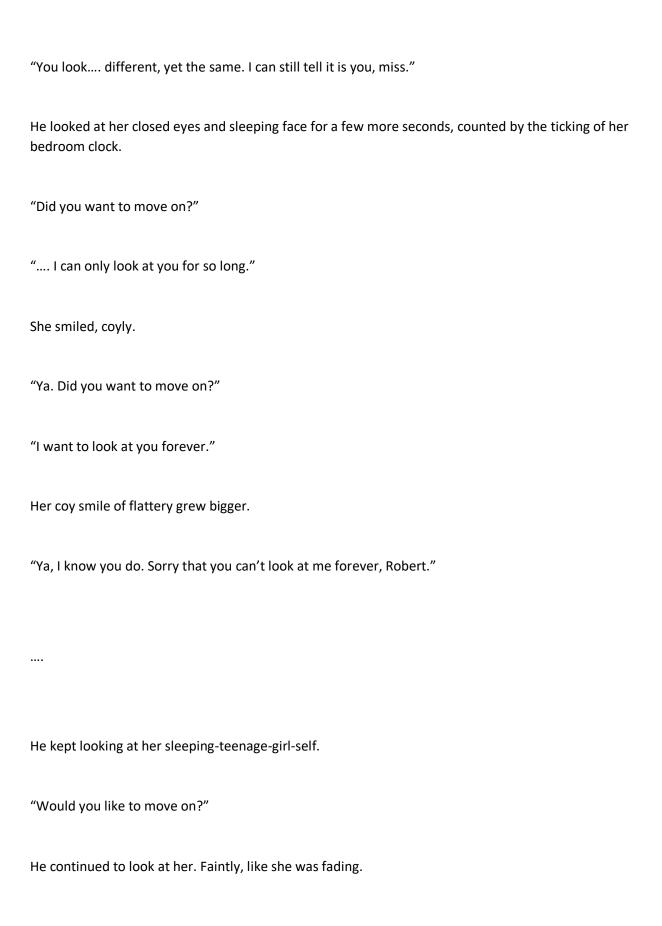


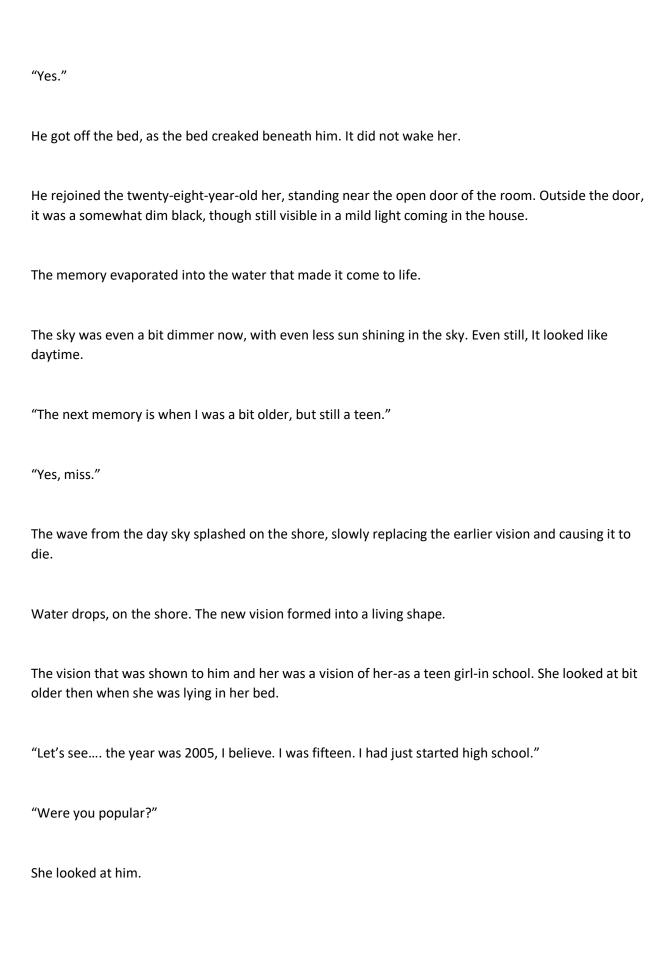
The wave splashed on the shore and formed the vision, which showed her, a bit older, in her bedroom-
"I remember this was a morning I woke up to go to school. I don't know why I remember this specific morning. It's interesting."
"I see, miss."
She was lying in bed, wearing light pajamas. The sheets wore 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?"













"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."



"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.

Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

