

Each day a line, each year a page

“Today would have been my seventieth birthday” He looked up at her, read the signs in the alignment of her face. Her brows were slightly drawn, an expression of deep thought on her face. Her lips pursed and a small tension in her jaw. She didn’t look angry per say, she looked as if the thoughts she was thinking upset her, but as per usual, in her world, emotions meant weakness and out of habit she still tried to hide them. He saw it all though. He always did, and she knew it. She looked out over the memory, taking in the beauty of it. It was night where they sat on the field, long grass slowly swaying in the humid, summer breeze. They usually met up here, one of his most preferred places in the memories. The sky above them where limitless and the field seemed to stretch on forever. They had spent the night practicing, keeping their reflexes sharp, habits that die hard remaining. She had improved a lot since they started these sessions. Something had changed since they had last hung out this much, in his car all that time ago, when she was still human. Her focus seemed to have shifted since then, the fight in her which had before been exploding out onto everyone around her now turned to an internalized focus, a mission. He did not know what had happened but it must have shook her very being. His thoughts returned to her statement.

“How do you even know that?” She was still so young, keeping track of her human years, wondering about other turns in life, of other faiths. His response was thrown at him, hard in the chest to be precise. He took the small, black rectangle and turned it in his hands. It was a small notepad, the cover black while the pages inside were color coordinated into a rainbow. It was not a notepad that he’d ever thought she would use but maybe she did not get to pick this one. He would not be surprised if this was one of the priest’s choice. He carefully opened it, studying the patterns inside it. No one could see the beauty of it like he did, the patterns on the first pages between the haphazardly drawn lines, each signifying a day. Each page, a year. He could see the frustrated days in how some lines had become tears instead. The paper were fragile and the pen tip obviously too sharp sometimes. As he turned the pages something changed though. As year passed in her life, the lines became less unorganized, slowly turning into neat columns and rows. The universe was slowly gaining entropy but she seemed to work the opposite direction. He was not the least bit surprised.

“I never thought I’d get this old, you know” She laid down on the coarse ground, gaze turned to the stars. “I always figured that my life was only moving towards one thing. I...” She fell silent, gathering her thoughts. He continued to slowly turn the pages in her little self-made calendar. Sometimes she had changed from pencil to pen and back. He wondered if she kept track newly woken or just before she went to sleep. He imagined her sleepy, tired wandering through the dreams, looking for a godforsaken pen somewhere.

“I just always figured that they for sure would have found me long before I turned this old.” He couldn’t agree more, but before he could say his consent she continued. “And well, that wasn’t an option in my life. I’m pretty sure if they found me, something worse than death would have happened, and we can’t have that now can we?” She smiled a sad little smile, as if she had made a joke she did not find particularly funny. “So I always figured that, if the time comes, I’ll just end it myself. Hey, why not find yourself a beautiful sunrise on a cliff somewhere, watch it and then take a step out from the ledge and just, disappear?” Suddenly, she didn’t sound so young anymore, she sounded old and wistful. He looked up to find her studying him. It felt as if the scrutiny was payback for all the times he had turned a studying gaze towards her. Then, suddenly, as if she realized something she hadn’t thought about before, she burst out laughing. It was a ripple through the night, a sound of joy. He had never heard her laugh that way before. Usually, she laughed quietly, a snigger and a soft smile. Now, it was a wolfing sound, a face splitting smile that dawned her face as she grinned at him.

“You know, I never really realized but that thought really was the ultimate fuck you to them back then. How I rather die by my own hand then return to them. How I...” She flung her out her arms, straight out from her body and turned her head up towards the skies. It looked almost like a religious experience. “How I would rather life a life I choose, and die by the way I choose. And now, well you helped me finish of the streak by changing me.” She slowly let her arms fall back along her sides and turned her head down to look at him again. A small smile upon her lips. “The largest possible fuck you to them”

“Why are you even telling me this?” He could not help but ask her. She made a fanning motion with her hands and it took him a couple of seconds before he realized that she wanted her calendar back. He threw it back to her again, a small loss deep somewhere where he used to have a heart as it left his hands.

“Well, you are the only person in this place that cares enough to listen to what I have to say without growing bored but are not kind enough to try to convince me that my beliefs about life are faulty” She stands and puts the lite black rectangle back into her backpack. “Amethyst and the others here are too nice for their own good. If I tell them stuff like this it seems as if they are to kind to actually listen to what I have to say, dismissing it due to good faith. I hate that” she dusted of her jeans and went over to him, reaching out a hand to help him up. “They still think I can be saved, be a better person. They just never realizes that I’m perfectly fine being who I am” He arose without the help of her hand. They started walking back, a good meal was definitely needed.

“Besides, it feels as if you shared a lot about yourself and well, I might not have lived as long as you, but at least I could share something back” she smiled at him and he realized that it was a kind smile. Maybe he still had a heart after all. He smiled back at her.

“I appreciate it”