

Between Two worlds

I cannot be seen, not anymore. People's eyes have now glazed over me, making me invisible. Though I don't blame them for such an act; it can't be helped. But I do remember when they could.

It's been awhile, but I remember when I was surrounded by people's smile—their eyes looking at me. I was pretty happy with my life. When I *had* a life anyway.

Life. That word is taboo to me now, same with death. Life has no meaning when there is death, and death is inevitable. Once you learn that truth, the less time you'll spend telling yourself life is worth living. Whether you live or die after awhile you will be forgotten. Back then, I wondered *if you're not living, but you're not really dead*. What are you?

My life was good, and I was happy. My mother was my strength. My friends were my clarity. After a while, I watched them die one after the other. All I could do was stand there. Not being able to do anything. At that moment I realized that life was a sham.

Soon I became cold, so cold. I had no one left and it continued this way for years. So much time has left me I couldn't even keep track anymore. Not like I even wanted to.

I've been this way for so long I forgot how to feel, to smile, to be human. Though I can never be how I was before not ever. I am Anna Jenkins, and I am dead.

I've never really remembered how I died. It's always been a big blur of time in my forgotten life. I never really tried to remember anyways. I just feel that, that should just stay lost. Now I'm in busy city life. Never being able to enjoy it. That's a lie. I never really cared.

What's the point of living. I've seen so many lives, so many stories. Everyone thinking that it matters, but in reality, if you look at the big picture, it really doesn't. I want to tell them that, but I know very well that they can't hear me.

I've seen people with dreams, with goals, with other people to protect; I guess that's the only thing I really miss. People to love to be happy with. They, too, were taken from me through the years. There is one other thing I wanted to do.

My mother never got to finish school, she got married young and soon after that she had me. Of course I didn't get to finish school either. I died before I got the chance. My mother always wanted me to finish school because she couldn't do it herself. She wanted me to have a better future than what she had. If I were to have one wish, that would be it.

Like that would ever happen though I've been this way for so long and not one person has been able to see me, let alone hear me. Though I have talked to other spirits ... pretty much every one of them was annoying though. They never shut up about how so much has been taking from them. That *this* shouldn't have happened to

them. They were all older than me. The only one I felt bad for was a little boy who still didn't understand that he was dead. I didn't have a reason to tell him. He'll figure it out eventually, right? Well, it had nothing to do with me anyways.

Floating down the sidewalk, watching as people walk past me and even through me, not giving it a second thought, I didn't really care—this was my death after all. A man was running down the street gliding through the crowd of people. Not giving much thought to it. I turn away, looking at nothing; then suddenly I'm greeted by a blow to the stomach. I fall over to the concrete with the person who ran into me. It didn't hurt, obviously, but it did surprise me. Come on, who would run into someone just minding their own business— Wait a minute. I got hit. With force. How is that even possible?

I look quickly to see what did it. A guy next to me was kneeling on the ground, rubbing his head. His jet black hair covered his eyes. He wore a blue button up shirt half tucked into his blue jeans. The black boots he was wearing were untied. Papers were scattered around him and he was holding an unzipped backpack. Now that I think about it, this was the guy who I saw running down the sidewalk a few seconds ago.

Quickly getting back to his feet as if nothing happened, he started to put the papers back in his bag. I just sat there staring at him fumble with them. When they were all in his bag, he saw me off the corner of his eye. A scared expression crossed his face and he practically sprinted to me, kneeling in front of me with a concerned look.

With a closer look I could see he wore thin black glasses pushed to the top of his thin nose. His green eyes shimmered with honest concern. His black hair was tangled and sticking up in weird places like he just woke up. He put his hands on my shoulders filling me with warmth.

“Hey are you okay? Are you the one I hit? I'm so sorry I should've been paying more attention. Can you stand?” He bombarded me with so many questions I started to get dizzy.

All I could utter was, “I'm fine. Thank you.”

“Here give me your hand,” he says, taking his hands off my shoulders. He pushed himself up and reached out a hand to me. What is happening? How is this even happening to me? I slowly reach out my transparent hand to him with little confidence. Still unsure if this is reality or I'm just hallucinating. “You're so slow; you need to get off the ground. I think people are starting to stare.” Grabbing my half outstretched hand, he made contact.

Again I felt warmth, heat from another. It's been so long since I have felt something like this. I forgot how nice it feels.

Pulling me up to an upright position, he lets me go, leaving me with my own cold soul.

“Hey you're a bit cold. You should put on more clothing. Since the weather is starting to get colder.” I look down at my long yellow dress with sky blue flowers and matching blue high heels. I look back up to him wanting to respond to his sentence, to

ask him what he meant but he keeps talking, "By the way, I'm Nick Green. Nice to meet you." He looks down at me with an outstretched hand again and a grin covers his face.

I stare at him then at his hand, I hesitate for a bit before I take it to shake his hand, "nice to meet you."

He lets go of my hand for a second time, "Sorry again for making you fall."

"No it's fine; it was an accident after all, no need to worry."

All the sudden, there was a loud beeping sound. Nick looked down to his wrist where his watch was, "Crap I'm going to be late." He starts running down the sidewalk then comes to a stop. Turns around, and comes running back to me. "I almost forgot to ask ... what's your name?"

"It's Anna."

"That's a pretty name. Well, I'll be going then bye" With that he ran off again. This time not looking back.

I still stood there dumb struck. A person could see me, hear me, touch me. A human can—not just another spirit. But he didn't seem scared of me, or even realize I wasn't human. Then it hit me. He didn't realize. He. Had. No. Clue. So what the gods are trying to tell me after all this time is that the only person who even has a shot of granting my wish.

Is a complete idiot.

What a minute. If I can just get him to understand the situation, then everything should be fine. That could work right? What if he doesn't believe me, or what if he thinks I'm the crazy one, even though he's the one who can see me?

I ponder my options for awhile, finally coming to a conclusion. If I tell him and ask him to help me and he says no that's the worst that will happen, right? Yeah, even then at least I know I tried. But if I do get rejected, that's still bad. No, I've made up my mind, in a way.

Pulling out of my self-tug-of-war, I come back to reality. Realizing with great sorrow that I have no idea where he went, I look down the street and where I saw him running about a minute before. He was nowhere to be seen.

I sigh then start to think were he might've been running off to. He could very well be my last chance for awhile. I can't let it slip by me. I start to concentrate hard. He looked about my age ... well, when I died anyways. So maybe he's about 17 or 18. Okay, why would a boy be running in the city, in September at eight in the morning...! I'm an idiot myself.

School.