

## What if...?

What if you murdered someone and got away with it? What if you thought you could undo it by simply crossing it out of your mind? What if no one ever knew? And what if you saw the person, you murdered six years ago sitting in the coffee shop across the street? Alive.

You might think that's impossible. Well, I can tell you it's not.

To clarify that, I am not a murderer. At least not really. I mean, did I kill someone? Yes, but it was by accident and not really my fault. I know that is what every killer would say but in my case it really is true. The only problem is no one would have believed me so I simply never told anyone about that night. And I will never ever do that. Okay, that is not the only problem. Not anymore. Now I have a much bigger problem. The person sure to be dead is not dead. In fact, she seems pretty alive right now sitting there at the table in my coffee shop. I said "my" because I basically come here every day, until now. Now I think it will become the place I will try my best to stay away from as much as I can. And I think I will start with that just now. So, I run and I do not stop running until I am home and in my room smashing the door close as if it would help. As if it would erase the thing I just saw. The person I thought would be gone forever. I need time to process this. Much time. So, I sit down on my bed and think. Not without noticing that my teddy is not where it should be. I need to remember looking for him later...

What I saw cannot be possible. I saw her bleeding and I buried her with my own two hands. I pinch my left arm. Ouch! I am not dreaming. That is bad. That is really bad. I stand up open my door and walk down the stairs into the kitchen. The house is completely quiet. No one is there. Good. I could not handle company right now. I open the fridge just to see that it's empty except for some milk and something that looks like an apple but the fact that I cannot tell if it really is an apple makes me shake, and I close the fridge again. Someone has to go shopping.

All of a sudden, the doorbell rings and I wince violently. It rings again. And again. I calm myself down and walk up to the front door. I look through our door window and my heart stops for a second. It is her.

Now, it knocks at the door I hear her voice say: "I know you are home. Open up!" That voice. So familiar and at the same time so forgotten. Suddenly I remember every single thing from that night. The noises, the smells, every second I successfully stored in a box in the corner of my mind. Not meant to ever open it up.

"OPEN UP!" It comes from the outside and this time I gave in and open the door. Slow and not without hesitation but I do.

Now I face her. She has not changed a bit. I wonder if I changed. Six years is not a very long time but still enough time to change. But she has not. Still pretty. Still perfect.

I have thousand thoughts going through my mind but I cannot catch them. I cannot get a word out. I just stand there like a statue.

"Did you miss me?" she asks. I do not answer. I don't know what to say so I just keep quiet.

"Well, I did miss you. Really, even if it sounds crazy." It does. "So... can I come in or what?"

Like a zombie I move myself out of the way so the doorway is free.

Instantly she makes her way into the kitchen and grabs a glass and opens the fridge just to take the milk out and pour it into the glass. She still knows my house just like old times.

I take a seat on the bar stool at the kitchen counter and stare at her as she empties the glass in one gulp. She is the only one I know who still drinks plain milk out of the glass after the age of five.

I remember always making fun of that. I shake off the memory. "As I can see, you never told anyone. If you did you would not sit here but in a psych ward."

"Why... or how are you here?" I ask. I don't even think about answering her question. I have my own and they are much more important now. "You can't be here. You are dead."

"No, obviously I am not." "But I killed you." It escapes me a bit too loudly.

"And you did a really bad job with that. You know being buried alive is not an experience you want to have. But I think I can forgive you for that." Forgive me?! I kill- no obviously I just almost killed her but she wants to forgive me? "How can you forgive me?! I killed my best friend and you just forgive me? This is insane!" I suddenly realize that I am about to lose control. "But I forgave you a thousand times over. Don't you remember?"

"This is insane! INSANE! INSANE! INSANE!" I jump from my chair which tumbles to the floor and with a cry I leap towards her.

The door opens and two nurses in white clothes pull me from her.

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