Hello reader. Before you begin to read my story, I would like to give you a hint on understanding the language. In italics, my Spanish heritage shows through, and the protagonist speaks fluent Spanish. On the other hand, the bold shows my Italian side, and the protagonist speaks fluent Italian. The reasoning behind the language jumping back and forth is to show how I am an American, but I am made up of many different ethnicities. They pile on top of one another until they take the form of the person I am. All English translations have become footnotes on the bottoms of the pages. Hopefully I cleared up any confusion!

A Life Worth Watching

“It is said that your life will flash before your eye as you die, so you’d better make it worth watching.” –Anonymous

Standing on a time line, straight and two dimensional. Boring like the blurry text of a ripped and tattered book of nothing. Visions of past, present, and future flash before wondering eyes, like scenes from a lifelong movie. Specific moments in time swooning in and out of unfocused vision, spots of blood splattered about like rain on a side walk. Confusion running through your mind, clouding your vision, scaring you into a witless oblivion.

*“¿Dónde estoy?* **Portami a casa ala mia realtá.”[[1]](#footnote-1)**

**“Sei in realtá.** *Se tu sapessi la veritá della morte[[2]](#footnote-2),”* says an earth shattering voice, replying to the plea, and shaking your body all the way to the core, the heart.

 *“¿Qué quieres decir?* **Dillo a me!”[[3]](#footnote-3)**

 **“Perché vi dico,** *quando posso semplicemente mostrare?”[[4]](#footnote-4)*

With those words, a dramatic scene envelopes the surroundings, demolishing the timeline, causing it to crumble and shatter, making the empty space its own, bumping and tossing your frail body like a papier-mâché doll. A simple vision of a hospital appears, and throws you deeper into the sea of confusion.

*A young baby girl, small as a peanut and soft as new velvet, was snuggled in a swaddle of blankets, next to her, a small, pink doll. The doll was nothing to be mentioned, with yellow yarn for hair, a pink dress with a bonnet and pink booties. Lace ran a border around her petite face, and baby girl scribble in a crazy script across a soft, yellow bib. Little flowers followed the edge of the lettering, creating a delicate pattern of beauty. This baby girl loved her doll, naming it sunshine when she could finally talk, reason being that, hidden inside this little doll, was a music box. As the girl grew, the doll stuck with her, her music scaring away the monsters under the bed, keeping her smiling when she was sad, and helping her trough the deaths of many family members, including with her Abuelito, who gave her the doll, her cousins, Kerri and Mathew Velez, her Uncle Frank, and her Great Aunt Rosie.*

 A frozen wind grabs hold of you, painfully peeling you from the memory, like a band aid refusing to separate from skin. Gasping for breath on the ground, the time line once again sits below you, little droplet of crimson rain randomly appearing.

 *“¿Qué ha pasado?* **Dove mi hai portato?”[[5]](#footnote-5)**

 **“Ho mostrato la vita di fronte alla morte***[[6]](#footnote-6)”*boomed the unmistakable voice that was heard before.

 *“Pero, qué…lo qué…***che cosa é questo che vorrebbe dire?”[[7]](#footnote-7)**

**“Presto bambino,** *pronto sabrás.”[[8]](#footnote-8)*

 The freezing cold wind is back, and your toes feel as if the might fall off, you teeth as if they will crackle and freeze into ice. Another memory swirls around you, and then traps you in its contents, like a caged animal.

 *The same girl, who seems to be about four years old, is sitting on her front porch with a man who is about 29, and a young boy of, maybe, six. They are staring up into the night sky, laughing and giggling. The older man has a guitar, and is strumming a soft tune for the children, hi s hair blowing in the light, dusting wind. By the looks of it, the older man is their father, and the two children are siblings. Then something else is there, a woman standing inside telling the children something.*

 *“Mommy, why won’t you come out and watch the bats with us?”*

 *“I’m afraid. Fear is something you should embrace, but not when it is a ridiculous one like mine.”*

 *The children shake their heads as if they have heard this sentence before.*

 *“Look daddy! More are coming! This is a huge group!” The young girl talked with a baby accent, her words troubled and not yet complete.*

 *“Bigger than normal, Kiddo, that’s for sure.”*

*The little girl cuddled her father’s arm, and listened to his guitar as her baby blue eyes followed the small black creatures decorating the night sky before the diamond stars. Her crazy, frizzy, bouncy curls, seeming like a jungle filled with vines, or an ocean with relentless wave, matched her father’s and she shook them violently when she heard the swoosh of a bat coming too close to her head. Then there is snow. Freezing snow that seems to swirl around the people in the vision, causing them to blur and then disappear into a blizzard. Their voices faded with the screeching wind, and one last, “I love you, Daddy”.*

 Breathless again and on all fours. The tiny spots of blood causing your mind to wander slightly, wondering why they are ever present. In those few seconds of thought, the cold begins to creep again, slowly, traveling up your legs like an illness that has just infiltrated your body. Imagine black tendrils of smoke twirling, grabbing hold, refusing to let go, pulling more and more of your body into yet another flash back, one some years later.

*The same young girl, now maybe six or seven is sitting on a bar stool in her kitchen. The woman form the previous memory is standing behind her, holding a scissor and a comb. The mother’s dark black hair cascaded down her back in a straight waterfall, and her melted chocolate was in place of her eyes. Her smile was warm and her face soft, comfortable looking.*

 *“You’re not going to cut it super short right Mommy?”*

 *“No peanut. Just a trim, to keep your hair healthy.”*

 *“Okay.”*

 *The little girl sat on the stool, calmly, and easily, knowing the order of things after doing it for so many years. Snip Snip Snip! The scissors sliced through the little girl’s hair as she hums quietly to herself. After a few ,minute on cutting, she begins to fidget, scratching her nose, sliding her butt from side to side on the chair, and occasionally pulling her hair from her mother’s grasp. She giggled as her mother place scolded and tapped her. As the girl continued to shift, her mother almost cut a chunk of hair she seemingly did not want to cut.*

 *“Corinna Ángel Truax!” Her mother exclaimed sharply.*

 *“Sorry Mommy.”*

 *“Sit still.” And she did, for about five minutes, but eventually the wiggling started again. She shifted from side to side, twitched excessively, and giggled when her mother would growl in frustration. Snip, Snip, Snip. Twitch, twitch, twitch. Snip, snip, snip. Itch, itch, itch. Giggles.*

 *“Almost done, sweetie. Two more minutes. Sit still.” The little girl giggled, but did as her mother said, and within two minutes, her hair cut was over. Her mom planted a quick kiss on her cheek, and , at that moment, the bond between them was so strong, ne might be able to see it if they looked hard enough. Right as the mother reached out to tickle her daughter, icicles sprouted form her finger tips, bringing that biting cold wind back, dragging you from the memory.*

 Lead. Heavy and tired, your body feels like lead. Eyelids starting to close, mouth parched lips dry and crackled, as if you have been lost without water and rest for ages.

 “I-i-i…” Faltered, nothing arrives, aside from a burning sensation in the back of your throat. Wishing, praying, wanting the flashbacks to stop, wanting all of this to be over. Your body seeming dead and lifeless, your brain short circuits, no more memories of you. No memory, no thoughts. You. Is this you?

*"No sé quién es usted, ¿verdad?"[[9]](#footnote-9)*

 **“Perché non mi ricordo?** *¿Qué me está pasando?* "[[10]](#footnote-10)

 **"Tu non capisci. Questo sei tu.”[[11]](#footnote-11)**

 More cold. Darkness, depression, horror, blood, and cold. Toes, calve, knees, thighs, hips, stomach, chest, arms, shoulders, neck, face. Blood. Cold. Memories. Life and sun, warmth and happiness. Memories.

 *“Come on Anna! Let’s go!” Screamed the girl, curtains of brown hair following in her wake as she bounded towards a pool already containing two boys, maybe two or three years older than she. Like a rabbit, she launched herself off the ground, clamping her eyes shut, she plummeted into the water, a defiant scream erupting from her mouth like lava. Splash! Water shot out of the pool, spraying the boys and Anna, the other young girl. Short dirty blond hair brushed her shoulders, and soft eyes the color of blue crystals came shortly after the brunet. Laughter. Warm sweet laughter shared between friends, or are they family? They splashed each other, had chicken wars, played tag, or marco polo. Eventually, they began to have “fights” over who got to sit on the large, New York Yankees float in the middle of the pool. The boys would throw the little girl of the float, and then the girls would latch themselves on to the boys feet, pulling them roughly back down to the surface of the cool blue water.*

*The scene changes to the same little girls sitting side by side in an ice hockey rink. They both had an arrangement of temporary tattoos sitting next to them, and their faces were buried in gaming devices. They seemed to be in the middle of a competition. The crowd cheered, and both girls dropped their gaming systems, cheered, and then resumed, without realizing that, half of the time, they were cheering for the wrong team. Blurring, the scene goes to fast forward, showing the girls in different hotels, during sleepovers, holding hand, swimming in pools, watching movies, playing games, and taking pictures. Faster and faster the scenes changed till they stopped on one in particular. Tear streaming down both of their faces, they clung tightly to each other, refusing to let go, whispering, “I love you, Sissy” over and over again. Everyone in the scene is crying; Brothers punching each other in a joking, but sad way, and the mothers showing the same scene as the daughters. The flood of tears swallows the scene, and ends it with one last, “You’re the best sister ever.”*

 Wet and cold is not an improvement, as you shiver on the time line, teeth chattering so hard, they sound like a set of maracas. Talking is not an option as of right now, so you try to crawl anywhere but where you currently are. The splotches of blood that were originally tiny have now grown, and are slightly obstructing your sight. Then, suddenly, your mind goes blank.

 *The room is quiet, and the girl is sleeping soundly in a large, king sized bed. Her face is ageless and peaceful in slumber, and one could imagine her dreaming about fluffy cloud, trickling, calm waters, singing bird, and stunning skies. The door to the room opens, and the boy, thought to be her brother, walks into the room quietly.*

 *“Hey Cori.” He whispers lightly to the sleeping girl. She cracks one eye open to see who is talking.*

 *“What are you doing back Home? I thought you had school….” Realization dawned on her, and little rivers began to flow from her eyes.*

 *“Happy birthday, furball.” Replied the boy, giving his baby sister a big, long needed hug. She wiped her eyes and got out of bed, ready for breakfast.*

 *Suddenly the scene fades, changing the warm, glowing house into a frigid ice arena. Five girls in blue and five girls in white arranged themselves in and around a circle placed directly in the center of the arena. The stands were packed, but one person stood out in general. The bother stood right by the glass, watching his sister’s hockey game with eager eyes, excited to finally see her play. The puck is dropped, and all ten girls spring into action, passing, shooting, skating, jumping the boards, and, in some cases, checking. The two brightest lights in the entire arena were the girl playing her heart out for her brother, and the ear to ear smile that was plastered on his face.*

 **“Per favore, stop, faccio fatica a respirare.** *Mi cuerpo se siente tan rígido y muerto como un cadáver congelado, mis pulmones como si estuvieran envueltos en cadenas,* **y mi garganta está tan seca y áspera como papel de lija”[[12]](#footnote-12)**

 *“Sólo uno más,* **dolce bambino.”[[13]](#footnote-13)**

*An ice hockey rink with twelve girls skating. Passing and shooting, talking and warning, skating and breathing heavy. The puck moved from girl to girl, and everyone moved as if they were attached by strings. Every slice of skate through ice, or bang of puck against stick and crossbar showed dedication and commitment to the team and the game. They have formed a line at the blue line, and the coach is dumping a puck into the corner. Two girls launched themselves into the drill, flames licking off the back if their feet as hey raged after the puck. The girls yelled as they performed the drill.*

*“Hey, hey I got puck.” Girl one yelled*

*“Ya ya cycle cycle!” Girl two replied. The first girl bounced the puck of the boards behind her, and then skated around the top f the circle, breaking to the net. The second girl picked up the puck, and passed it to the first girl, who smacked it into the net. Both girls skated back to the blue line while bumping their first in celebration of a well working drill. The team was all serious, as well as all smiles. Their coach, a funny man, smiled ear to ear while watching his team run like a well-oiled machine. The team is a family, full of love. They acted like sisters, defending each other, helping each other out through social and academic problems, and hanging out on and off the ice. A true family of twelve, rowdy girls, linked through a wonderful, frozen sport.*

As you separate from the last memory, the beating inside your chest is especially noticeable, more so than normal. Like a broken clock, the ticking slows. Bump bump.bump bump..bump bump…bump bump….. The ever present splotches of blood seem to be growing, covering your sight. As the silence approaches, you remember the words from nowhere.

“…*Se tu sapessi la veritá della morte*.[[14]](#footnote-14)”

Pain blooms in the back of your skull, and you take a short trip back to life. Heavy eyes slowly peel open. The blood is everywhere; Crimson red covers your hands, as well as the stairs in front of you. You lie on your back, vision blurry and pixelated. A sharp corner is behind you, and has sliced through your skull like a knife running through soft butter. Death comes peaceful and quiet, slowly cushioning you like a cloud, caring you off to the start of afterlife. Alpha

1. “Where am I? Bring me back to my home, my reality.” [↑](#footnote-ref-1)
2. “You are in reality. If only you understood the truth of death” [↑](#footnote-ref-2)
3. “What do you mean? Tell me!” [↑](#footnote-ref-3)
4. Why tell you when I can simply show you?” [↑](#footnote-ref-4)
5. “What happened? Where did you bring me?” [↑](#footnote-ref-5)
6. “I have shown you life in the face of death.” [↑](#footnote-ref-6)
7. “But what.. what..What is that supposed to mean?” [↑](#footnote-ref-7)
8. “Soon child, soon you will know.” [↑](#footnote-ref-8)
9. “You don’t know who you are, do you?” [↑](#footnote-ref-9)
10. “Why can’t I remember? What’s happening to me?” [↑](#footnote-ref-10)
11. “You don’t understand. This is you.” [↑](#footnote-ref-11)
12. “Please, stop, I can hardly breathe. My body feels as stiff and dead as a frozen corpse, my lungs as if they are wrapped in chains, and my throat is as dry and rough as sand paper.” [↑](#footnote-ref-12)
13. “Only one more, sweet child.” [↑](#footnote-ref-13)
14. If only you understood the truth of death. [↑](#footnote-ref-14)