

2018 YOUNG PEOPLE'S Creative Writing Contest

FOR AGES 10-18

“Memories” by Brooklyn Malone
2nd Place, Short Play 16-18

Poems ● Essays ● Comix
Short Plays ● Short Stories

CASH PRIZES!

Entries Accepted Feb. 1-March 3

Enter online at

<http://teens.tulsalibrary.org/ypcwc> or pick up an entry
brochure at any library location.

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Feb 1st

Memories

(scene: lewis is sitting on a 2 person couch across therapist richie)

Lewis: Hi I'm Lewis I'm 19, i have a younger sister named Phoebe, And I'm from Oregon

Therapist richie : Well you know why you're here

Lewis: Not really

Therapist richie: So Lewis tell me about your sister

Well she's i think 7 the last time she said. Well kind of recently she got into a car wreck causing her to lose her memory, until she was 7

Therapist richie: So you guys let her be a 7 years old

Lewis: Well we can force back to 17 that's even worse... the doctors said we couldn't do anything to regain her memory so we just live with 7 year old Phoebe

Therapist richie: So lewis take it to the beginning to end please

(sits back with clipboard)

Lewis: It was July 24th 2017. Phoebe mom and I were taking late night drive to sonic, we got the late night munchies. Our mom let me drive because she was too tired to drive. We all jumped in the car to start the journey to sonic. We arrived got our food, and back home we were. I didn't realize i was getting really tired; i just kept driving. Little did i now i ran a red light. My mother was seating in the back with the food Phoebe was seating on the passenger side, and that's where the car hit. Our car flipped over 3 times from a pick up truck. My mom and I were completely fine somehow, but phoebe was bleeding from her head a lot. The driver got out and called 911, thank god he didn't leave us because then phoebe would be...

(gulps)

dead. The ambulance took the three of us. They urgently took care of phoebe as mom, and i watched praying she would be okay. She turned out be completely fine in every way possible except she lost 9 years of her memory.

The doctors said we would just need to help her remember. How do you make someone remember 9 years of their life. To be caught up with everything.

Therapist richie: Lewis your i heard you wrote in your journal everyday what was in there

Lewis: Just my life with phoebe

Therapist richie: Could you read those

Lewis: Yea

August 7 2017

It's our first day back from the hospital. With phoebe. I feel like i can't even call her phoebe.

Because she obviously looks different, But she still is my 8 year old sister or my 17 year old sister. I don't know anymore. I just have to take care of her. Mom always has work, so I have to babysit phoebe. I woke her up as she was curled up into a ball cuddle with her new teddy bear 'lenny' uncle jensen got her. She loves that thing so much she carries it everywhere in the house. She believes it's alive, so when I make her food I have to make extra for lenny. Such a weird name because that was her boyfriends name... I don't know where he is he probably doesn't want to deal with 8 year old phoebe.

I made her and lenny breakfast. She devours the sandwich because i told her when she's done she can go play? Is that what 8 year olds do. She runs to living room and I don't know how she got these toys, but she is having fun. She's not bothering me so i'm good. She played until lunch. Made her more food. Then nap time for the both of us. This is a little too easy. Weird. 3 hour nap. She is still a 17 year old in some ways. After our nap she watches tv. The children shows. Never did I think i'll have to see those again. She so invested into the show answering back. At least she's learning. She does that until dinner. Its weird. Im taking care of her, but im not. The day went by fast. It

went dinner, tv, bedtime. It went like this for a week. I remember doing this when she was actually 8 years old.

August 8th 2017

Today went a little different today. Not the usual routine. While phoebe was playing she asked me to play with her? I haven't done this in awhile she made me dress up in a pink princess dress. I didn't say no maybe it would help? But I remember doing this when she was actually 8 years old. She played the knight and shining armour as I was the damsel in distress. She saved me from the fire breathing dragon. But then she killed me because she was a strong independent knight she don't need no princess. That's the only eventful thing that happened today. The end.

August 10th 2017

I decided to take phoebe out for pizza today. She's been talking about since she got out of the hospital. Maybe it can help. We drive. We arrive. We get some weird looks. I get really nervous as we seat down at a table. We order one large pepperoni pizza.

"Big guy"

I heard, but ignore. I don't understand are the looks necessary do I need to yell the story or mind your own business? We left with a few left overs. I let phoebe take the box because she insisted as she held lenny. Multi tasking.

That was the end of august 10th

Therapist richie: How many journal entries did you do

Only 4 or 5? before today

Therapist richie: Ok lewis continue

Lewis: Alright

(takes a deep breath to continue)

August 13th 2017

Today phoebe remembered something. Her 5th grade speech. I know right, weird. Just out of nowhere, she started Reciting it. It was perfect too. Same expression pronunciation and volume. The way I knew this because I helped her write it when she was actually 8. She was scared out of her mind when she told me her teacher chose her for it. But me and mom were so proud. Hopefully she can remember more.

August 14th 2017

I tried to find the old old old pizza left overs from when me and phoebe went out. I couldn't find it. She probably ate the rest of it. #disappointed.

August 17th 2017

Phoebe first day of school. It was going to be weird for her. I huge so called '8 year old' going to elementary school.

I dropped her off and walked to class with her. Right when I stepped in the front door the principle ask me all these questions. I was highly confused. She kicked me out saying

"You can't walk into random elementary schools, creep"

Causing a complete scene. I wasn't allowed back. I had to tell mom to go get her.

Weird. I expected Phoebe to come back with a smile from ear to ear. Her and dad have the same smile. I noticed.

August 20th

Can't take anymore where is she I don't know where she is. did not mom pick up from school? What do I do. I called mom she said not to worry about it. I've heard those words before he sounds so familiar, but I can't remember. Why she tell me not to worry about it her daughter is gone. My sister. Do I even need a call her that anymore. I'm just so confused lately on what to do. Mother doesn't pay attention to her because she hasn't been here for a while, So weird I haven't seen mom in a while. Feel like the last time we saw her was at the hospital with Phoebe in front of us hanging on to life by a thread. I was running down the street screaming Phoebe! Phoebe! Phoebe!

All the neighbors are walking out just give me the sad looks. I screamed for someone to call 911, but just continue to stare. I saw old man Jenkins, I was close with him and he just told me to go back home to rest. He actually walked me home because he said I

shouldn't be alone at a time like this. Why is everyone treating me this way. Always giving me sad weird looks. Do I have something on my face is my hair too weird. I'm just a worried brother looking for his sister?

(he says slowly with confusion realizing he did call her sister)

...and wondering where his mom is. Those words mom said to me. I was the last thing she said to me. Before we get her food from sonic...

(takes time to process these words for its his first time reading these since he wrote)

I am at my house he sat me down on the couch and just left. But before he went out the door he told me

"lewis I know it's hard losing two people in a day I lost my Wife and mother both due to cancer. Please if you ever need anything feel free to talk to me, I really hope I can help."

(knitted brows while reading that part)

I just started screaming get out! get out! get out! I was so confused on what he meant she wasn't lost, I did lose her at the moment I don't know where she was, but did he mean dead, gone from my reality. it's weird that he told me this. His words

"I really hope I can help."

(shaking head)

I Started going crazy and start calling everyone on my phone. Same reaction from every single one.

Which went lose are you okay?

can I help you please? know that I'm always here.

do you want me to come over? please, you should not be alone during this time.

It's just made me more confused. I just start crying and screaming. Someone called the police of a noise complaint. The police officers know me. Long story, but they do. They knocked on the door.

I opened it looking like a wreck.

They are being sweet to me trying to take care of me. Especially this 40-year-old woman she remind me of my mom a lot. They asked if i had anyone to be with? I said yes I do my mother and my sister Phoebe.

"Do you know where Phoebe is. She's been gone for a little too long I'm really worried mom said don't worry about it."

(hands are sweating eyes are blinking fastly)

They looked at each other with just blankness. They called a few other people from my family, But no one answered . They told me they're taking me to this please told me not to worry about it. They they they.

August 20th 2017

I literally think they put me in an insane asylum. I'm not crazy.

No one believes me because everyone says it here, but there clearly crazy you can see it. there's no guessing when you're talking to them and quickly finding out that they're insane. I look normal I am normal I don't get it why I am here. Where is Phoebe.

Where's mom.

Therapist richie: Lewis I need to tell you something. Your mom and Phoebe never came back out of the car. You're simply reliving all the good memories of you and Phoebe. You're schizophrenic. You are crazy.