

Why?

By Ian Solomon

Chapter One

I woke up and I couldn't remember a thing. I couldn't remember where I was or how I got there. I couldn't remember anyone or anything. I couldn't even remember my name.

I studied the room around me, hoping to see if anything jogged a memory. The room was especially plain. White walls, white floor, even the bed I was lying in was white. There were no traces of paintings or pictures hanging on the wall. While I was in the process of examining the room, the door squeaked open and a young boy came in.

He walks into the room with a small skip in his step and sits on the edge of the bed. "Good morning, Hunter!" he chips. Hunter? My name is Hunter? I guess so. "How are you?" the boy continues in his cheery tone.

"Good... I guess," I'm about as good as you get when you can't remember your own name. "Where am I?"

"You're home, silly," the boy teases. "Oh... So this is home? It seems a bit plain," I say.

He chuckles, "Stop joking around. You know that it's always been like this."

I shake my head. I didn't know. I don't know anything about this place. "I can't remember. I can't remember anything at all." The boy seems to realize that I'm not joking but a hopeful glint remained in his eye, "Do you at least remember me?" I then study his face, looking for any signs of familiarity but I couldn't. I shake my head, "Sorry." All the hope drains from his eyes and is replaced with sadness.

Just then, the door squeaks open again to reveal a girl that looks around the same age as the young boy.

“Mom and dad said not to bother him, Felix. You know you’re going to get in trouble,” the girl says. I look at the girl and boy quizzically. The young girl seems to notice my expression and tries to explain, “My name is Sapphire and this is Felix.” She motions over to the boy at the edge of my bed. I nod slowly as I process the information. “You got a concussion when you were playing football,” Sapphire sighs.

“You should’ve just let Tyler catch the ball,” Felix mutters.

I had no idea who Tyler was, so I just assumed that he was one of my teammates. Sapphire sighs again, “Felix, we need to go before we get in trouble.” Felix gets up with a grunt of protest.

“But he doesn’t remember me and I was trying to see if I could get him to,” he whines. Sapphire lets out what seems to be the 100th sigh of the day and grabs Felix’s arm, “Maybe he’ll remember you if you stop bugging him. Let’s go.” Sapphire drags Felix out of the room and closes the door behind her. Well... I guess I’m alone. Again. I guess now would be a good time to get some rest and see if I could remember anything when I woke up.

I wake up to the sound of hushed voices coming from the other side of the room. “Sapphire said that he couldn’t remember anything so it must’ve worked,” the first voice whispered. “But what if it doesn’t stay that way?” the other quiet voice argues.

I slowly open one of my eyes to see who the voices were coming from. I see a man and a woman, both standing at the edge of my bed. I quickly examine them to see if I could recognize them before they noticed I was awake.

All of a sudden, the woman turns towards me and smiles, “You’re finally awake. We were getting worried.” I look at her questioningly.

“Hello, Hunter! We’re your foster parents. This is Elaine,” he gestures towards the woman, “And I’m Adrien,” the man says.

Wait. Hold up. Foster parents? I’m a foster child? I look at Adrian and Elaine quizzically, “What happened to my real parents?” I hold back all the other questions I have, like ‘How did I get here?’ or ‘What were you talking about when I was asleep.’ or ‘How come I can’t remember anything?’

Elaine lets out a sigh. What was it with people sighing today? “I think it’s best that we tell you that when you’re fully recovered,” she says. Why did she seem so secretive? Was what happened to my parents really that bad? Apparently, my condition was pretty bad, so maybe I’ll save the questions for when I am ‘fully recovered’. And maybe I’ll have my memories back by then.