

Forgotten Memories

by A.K. Rooker

Some people survive chaos and that is how they grow. And some people thrive in chaos, because chaos is all they know.

A sudden knocking at the door woke Katherine Pierce from her sleep.

“One moment!” she said as she begrudgingly got out of the warmth of the bed. Upon opening the door there was a man standing on the other side of the door. Tall about 6’2, chocolate brown hair, and blue eyes. Dressed in dark jeans and a blue button up shirt.

“Um... can I help you?” came out a bit snippier than Katherine intended. The man seemed to ignore that though.

“Hello, I’m detective Hart. Is Mrs. Young here?”

“May I ask why you’re asking about my mother?”

“I’m here to ask her about her husband.” Said detective Hart.

“My father died two years ago in a car crash what could you possibly need to ask about?” said Katherine, tensing at the thought of her deceased father.

“Well...”

“Katherine, let the young man in and go get some breakfast.” Mrs. Young said.

“But mother...”

“Katherine do not but me do as I say pleases.” Mrs. young sighed.

“Yes Mother.” Katherine let detective Hart in and left to go get breakfast.

Detective Hart looked around the hotel room, it was simple, blue striped quilts covered the beds. The carpet looked new, as he was observing the room Mrs. young was observing him.

“Detective Hart, would you like to sit on the patio, and we can talk?”

“Yes, Mrs. Young, that would be great.”

“Oh, please call me Elenore.”

“Mrs. Young... I mean Elenore do you know why I am here?”

“Well, I’m guessing you are here to discuss my late husband, right?” said Elenore Young raising her eyebrow at Detective Hart.

“Yes, that would be correct. See we found something in his hand after the car accident, I thought you would like it back.” Said Detective Hart as he produced a gold circle locket with two hummingbirds engraved on the front.

“Oh, my heavens, my locket!” Said Elenore “I forgot he had asked to take it with him that fateful morning, he said he had a surprise for it.”

Elenore ran her frail fingers over the hummingbirds engrave on the front.

“Oh, the cleverness of him. He gave me this locket on our first anniversary I’ve had it for 30 plus years. My husband knew I adore hummingbirds we use to sit out on our front porch and watch them in the morning while drinking our morning coffee.

Upon opening the locket, she paused. With watery eyes she looked at the locket with such adoration as the tears started to fall.

“Elenore are you okay?” asked Detective Hart

“Oh yes just all the memories coming back to me all at once.” Said Elenore “We use to tell each other always and forever that was just our little saying.”

Rooker, Forgotten,

As she turned the locket around you could see a picture of a young couple and an engraving that says *Always and Forever*.

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