This is me taking a picture in words. Pictures themselves ruin the beauty of a lot of moments. Pictures take a memory that would otherwise be unforgettable and turn it into a single photo displaying usually fake emotion that includes very little true detail of the actual happenings in the moment. And the worst part is we rely on pictures to capture our moments so our brains don’t have to remember... and we therefore allow ourselves to forget. All we know are the details given in the pictures we take, which are incredibly limited. It is true that a picture can say a thousand words, but a strong memory can say so much more. You could tell a whole story based on a memory.

This is my philosophy at least, but then again, I am different.

Pocahontas was my favorite Disney movie growing up.

I have lived in a bubble my entire life.

It was a strange time when I grew up. The time was dictated by the Government and our society and economy was completely under their control... not that it really mattered much to me. I was a kid so wrapped up in my own thoughts that I hardly had time to think about the minds of others. Don’t get me wrong; I had friends, just not the kind that went on play dates or had pool parties with goodie bags.

Why does this matter to me? I cannot easily tell you. I’m still trying to figure it out.

I have what my psychiatrist calls an exceptional memory. He says it’s a special type of exceptional memory called flashbulb memory, but it’s acutally hyperthymesia. He doesn’t know that though. I realized that I had hyperthymesia when I was in sixth grade. I never told anyone, I never felt the need. It was never a burden for me. Having exceptional memory was like a gift. I wasn’t particularly good in school or anything, but I was constantly observing the things around me and the things that had come to pass. I could

The government has gone sour. That is what my dad used to say. The government wasn’t the worst part though. The invaders were worse. In the name of justice and protection they quarantined us, separated men from women.

That’s when it dawned on me. These guards believed that we were prisoners. They thought that we weren’t just innocent civilians.

I hate it... I can remember what happened, but only slightly.

It was a long time ago.

That is the last time I saw her.

I noticed. Nobody else noticed him in the corner. People stayed away from him. But I noticed him... I gave him this look like I wanted him to not kill himself... But then he gave me an incredibly... “I, even here, have the right to my own life.” Maybe he was guilty of some heinous crime against the invaders. I do not know. But in my mind he was innocent. In the middle of the night I crawled over to him... and I held his hand as he bled out.

My parents bought me a camera when I was sixteen years old.