

Memento Stained with Crimson

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Memories

I don't think any of us could explain why it's the little moments in our life that we tend to remember. Sometimes when you reminisce, you start to notice hidden patterns connected to the events of your past. Can we even be certain that these patterns mean anything?

Trains

When I was young, I was fascinated by trains. I'm not sure why I chose trains as my main source of fascination, but I always found them so interesting. Regardless of the time of day, no matter where I went, I held a small toy train in my hand. It's cold metal always pressed up against my hand, reminding me I hadn't dropped it.

I loved building large scale train tracks in the basement, often impressing myself with how large they could get. Often, I accidentally destroy parts of the track when I was testing them out, but constantly rebuilding and redesigning these tracks was never troublesome for me.

Our memory can be funny with what we involuntarily decide to keep, and what we decide to leave behind. One moment, I remember my steep track that I had just made falling to the floor, and the next moment, I was holding my foot in pain. I lacerated my toe by stepping on my toy train, the wound was nothing like the scrapes and bruises I experienced before I called for my mom as I watched the crimson pool perfectly into an oval.

Squirrels

We pass by squirrels often in our life, regardless of whether we notice them or not. There are several throughout the UST campus, and there are probably some living in your backyard. Honestly, squirrels fascinate me. There is almost always one in my backyard, so I've spent a lot of time learning about their behaviors.

One spring afternoon while walking through the UST campus, I saw a one eyed squirrel. It was unflinching, looking into the distance like it was deep in thought. I stared at it, jokingly assuming that the squirrel was philosophizing. I wasn't sure if it knew I was even there, so I decided to get closer. It was a northern grey squirrel, campus is practically full of them. I'd never seen one so close up, it was like there was a one way mirror between us. Quietly, I greeted the squirrel, whispering a quiet "Hi" almost like I was expecting it to not dash away immediately.

Dreams

To most people, attempting to explain dreams is a fruitless, and uninteresting task. Dreams are like a potluck of our memories, new and old, Conscious and unconscious. I've always enjoyed listening to others explain their dreams, they exist as incredibly weird stories that are both completely made up, and true at the same time.

One particular dream during my freshman year will always stand out to me. I was in my bed, taking a nap in the sun. Strangely, I heard singing in the distance, it was a song that I didn't recognize, and still don't to this day.

From the bottom of my bed, I see a figure slowly creep its way upward to my top bunk. Before I could comprehend what was happening, there was a demon above me, clawing away at

my stomach. It had long black hair and pale long fingers. It was colored monochrome, like it wasn't meant to exist in our world.

The pain was excruciating, and even after I woke up, the pain in my stomach still lingered. In my sleepy daze, I thought I was bleeding out from my wounds. Lifting my shirt revealed pale red scratch marks all throughout my stomach. The only thing I could think of at that moment was: "Damn, this would make a really cool horror story."

Noises

Because I commute to school every single day, I always end up spending hours studying or watching youtube in the O'Shaughnessy-Frey Library. I try to find quiet areas, because listening to strangers loudly converse while trying to get work done could make anyone go insane.

I mainly spend my time on the third floor, it has several secluded corners and large unused rooms. I've always found exploring the building to be interesting. The main downside to these quiet areas is that people tend to pass through these areas, or check if there is anyone already sitting there.

One day In my junior year, I was taking a Japanese exam in the large empty room next to the elevators, one near the entrance of the room, and another behind a wall. I was stressed out, so every little passing noise added to my building frustration. I was considering moving, hearing the loud conversations that came from the elevators were getting on my nerves.

In the distance, I heard footsteps heading in my direction. I assumed that they were heading to the elevator hidden behind the wall, and I assumed correctly. They went to the

elevator that was hidden from my view. I expected to once again hear the loud crashing noises of the opening of the elevator, but there was nothing.

All I could hear was a light shuffling of a backpack. This shuffling was followed by the loud opening of a chip bag, and the crunching of chips. Normally I would've left to get away from the distraction, but not today. I was pissed and needed to keep working. This went on for 5 minutes. After this time, I could hear the sounds of them placing the bag of chips back in their backpack, followed by the sounds of their footsteps. They never even took the elevator.

Mementos

I'm a sentimental person, I tend to keep stuff that shouldn't. My parents call me a "hoarder in the making", but we both know it's only a joke. Every object has a memory tied to it, and looking at my shelves full of mementos lets me look back at life and remember the memories I chose to keep. I still have the toy train I used to carry everywhere, the one that I stepped on when I was young. The paint has washed away from how much I held it, like its covered in several gray stains.