

The End

by Adam Sifre

"Tell me what you remember."

"Remember? About what?"

"Let's start with why you are here." "You brought me here."

"Yes. But do you know why we brought you here."

The old man closes his eyes and frowns. He is well past the age where one aches in more places than not. The weathered lines on his face are many. They have largely replaced his memories, like a field of weeds that strangles and replaces more desirable fauna.

It is already late morning as near as he can tell and he has not eaten breakfast. He's hungry and this makes it difficult to concentrate. Everything feels thin, shallow. Part of him knows he has living on borrowed time. He has outlived the children he never had, the wife he never married and the world he once felt a part of, before it moved on.

He does not hate the woman questioning him, although he does envy her. She is young. Strong. And she has a purpose. But she is pretty. She reminds him of someone, though he can't say who - someone he once knew well and has now forgotten. He tries to remember, almost has it, when the pretty lady interrupts his chain of thought.

"Please answer the question."

"Sorry?"

"Do you know why we brought you here?"

He looks up at her for a moment then closes his eyes again.

"Because I frighten you."

