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Forget It

Imagine being in a world where you can clearly look at your past but never are able to change it, just imagine how terrible that would be. Being able to look at all your mistakes, knowing you can't erase them. "She's beautiful!" "Adorable!" "Never seen a more precious baby!" Her name, Evelyn Weber.

Fast forward to the age of 5, "Evelyn, sweetie where are my keys." "In the cupboard under the sink, they are inside the garbage bag box, you put them in there when you were changing the bag out." Evelyn replies. Her mother searches, her mother finds, a set of keys in that exact place "How did you know that." her mother asks her dumbfounded. "i remember. Lots of things." "Really? Like what?" "I remember things I hear, I remember what the people on the television say, I remember a book's stories, everything really." Evelyn answers.

After hearing this Evelyn's mother comes up with a test to see her memory in action. "Mommy can you come tell me a bed time story?" "Sure. Once upon a time there was a small duck who..." her mother tells her a long story and as she tells it to her daughter, she is writing down every word that she is saying. The next night Evelyn is upstairs getting in bed and her mother is ready for tonight's story. Once Evelyn is tucked in her mother begins to tell a different story and writes it down "Once upon a time in a forest..." this continued for two weeks, 14 stories all one day apart.

Evelyn is setting up a board game to play with her family, "READY!" she yells very excited to start the game. Evelyn's mother grabs the papers where she wrote the stories down and rushes to the living room. The second the game was over, test one begins. "Great game you picked out Evelyn, hey do you remember the first story I told you I want to write a book about it" "okay," she replies. Her mother goes and retrieves her computer and asks Evelyn to start. "Once upon a time there was a small duck who..." she tells the story the same way her mother had told it to her. Her mother turns her head and stares at her confused father and says, "perfect recall, clarity, with all exactness. " Perfect, thanks sweetie, now head upstairs and get ready for bed I'll be right there."

As Evelyn starts her way up her mother explains to her husband what had happened. "I cannot believe it Clayton, she remembers absolutely everything without stammering or changing up the words, she knows it all by heart, I told her that story only one time and look, she just blabbered it out like if I've been telling her that same story every day."

The next day her parents take her to the doctor to see why she can clearly remember everything. Hyperthymesia. Noun. A rare condition that leads people to be able to remember an abnormally large number of their life experiences in vivid detail.

Evelyn Weber. 14. She is in middle school. She isn't popular. She isn't cool. She is just her. "The duck was a happy one. He would glide up the river like..." "hey Evelyn oh I have an idea for a story I might write tell me what you think: *Life of a Loser: Starring Evelyn Weber.*" "Stop Monica go to your class and leave me alone." Evelyn replies "If you say so." she waltzes off to her next class and Evelyn to hers. Next period, same story. Monica goes and goes to Evelyn's locker every period to verbally torture her and make her feel worthless. "For my introduction I need more information on you, like why did you become so stupid and where do you shop for your clothes so I can tell the store manager they should go out of business." Monica made Evelyn suffer every day, every period of the day. This went on for a year.

Evelyn Weber. 18. She tried and tried to forget her middle school years but the hyperthymesia wouldn't let her, she played the thoughts over and over in her head, each time making her feel worse about herself. "Dumb, worthless, revolting, UGH IM DONE! MOM I CAN'T STOP THINKING ABOUT IT! MONICA AND HER LITTLE WORDS! I HATE HER AND I HATE HYPERTHYMESIA IF I COULD FORGET THIS I WOULDN'T BE THIS SAD! MOM WHY DOES SHE HAVE TO EXIST, WHY DOES HYPERTHYMESIA EXIST I CAN,T TAKE IT ANY LONGER!" her mom comes running up the stairs "HONEY ARE YOU OKAY WHATS GOING ON! WHAT HAPPENED! EVELYN ANSWER ME!" "MONICA, SHE HARASSED ME ALL THROUGH MIDDLE SCHOOL AND NOW, now." Evelyn starts weeping on her bed, her mom right beside "Talk to me Evelyn I want to help you." her mom confronted Evelyn until she was ready to talk about what was troubling her "During my middle school years Monica would come to my locker every period to tell me I was worthless, dumb, lame, and I kept it all to myself thinking that if I snitched it would make my life worse. But I know now I should've told you about it because now every single insult she ever gave me is engraved in my brain and it comes up to torture me all over again like if middle school was still going on. I'm sick of it hyperthymesia and Monica ruined my life." Evelyn sobbed. "Evelyn, no, pay attention to me. Do you think you are worthless, dumb, lame." "I don't but I can't get her words out of my head, they are stuck there for eternity!" "Look at all the good things you have in your life, a good family, a great imagination and best of all you are always kind to others even if they are mean to you and that is your greatest gift."