

# MEMORY

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There was motion. It was drawn out and shaky, almost like a bad scene from an action-movie where it's apparent to everyone in the theatre watching that what you are witnessing is not only fake but also badly staged. But the former did not apply in this case. It was loud, just like the songs they use in those films, lacking any sense of depth or harmony but pounding with intensity that outstays its limited welcome. I did not welcome the noise. However, I did not have to. I don't think I ever actually heard it. I felt only a short burst of heat as I was trying to get it all through my head. Now I can't really see what I was trying to do, if anything at all actually. Still, the last image is burned into my head: an overexposed shot of eyelids closing against a backdrop of crumbling plaster, covered up only by dusty looking glass from which a polymer sign signals towards the exit.

It was the day of my graduation. Three years of film school had finally paid off, and I was waiting to get picked up at my apartment. She was late but I did not mind. It was going to be a good day. After about an hour I started to get impatient, repeatedly looking outside the window to see if she was arriving and then checking my phone over and over again. "She could've just called, or at least sent me a text". After another thirty minutes or so, I decided to meet her at the event, so I sent a short message, got my things and headed out on my bike. There was a slight breeze going as I approached the first major junction that was about a kilometer off from where I lived. What started as a refreshing gust of wind suddenly crept under my jacket and into my gut as I saw the blue lights flashing in every direction, reflecting from every window, street sign and the yellow tape surrounding the area. The license plate of the Volvo didn't even have a scratch on it. Every bold black letter and number was still neatly arranged as I emptied my stomach down a nearby drain. I did not attend my graduation that day. After dry-heaving for a while I got on my bike and just went off. I didn't care where. I arrived back at my apartment later that night. I spent the next few days ignoring phone calls and door bells, and staring at photographs, numb to all stimuli. On day four I saw the last motion in the looking glass.

At first it was difficult to understand anything. My eardrums had been ruptured and the added nausea didn't help when trying to

focus on the few words I could make out. Luckily, the effects subsided quickly, with the exception of a lingering tinnitus that sounds like the heartbeat-monitor of a flatlining patient. It's almost as if it's playing me a note from a particularly painful piece I once performed, always reminding me of the key in which my lowest moment was played. Mostly though, I am glad to hear and feel anything at all. I received an intricate description of the surgery I underwent, although I would have loved to actually be able to see footage of it. This, however, is a task for my mind now. As is keeping the images in my head vivid and alive - every memory, every moment, every expression I can still visualize that does not escape me. As a filmmaker, I had always wanted to capture moments in time, moments that could not be erased, moments that stuck with anyone who witnessed them. I have to frame the images I have left in some way that will not let me forget, to ground them in reality, a sort of manifestation. So I asked the doctors if they could talk to the police for me. Now that I can feel it with my own hands, I don't think I will ever be able to forget her face, nor the day I saw it for the last time, whether I wanted to or not. A memory preserved in bold black letters and numbers.