

An ominous figure slowly opens the door and shakily treads into the room, carefully dodging messy debris and fallen books that surround me. The figure shakily calls out a name I don't recognize, and seems out of breath. The figure flips on the lightswitch, a small buzz being audible for a few seconds before the lights power on. I feel my body slowly calm down when I feel the soft warmth of my sister's hand on my shoulder. Her smile is soft and delicate, her watery eyes relaxing as she takes me into an embrace.

My sister shakily helps me up, looking around the room, assessing the damage. She stumbles towards the fallen bookshelf, heaving it upright. She picks up the ripped pages and other garbage off the ground to throw in the trashbin. She takes the framed family photo with the parents scribbled out off the wall, and with a slight glare, she tosses it in the trash as well. Recognizing my uselessness right now, I try to gather the shards of broken glass to throw in the bin. Small streaks of red appear on my fingers, and I make a small noise in pain. My sister quickly turns around, and approaches me. I try to hide my hands behind my back and give a smile. My sister gives me a worried look, and picks up the shards with a napkin.

My sister calls her friends over to help clean up the mess and walks into our backyard near the pool which seems to still be functioning. She sits at the edge of the pool and gestures to me to come over. I sit down with her and, with her being a young adult and six years older than me, it makes it easy to lean on her shoulder. She washes off the red marks on my hand with the pool water, it stings but I try to hollowly smile through the pain.

I get startled by the sudden knocking at our door, and some girls enter the house. She suggests that while she and her friends clean up that if I wanted to I could swim in the pool. I don't remember if I can. I nod and give a false smile, and she gets up back inside.

I try to slide into the pool, my face contorting into fear as I retract my body back out before I could get fully submerged. I look into the pool, seeing a reflection in the water that I didn't recognize. I look back into the house, and all I hear is my sister and her friends gathering fallen things, they chat about something I drew before when I was younger that I didn't remember drawing, using a name for me that I didn't recognize. My sister notices me looking and gives me a small smile with a thumbs up.

I sink deeper into the pool, [\[put something here to make the hidden theme slightly less vague\]](#). I hit the bottom of the pool, and look around at the murky water. The pool is uniformly around eight feet deep, with grey walls and a slightly polluted water that hurts my eyes. I try to breathe, inhaling water. I try to push up off the floor, only to sink back down. I try to climb the walls of the pool, but it is too slippery. I look around, vision blurring; I can only see a shadowy figure of someone who I don't recognize, but has the same face of the person in the water

reflection. Their body is covered in cracks, trying to reach me, screaming underwater. I drift to sleep.

Blurry memories crawl in. The shadowy reflection from the water waving bye to my sister, my sister saying a name I don't recognize. A cracking noise as two scribbled out tall figures loom over the shadowy reflection from the water. Screaming about me with a name I don't recognize. Screaming about things I was told I did but don't remember anything. Screaming from a siren. Screaming from the depths that have been drowned out, only replaced by the shadow looking directly towards me. My shadow. I feel a tug on my arm, and I get dragged out of darkness.

The blur fades away. The cold fading away with the warmth of my sister, hugging me tightly with startled breaths. She wipes off the water on my skin with a towel, and gives a relieved sigh. Tears flowed out of her eyes.

She says my name. I recognize it.