

Broken sunlight beamed through the dusty panes, erased the drowsiness of the night before and brought on the morning. She opened her eyes, lifting one eyelash at a time, to reveal the cracked ceiling that smiled with familiarity. Stay , they sang to her in the tune of a comfortable feeling. Flakes of plaster fell around her with each car that raced uncomfortably close to the window. She looked over to the dripping water stains. *Leave*, they spat at her, but she didn't have the heart.

She got up and began to wander. Picture frames broke under her feet, distorting the memories. She picked up a photo and clutched it to her chest. Flashes of a lady, a mother with a warming smile and love painted across her face hugged at the remaining pieces of her heart. *You are wanted here* , the picture softly whispered, slowly depleting any urges to leave that remained within the girl. The room grew brighter as the girl's feeble fingers wrapped tighter around the memory. Happiness and a feeling of bliss grew inside of her as if any trace of dread magically disappeared. The once dilapidated state appeared as if it were new. The walls were no longer peeling, and the water stains repaired, sealed silent. The picture frames hung neatly in rows along the walls, each beautiful and hummed sweet words of love that filled the air around her.

The girl followed the rows of pictures, each capturing a fond memory she strangely knew so well. She felt as if she were walking on air following all up to the final picture. It was larger than all the others and stood alone. It was the photo the girl had once clutched so tight. Her heart glowed at the sight. She took a step toward it. *You need to let go*, a single loose floorboard croaked at her. *No, you are loved here*, the cracks in the ceiling smiled once more but they were no longer singing, and their smile was no longer familiar.

In a moment, everything grew cold. The Lady was no longer a warming memory to the girl. In fact, she no longer knew her at all. Reality shattered across the room as the girl frantically ran to each photo for that feeling of happiness and bliss she longed for. But everything had grown dull and back to where it was when she began. Each picture buried in the remains of a picture frame. The glass crunched under her feet as the girl saw each memory fade into raw truth of what she had always known.