**AUTUMN**

A season , a memory, a walk, a letter, a smell. Feelings that I cannot connect, relate to make sense. Single words. It seems ironic to recall passages without any sense, but even more that I can be excited with only closing my eyes and think about it. I think and I try to remember but it’s like a block, a wall that prevents me from seeing what lies beyond.

I need something to hold me not to fall into total oblivion. But all I have is what I see every time I open my eyes, the present. Bedridden, immobile body , mind lost. Every day waking alone with no one beside me and wondering : Who I really am?

… I was afraid not remember and even more, I was afraid to die without knowing who I was.

My anxiety let me to ask for help. Michael, my only companion, a nurse who I noticed from his expression that he felt sorry for me, after many days of pleas he accepted to help me. Every day he read me some letters and he show me some photos that I never knew where they came from. Nothing ended up helping me. My mind was clouded.

One day, he brought me a daily and he began to read it aloud. I should be twenty or twenty-two years old. I seemed happy, observant, intelligent and that gave me hope to find myself. I listened to my words while Michael recited them and they excited me. In the last pages of the daily there was a name `` She’’. Who was ``She’’? I knew how she was , because I described her in great detail, her smile , the blusher in her cheeks, her smooth and soft skin, her way of talking… ``She’’. My mind couldn’t remember who she could be.

Everything was useless and I felt helpless. But Michael’s curiosity made that he found an envelope with a letter inside. It was addressed to ``Autumn’’ and the letter was apparently never sent. The words were beautiful and I was apologized for losing memory. Also I said I was afraid to die and more that she believes that I had forgotten her.

After thinking about it, I decided to ask Michael to send it. After a week, I received my first visit. She was an angel and she introduced herself as ``Autumn’’.

With noticeable emotion, she told me that one day she ceased to hear about me and she didn’t understand why I disappeared without saying anything. She knew that I was at hospital thanks to Michael, which included the address on the letter.

Autumn was lovely, upon entering, the room was filled with freshness , the smell of fresh leaves. She was just as I described in the daily. I took her hand and she told me many stories, memories. I couldn’t remember. She talked me about a day when we walked under the humidity left by the rain. From what we laughed together, happiness that we had. She told me how much she suffered and she cried when, after a wonderful summer, I disappeared without saying anything. And also she said me that she never stopped loving me.

So we spent all afternoon and evening, speaking, remembering. Sometimes we laughed and we looked at each other without saying anything. Without remember I was falling in love with this girl. I was lucky. Her tenderness and fragility comforted me.

His warm eyes hugged me and although it’s ironic to say it, I remembered that I was not alone. And so, as she promised, she accompanied me to the end...