

Flickering lights

The lights flickered and then went off. It was coming. That was the day everything changed.

When the lights returned I didn't notice anything strange, I was alone at home, I was watching a series until I got ready to dinner with my friend.

As always I was the last to arrive to the restaurant. When I arrived I say hi, but no one reply me. I thought they were joking, so I say hi again but they didn't notice that I was there. I was confused, desperate. I tried to talk with the waiter, but also, he ignored me. What was happening? Was I dead? No, I couldn't be dead. This wasn't the hell.

Then I try to call my friends with my Mobil phone. They answer the phone, but they couldn't hear me.

In that moment I thought I was on a dream, I couldn't believe what was happening. But it wasn't the feeling to be on a dream.

I was so confused so I decided to go home and wait. On my way home I tried to talk with the people who were on the street. But they didn't see me. I started yelling "*someone could hear me*" but anyone looked at me until a woman came running up to where I was. She was having the same trouble as me.

It has been two months, and we are trying to understand what happened to us. We have met four more people in our situation. We only know that anyone can see us and anyone miss us.