

Pouring a cup of coffee for the day, I watch out from my patio. Not too moldy and not too empty, even though one of my childhood friends sat with us together who died shortly after. Being through murder cases into losing my sister, it's pretty lonely out here.

I'm slowly losing myself as I also start to forget to the point where I wouldn't even remember the murderer's name. *Sylvia.. Sylvie.. Who?* I am struggling to think of whom, especially because it has been.. God, 25 years? Fuck if I know.

I still never got to see anyone out here. *What a loss*, I thought. I grabbed out a cigarette and walked to take a smoke on the side of my porch. I'm having these visions of a blue moon, a pure, blue moon as I throw the cigarette away. I remember crying to at least someone about that dream. I wish they had gone away right now, because it still drives me crazy to this day.

I walk back inside, viewing my surroundings. This place has been dirty since I retired from the Department of Forensic Science, along with being released. Life has been getting worse, I just can feel it.

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The last time I saw Mila was hell, long ago. What would she even think if I ever got near her, or her own house? She would definitely forget as it's been over a decade since we last talked to each other.

Going through my guilt, I absolutely hate myself just for leaving her hand. I miss her so much, dearly. Along with her struggles after retirement, I just wanna help her as well. I've been going along with Lilly and Sylvie *since I forgave her as it's been years from now* while focusing on being a meteorology major. Pretty fucking fun.

I don't know if I'll ever feel like making it out of old age or suicide. I wish everyone the best in their lives, even when I am gone. It's just a matter of time.