

A Promise

By Janey Acosta

The weight of the dream clung to me as I walked home, the memory of the trans woman crouching on the bench a chilling presence. Her disturbing behavior had drawn me in, curiosity warring with unease. As I stood before her, her smile, a chillingly familiar gesture, sent a shiver down my spine.

"You did come, as you promised," she whispered, her voice a haunting echo in the twilight. The words pierced my heart, a sharp, inexplicable pain that brought tears to my eyes.

I woke with a gasp, the dream's residue clinging to me like a shroud. The familiar routine of getting ready for school felt surreal, the weight of the dream pressing down on me. As I walked, my eyes caught sight of a bench, its silhouette eerily familiar. The trans woman from my dream, her haunting smile, her chilling words, all came flooding back.

I approached the bench, a strange mix of dread and anticipation welling within me. Then I saw it. The tomb, its weathered stone a stark contrast to the vibrant green of the grass.

A cold realization washed over me. The trans woman, the bench, the promise – it all made sense now. The dream wasn't just a dream; it was a message, a guide. I stood before the tomb, a silent promise forming on my lips.

"I have arrived," I whispered, my voice barely audible, "as I promised, I will find you, my body." The words were a pledge, a commitment, a promise to a past I couldn't remember, a future I couldn't surrender.