

My Long Lost Friend.

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It is just another normal day. I arrive home with shopping bags fill up with brand clothes pack in my hands. My body is exhausted from walking so much and dehydration. My eyes are heavy as if it's carrying a rock while it just an eyelashes and makeup powder. My body is so light that I could fall at any moment. I enter my two stories house's living room. Once I step inside, I could smell the rosy aroma perfume that I would spray in every morning, it just make me feel so homey. I walk straight toward the sofa which is placed comfortably against the wall in front of the TV, with a small tea table in the middle. I carelessly throw all the bags on the floor and quickly jump on the sofa. Once my body brush against the softness of the couch, I feel my body relax and all the stress ease away. Before I could drift off into darkness I sense my phone vibrate which indicate that I have a call. A sudden uneasiness hit me "Who would call this late at night?" I thought to myself. It's already 10:30 pm I was out late today. Who ever this is, its must be important. Without looking at the calling ID I answered.

"Hello?" I waited for the answer from the other side, but it still remained silent. "Hello?" I exasperatedly repeat myself just incase the person couldn't hear me or something. I wait, but the person remain silence. I was about to hang-up, just then I heard a chuckle. It's just a chuckle you would make when you see adorable baby or your boyfriend or girlfriend showing his/her aegyo. Somehow this makes the hair on my body straighten itself, a quick shiver runs down my spine I tighten my grip on the phone as if it the only possession left in this world. It was an irritated laugh, a very cold one that could turn a person into frozen ice within any

seconds. “W-who a-are you?” I stuttered , there was a moment of silence. BANG! A gust of cold wind busted through my open window, that knock down my vase near by. In a split of seconds the room became completely dark. I sat in silence, clenching my fist so hard that I could feel my long polished nail dig down my skin. I squish my eyes shut praying and wishing to god hoping that this is only just a nightmare. My body is numb, my brain is numb. All of the sudden I feel the gust of movement behind me. I tighten my grip, I shut my eyes harder, I bit down my lower while squishing my little body wishing that it could be smaller. I could hear the sound of my poor heart pounding rapidly, racing with the sound of the leave rustling in my yard. The person on the other side roar with laughter as if it saying I’m such a loser. I take a few deep breaths before gathering myself, then I slowly turn around, at the same time all I could hear is the sound of my heart pumping twice tenth times as fast, and the person on the phone laughter grow louder echoing in my room as if the person is exciting in this same room with me. HA HA HA, that’s the sound that keep echoing in my brain. The cold evil laugh. When I turn around there is nothing beside an emptiness. I could hear the person on the other line say something that I didn’t catch except the last word.

“Rissa.” Just that the person hung up. The voice, the sweet little voice that is full of sadness regretness, and passionate. Rissa, my name that would only be called by one person. The person that I value most in my whole life. My phone hung in the middle of air, my mouth hang open as my eyes are widely open with horror. I recall what I just head and yet, I still couldn’t believe my own ears.

“Rissa. Rissa.” The small voice in my head keep repeating itself non-stop. The voice that I always wanted to hear for so long. It can’t be! It is impossible! A thousand of questions pop up

in my head. What if?! I feel another gust movement behind me. I immediately turn around another shiver run down my spine, my body is shaking. I sat quietly in the dark waiting for whatever will happen next. I feel sweat started dripping down my forehead and my palm. I reluctantly get up and walk shakily to turn on the light, feeling my way with my feet to make sure I won't step on anything dangerous. I've lived here for my whole life that's why I could find things easily even in the dark. Finally, I reach where I want to go, I reach out my hand nervously to turn on the light. My hand shakily traveling through the mist of cold air but when it lands on the light switch another hand was already there. In a split of seconds a hand covered my mouth that block me from screaming, then another cold hand wrap around my throat. I was pull backward then slowly down to the floor. I continually scratch the person's hand kicking for life. I am tired. I'm out of breath. My vision blur, I could feel the dryness in my throat. I can no longer scream. The person finally let me go, but it's too late, I'm done. The last thing I saw was a tall, big figure with a leather jacket leaning on top of me. I know it was a male. His scent is very familiar but I couldn't make out who he was. Then it all just a darkness.

The next day ~

“What the devil was that?!” Isal retorted, while meandering around my hospital room pulling her own hair, stomping in a circle like mad. Sometimes I just don't understand this girl, she is insane. Moreover, she is the definition of worthlessness, but look at me I'm well qualified for perfection! However, when it comes to problems she is the only one I could rely on, and I feel grateful to have her.

“Hey, calm down Cousin!” I whined, throwing my free left hand in the air in exasperation, while rolling my eyes. Yep, you heard it right. This old fashion lady over there is

my cousin. Despite, her old lady appearance and personality, she is my best friend, a friend that always care for me and always be there by my side, like right now. So, let me tell you what just happen.

Flashback ~

As I open my eyes, the brightness of the light strike into my pupils. After blinking a few times finally my eyes are adjusted to the light in this room. The ceiling is unfamiliar. The bed is unfamiliar. Even my body feels different.

“Ahhh!! You are awake, oh my god” Isal squeal, jumping around clapping her hand. She glares at me for a while then burst out crying hysterically. Before I could say anything a woman in policement outfit approached me, crossing her arms, her eyebrows are together creating a deep hole in between of both eyebrows.

“We need to talk Miss Marissa,” The lady speaks monotonously pushing Isal away and come right in front of my face.

“What? Can’t you see she just wake up, I know you need to do your work but she just wake up what if she isn’t in her right state of mind?” Isal scream in the lady's face, standing on the tiptoe and hands on her hip. I’m glad she said that. It serves the lady right.

“Well! It none of your business here young lady!” The lady growl, glaring at Isal then back at me.

“What!” I snapped at her face, I start to get annoy now, I’m tired. After recalling what just happened last night, questions start popping up in my head.

“Well, we need to talk,” She replied through clenched teeth. Pointing her finger at me then herself.

“There is nothing to talk about, I have no intention in talking to you about anything,” I bellowed, I lost my patience now. Oh gosh this lady is annoying. “If you are talking about what happen last night, it was just me who being clumsy walking and bumped my head with the wall then I passed out!” I roared in front of her face. Every word I said it’s getting louder and louder. Right now there is only about a few inches gap between our faces. I lean forward over her, using my body to put pressure on her while she lean backward. I can sense her body shaken, and the blood drain out from her face.

“Marissa,” whispered Isal, it was so soft that I can’t barely hear her voice. I didn’t care about anything except getting this lady out of my face. The soft cold hand touch my arms I think it was Isal. I threw her hand out from my arm then continue shouting at the lady face.

“Is it enough huh? Get what you want? Now get out of this room, NOW!” I screamed, and start throwing anything that I could reach at her direction. The lady quickly run toward the door, but before she leaves she gave me one last glance in disbelief.

“I’ll talk to you later,” that was her last word before she left the room.

“There is nothing we need to talk about, ma’am, do not return!” I yelled throwing my last pillow at the door. I pant heavily examining the my hospital room. The vase, glass pillow are everywhere. Isal was squishing herself in left corner of the room gaping her eyes was wide as if it wants to pop out of its socket, while examining the room in disbelief.

“I’ll go get the cleaner,” she whispered then run off toward the door. I am proud of what I’ve done he he he!

End flashback ~

“Calm down? What do you mean calm down Cousin?!” Isal inquired, her eyebrows draw together, her lips form a straight line, hands on her hips staring blankly at me.

“Yes, because you are overreacting right now,” I replied in frustration, rolling my eyes. She is being too much. I threw stuff at that lady because she doesn’t respect me. As I mentioned before I don’t want to answer anything.

“Marissa, you should talk to her nicely, you shouldn’t shout and throw stuff everywhere like this,” she explained in her motherly tone, taking a deep breath. She acts like she doesn’t shout at that lady first, duh.

“What do you expect me to do? Tell her that I’ve answered a call from a dead friend and there was someone strangled me until I passed out? Duh!” I reacted leaning forward. Isal freeze in her spot covering her mouth with both hands, raising her eyebrows, her eyes are wide open in shock.

“Ma-Mari-Marissa?” Isal stuttered, slowly walking toward me trying to look at me in the eyes.

“Are you okay?” she muttered, feeling my forehead and my face. “You mean Jasmine? She was dead years ago,” She ask in frustration.

“ I know, but I heard it with my own ears last night, moreover I would never mishear her voice as other people, it was really her,” I answered looking straight in her eyes trying to show her that I’m not lying.

“It is fine, maybe you were just too tired and you mistook another person’s voice that is similar as her, the person that you always want to hear and meet, you know it might just be hallucinating,” She murmured, hands on both of my shoulders, locking her eyes with mine,

leaning closer and closer every time she speaks. It seems like she's trying to hypnotize me with those words but it more like she is trying to comfort herself.

“What?!” I exclaimed, leaning closer to her, I just can't believe what I just heard. She doesn't believe me! “You think I'm crazy?” I retorted, what she said clearly proved that she thinks I'm crazy. It hurts to know that the only person that I trust didn't believe me. “I swear, 100% it's not hallucination it's her, I remember her voice her soft sweet, and sad voice,”

“Look, we all know about what happened and what you went through,” she paused looking at me, but I still look at her in disappointment. “What you are saying is that she still alive right,” Isal looks at me for the approval to continue her speech, then I nod my head. “Let say she is still alive, what have she been doing in the past few years, if she is alive she would have come to us and illuminate our confusion about her death,” Isal explained, which seems reasonable. Her words always gives me a second thought. Part of me thinks that maybe I'm really crazy, but the other half of me still believe that my friend still alive and she is up to something. However, if Isal can't even trust what I said I'm going to discover everything else by myself.

“Yeah maybe it just a hallucination,” I smirk, brushing both of her hands away from my shoulders, rolling my eyes, turning my back at her closing my eyes pretending to sleep. I finally give in, there is no use of persuading someone who thinks you are crazy anyway.

“Marissa, we know you've been through so much after her death, she is always with us, we all think about her every moment,” Isal whispered in her comforting tone. It always make me feel so much better but not this time. I'm upset, oh gosh she thinks I'm crazy.

“Yeah,” I said weakly, disappointment clearly shows in my voice. “I want to rest.”

“Okay, I’m gonna go home, call me if you need anything, I’m gonna be back this evening, bye,” she said what she needs to, then leave. After a few moment I heard her footsteps fade away from my. I can only heard the sound of my own heart beating and my own deep breath. Recalling what just happened last night, there are many things I need to find out after leaving this hospital.

“Ding!” my vibrate again, luckily Isal did not take my phone with her, thank god. I took the phone that laid on the small near my bed then check my messages. It reads:

“Hope you will get better Rissa, Unknown ~” what the heck! Why do I keep getting call and messages from strange number. Oh wait, this number is exactly that same as the one that called me last. Could it be....? Without hesitation I quickly reply.

“Who are you?” I wait and wait but there’s not reply. Finally I give up. Well I really need to find out who the person is. I will make sure to do that right after I am out of this hospital. I need to discover every things! After having so many thoughts in my mind, I finally drift off to sleep.

Two weeks later ~

It’s been two weeks since I was release out of the hospital. In the past few days I’ve been investigating and navigating into different places to find the location of the owner of the phone that keep contacting me. Thanks to my brilliant brain, it took me two weeks to find this space. I wonder who live here in the middle of the forest in this lonely carbon. I slowly approached the door then gently push it open.

“Kreeeee,” the door slowly open itself reveal the dusty dark room. I anxiously walk into the house. The house is about four by five meters room with wooden floor cover with one cm of dust.

“Ewww, disgusting,” I groaned. I swear this is my first and last time coming into place like this. This is a very vulgar house. There are table, chairs paces in the middle of the room, and an old dusty sofa at the back corner of the room. There are two small window at the very back of this room and that is where the sunlight come through.

“Bang,” Oh gosh, once I was inside the house the door bang shut. “What just happen?!” this is so creepy. In this room I can sense the earthy aroma no, it’s more like a dirty clothes that haven’t been wash in a month!

“Bamf!” I heard the sound of something moving behind me. When I turn around I find nothing. I placed my right hand on my left chest, feeling my heart pounding tenth times as fast. I never expected to come across the situation like this.

“Bang!” The two small open window are shut, since that was the only places that the light goes through, the room is completely dark. I nervously feel my way through the dark room toward the door. It seems like there are nothing interested in here. Then I start walking.

“CREEK!”

“OUCH!” Things happen really fast, after I take that step then I fall down, my back land on something really hard. I feel a rush of pain run down my spine. I feel the drop of tear run down my checks. I lay there, eyes closed, praying for the pain to go away but it never did. A few minutes has passed, then I heard a footsteps of a person. If my guest is right the people must be the one who keep contact me. If miracle is real the person might be my long lost friend, Jasmine.

“Long time so see Rissa,” oh my god it's really her, I remember her soft and refreshing voice, but now she seems, differen. I slowly open my eyes to look at her. It's really her.

“How did you do my dearest friend?” said Jasmine in a calm and cold tone. She is so different from the Jasmine I used to know this is a completely different person. The old Jasmine was always gentle and very refreshing to talk to. She was a kind of person with soft heart. Her heart was too soft, and that is what lead to what happened that day. The day I would never forget for the rest of my life. The memorise that would stay deep down inside my soul until the day my breath will be taken away, and my body would be buried deep down to earth. Jasmine was one of the people that I trust most in my life including Isal. It was when Jasmine was kidnap into a house with bom that was exploited before anyone could help her out. The police find a dead body and conclude that it was Jasmine my friend. However, I can't describe how happy I am to see her again. I want to get up and hug her tightly, but it is impossible to move.

“Jasmine,” I whispered, tear started dripping down my cheeks. Although, she changes so much but I can't forget her. I miss her so much, after seeing her again after all this years.

“Ha ha, I'm glad you still remember me Rissa,” She walks slowly toward me slowly holding my chin. I don't know why but, I am afraid, she is so intimidating. “You are still the same, all of this years huh,” it was a statement. Oh gosh, how could this girl be so scary!

“You change Jasmine, what have you done all of this years, we were worried about you and your death, where you about, and why don't to contact us,” I said exasperatedly. This have been my questions since I answered the called that day.

“*I* change,” she said pointing her middle finger at herself then emphasize the word “*I*”.

“Jasmine,”

“Shut up you nasty cow!” she shouted, her face turn red because of anger. “You know what led me to today, it was you! You made my life a living hell!” Jasmine paused, staring right into my eyes. “I was to kind and too stupid to let you play with my life, *my life* not yours” Oh my, I never though she thinks of me that way. I can the pain sparkle in the eyes but just a few seconds ease away replace with anger.

“Jasmine, we were friend remember? And what have I’ve done to you?” I really don’t understand this. What have I’ve done to her.

“Huh, what have you’ve done? Well let me remind you something, miss notorious Marissa,” she said leaning closer to me. “Whenever, I share my thought have you ever pay attention? No! When I try to tell you who I really am do you listen? No! Have you ever pay any attention on me? No! Never never not even once!” she screams, wait, what?

Flashback ~

During Lunch ~

“Hey Marissa, what if I tell you that I’m not human,” said Jasmine, at one point when we were having dinner together.

“So, what are you?” I said carelessly, she is just joking anyway.

“ Yeah, who are you then, if you are not human” said Isal, trying to sound curious about the topic.

“Well, what if I said I am a vampire or something” whispered Jasmine after taking a few deep breath.

“Wow, Isal we have a vampire friend, so cool ha ha ha,” I said sarcastically, then giving Isal a high five.

“Do you drink blood?” I said making serious face.

“Ha ha ha”

At the mall ~

“Hey vampire girl what do you want we are going to the beach? Do you want bikini?” I said throwing bikini at Jasmine. I saw she was about to say something but I ignored her.

“How about the blue one?”

End flashback ~

After thinking about what has happened in the past, realization hit me. So, does that mean what she was saying is true?!

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“I can't go swimming I say under the sun”

“Why?”

“Because she is a vampire, remember Marissa”

“Oh, Okay, I forget that vampire can't stay under the sun, but you can swim anyway”

End flashback ~

“Ha ha ha, now you know?! All of this time I try to tell you?” shouted Jasmine in frustration. “I went through so much just because I am a vampire” Jasmine said happily. “Do you

want to know what it's feel like when a vampire fangs dig into your beautiful skin?" Jasmine calmly said, tracing her long fingers a long my neck.

"Wa-what?, are you going to kill me?"

"What do you think Rissa, you are always so smart but what happens now?" She is not going to do it, is she?

"No!" I shouted from the top of my lungs, when I feel her cool fangs digging into my skin. "Stop please, I'm begging you, please," I'm trying to ask her to stop maybe she would who knows. I could feel the blood are being drain away from me, and some blood coming into me? At the same time I could hear Jasmine moaning in pleasure by the taste of my blood.

"You stop right there," someone shouted, thank god, whoever that is she save my life. Wait that person sound familiar. Oh my god it is Isal. I shift my hand to clearly look at her. She is standing on top of me holding a silver stake with both hand pointing at Jasmine left chest.

"YOU. ARE. DEAD!" Roared Jasmine, then moving toward Isal using her vampire speed. The scene in front of me is the scene that I would never forget for the rest of my life. Jasmine dig her fangs into Isal's neck, and the stake go right through Jasmine's left chest deep into her heart. Blood start dripping down Jasmine's' chest. Isal's body is turning pale while blood start draining away from her. A few seconds later they both fell to the ground blood surrounding them.

"NO!" I cried I painfully crawling toward them. I was half way when I feel the pain rush through my body feel like something was hidden inside me is about the reveal itself. Then I feel something start to grow inside my mouth. The world surround me is spinning I feel very dizzy. That's only last about a few seconds then it's gone. I am shocked when I feel my mouth and find

that there is two fangs in my mouth. Jasmine has no intention in killing she wants to change me. She wants to change me into one of them, by exchanging our blood.

“I’m a vampire!”

100 years later ~

You guys might wonder what my life is like right now. Well it is very simple, after being turn that day, I never regret it. I spent my last 100 years doing my best in return to those people that I’ve destroyed their life, I also share my ideas to different people around the world so that they would never make the same mistake as I did until I lost my love one. I continually travelling around the world so that no one will get suspicious that I am a vampire. Of course I live because of drinking blood, however after living this earth for 100 years I see a lot of changes to this world, but my heart never change. I have my own intention in living until today and I will keep doing what I need to forever, which is to work with new generations and lead them to the right path in their life. Living in this massive world make me feel so small but I would do anything to make a huge impact to this world. I promised that. I’ll do it for my love one, Isal and Jasmine. I hope you guy are in somewhere peaceful right now.