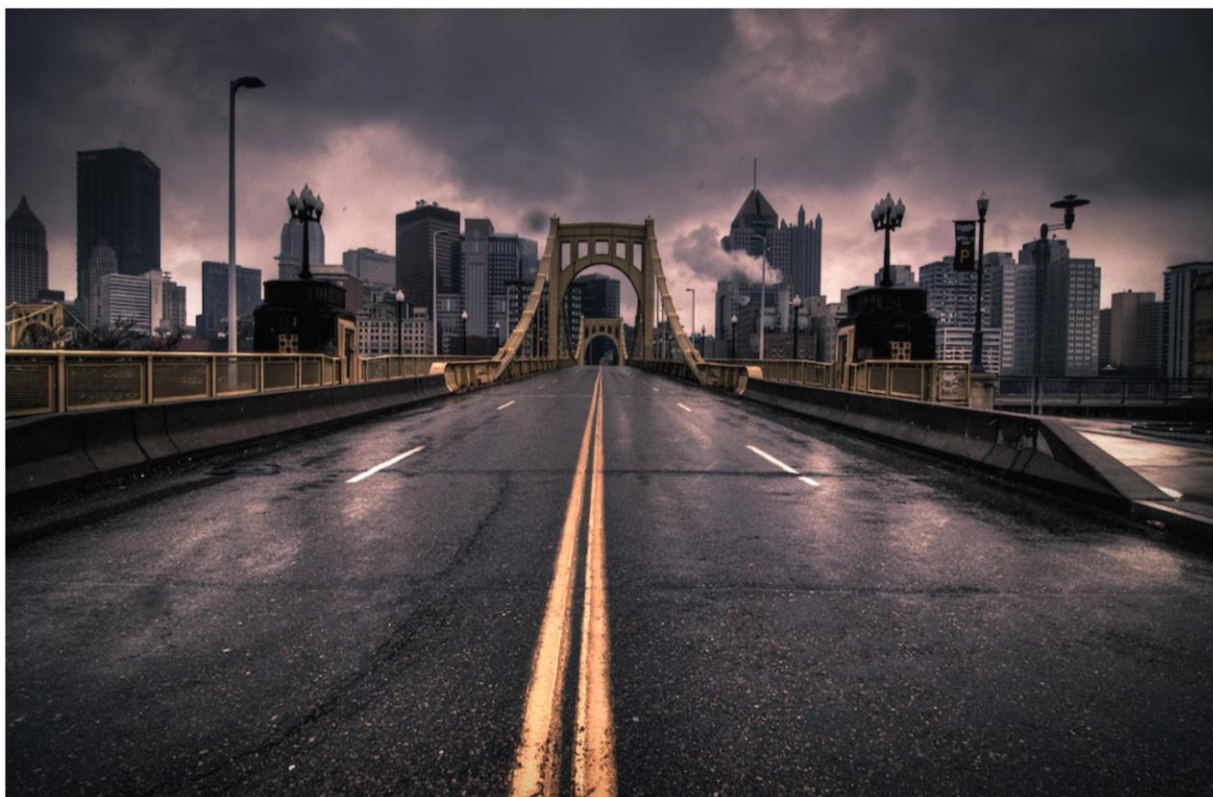


A city where there is only me

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It's just me and no one else here

An unusual and no less strange story took place in a fairly large city of Toronto. Yes, this city is big enough, but the incidents happened there rarely. But one moment everything changed. It was like Thursday, a perfectly normal day. It was a day when the girl disappeared. There were many options for why she disappeared. This girl was from a dysfunctional family, everyone was inclined to the option that her parents simply beat her to death. But everything turned out to be more complicated.

Let's go back to that day.

As usual, when I came to school, I sat down at my desk and began waiting for a lesson. Mike's place was next to mine. Mia has not come yet, though she was the very first usually. To be honest, I didn't think much of it at the moment. What do you think, Mia never showed up at school that day. About a week passed and she never came. Only a week later the teachers, the director, and the parents woke up. The search began. Such cases have already happened more than once, but they happened a long time ago and in no way were they connected with the disappearance of Mia. She had almost no friends. She was very quiet and calm, many called her strange, but still they called us all in for questioning. Each of us was asked the same questions, we almost all answered them the same. Running a little ahead, Mia was not found. The search continued for about a month. Little by little, everyone began to forget about this incident because more cases did not happen.

Secondary acquaintance

Let's go back to the present. It's been 15 years, and I still can't forget it. On a normal morning I was walking to work and a picture of her sitting next to me at her desk appeared in my head. And then suddenly she was gone. When I opened my eyes, I was no longer in my present, I was in my past. I look and understand that I somehow ended up in the past. How? It is clear that the very first thoughts were 'no, it can't be. This is a dream'. Surprisingly, realization came to me too quickly. But drooping did not leave me. I was 15. Again. I was standing in the middle of the road, my thoughts could not gather together. Well, for some reason, the thought arose in my head that I came back here in order to save Mia. I quickly headed to school. While I was walking I saw the date 5.10.05.

I had a month to save. Since I have not treated Mia at all, I will need to get to know her. It will be really difficult because Mia is not sociable at all. I even think she has no friends. Having entered the walls of the school, I went in search of Mia. Surprisingly, that day she was at school, she sat gloomy, sad, as if around her, but there was something black, like a cloud, she sat in the same place as always. Yes, I saw a slightly closed bruise on her arm. She lowered her head and just stared into the void. I always said 'hello' to her and this day was no exception. Entering the class, I went to my desk, turning to Mia, greeted her and she answered me, as always. Yes, everyone called her strange, but in fact she was an ordinary girl who was simply killed by this life. I tried to somehow talk to her to get to know her again. She answered in monosyllables, she made it clear that she did not want to talk to me. After another simple answer, I stopped trying and just continued to sit and wait for the lesson.

Plan

I ran out of time left a little more than 2 weeks, but I still did not start communicating with Mia. No matter how I tried to establish contact with her, I did not succeed. I didn't know what to do, how to make her trust me. It was an

ordinary school day, as usual, I came and sat down at my desk. What my surprise was that Miya was the first to start talking to me. I was a little surprised. No, I was amazed.

Of course, I answered her and we even got talking a little.

After that day, we began to communicate more. My friends also met Mia. And yes, you are not familiar with my four friends. My small company is made up of very different people. The most cheerful and energetic is Effie. I don't know how so much energy fits into her. Then the cutie Chris. Everyone thinks this is a girl, but this is actually a boy. And by the way, I will tell you one secret, as they say, I will run a little ahead. He, too, will become a victim, just like Mia.

One of the saddest and most irritated of all of us is Casey, her archery friend is Effie, I don't know how they tolerate each other. And finally, a little weird, but good-natured Steve. Well, you already know me. Since I have studied an issue of disappearance a lot then 15 years ago, you might think that I know who the murderer is, etc. But no, I haven't found a single clue. My little surgery has begun. No one suspected that there was a rescue plan in my head. There were two weeks left before the incident, and I was already actively acting. The plan was simple, but I agree for others it seemed confusing. Let me give you a little bit of the details of this plan. The most important point is to sacrifice yourself. It sounds a little selfish, like I'm trying to make myself look like a heroine, but no, that's the only thing I can do. Of course, I doubt all points of this plan, I do not think that it will be effective. But it's worth a try. One of the important points is well-coordinated work, fast and accurate, not a single minute should be lost. Because if you miss even one minute, everything can already go wrong. Of course, there are not so many points, I will not list everything. I'll just say that if I don't succeed, there will be no second chance, poor Mia will be killed again.

The last thing I saw

It didn't take long and I didn't go in and didn't find any leads. Who could be the killer and this was misleading me. Lately, Miya very rarely went to school and this all created an even more frightening environment. Every day I understood that there was less and less time left. My friends began to notice that I was getting kind of nervous, but I couldn't tell everything. They would think I was crazy. How did I explain to them that it was me, but I was not 15, but 30. They would think that I was really crazy. My plan was almost coming to an end, but I didn't expect it to get so out of control. It was a typical Friday and I was walking home calmly. It was long enough for me to go home. And then I noticed a car that was being restored next to me. This was my teacher's car and he politely offered to let me down and I had no reason to refuse. I got into the car in the front seat and we drove in the direction of my house. But then we turned abruptly onto the bridge and drove in the opposite direction. Of course, I asked my teacher question why we were not going to my house and whether he knew where I lived in general. A grin appeared on his face. Not very pleasant thoughts began to appear in my head, but his voice nailed me. He said that we would stop at a gas station, and then he would take me home. But I'm not a five-year-old girl, after all, I'm 30 and I understand what's going on. I pretended to be silly and just waited. We actually made it to the gas station. And at that moment when he went to pay, I tried to open the car, but I missed one moment, he closed the car. I had no choice but to wait and guess what would happen next. It is already clear from this situation that today I will not make it home. After returning to the car, Master continued to drive in an unknown direction. I saw a pistol in the little open glove compartment of the car. This alarmed me even more.

My teacher did not change his expression. He continued to watch the road and still had an ominous smile on his face. We drove fast enough, I knew that there was a precipice at the end of this bridge. The silence was interrupted by his

voice. He said I was expecting 'as I understand you are a smart girl. I don't know how you realized that I won't accept Mia from me. But since you understood everything, I changed my tactics and you became my goal ' I turned over from these words and abruptly the car in which we were flies down the cliff. The last thing I saw was darkness.

New life.

As you understand, the teacher was the culprit. I honestly would never have thought of him. After that, 15 years have passed and all these years I laid in a coma. Now I am in a hospital room. Mia and Chris were never kidnapped. Now all my friends are living a new life. They visit me at the hospital very often.

Yes, I have lived half my life in a coma. And understanding does not come immediately. It took me more than a week to understand and remember what happened. But today I am being discharged. I decided for the last time to walk through the corridors of this hospital where I spent almost 16 years. The hospital was completely empty, but I noticed one very strange person who was slowly and secretly walking behind me. I felt a little creepy.

I just went up to the roof there was a cold autumn wind blowing. I was standing on the roof of a fivestory building, someone was following me. Suddenly the door slammed loudly. I slowly, as I was a little weak, turned my head. I saw my teacher, who had already aged. The killer. I can't name him otherwise. He came up to me and said in a singing voice 'I thought you were going to die'. I fell into a stupor, his intentions were not very good. He wanted to throw me off the roof, but he flew down. My words will be a little harsh. but he got what he deserved.

The year has come.

Not much time has passed. Now I work as a writer for a famous publication.
Even though my plan
didn't go as it should and my life changed dramatically, I don't regret it. I
fulfilled my mission, saved Mia
and Chris, of course sacrificing my life, but we all have to sacrifice something.