“Echoes” by Kacie Anderson
2nd Place, Short Story 16-18
There are ghosts in my school, echoes of the past still roaming the halls. If you stay still, you can see them, flittering and bustling about. There’s one in this hallway of crowded students, sprinting down the hall while late for class. There’s one in that corner, alone and afraid of the future. The teachers look up and see sometimes, a glimpse of a face or tired eyes. They look familiar, they long to call out, but, there’s no one there to hear them shout.

As I look closer, I grow more dismayed, as I look for where there once was something. This was her chair. This spot is where he stood. This was their place. Now they are gone. Not dead, not yet, simply moved on.

What scares me the most is someday I’ll be, little more than a faint memory. A skittish echo of a laugh bouncing off a wall. A whirling figure always having a ball. A voice a teacher only imagines they hear. Something people wish for was still near.

I see my echo dancing around, bending over in laughter, running around. It lives on here while I live on there. So it is for all, teachers and students. These people move on, away with their lives, taking with them memories and smiles. Spaces that used to be filled that are not anymore. Spaces that I glimpse before I shut the door.

Thousands of lives roaming the halls that are screaming and giggling silently to most. The ones who remember them may not be present, but the ones who do remember are left less pleasant, without them.