

I Don't Remember

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Dib's POV. A short little fic I wrote about Dib's mother. I rate this PG-13 in case someone misinterprets the ending. I only wrote this because I had too much free time. I hope you enjoy this.

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Chapter 1 - Lost Memory

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1 - Lost Memory

I wearily stumble down the hallway to my bedroom. I was fighting Zim all day so now, at 8:30 I'm about to collapse from exhaustion outside my door. Sometimes I wonder what it is like to be Zim, to be able to go for days on-end without feeling weary.

He must be able to get so much done, while—thanks to sleep—I could only do half as much. Then again, maybe my sister is right, even without me, Zim is too stupid to take over the earth. But I would have nothing to do without that alien to pester so I keep it up.

As I climb into bed, I notice just how peaceful it seems, like nothing ever happens, and if something does, it doesn't change a thing in this house.

Even my terrifying sister is slightly less violent in this house. The silence is beginning to affect me. My mind is beginning to wander to the questions people who have heard less of my 'crazy' reputation—which, after the World's Leaders incident, isn't a lot—sometimes ask me.

'Is your sister ever nice to you?' On those extremely rare, treasured moments, she is.

'How much gel do you use to get that scythe shape?' That question always makes me laugh, I honestly don't know. It varies depending on whether my hair is willing to cooperate.

'How did you become interested in the paranormal?' I can't remember, but I know I have been fascinated by the unknown since I was little.

'Do you miss your mother?' That is the question that taps into my emotions. I can't remember her at all. I get angry at myself for forgetting her, I become confused because I want to miss her but I can't because I can't remember her, and I get consumed by curiosity.

My thoughts are beginning to fade . . . I'm so tired...

(Dream) Is it me, or is the kitchen table higher? I can't even see over the top! Hey, is that laughing in the living room? I begin to walk down the hall to the living room, but freeze when I notice my reflection in the mirror.

No wonder everything seems bigger—I'm a pre-toddler (not a baby, not a toddler)! Oh, well, that laughter is keeping a firm grasp on my curiosity. I walk into the living room and see a strange woman spinning around and holding a baby Gaz in her outstretched arms. Gaz is actually smiling and giggling. Who is this lady?

The woman stops when she notices me standing there.

"Oh, hello, Dib!" She says and picks me up with a free arm. "Would you like to play, too?" She clutches

us to her torso and spins around. I am filled with an overwhelming sense of déjà vu as the room spins around even after we stop.

I hear the sound of breaking tires in the driveway. The woman carries us outside and sets us on the lawn that doesn't appear to have the laser fence. Dad steps out of his car and I watch and the woman runs to greet him, but my attention is diverted when I notice Gaz obliviously crawling towards the traffic.

I chase after her and stop her from making a fatal mistake, but I become startled by something else. An enormous black disk flies across the sky and stops over our house. I stare in awe, which quickly transforms into horror as a tractor beam shoots down and surrounds the woman.

She screams as she is lifted up from the ground and teleported into the disc. The disk hovers for a moment and then shoots into the sky. Everyone just stares up at the sky in shock.

"... M . . . Mommy..?" I whirl around as I hear Gaz whimper that word. Mommy? That woman was our mother!? I can't believe it. I just can't.

The years flash by quickly, Dad refuses to believe the truth and created a false truth that she was kidnapped. Ever since, Gaz became much more violent and unhappy with life. I am the only one to fully grasp the truth. That is how I devoted my life to studying the paranormal. (End Dream)

I wake up to the irritating sound of the alarm. I ignore it, it will stop itself eventually. I turn the room upside-down in search of anything to write down my dream. I simply have to remember my mother, even if it was only my imagination running wild, I have to remember her.

Her smile, her violet, her golden eyes, and her warm embrace. I finally find some paper and a pencil, I can retype it on my laptop and save it forever. But, alas, it's not meant to be.

The dream that had just been fresh in my mind had disappeared, like a prison guard had captured an escaped prisoner and locked it in their dark cell. I have lost her again. My body shakes with sorrow as that thought reaches my mind.

It's Saturday, no school, and I'm not up to facing Zim right now. I have other problems.

Heh... They say that right before you die, your life flashes before your eyes. Maybe that's when I'll truly remember her.