It's like a dream. It feels like I'm in the middle of a deserted road all alone, yet at the same time I'm in my room with Zack. But it's not my room, it's my bed that we are sitting in front of with its polka dotted sheets, but the things we are pulling out from under it are not mine.

There were four of us, but Zack said the two of us could finish cleaning. We wouldn't be cleaning the room if it was mine, but it feels like my room.

We pull out a tub filled with clothes and toys. I watch Zack continue to drag out toys, books, clothes, boxes, papers and shoes. It's never ending.

I just stare at him, his soft brown hair that lays flat against his head, his brown eyes concentrating. His lips are pressed hard together, forming not a straight line but a frown. The muscles in his forearms flex as he drags out another tub. He is up to his waist in the things he has pulled out. I feel calm as I watch him. But suddenly a wordless thought crosses my mind. This is wrong. Something is wrong. There is something I have to find. I don't know what it is, I'll know when I see it; all I know for sure is that it's under this bed that is mine yet not mine.

As I start to claw through the clothes and toys on my side, Zack stops. Softly he calls my name; he sounds like he is miles away. Because he is, he should be, he's supposed to be so very far away. He calls for me again. It's a letter, I need to find a letter. "Anna, look at me." His voice is pleading and makes my heart beat faster.

"No, I have to find it." I throw a shirt behind me. It's here, folded into an eighth. I snatch it up, trying to unfold it with fumbling fingers. Zack keeps trying to get my attention. The words are out of focus on the page.

"Anna, please." I ignore him, why are the words not focused? Moving the page closer to my face does nothing. "I hate the world." He sounds like he is crying, and the words are so jarring I turn to him; his eyes are becoming red. His lips part, "please, Anna."

No. I don't want to hear this. The paper shakes and blurs more as I turn back to it. He isn't supposed to be here. He's supposed to be dead, for the past three years his ashes have sat on my aunt's mantle; he isn't real. He shouldn't be sitting next to me, telling me these things. "I hate the world, Anna, you have to understand."

"I don't want to!" I close my eyes and cover my ears, the paper rustles against my head.

His hands wrap around my wrists, they're cold. "You hate the world, too." The tears are sliding down his face fast. Zack doesn't cry, he's never cried before, he always gets angry. I shake my head at him, this isn't right. "Anna!" There is the anger I know so well, even after so long; his grip tightens on my wrists. My own tears are making their way down my cheeks, they burn. I try to pull my hands away and he lets go. "Please, Anna, you have to understand. Let me explain." He breathes desperation. I stare at my lap, I don't understand, but his pleading voice hurts so much. "You hate the world, too, admit it." I open my mouth but nothing comes out. "Admit it!" The paper crumbles in my hand as I try to speak again, the edges cut into my skin. "Why don't you understand?" His voice is soft again. Soft and pleading, pulling at my insides. I don't understand, but I want to tell him I do. My voice stays in my throat, choking me. I want him to tell me why, at the same time I don't want to know what is going on in his head.

I look at him sideways. His tears have dried and his mouth is closed. "Fine." He stands.

No. He can't leave, not again. "Please." It is soft and desperate as I launch myself at him. His jeans are real and rough in my hand as I hold onto them.

"No, you don't care anymore." His voice is hard and final as he lifts his leg above the pile of clothing and toys. The cloth slips from my hand.

"I do!" It's weak, questionable. I don't even believe it. He shakes his head and keeps walking. I stand, I have to follow him, he can't leave without telling me why. The pile of under-the-bed-things has grown, my foot is trapped underneath it all. He's walking through the doorway. "Zack. Zack!" I shove the

clothing off of me as fast as possible. He can't leave, he has to tell me, he has to tell someone; he can't keep it to himself any longer. I trip over the piles as I run for the door, the paper is still in my hand. He's half way down the hallway, just walking while I am running, but I don't seem to be getting closer. He's fading, I can see it, he's becoming transparent. "Zack, please!" The roles have reversed, now I want his attention and he doesn't want it. His legs have disappeared and this hallway has yet to end. I didn't hug him. I didn't tell him anything I wanted to. I had him, I had him for a few minutes all to myself, a second chance to say everything I wanted to after he died. And I didn't say anything. Not a damn word that was worth anything but leaving me again. His torso is gone, all that remains is his head, a freaking floating head, and I'm chasing it. I just want him to turn around again, just once more. I want a third chance. Just turn around! My mouth opens, but the words don't come out. He's gone. Twice, I've lost him twice and I don't even know the fucking reason!

The carpet hits my knees hard. Something crinkles under me. The letter. It's still in my hands, I look at it. It's from him, his name is scrawled in his messy boy handwriting along the bottom, but the other words are blurry. They're still blurry. Goddamn, I have got to be the only idiot in the world to screw up a second chance with a loved one. But I didn't understand, I still don't. Why didn't he try harder to tell me? The carpet is rough under my forehead, just like his jeans were in my hand moments ago. Please let this be a dream.