

## 'Forget-Me-Not'

*8th of January 2013*

Thirty-two years ago... Oh how short thirty years seems now. I was walking down the Lerderderg creek as I usually did. The eucalyptus smell would cause a tingling sensation in my nose as always, and I'd trek along the dirt path, following the trees and the songs of magpies singing all around. I loved connecting with nature, and the love I have towards it seemed so natural (ironic right?) and present to me.

When I leapt across these massive rocks laid out in the river to get to the other side, I heard this beautiful acoustic echo through the trees, accompanied by the little sparrows chirps. I couldn't believe the person creating the melodic noise was my soulmate... the love of my life. His dirty blonde hair was swaying with the wind, as he was sitting on the ground, with an acoustic guitar seated directly on his muddy denim shorts, singing;

*"If I could save time in a bottle,  
The first thing that I'd like to do,  
Is to save every day  
'Til eternity passes away  
Just to spend them with you."*

I vaguely remember him looking over at me (he probably thought I was weird honestly) and before I knew it, he was standing in front of me with the biggest smile on his face, as he handed me multiple little flowers before saying some line like "Forget-me-not". Turns out 'Forget-me-not' was the flowers he was gifting to me... and yet those were the flowers in the bouquet I held as I walked down the aisle before forever saying "I do".

Now today, it's Eugene's and I's thirtieth wedding anniversary... oh how time flies. It flies too quickly in fact. I do love growing old with him but it feels like I missed out on more experiences with him when we were youthful. I wish I could be young forever.

*15th of January 2013*

Eugene went to the grocery store today, and I wrote a list of things for him to get but I forgot to add bread and milk.. I'll have to tell him when he gets home.

*19th of January 2013*

I still get butterflies when I'm around Eugene. He's the most talented and intelligent person I've ever met. Each and every single day he always manages to surprise me and remind me as to why I love him so much.

Today when I was cleaning the house, I came across a few photos that were packed away in a box in my wardrobe. When I opened the box, I saw photos of our camper van when we first purchased it. It reminded me of when we were in our 20's, we decided to quit our jobs together after saving over \$100,000 or so to buy a camper van, and we would travel all across Australia. My favourite place we both went to together was Uluru in particular, which is where he proposed to me.

We still drive the van around to this day, even though it's not in the greatest condition. Speaking of, I need to get maintenance done on it within the next month or so.

*12th of February 2013*

I feel so embarrassed today.

I left my home around seven to IGA to get spaghetti for dinner, and was looking in the pasta aisle for the angel-hair kind, when all of a sudden I was constantly asked every few seconds by workers if I was alright. They all just kept saying the same thing... it was something along the lines of "Are you alright? You've just been standing there for a while..." of course I'm alright! Why couldn't they just leave me alone?

I don't remember it being dark when I walked in the store, but when I left, it was pitch black outside.

*21st February 2013*

My husband and I went to the Taylored automotive car mechanic store for our van today. On the way there, my favourite song was playing on the radio. I forgot what it was called, however Eugene remembered all the lyrics and sang along beautifully as always whilst parking the car on the side of the road.

*"If I could make days last forever,  
If words could make wishes come true,  
I'd save every day like a treasure and then  
Again, I would spend them with you"*

The mechanic assessed our van and said we'd have to keep it there for a little while, as there was something he wanted to check. The mechanic offered us a car to borrow free of charge in the meantime. I hope our van is alright, Eugene and I have had so many fond memories with it.

*3rd March 2013*

I fell today. I don't know how. I was pouring hot water from the teapot into my porcelain cup, and next thing I know, I was on the ground. Eugene told me his concerns and scheduled

me to see a doctor as soon as possible. He knows how much I hate hospitals, but I know how much he loves me. I just wish there was an easy way to diagnose things without the need for doctors.

Last time we went to the hospital together was twenty years ago. I was constantly vomiting and had severe cramping in my stomach, and Eugene was worried about both our little girl, Irene and I. That day was the worst day of my life. I've never gone back to a hospital since then, especially after what they had done to my precious girl.

*12 March 2013*

Eugene and I went to the Bacchus Marsh hospital today. The doctor in the white coat gave me a pencil and paper and asked me to draw a clock with the time 12:30 displayed. Honestly it was a very silly request... how can drawing a clock measure if I'm okay?

I began by drawing a circle, but for some odd reason my hand was shaking profusely. The doctor told me to take my time, which I did.

I handed the paper and pencil back to the man in the white coat but he gave me a very odd look before asking to speak to my husband outside. Eugene was extremely upset when he walked back in, and held my hand tightly. He had the same reaction as he did last time we were here...

*Is Irene here with me?? Where is Irene?*

*18 Mar 2013*

I put my porcelain cup down on the kitchen table as I usually did, but when I went to grab it, it was gone. When I went looking for it, it was on the counter next to my kettle, full of green tea.

Eugene also went to the mechanic. He said our camper van was no longer "suitable to drive" and that it was "prone to breaking down" at any second. Why would he say such a thing? My husband and I purchased it ten years ago... or was it twenty? Cars can't break down so quickly can they?

*Mar 2013*

Eugene and I went to the gorge. We sat down at a bench near the river. There were these vibrant blue flowers all around. They looked so familiar, but then again all flowers do, they just all happen to be different colours.

Eugene picked up one of the flowers at one point and handed it to me saying "forget-me-not?". I think I responded to him that I won't forget him... but I can't remember now.

*May -13*

The doctors knocked on my door today. They said that they would have to stay for a while. I'm not sure how comfortable I feel about this, but Eugene said it'd help me after what I've gone through. I don't know what I've gone through for them to come visit. I don't know how I feel about this.

*May?*

Men and women in white coats. They kept coming into my home. They kept asking if I was okay. I am okay, I'm okay... I okay. Why do they invade my house? The least they can do is make me tea. Some tea. Green tea. I'd love to have some tea right now. I need to make sure what I have is safe for the baby.

*Joone 20*

My love and I can't wait for the birth of Irene. I can already tell she's going to be successful. I asked the white coat people when she will be here. They just say "not much longer now". I don't want to have to wait. I want to feel her warmth in my arms. I want to hug her tightly and say I love you.

When the coat people check me, I ask how big she is. They mumble. I think they are going deaf.

*August 1*

She's gone... a lady came up to me saying that I am "delusional" and there's nothing there. She can't be gone. Irene was with me yesterday. I can't be delusional I'm not going crazy I swear. I'm growing older but I'm not going crazy. Delusional... why would they say such a thing.

*Jooli*

The nice young lady took me to the creek today. The eucalyptus smell brings such nostalgia...

When I looked over the creek, I saw a man. He had dirty blond hair, and muddy shorts and he was singing a song. It was such a beautiful song. I couldn't make out the words, except for "never seems to be enough time" and "you're the one". I've fallen in love instantly with him.

Not only was a lady there, but a man with blonde-grey hair following me. He looked similar to the man across the river. There was something about him that I adored. When I shared

looks between the man across the river and the man next to me, I felt such love and support. I asked him what his name was... but his cheerful eyes turned grey and dull, and a frown shattered his youthful face. The lady took my hand and said "Eugene" or "Ugene". I'm not sure.

*22th of April 2013*

I fear my time is ending soon. Irene isn't here with me and life without her is horrible. ~~Irene, I need Irene.~~ Not only that but when the coat people come to me, they tell me everything's fine. I hate that hospital so much, I don't ever want to go back there ~~AFTER THEY TOOK IRENE AWAY FROM ME.~~ As of now I'm making a lady help me write this, as she erases everything not important. She'll do the same tomorrow. There's a man that follows me too, usually playing a guitar, but all I hear over and over is "time" ... "time" ... "time" ...

*30th of April 2013*

I keep receiving these blue flowers. They always come with a little card that says "forget-me-not, - Eugene". I don't know who Eugene is, but the man that gives them to me has the biggest smile on his face, and I feel such love for him... ~~the love I felt for Irene... before she was taken away from me viciously by those ruthless coats.~~

I wish I didn't have to grow old. I just want some tea. Green tea. That'd be nice...