

It was dinner time when we got the phone call. My nerves were already shot, my heart pounding in my chest while my hands were damp with sweat. Payton, my older sister, had made me cover for her with our parents. They thought that she was in the city with friends but she had actually gone to visit her boyfriend. The secret couple had broken up when he left at the end of the school year to go to college. Or well, that's what they told everyone. I was the only one who knew the truth about their secret relationship. Our mother had made us both promise that, under no circumstances, would we graduate or follow our boyfriends to college, and Payton, the golden girl, didn't want to disappoint.

I had texted her half an hour ago, trying to see why she was taking so long. She was supposed to be home well before dinner, yet the salad was made, soup poured, places set and my sister wasn't in sight.

*Where r u? UR LATE!*

I gnawed on the side of my nail, my knee bouncing up and down uncontrollably. My parents had asked me again what time she was coming home. I only shrugged in response. I could tell they were getting worried. I was getting worried.

"Well she must have lost track of time. We can put her bowl in the fridge and just eat the three of us." My mother announced with a sigh.

The harsh ring of my mom's cell interrupted us moments after we started eating. Placing down her spoon my mom answered with her best "Hello, Georgia speaking."

Her smile soon dropped as her face paled and eyes hardened. We were in the car headed towards the hospital before she had even hung up the phone. It wasn't until we were pulling into the hospital driveway when my mom finally explained what was going on.

"Payton was in an accident. She was unconscious when they found her." I had forgotten to take off my big floppy bunny slippers. I only wore them around the house, and as I sat in the sterile, harsh waiting room all I could only think of how odd the white fluff looked against the floor.

Payton was awake when we were finally allowed into her room, sitting up in bed as a doctor examined her head. She had a small scratch against her hairline that was taped together, not even big enough to have stained her perfect hair.

"Hi there, you must be the family." The doctor turned to us, "Payton looks good, only a minor concussion. She should take it easy for the next couple of days and if you experience any dizziness, nausea, or memory problems please give us a call."

He took my parents out of the room, leaving me to help Payton out of the gown. I didn't look her in the eyes until we got back home. The relief was enough to bring tears to my eyes but it was

soon overrun by the fury I felt. She made me lie for her. If she hadn't had an I.C.E contact in her phone we wouldn't have known till she woke up.

I didn't talk to my sister the week following the accident. When my parents questioned my mood I blamed it on friend troubles, making up fake arguments. Each time Payton and I were in the same room she would give me these sad, guilty looking eyes and apologize. I could tell that she was truly regretful that I got caught in the middle of the situation, and I almost gave in to her. When I heard her talking to her boyfriend my forgiveness vanished.

Ten days after the accident Payton drove herself to the hospital for a follow up appointment. Both my parents were working and it was finals week for me. I had barely left my room in days from studying, and didn't protest when my sister declared she was fine to drive herself the fifteen minute trip to the hospital. I didn't even say goodbye to her. I was no longer angry, but I was too busy with work and promised myself I would talk to her when she got back.

My phone was on silent while I studied, making me unprepared when my parents showed up at the front door, telling me there was another accident. I didn't think on the drive over. After the last time I assumed that it was something similar, she got run off the road or was rear ended. I didn't feel the fear from the last time.

The same doctor met us in the waiting room, not even letting us into her room before he sat us down on the plastic chairs. I was still going over facts in my head as he talked.

"We believe that Payton has amnesia. It could take hours, days, weeks for it to fully return, or it might not fully return at all. At this point we are unable to tell you anything more." Amnesia. She forgot everything. I forget things a lot. I couldn't remember when I put my bunny slippers on today, but as I looked down at the ground I saw the floppy ears staring back at me.

Later, when I would go into my sister's room only to have to be introduced to her I would forget my anger with her. When a police officer would talk to my parents, informing us that an investigation would be opened about what caused the accidents, I forgot about finals. When the same officers would reveal to us a week later that she was texting while driving I would forget that her boyfriend was secret. When they opened up the messages on her phone at the time of the accident I would try and forget that it was my text that caused the first one, and her attempted apology that caused the second. I wouldn't ever forget to turn off my phone while driving after Payton remembered to apologize again two years later.