



Like Dreaming, Backwards

by [Kellie Powell](#)

Natalie: I dropped her off, that night, about a quarter to two. I should have asked her to come over. Or at least asked her if anything was wrong. But she seemed normal. Not *happy*, exactly. But... like herself.

I met her freshman year, in Introduction to British Literature. We made each other laugh. She was... bitter, and cynical, but still, really nice... I knew she had depression... but... it was weird. We had fun together, you know? I never really made sense of that.

That night, we saw a play. And then we went to a midnight movie. I was nodding off through the last half of it, I'd gotten up early that morning to go running. And, I keep wondering... if there was something... in the play, or in the movie, some trigger, or... some reason. Something that could... set her off, you know? Something I missed. I just keep trying to look for clues. For answers. She had survived so much. Why that night?