



Like Dreaming, Backwards

by [Kellie Powell](#)

Yale: I sold her a ticket that night. I only recognized her because... we played four-square together once. She introduced herself. I don't really remember anything we said, but she seemed sweet. I didn't know her last name until I saw the article in the paper. It said that she was a sophomore and a journalism major. She was from Joliet. She had a younger sister in high school, named Carolyn. I don't know why I remember everything about that article. Her picture... was in black and white and it was right under the "I-D-E" in "suicide." I don't know why I'm telling you this.

The picture was small, it didn't look like a school picture, it looked more like a candid shot. She was sort of smiling, but she looked somehow... suspicious. I have a strangely vivid memory... of her face.

That night... she seemed fine. Friendly, and smiling. And I couldn't have done anything different. And I couldn't have known what she was feeling. But then, I didn't ask, did I?

I just never knew anyone who died...