

Remember

NM i Engelsk 2026

Nr. 26

11.02.2026

Topic: Voices

When the world meets its end, I will remain. I will remember.

I will stand in the dust that the fallen leave behind. I am not the sailor that goes down with his ship. I am their Voices, from the final cry of the sailor to the whispered goodbyes of the souls that went down before him. Voices echo, bounce off the wind and water and across the earth. Voices never truly leave. I make sure of that.

That is my sole purpose.

I do not remember my 'life'. I say 'life', because while I still 'live', I am not mortal. I have not been mortal for centuries. My mortal life, short as it was, is the one thing my mind has failed to preserve.

I do not remember my birth. But I do remember my creation. And above all, my creator, who gave me my enchantment, or my curse. The curse of a life that will never end in death, as every other's life inevitably does.

I remember the pain, the exhaustion, and above all, the Voices. Muffled enough that I could not make out words, only feelings. Screams and whispers of joy, of sadness, of anger and excitement and fear and love and despair and *emotion*. So many emotions. And me? I was a blank canvas, ready to let them paint me.

I opened my eyes to the first emotion I truly felt was my own. Surprise. For in place of the usual two-eyed perspective of humans, was a mosaic of perspectives and views from what must come from thousands of different pairs of eyes. From one angle, I see my hands, though they are not mine, reaching downwards to drink from a stream. In another I am racing through cobblestone streets with a loaf of bread in my hands. Then I'm on a field in midday, then lying in snow, then face-to-face with a teary-eyed child.

In a more recent age, one of these sets of eyes showed me a screen set to an app through which at least twenty faces were peering. This was in a time where a risk of illness was present in any physical encounter. This screen, these rectangles with faces, I thought, is something like what I experience. If they were multiplied by a thousand.

In the beginning, I may have never moved, never budged, just stayed still in a frozen body, watching and listening to the sights and sounds in my own mind. Until I found *my* eyes.

Touch is the one sense that has ever been uniquely my own. So, when my creator touched my arm for the first time, it was like being thrown off balance. All my other senses became a hum as my subconscious strained to find the source of the hand that had grasped onto me. Then one voice overshadowed the others.

Do you hear me?

All at once, I became aware, aware of my body, of my arm, still grasped by an unseen hand, until my instincts discovered my lungs, my throat, my lips, and I heaved out a word, my own voice:

“Yes,”

Look at me, came the response. But I couldn't look, because I couldn't find. I could only see. I had sight without understanding, without the ability to register what I saw.

Look at me. Stronger this time. Was that a spark of pain coming from my arm?

And finally, I found her. My creator's wide, opal eyes stared into mine, or at least a pair that I assumed were mine. The face's lips moved with its next words.

There you are. Finally.

This was my beginning. It was like a game of peek-a-boo, or hide-and-seek, played in my own mind. My eyes would be hidden from myself, and my subconscious would seek them out again. Eventually I learned to find them consciously, while feeling the claw-like grasp of my creator's hands on my arms, sometimes my neck when I wouldn't—couldn't—cooperate. She asserted that this was essential to my training.

She told me what I was. My purpose. I was never told who I was, though that was irrelevant.

I am History. And History must never die.

When the time came that I could more easily return my focus to my own body and perspective, my training could truly begin.

The Voices. Do you feel them?

“Yes,”

Pick one. Concentrate on it.

How could I just ‘pick one’? There were too many Voices, too many visions, I struggled enough with ‘picking’ my own—

A jolt. A flicker of pain.

PICK one.

Desperately, I found the first scene my mind witnessed. The eyes were following an army of marching bodies, clothed in red, wielding long, stick-like things that some distant memory recognized as guns.

The pain subsided.

Good. Now orient yourself. Where are you? Who are you?

I concentrated harder, feeling my own, distant, muscles, contract with the strain of it.

I was surprised of my own response.

“I’m...somewhere in the New World. The British soldiers are attacking.”

And what is your involvement?

I concentrated some more, trying to make out the state of my witness’ body, how they were clothed. The words came tumbling out.

“I’m a revolutionist—a patriot! And I’m shaking, so I must be nervous. Maybe it’s my first battle?”

Good, see if you—

It was getting easier. I was now completely enveloped in this set of foreign eyes.

“Oh, and now I’m moving! Running, even! Toward the army! I have my own gun now—oh, I’m excited, I can feel it, I can—”

What are you thinking?

“How—?”

Let the Voice fill you.

My muscles relaxed slightly. I hadn't realized the effort it had taken to keep the Voice *out*. I let it fill me, overtake me, let my own voice merge with it, *become* it—

I was yelling.

“‘GET IN POSTION!!’ Aim, goddammit, aim, you learned this in training, what’s the general going to think of you?”

Perfect. Now come back to me. My creator’s voice was no more than a whisper in my ears, for my ears were somewhere else, my thoughts were someone else’s, and I was now encapsulated in them, trapped in them. The Voice continued:

“And now we’re supposed to fire, fire like a patriot, come on, pull the trigger, there you g—”

A deafening *CRACK* filled my no-longer-my ears, and then came the pain, pain like never before, filling me, encompassing me, until the pain *was* me. I was either on fire or freezing to death, I could barely register my own screaming, nor the blood that swarmed my vision, so much blood, my sight was red as violence, red as the army before me, until—

Everything went black.

Wake up.

The familiar grasp of my creator clutched my throat, but that pain was a mere particle of the mass that had enveloped me just moments ago. I opened my eyes again and finally found myself.

“I—” I gasped—the person, he...he died.”

And I was sobbing, finally understanding one of the many emotions that penetrated the Voices which swarmed me daily.

He did.

“But—”

This happens every day, dearest. You will get used to it.

“Get used to...to death?”

And birth, and love, and all the other things that inevitably impact the life of a mortal.

“But how—”

YOU will never die. Not unless you choose to, at least. DO you want to die?

“Of course not—”

Good. Now find the memory.

“What?”

The memory of the patriot.

“Why—”

Do it.

It was easy, really. The voice of the soldier still echoed in my mind, and given just an ounce of attention, it filled me again, though it was streaked with my own sadness, now.

Did you find it? Is it clear?

As clear as the reality was.

Good. This is how it is meant to be. You are History, child. You must recall everything.

“Why?” I cried.

My creator just laughed.

She was right. I would come to witness thousands more deaths, alongside births, loves, arguments, and everything else that caresses the lives of humans. The memories stay with me, locked in a vault like golden souvenirs.

I hated my creator. She, though I still do not know how, cursed me to a life with no rest, a life so full it is empty. But I love her all the same. She gave me a purpose. And that is worth everything.

Soon, I understood how to live up to my purpose. I had to see without seeing, hear without hearing, and above all, feel without feeling. That is the only way to keep my own mind safe. For if I indeed were to experience each of my deaths, or every loved one's death, I would be as though poisoned. Instead, I am the glass that bears the poison, registers its ripples, then is emptied out, and refilled. I am the thin layer of crystal that shields the poisoned wine from its bearer. And all I must do in the aftermath is remember that it happened.

My creator passed centuries ago. I have since born witness to more wars, more souls, tortured and pure, illness and industry and development. I have stood firm in my position of not letting it impact my own mind. Yet a crack has appeared in my conscience that I fail to ignore.

No matter the developments, the gaps between human generations, some things always appear to remain constant. Killings or protests that occur in the name of issues I had thought evaporated decades ago. Some moments seem all too similar to past memories to be real. And every time I experience this, these repetitions, I feel myself getting weaker. The Voices have never been so blurry.

I thought History could never grow old. Never get ill. Never die.

I asked my creator, once, why I must recall everything, listen to every Voice. That was the one question she never answered. But I believe I have always known the answer.

For as much as the Voices are a part of my mind, I believe my Voice is a part of theirs.

The job of History is to persist. To endure. To linger in the present and thereby shape the future.

But if the Voices ignore the echoes of those that came before? If they ignore History?

Does it then make any difference what is past and what is future? I have spoken of the world's end. I will not die, even then.

But I will die at the end of time. When lifetimes simply stop evolving, and start revolving. When the present returns to the past, and the future no longer matters.

I find that my voice is becoming more and more like the Voices that devour me. Just a pleading whisper in the background. I struggle even to feel my own touch, the only sense that has ever been my own. I am, once again, lost.

I feel my death creeping up on me. It may take years. Decades. But it is coming.

Who will remember my Voice when memory is gone?