

epilanthanomai: to forget, neglect

Only one person knew the truth, because everyone else kept forgetting. It's not like people forgot on purpose, fate just happened to have a different destiny in mind for a tortured soul.

They say that Medusa, the Gorgon with snakes for hair, had a third sister. Yet no one could really be certain as they couldn't quite remember if this information was true or not. Her name Epilanthanomai- or Epi for short- lingered through uncertain and wavering time as both a myth and a heartbreaking story.

It all started when Epi was born and held for the first time in her mother's warm and tired arms. As little Epi cooed, her mother smiled at her youngest of four as she slowly closed her eyes out of exhaustion. When her mother's eyes flickered open after her short rest she was startled. "Where did this baby come from?" she cried out hysterically. The midwife looked concerned but assumed that the mother was just drained from the birth. "It is your newborn daughter Epilanthanomai, madam." Feeling embarrassed, the mother nodded as if it was obvious that this child was hers. The midwife shook her head with an amused look on her face then turned to get some rags to wrap Epi with. When she returned, she looked at the stranger in the mother's arms and was extremely confused by the scene before her. The midwife knew that the mother had been pregnant, so by deduction, she assumed this baby was delivered by magic because she didn't remember a thing about the birthing.

This kind of situation happened consistently throughout Epi's long and lonely life. She loved to meet people; everyone thought she was incredibly friendly and kind-hearted, until they

forgot she existed. Yet Epi never let the loneliness take over her and hoped that through charity work and goodness that maybe the gods would grant her one day of remembrance.

She poured herself into helping poor and unfortunate souls. She would bring food and warm blankets to those without a home and would give every drachma coin she could find to those who needed it more. She travelled like a ghost, both in the night and in the day. And while those who received her generosity thanked her, shortly after they would be both confused and overwhelmed with excitement over their mysteriously appearing miraculous riches.

Epi remembered each face of those that she had helped. Perhaps it was a curse that she could recall those that forgot, but the relief and joy that would flood their faces was enough to make it worth it.

She remembered one child in particular. Her face dirt smeared, clothes hanging on by a thread, just like the girl was; hanging by a thread. It pained Epi so deeply that she almost really did feel like a ghost, someone from a different world entirely. Epi approached her as she pulled her own shawl off in order to offer it to the girl, but the girl hadn't noticed her. She wrapped the shawl lovingly across her frail body and stroked her tangled hair.

“Who are you?” the hoarse quiet voice of the girl asked.

“I am Epilanthanomai, and you young one?” Epi answered, wondering why the girl had yet to look at her.

“I am Mimesko. Thank you for the warmth,” Mimesko replied still staring off into the distance.

“Do you not have the gift of sight child?” Epi asked cautiously.

“I do not, instead I have the gift of remembrance, and I will remember you fondly.” Mimesko said confidently and with a deeper undertone. With that she gathered what little she had and left.

With the years passing by, Epi began to feel more and more worn down and isolated. She went out less, spoke less, and began to deteriorate both emotionally and physically. She didn't see the point in existing if no one remembered her; she felt as if nothing would ever really change regardless of all the hard work she had done throughout her life. She decided that she would be better off ending this lonely life; she would deal with the consequences of suicide in her next life.

No one saw the death of Epilanthanomai as she let herself fall off the roof of an unmarked home. No one was able to remember the incident long enough to do anything about the suicide. *Thud.* The earth barely shook, but somewhere in the town, Mimesko remembered. And she felt a deep sadness engulf her heart.