

It was almost her 13th birthday, and I promised to give her the best birthday present ever. A present that would make her feel happy and alive. A present for her, from me.

My eyes slowly opened, and I saw a shadow in the distance. My eyes felt just as heavy as ten masculine men, but I was still able to see the shadow clearly. It had the shape of a teenage girl wearing a straw hat with her head facing down. Her hair and dress were gently blown by the wind, and she stayed there, not moving a muscle. She stood there in the middle of the grassfield. From the distance I heard faint whispers.

Follow me..

Come here..

Those were the only words I heard. Sometimes, there was only one voice, and sometimes there was a group of voices. The voices could sound like a kid or like an adult, both male and female. But, it was very clear that there were only two things the whispers said.

Follow me, come here, follow me, come here.

I was completely awake, and I didn't close my eyes. I didn't even blink. Was I going nuts? Was I hallucinating? Was this because of how stressed out I was? I somehow realized that the longer I stayed, the closer the shadow and the louder the whispers would be. I took a closer look, this time fully examining the shadow. And that was when my jaw dropped wider than a window.

It was Summer.

Not just any Summer. It was Summer Willows. The Summer I knew, the one I saw lying completely weak on the hospital bed.

"Summer?" I called out, crazy enough to expect a reply from someone who was suffering from a deadly disease.

Silence.

"This can't be, you're sick," I said, probably the wrong thing to say. And again. Silence.

I would normally run away at a time like this, but I was too afraid as my legs were paralyzed. My voice sounded like someone trying to hold their tears. And that exactly described me now, desperately trying not to cry.

"Winter."

Finally, a reply. I did want her to reply to me, but now when she spoke up I trembled and I thought that I could possibly wet my pants. Her voice was just like her, but sounded strange. There was a little eerie vibe from her voice tone, and it was very hollow.

"See you soon. Goodbye," she said, then disappeared into thin air.

I sat in total silence. I was shaking and my brain probably just exploded twice. My chest ached because of my rapid heartbeat and my stomach probably just stopped digesting food. I got shocked by the sound of a phone call. I picked up.

"Hello?"

"It's me, Dr. Caine. I'm sorry to inform you this, but Ms. Summer Willow has passed away in her sleep."

THE BEST READER OF MIDDLE SEMESTER TWO

- P1A : Shana Malca Zafeera*
- P1B : Gagah Nauval Al Fadhil*
- P2A : Nafeera Alfreyya Ismiati Azzizah*
- P2B : Malycca Zarra Nurhilman*
- P3A : Arya Sufi Baruna*
- P3B : Messalina Tiara Suwardoyo*
- P4 : Giovanny Mahesa Putra*
- P5A : Muhammad Sayyid Izzuddin*
- P5B : Farros Egan Farabi*
- P6A : Muhammad Badru Tamam*
- P6B : Raizel Edelia Hariadi*