

Chapter I

In the hushed aftermath of a rainy night in New York City on September 5, 2014, a young man awakens alone, grappling with the remnants of an unsettling dream and the tangible absence of Addie, the girl he loves. The world outside is reborn under the bright September sun, starkly contrasting the somber realization that dawns on him; Addie is not just missing from their bed but from his life. His apartment, once cohabited by memories and the whisper of shared moments, now echoes with the solitude of his existence.

Compelled by a mixture of hope and desperation, he calls out for her, searching through the emptiness of their shared spaces - the bedroom, the kitchen, the fire escape - each corner a testament to her disappearance. The stark reality hits him in waves; the night before wasn't just an ending but the severance of their intertwined lives. Memories cascade through him, of a promise made under the dim glow of the rooftop, bound by the magic of a moment that marked the final chapter of their shared story.

In search of something tangible to cling to, something to prove that Addie was more than a figment of his imagination, he finds the journals. They are relics of their love, a mosaic of memories encapsulated in words - his words that narrate her story, safeguarding their experiences from the erasure time often brings. Amidst the collection falls a Polaroid, Addie captured as a fleeting ghost, her essence blurred and elusive, a poignant reminder of the impermanence of their bond.

With trepidation, he approaches the journals, half-expecting to find blank pages, as if Addie's disappearance might extend to the obliteration of their recorded history. Yet, the pages hold firm, the ink steadfastly recounting their saga through his script. The entries speak of Addie's desires, her fears, and her dreams - a testament to a woman who longed to etch her existence in the fabric of the world, to live fully before the inevitable end. Through these pages, he confronts the paradox of their connection; though she is gone, her spirit persists within the narratives he penned, a morose yet beautiful homage to a love that transcends the confines of reality and memory.