

Dizzy

Dizzy sat at the breakfast table, eager to share the exciting news she had with her older brother, Miles, who was immersed in a book. She was desperate for his attention, but felt a deep contrast between her own self-perception and the perfection she associated with him. Miles, the star athlete on a scholarship and someone admired for his kindness toward animals, seemed to embody everything she felt she was not. Dizzy often found herself yearning for his acknowledgment, feeling as though her attempts to communicate were ignored. She tried to tell him about the angel she had encountered the previous day, but he didn't even look up from his novel, his indifference creating an emotional distance between them.

Her frustration deepened as she considered how little they truly connected, especially now that their older brother, Wynton, was avoiding home. With Wynton's recent troubles, Dizzy was left alone with Miles, and their interactions only seemed to emphasize the gap between them. Trying to break through to him, she shared a strange fact about a woman experiencing unexpected physical reactions, but this only further caused Miles to withdraw from her. She was left feeling isolated, her desire to have a meaningful conversation with her brother unmet. In the silence that followed, Dizzy turned to the gingerbread she had baked, seeking comfort in the familiar task as her mind wandered back to childhood memories.

Reflecting on the past, Dizzy remembered how she used to sleepwalk into Miles's room, witnessing him cry in his sleep, a vulnerability that no one else had ever known. It was one of the few times she saw a side of him that wasn't wrapped in perfection, but it felt like a distant memory, unspoken and forgotten. Despite the closeness they once had, Dizzy now felt a disconnect, only realizing the depth of their distance when they were forced to spend time together. It made her long for something more—more connection, more closeness, and perhaps, more understanding. Her life seemed to drift

between these moments of longing, where the emotional bonds she craved seemed out of reach.

Uncle Clive arrived soon after, shifting the atmosphere in the room. His arrival, as unpredictable as ever, brought with it news of a troubling dream he had about Wynton. He spoke cryptically about Wynton losing his "musical voice," a thought that unsettled Dizzy deeply, as she had always associated Wynton with music, believing that he was music in himself. Although her mother had warned them about Uncle Clive's drinking, Dizzy couldn't help but feel a sense of comfort and admiration for his creative mind. She cherished their conversations, seeing in him a source of stability and expression she couldn't find elsewhere in her life.

As Clive left, Dizzy sat back down, feeling a renewed sense of longing. Her thoughts drifted back to her absent father, whose disappearance left a void in her heart that no one seemed to fill. She longed for someone to validate her existence, to recognize the specialness she felt within herself but often struggled to express. In the quiet solitude of the vineyard, Dizzy used her unique ability, seeing two ghostly figures flickering in the light, locked in a tender embrace. She felt a deep sense of admiration for their love, a connection she envied, but never dared to share with anyone. She feared being dismissed, tired of having her imagination brushed aside as childish. The ghosts represented a longing she couldn't name—an unfulfilled desire for connection that stretched beyond the physical, and she yearned for someone who would share her life as these spirits shared theirs.