

Vero

*My name is Vero.*

*I am six years old. Or maybe it's twelve, thirteen, fourteen. Time passes differently when you live in a dollhouse. I have dark hair and gray eyes and a mother who swore she would always love me. Once upon a time, I wanted to learn how to fly.*

*Assuming I ever existed at all.*

*My name is Vero.*

*Do you dream? I dream of green grass and rolling hills and the smell of fresh cut grass. I love summer days and the sound of the lawn mower and the cool shade offered by a wraparound porch. I like to tell stories about a secret realm with a magical queen and beautiful princess. Because life passes differently in place as twisted as the dollhouse.*

*Assuming I ever lived here at all.*

*My name is Vero.*

*Have you ever loved someone? Loved so much, so hard you would live for them, you would die for them. And even after death, you would return just to see them again. You would hang out in a corner of the room, or maybe take up residence in a corner of their mind until they wondered if they were going insane. And even then, you wouldn't leave. Because that's love of course.*

*Do I scare you yet? I know terrifying. I can be terrifying.*

*Assuming I ever existed at all.*

*My name is Vero.*

*The cops haven't figured it out. She hasn't figured it out yet. But I have something very important to show you. Something every important to tell you.*

*So pay attention. Look for me.*

*My name is Vero. I am six years old. Or twelve or thirteen or fourteen. I have dark hair and gray eyes. I have a mother who once swore she would always love me. And I've been missing for a very long time.*

*Now, I need you to find me.*

*Assuming I ever existed at all.*