

## **Are These Yours?**

by Christina Lin 林姿宇

It all starts from a going-out and chatting in a restaurant. Arum, my high school classmate and now luckily in the same university as me, asked me about a pair of shoes. “Why did you bring two pair of shoes to my house several days ago?” she said. I answered, “I only wear one pair of shoes to your house. How come I bring another pair of shoes? What are the shoes look like? ” She described them clearly to me.

They were pointed-toes wedges, with silver leather shining brightly. Oh! I knew these wedges, too! Just several days ago, I paid a visit to her house and saw these wedges by the door. “I thought they were yours! I even wondered why you would buy these shoes. They are not your style!” I told her in surprise. She told me that it was impossible for her to buy those shoes with silver color which were difficult to fit her clothes!

Immediately, we were stunned. “Whose shoes?” this question popped up in our minds.

Arum’s roommates are a girl and two boys. That girl has never ever worn those girly shoes, or unless they belonged to one of her friends she brought to home on the same day I saw the wedges. As for the two boys, one is my boyfriend, that is, definitely impossible! He did not dare to bring me home and at the same time bring another girl home, too! And of course, it was impossible for my boyfriend to wear

these small size wedges. For the other boy, according to Arum's words, if he brought friends home, they would all stay in the living room for his room was too small. In addition, the day I saw these wedges, I stayed in the living room watching television with my boyfriend. There were only two people in the living room that night, he and I. No other people came in or went out that night. One by one, detail by detail, we clarified all information and found something weird. Finishing our meal quickly, getting our bags, paying the money and rushing to the MRT, we wanted to get back to her house, and asked her roommates of these wedges as soon as possible.

We got home. We told her roommates about this thing. Then, we started to act like Sherlock Holmes. First, we asked the girl roommate, who had the highest chance to wear or know these girl wedges, whether she had brought friends to home recently and whether they were hers. Feeling awkward and astonished, she both answered no. So, whose wedges? We turned to ask the male roommates. With more anxieties occupied our mind, we even asked the two male roommates whether they had hobby of dressing in girl! For me to say, that night was truly a night of confessing truth.

Nevertheless, the result was upset and creepy. No one knew where these wedges came from and only Arum and I saw these pointed-toes silver wedges twice. Looking worried, all of us seemed to be trapped by these mysterious wedges but no knowing exactly what we were worrying about. Finally, two guesses came out. The first was

that someone else sneaked in this house since the house used combination lock. In other words, someone could get into this house without keys. He or she just needed to enter the correct numbers, sneaked into their house secretly, and happened to leave the wedges by the door carelessly? It sounded ridiculous! How come a person illegally entered other's house and dared to leave his or her shoes so obviously? And the other guess was also absurd. Arum had a cat called Seven. Perhaps, Seven mysteriously went out through balcony and carried these silver wedges home, putting them by the door. After Arum and I saw these twice, Seven might again secretly go out through balcony, carrying them back. Since they lived on the second floor, it was perhaps, for a cat, not a quite difficult work to jump out from the balcony. However, this guess seemed much more impossible! The two guesses were a little bit silly and unbelievable. However, an echo sprang up in my mind, speaking slightly and softly, "Is anyone of them lying?" I did not voice out this question, for I believed them, they were all honest, I thought.

After a long time torturing our brain, we all felt exhausted. I decided to get rid of that strange belief of "Someone is lying." Having this thought made me somewhat uncomfortable, I mean, to suspect my friends. "Does anyone think of any possibilities or reasons to explain for these vicious wedges?" Arum raised the question, hopelessly. Nevertheless, our wisdom of Sherlock just seemed disappear. So the first definite

thing to do was to change the number of their combination lock! To conclude, the first guess seemed more likely to happen. But, if it was the first case, this was surely to be the creepiest thing in the year 2014. When and how that person knew that there was no one in the house so that he or she dared to come in? And why did he or she successfully enter other's house without stealing something? Besides, I saw these silver wedges at night, and then stayed in the living room till midnight, seeing no one come in or go out this house. And on the next day morning, as Arum prepared to go to school, she saw these wedges by the door and also saw my shoes at the same time. Therefore, does this mean that this secret person stayed in this house, watched us sleep by the bed, and maybe slept with us in a place we did not know exactly? Maybe in the ceiling or in one of the roommate's closet! Goose bump all over! How spine-chilling!

Since Arum and I did not remember the exact date we saw these silver wedges, so it would be troublesome if we asked to watch the video of surveillance camera. To stop thinking this thing into a more creepy way, Arum asked, "Hey, Chris, is that you? You prepared this thing for next year's April Fool's Day? Is that you playing the trick on us?"

I burst into laughing! Although I indeed used to play tricks on them on Fool's Day, I explained, "I would not prepare the trick so much early! Ha ha ha... By the

way, I will not play this kind of trick!”

Later, after they changed the number of the combination lock, these wedges did not appear anymore. Arum said, “If one day I go home, unlock the door, about to walk in, and see these pair of wedges lain by the door, I will cry out, shut the door instantly, and call 110.” Though we knew she was just making fun of herself and we laughed, we still wondered “Whose pointed-toes silver wedges?”

This case should end like a myth just as I supposed. I intended to forget this horrible thing and just wanted to consider it a joke and let it go. Nevertheless, obviously, things usually did not go as people expected. One day, I went home from the College of Humanities as usual, walking through the parking space, relaxing myself after an eight-hour school day, looking around the sky with beautiful sunset, accompanied by the sound of engine coming from the parking space, something shone brightly that caught my attention. They were silver-something...moving...“Yes! They were those wedges, the pointed-toes wedges with silver leather!” I shouted excitedly to myself.

At first, I did not recognize them as I glanced through from a distance. And I even did not recall this thing as soon as I saw the silver-something. Maybe in my mind, I had already put it in the deeper memory part that was not so important for me. However, the silver color abruptly flashed into my mind, easily triggered all my

memory about them, and arrogantly occupied all my brain! I could not tell who wore these wedges since the sunset shone so brightly that it seemed to be in alliance with these vicious wedges and to help hiding the horrific truth from me. I was surprised but a little bit worried, curious but kind of anxious. What if it happened to be a bad guy? What if I mistook these wedges? I wanted to speed up my pace to uncover this mystery, but at the same time, I seemed lack the very courage to walk toward the truth. Just as I hesitated, the person who wore these shoes went much farther from me! I got rid of too much hesitation and worries. I increasingly quickened my pace. I urge myself, "Run, Christina, you can! The truth just lies several feet away! Run! " All of a sudden, my cell phone rang. As I searched it in my bag, the person just disappeared, quickly, secretly, furtively, as if that person had never shown up in front of me. Later, I told this to Arum and her other roommates, but they all thought that I mistook someone's shoes as the wedges and did not believe what I said. However, their indifferent attitude put me to consider it in another different way. How come they did not have the same feelings as me? Curious, concerned or even worried like me! Or, is anyone of them hiding the truth from me? "So, now, who is lying?"