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## The Clinic

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# The Clinic

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“What are you here for?”

Jeanette glanced up from her clasped hands. The questioner - a middle aged woman wearing a kitten sweater - stared at her expectantly.

Jeanette spun the ring around her fourth finger. “To forget,” she muttered. She should have taken it off.

“Honey, we’re all here to do that,” the woman smiled. “And it’s not easy for any of us.”

Jeanette nodded and spun the ring again. Her wooden chair felt too stiff, the waiting room too hot. The faces of the people sitting around the room were mostly blank; they were remembering their memories before they were taken: a daughter playing by the riverbank, a father teaching his son how to drive, a friend laughing at a joke.

A lover promising forever.

“Jeanette March?”

She stood up slowly.

“Good luck, honey,” the woman said.

The nurse waiting at the door gestured toward the nearest examining room. “Right this way, please.”

It was cool and dark in there. A cushioned chair and a wiry headset protruded out of the shadows like a beacon.

“Take a seat. I’ll need the dates of what you want to forget?” The nurse was already seated at the console.

“September 1st, 2021 to July 14, 2028.”

Seven years. A ring. A promise.

She wanted them gone.

“Lie back for me and I’ll put the headset on.”

The band across her forehead was cool and she could see the wires trailing in front of her face.

“You’re all set. I’ll be back in about an hour. Try to relax.”



