

The Kids Who Remembered the Unremembered

When I woke up that morning, something felt seriously wrong. My room was freezing, like someone had dropped the temperature overnight. I grabbed my phone to check the time, but what really shocked me was the date: December 1st. I blinked, refreshed the screen, and even restarted my phone, but it didn't change. Yesterday was Halloween. There was no way today was December.

I rushed downstairs, hoping my mom would explain everything, but she acted totally normal. When I asked why my phone said it was December, she gave me a confused look and said, "Because it is December 1st. Why?" My heart started pounding. "Mom, what happened to November? Thanksgiving? We didn't even celebrate it!" She just laughed and told me November wasn't a real month. That's when I started to panic. November was real. I remembered it clearly... and apparently nobody else did.

On the way to school, things felt even stranger. Stores that were selling pumpkins yesterday were suddenly covered in Christmas lights. Holiday music blasted from every speaker. The air felt too cold too early, like winter was rushing in before it should. At school, I asked my friends if they remembered November, and every single one of them looked at me like I was losing my mind. "Dude," my best friend said, "November isn't real. It goes October, December. Everyone knows that." But I knew they were wrong.

Later that night, I checked my scrapbook, and my stomach dropped. All the pages where my November photos used to be were blank, just glue marks left behind. My backpack had Christmas stuff I never bought. My planner jumped straight from October 31st to December 1st. Even my homework was gone. It was like the whole month had been deleted from my life.

The next day, I overheard two teachers whispering about "the lost month" and how kids "shouldn't know the truth." When I walked past the counselor, she stopped me and said quietly, "You've been asking questions about... a certain month. It's safer if you stop." I felt a chill go down my spine. What were the adults hiding?

After school, Nolan, a quiet kid who barely talked, ran up to me. “You’re the one asking about November, right?” When I nodded, he looked terrified but relieved. “I remember it too. Everyone keeps telling me I’m wrong, but I had my birthday in November.” He pulled out a crumpled photo of himself with a cake that clearly said “HAPPY 13th NOVEMBER.” The picture looked damaged, like something had tried to burn it away. “Something’s erasing the proof,” he whispered.

That night, Nolan and I met behind his house at 3 a.m. because we noticed that strange things kept happening at that time. When the clock hit 3:00, the air went still. Suddenly, a tall shadow drifted across the ground. It didn’t walk it floated, like smoke trying to hold a shape. Nolan grabbed my arm. “That’s it,” he whispered.

The shadow turned toward us. Its voice sounded like wind blowing through a cracked door. “Two carriers... awake.” My voice shook as I asked, “What are you?” The shadow swirled upward. “I am the Keeper of Time,” it said. “I remove what the world does not need.”

“Remove?” I repeated. “You mean you erase whole months?” The Keeper’s form flickered. “Humans waste time. They ignore it. They complain about it. So I take the forgotten months and recycle them.” Nolan stepped forward. “People didn’t forget November! You stole it!” The Keeper tilted its head. “Most minds let go of it easily. Except yours.”

The shadow reached out and touched my forehead. In an instant, every November memory rushed back into my mind cold mornings, raking leaves, Thanksgiving smells, everything. “Carrier,” it whispered. “You protect time. You cannot be erased.” It touched Nolan too. “Two carriers. Rare.”

As the shadow began to fade, I yelled, “Are you going to steal another month?” The Keeper paused. “Not if humans learn to value the time they have. But I will watch.” Then it dissolved into the darkness.

The next morning, I woke up afraid to check my phone. When I finally did, I gasped. The date said November 1st. The stores were back to pumpkins. People talked about Thanksgiving like normal. The whole world had snapped back into place.

Everything went back to normal except for me and Nolan. We remembered the truth. As we walked into school, Nolan asked, "Do you think the Keeper will ever come back?" I shrugged. "Maybe. But if it does, we'll be ready."

Because now we know the secret:

Time doesn't just pass. Someone protects it.

And now we do too.