

This fucking sucks.

God. Okay. I don't really know where to start. There's just a lot.

I thought that if I just roll with the flow, or whatever, it would all be fine. Or better. I need to keep reminding myself that the worst is already over. I don't even know if there was a worst. Whatever the fucking hell. Nothing can happen to me anymore. I'm not helping anyone by whining about how everything is bad when there isn't anything to whine about.

I still don't know how to feel about any of it. It's like my brain is blocking me from forming any real thoughts about it. It's like it's stuck in some kind of bubble. I don't know if I'm even in the bubble.

The only two possible conclusions I can reach right now are these:

1. I have finally gone completely insane and/or I have finally died. Maybe in my sleep. Maybe overdosed. Doesn't matter. Not sure about this one since I feel pretty alive.

2. The things I remember are real things that happened that I for some reason remember. I don't know how I'm talking to any of them. Seems to be some kind of gateway through time. It doesn't make sense.

They say that the most simple explanation is usually the correct one. So I must be dead. I must be living something else now. Because this isn't normal. But whatever reality I'm experiencing is now my reality. So it is real to me. I don't think I have a choice of ignoring my current reality. I think it would be more irrational to pretend that what I'm living isn't what it is. And what it is is fucking insane. But it's happening. I think I'm at that point where I just have to accept everything happening to me.

I keep rereading the conversations with Hale.

I don't know. He scares me. Not in a way that he is scary, but I'm scared for him. I'm scared for all of them, but him especially. I'm already scaring myself by caring about them so much. I guess I always cared. From the very start. Just finally putting names to faces. Well. Not faces, I don't know what any of them look like, except Maia, and even then only vaguely. Putting names to fucking visions, or whatever.

I think they're as lost as I am.

Pretty sure me talking to them is also disrupting some kind of thing, because I don't think this was supposed to happen. Can't really do anything about that now.

I can't stop thinking about him. The junkyard, all that. I don't know what to think of it. I keep imagining it, I don't want to, but it just keeps popping up in my head like some kind of plague. I can't sleep. He said he's somewhere else now, though. I think that's good. Probably. I really hope it

is.

It hurts to think that

I don't know. He knows a different version of me and then he actually sees me. It's weird. If we are the same person, it really hurts to think about the fact that I forgot him. He wasn't special in that, I did forget most of everything else. But it still hurts. Grief, I think. What I might be feeling. Knowing that I forgot all this is just

It makes me sad. It really does. All of this makes me feel so fucking sad.

Whatever they're all going through is in a completely different world from mine, quite literally, so I guess I shouldn't care this much, I shouldn't interfere, but God do I want to. I really want to. It's hard not to, when it's like this.

I keep thinking about that conversation. Talking about murder. I know I shouldn't care about him this much, logically. But he's just a kid. It just makes me feel so fucking awful. And I can't do anything about it. I feel like shit.

I should be going to sleep, I think I only got about two hours of sleep in the past 24 hours, but I won't be able to fall asleep. I won't fall asleep but I guess I'll just go to bed as a symbolic gesture of some sort. For it being 2 AM. For whoever is reading this, if this piece of paper ever gets discovered, I hope you're getting some sort of sick entertainment from this, because I'm not. At least someone would be laughing. I feel like I'm in some sort of fucking cage. I'm going to bed.