

I could only stand about an hour of rolling around in bed like a fucking gas station hot dog.

He said if the younger Cole became me right now, that would be good enough. I really wanted to tell him that I disagree. I hope he doesn't. I hope he's his own person and lives his own life. I don't fucking know what I'm living. I feel out of place everywhere. Everywhere I lived and visited. It didn't feel right anywhere. I felt like I was going insane. I don't want him to feel like I did, I want him to have his own friends that care for him, and that he cares about too. I don't want him to lose anything he has. I don't want him to know what it's like to go to the hospital because of a suicide attempt via prescription medicine, I don't want him to feel constantly and permanently lost in the world. I don't want him to think he's stealing someone else's life, or replacing someone, or feel like he will be replaced. I don't want him to be so lonely. He said he didn't have any contact with other people before now. It makes me feel sick. It just does.

It makes me feel so angry and helpless and scared and just fucking awful I just feel awful. I don't know how to speak to any of them properly. I feel like I'll break something. Maybe I'm the one to trigger this thing. The thing that happened to me. Small Cole might be a little shit but he's me, in a way. I care about him. I felt bad saying mean things to him. I want him to be cared for. It's like that fucking hypothetical people ask. If you met your younger self, what would you tell them? I don't know. I'd tell him that no matter what bad things happen to him, he's going to be okay. I would ask him if he feels loved by his friends, if he feels alone. I'd tell him it won't always be like this. I can't tell any of this to him. I don't know what his life is. It's all different. I have a feeling he never went to school. I can't tell him that bullies bully people because they're insecure, he probably never got bullied. I don't know. Some shit like that. God they're all kids.

The time doesn't fucking add up. It's only about a hundred years difference. It doesn't make sense. I think I've said this like a million times now. I don't think it's possible for everything to go to shit that bad in a 100 years. If they're right, it's about to go to shit here, or it should've already happened. But I don't know. Maybe it won't. Maybe the timeline is all different. Different universe. Alternate universe. I don't know. One of these. It would either happen in my lifetime or it wouldn't happen at all.

I don't know what to do with this information. I think I might be uncovering something that wouldn't even fucking matter now. It's already happening, or happened, or will happen, and I can't do anything to interfere. It's just like writing down a plot of a TV show. It means nothing. I'll keep writing anyways. Better to have some sort of reference or proof that I didn't dream it all up. Physical evidence. I guess I shouldn't call it evidence, since I can't actually prove anything. But it is evidence that I'm actually experiencing something. For now that's enough. I don't think I have the time or energy to do it right now, but at some point I should start writing down everything I know about this. There is no one to stop me from conducting my own fucking investigation. I have all this

space. Good thing no one visits me anymore. It's been a while. No one should see this. No one ever will.