

It's a Saturday today, which is a day off for me. I have nothing to do.

Well that's going fucking great. I guess I just won't write then.

Okay so I lied. It's not visible, because this is a goddamn typewriter, but I just spent an hour doing jack shit and as you can see it worked out wonderfully for me. I'm at my desk again. I could be getting work done but I don't care enough. I could go to the market. Don't feel like climbing into my car and driving there though. I don't know. This sucks absolute ass. Okay maybe it doesn't. I feel restless today. I could just get high again. That's the easy solution. I like this solution. In the long run this solution, unsurprisingly, also sucks absolute ass. I don't know if I care about that yet. Maybe I do. Maybe that's why I'm still sitting here and writing this shit instead of actually attempting to get high, not that it's that hard.

I'll just write. Whatever, I'll fucking write, I'll write whatever, who cares, it's not like im publishing this shit. It's not a memoir. Or a book. Or anything really. By the time anyone actually sees this I'll most likely be long gone. I don't know what to write.

Okay I guess I lied again. I'll just start from the beginning. I'll go through my life. Like some sort of memory album. I don't know. Doesn't matter.

Such a cliché to start it like this, but it started when I was 17. Not like a Benjamin Button situation, but that's where my life started. The one I seem to be living right now, at least. Okay, this doesn't make sense. It's fine, I'll explain it. For the sake of the text. For the full picture. Et cetera. Okay, I'm stalling again.

It started when I was 17. Apparently I got into a car accident, right before it all started properly. I was in the car with two friends, none of which I actually know. This will make sense later. The driver swerved into a tree to avoid hitting a deer on the road. One of my "friends" broke his nose thanks to the airbag. The other was completely fine, just a little bruised. I had a head trauma, or that's what they tell me. I have no scars from that accident and I didn't show any signs of a concussion. What I did have, or rather what I lost, was memory of my entire life right before I woke up in the hospital. They said I was in a coma for about a week. It just kind of felt like waking up from a nap, if I'm being completely honest.

I didn't really have time to question who I am in there, because I was immediately swarmed with nurses, which is how I learned my name. So I guess that was never a question. Okay, well, swarmed is an overstatement, but I did hear my name enough to realize it's my name. Anyway.

I went home the next day, with my foster parents. I know I'm adopted

because my foster parents look nothing like me. Both of them shorter than me (Natalie, my foster mom, shorter than me by an entire foot) and both dark haired. Not to mention the fact that they're also not white. Me, on the other hand: tall, lanky, blond and pale as fucking mayonnaise. Or something like that. I looked like how you would imagine a nerd would look like. I was a scrawny kid. But either way, it's not like me being adopted was a secret. They had to retell me my entire life's story up to that point. I imagine it was at least a little bit nightmarish.

The ride home would've been one of the most awkward experiences of my life if I didn't happen to be out of it for most of it. I heard the words "are you sure you don't remember me?" or "maybe he'll remember soon enough" more than I care to count. I never actually remembered them either. I had to start over with everyone I knew. Or, well. Everyone I needed to know. My friends before the accident tried talking to me but most of them gave up sooner or later, whatever we had before was lost. One of the guys, the one that crashed the car into a tree, actually contacted me later in life. About 5 years later, when I was in college. We did become friends all over again but it didn't last. It doesn't really matter now. And it barely did back then, to be honest. Anyways, I made new friends in college. And I lost some. And et cetera. Normal things. I'll get back to relationships later, I think. It's not important right now.

According to my passport I am an American citizen. Thing is, I don't sound American, not at all. People usually can't place my accent anywhere. Some make guesses and all I can do is just shrug and go "haha! See I actually have no fucking idea where I'm from". I still don't really know where I was born. And apparently I had different foster parents before the Harveys, the current ones, but they fucked off somewhere, so I can't even ask them about a good chunk of my childhood. And even before that my birth was an anonymous birth. Which is apparently a thing. So I have no known birth parents either. On legal records my place of birth is Portland, but I have a feeling I wasn't born there either. Harveys tell me my birth parents were most likely European immigrants but fuck if I know. No one knows. Not like I can ask now, can I.

All of this makes making new friends or connections so unbelievably awkward I wish I could lie about it. But I am a horrible liar. So what happens is that I meet someone new and we start talking and it's all great until we get to the topic of childhood or childhood memories or anything like that. And to be clear, it's much more awkward for the people talking to me than it is for me personally. The issue is that they start to feel bad for asking, or start feeling bad for me and then the second-hand embarrassment completely obliterates the conversation until we get to any other topic. But it lingers, obviously. How are you supposed to take "I don't remember the first 17 years of my life at all, not even a little bit" normally? Well, the answer is, you really can't. You have to ignore it. Or let it turn the conversation into something really awkward. At this point

I just brush it off as simple amnesia. And it does the job, I guess. I say, oh, I had amnesia, I don't remember my childhood or school years. Can't really speak about school experiences or childhood memories. Et cetera. And it is usually met with a simple "oh", or "sorry, I had no idea", to which I reply "it's fine, I don't stress about it". And you know, I really don't. There's no point in stressing over something I can't change. I just live with it. And I lived with it until now, and now I'm 36, and I'm fine. I turned out okay. Job, car, house, pets. Greenhouse even, which is something to brag about, but I tend not to, considering it's contents.

Anyways, going back to the point. There was supposed to be a linear story of my life going on here. Hospital was a blur, no one really cares about that, certainly not me. But I still wonder about the supposed head trauma to this day. Because I didn't have a head trauma, not visibly. I guess I could've hit my head somehow, but it didn't leave any marks. So it's still a mystery to me.

The day after I woke up my foster parents came to get me. Natalie, as I previously mentioned, and Isaac. They're nice people. They weren't overly protective, but they didn't neglect me either. They cared about me a lot. They still do, and I stay in touch with them to this day, so it's nice. I like them. It's weird calling them my parents though, it doesn't feel like I have parents. They're more like an aunt and uncle. I call them by their names. Apparently I always did. Okay, I'm getting off track again.

Like I previously mentioned, the car ride was something. Me, 17, completely fucking clueless to everything. Natalie and Isaac, worried and also scared, due to the fact that I don't even remember them. I remember I felt more apologetic than anything. I kept apologizing for not knowing who they are, and they kept telling me that I don't have to apologize for it, it's not my fault, but I could tell that they were still somewhat hurt. So I still felt guilty. I think they thought that maybe they weren't that important to me that I couldn't even remember them. But, well, they weren't really special in that matter, I couldn't remember anything at all. Besides some skills and basic motor functions amongst other things. Apparently I sounded the same, just acted a little different, but that's natural, considering, Once Again, that I couldn't remember Jack Shit. Couldn't remember what foods I liked, but I quickly relearned those by simply trying them. I remembered what a tree or a building is, things like that, obviously, I wasn't completely clueless, I knew all this basic stuff. I knew most important brands, at least the big ones, though I confused some for a while, made buying snacks and drinks with the Harvey's confusing (and sometimes funny). Those were quickly relearned as well. My home to me was unfamiliar, but I could tell which room was mine. There were music instruments there, a bass guitar, and I remember thinking, oh, I like that one. I remembered how to read sheet music as well. My room looked like something that would be mine and I guess in that sense it felt familiar, so I guess I was always me. But it's weird that I don't really remember being

me. It's really hard to make sense of it, or really explain it in a comprehensible way.

I'll continue writing about all this shit later. I'm tired. I need to feed David and Georgie. And I need to make dinner.