

It's still Saturday. Just ate dinner. If you can call fried eggs dinner. You probably can, though it's more often breakfast than it is dinner.

Anyways, the first day I got home it was all weird. There's a step in the living room that everyone always trips on unless they know it's there so you form the habit to step over it without thinking about it. The Harveys always warned any guests so watch out for it so no one trips. When I got home I immediately tripped on that step. It's kind of funny now, but at that time I was just bewildered. It kind of hit me that it all really is new to me. Natalie was so worried I was about to get another head trauma or something, but it was alright, I didn't even get a bruise or anything.

All this happened around two weeks after my birthday, so it was Summer, so I didn't need to worry about immediately going back to school, and as memory-less as I was I understood that school was probably going to kick my ass when I got back to it. I changed schools then. Surprisingly, I did really well, much better than I thought I would. So my junior and senior years passed smoothly. Apart from acting like a poorly socialized dog, I was really good. I graduated high school and then I got into college. And I was good. I still am, I suppose. I guess most people in their 30s are smarter than high schoolers, though. But I'll get back to the topic of school later, mentally I'm still in my old room. Christ, I sound like I'm talking about the events preceding a catastrophe of some sort. It's not like that. Anyways.

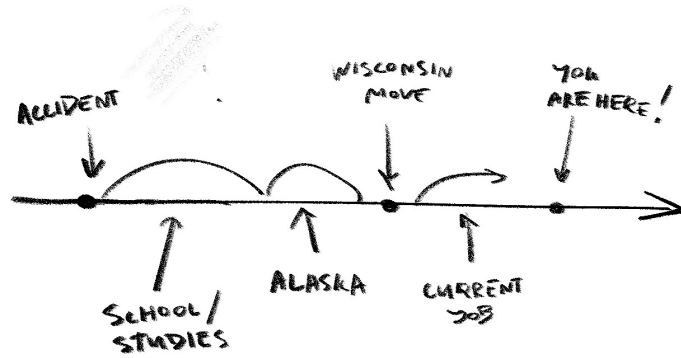
The room I had at the Harvey's house (maybe I should call it something else, like my childhood home, though that seems unfitting, due to me not really having a childhood (haha)) is now an office and a small home library. Probably the best possible outcome for it. Isaac always wanted to write, or, well, for as long as I remember. He only started properly writing around the time when I was close to finishing studying. Somewhere around the PhD, I think. Anyway, that's one of the reasons I have this typewriter now. Kind of a shame I only started using it 18 more years after my 18th birthday, but, oh well. No time like the present, as they say. I don't want to consider my 18th birthday my first, but in a way it is. Year of learning who I am. And while I was already a person it was still... weird. Like

Okay I don't know like what. There's metaphors about bread baking and chickens in eggs floating around somewhere in my head but I'm too lazy to actually put the effort in to form them. So I guess we'll just have that for now. I'm bread. Or a chicken. Whichever the hypothetical reader prefers, not that I give a shit. None of this makes any damn sense. I need to get back to the point before I get frustrated again. Where was I. Oh right, Isaac and writing. And my first birthday.

Around a year after the accident (god, I hate calling it "the accident", it makes it sound so dramatic, like in a movie) I turned 18. During that year I also learned that I love old things. Like antiques. Well, maybe not exactly antiques, but like. Okay I guess it is antiques, fuck if I know. I love vinyl records and old tech and those old timey radios. And radios in general. I got to mess around with those in college, we ran a small radio station there. Sadly, didn't get to do much else with that after I graduated. But that's besides the point. Going back to the old shit. Nat and Isaac knew this, of course they did, they lived with me. And they gifted me a typewriter. Isaac's idea (I felt something like pride when he told me that, for some reason). I was ecstatic, of course. But I didn't really touch the typewriter for a while (by that I mean 18 years). Was waiting for some special occasion. And now I'm old enough to know that the concept of special occasions

like that is made up shit. The special occasion is not going to happen. And when it does, it won't feel special enough, or too special. You get the idea. You just gotta start doing whatever it is you wanna do or try or whatever the fuck else. I sound like a self help book. Not my intention, but whatever. But also, eventually the shit you're saving for "special occasions" stops being special at all. Like this typewriter. Might as well just do whatever with it now. I'm stalling again. The fucking typewriter.

Or maybe I'm not stalling, I don't even know what I was talking about. I don't have any idea how to talk about life in a way that is linear, I don't think that's even possible. Makes no fucking sense though, right? Time passes in a linear way. It just goes. Chronological. It's not as if I experience time through random visions or some shit. I said everything I have to say about the accident already. It just happened. Here's a point on the timeline. Draw an arrow or some shit. Or maybe I will. After I'm done typing up this page. Typewriter, after all. Or I could just leave a big space and then just draw it there, what am I even talking about.



Okay. Here. Whatever. Moving on. I'm going to list the points I'm going to add. Here's the accident, here's the blur of school and studies. Here's my time in Alaska, which is like 3 or something years. Maybe more. Took a job there on impulse, mostly. Weird time. Most of it is also a blur. Here's me moving to Wisconsin which is where I live now. Here's my current job. Here's me right now writing this shit. I don't know what else to add. I'm doing a historians job over here and frankly I'm not doing it well. Christ I'm tired. I don't know whether this whole autobiography thing (I'm not for real calling it that, are you kidding me?) should be me just writing whatever is on my mind to stay busy or maybe I should actually make sense of things. I don't know. The amount of paper I have is unlimited. I can just keep writing. Maybe if I write down everything I know about myself it'll explain what the fuck is wrong with me. Which leads me to my so-called "visions" and dreams. Which is not something I'm going to talk about now because a) I am tired, b) I have work tomorrow and I have no time for these kind of spirals right now, and c) why the fuck am I explaining myself to a typewriter? I can do whatever I want. This is my typewriter. I'm alone in my house. It's not like Georgie is going to snitch on me, let alone read what I wrote here. Or my typewriter. I need to stop talking to myself like this and go to sleep, in a bed this time. Not in front of the TV.

Goodnight typewriter.

