

It's Tuesday night. Hm.

I haven't written anything in about a week, maybe more, maybe less, I don't know, I didn't count and I don't care to do it. I am going to take a moment to see where I last left off so I can continue my tragic retelling of my boring life.

Right. I don't know what the fuck I was saying actually but there's that timeline. So I guess that's where I'll start. I could make a list of topics. No, that's stupid, I'm not doing that.

Right. Well. I guess there's no point in me saying whatever the hell in here, I could just go and start writing. So I guess tonight's topic is the things I remember and the things that I don't after I woke up from my "accident". The quotations aren't even necessary considering I did get into a car accident. I don't know why I did that. Maybe to make it sound less like a tragic cliché. Whatever, anyway.

I already mentioned the living room step and that's all fine. The thing that has been bothering me lately though, is that some things make sense about the whole memory thing and some don't. Like, not at all. The muscle memory for guitar remained. I wouldn't even know I can play guitar at all if I didn't see one in my room after I got home. But the muscle memory for stepping over a step I (presumably) stepped over every day multiple times a day... didn't? I don't know why. I didn't ask doctors about it, they would've probably just shrugged it off. My interests remained more or less the same, I think. As in from what I was like before (according to Harveys) and what I was interested in after. It's like these things that make up my personality kind of remained in me, I just had to remind myself of them. Maybe that makes sense. I don't know. That's one of my theories. But it was weird then, coming back. Felt like I was misplaced somehow. Still do. But I guess that's common with adopted children. Not that I'm a child, but you know what I mean. So I guess we can cross that one out. Either way, head trauma doesn't exactly help with feelings of deep loneliness.

No, yeah, it really doesn't make any sense. Muscle memory for only certain things remaining. I don't know what to do with this. It always bothered me and I tried not to think about it too much but it bothers me anyway. God, what does it matter. This doesn't matter at all.

Adapting in school (the courses, I mean) wasn't that hard either. Like I remembered the basics, for some reason. But whenever I would go back to school after, let's say, Easter break, I wouldn't be able to tell you what I learned in math. But everyone was like that there. I guess you just need reminders after you forget for a bit. And I did get my reminders in Summer, they made me go through some textbooks to make sure I could go back to school properly. And I could. Because I did fine. But I guess I was always good in school, so who knows what happened with my head in that regard.

Anyway, what else?

Okay, I take back my words about my idea of writing down a list of

topics to talk about in here. This is kind of like a solo podcast in text form. People on those always write down ideas. But I guess what I'm doing here is a weird fucking memoir. If I were a writer this probably wouldn't suck as much as it does now, but, again, who gives a shit? So it doesn't matter if it sucks. I guess I should go and write about something now instead of talking about writing something. Like I'm doing right now. Fucking Christ.

Okay new topic. My weird dreams. The list of topics can wait, I'll do that after I'm done with today's writing "session". Since I got in that accident, I've had some very weird and elaborate dreams. But I wouldn't even know if those are normal or not. See, I've always been fascinated with the idea of dreaming so I guess I hit jackpot with my own weird brain. I have an abnormal amount of reoccurring dreams. Like, I get normal dreams too, I get stress dreams about messing up at work or forgetting to do something, or teeth falling out, you know, the normal shit, but then there's like a whole section of dreams that seem to be connected to each other somehow. And a lot of them feel like I've had them before. Y'know the feeling. You have a dream and it feels like you've had it already, maybe more than once, but when you wake up and try to remember when exactly the previous dreams take place, you can't remember shit. So most of the time those weird dreams I have feel like that.

And then there's the content of those dreams. I don't even know where to start. Most of the time I'm in this big concrete building. It reminds me of old labs built in like the 60s or some shit that I visited while in college. I think it's supposed to be something like home to me, but no one ever tells me that. It just makes sense in the dream. Like an instinct of some sort. It always seems to be nighttime in there, or evening at least. I never see any sunlight in that place. It feels depressing. But comfortable, at the same time. Familiar, like the labs I mentioned. There's an elevator, but it never works. There's a library too. There's a lot of rooms there, actually. Like normal rooms. Bedroom, kitchen, et cetera. But then if you go down, there are rooms that more resemble rooms in a hospital than they do of a house. But still not a hospital. Weird labs. There's caves there too. I never go in there, I don't think I want to. Most people say they're not scared of the dark until they're actually facing something that is, what you might call, true darkness.

Yeah, I say I'm not afraid of the dark, I'm an adult man, but one time, way back in college, me and a couple friends, we decided to go camping during spring break. The campsite we stayed at was somewhere along I-90, maybe around half an hour drive from Seattle, don't exactly remember where, but it doesn't really matter. It all went normally. And then later, during the night, I went for a walk with one of the previously mentioned friends. Into the woods. We might have been on one of the smaller trails, or maybe we weren't on any trail at all. It was hard to tell at that point. When we headed out the light was still all dark blue. It was cloudy. And we walked for a while. And then after some time the blue became pitch black. He had a flashlight with him and it was our only light source until he decided to stop on the path and turn it off until it registered in my brain that there's no more light. And he stood still, not making a single noise. It was a prank, of course. But you kind of forget that people play pranks on other

people when shit like this happens. So I was a few steps ahead of him on the path, he was quiet, and everything around me is just void. There weren't any stars, no moon, no nothing. No sounds. The only thing I could really feel was just terror. I called out for him then, one, two, I don't know how many times, and then I was just pleading for him to cut it out, please turn the light back on, this isn't funny, not fucking funny at all, and all that shit. For a good minute we just kind of stood there in silence and it really felt like I was completely alone in there. What if he somehow managed to walk away. And when you can't tell if your eyes are closed or open, it's that dark, your eyes start to play tricks on you. And then he turned the light back on while simultaneously jumping at me. It was hilarious to him. "You should've heard what you sound like" and all that crap. Never went to any camping trips with these guys again.

Anyway, I got a little off track. The caves in my dreams make me feel something similar to that. That if I walk in there, that's exactly what I'm going to feel. Pitch black void.

There's other places in these dreams, of course. One of them seems to look like some sort of giant purple tinted city. I never get too close to any of the buildings to see what they're actually made out of. And the city looks endless too, like I look anywhere and it just keeps going. No matter how far you see. Sometimes there's some kind of weird creatures talking to me. Completely white, like stone or marble. Oh, who am I kidding, they look like hard boiled eggs with legs. I don't remember anything specific from there.

And sometimes I'm just outside. Don't know where, just somewhere outside, usually it's a forest. But most of the time I'm still in that weird concrete building. My dream home. Not in a sense of "a home I dream of" but "a home in a dream that is supposed to be mine". At least I think so. But I could just be misinterpreting. Anyway.

I see people there too. Most often is some girl with (I think, the lighting is always awful in terms of providing clarity) auburn hair (or maybe it's blonde? Or just light brown? It doesn't matter), Maia. That's her name. I don't really know why I know her name, I don't remember talking to her, I just remember seeing her, but I know I talked to her.

Okay, maybe I wasn't entirely honest before. These weird dreams I see feel familiar because they feel like old memories. Warped and old, but memories. From before. But it doesn't make any fucking sense at all. It really doesn't. It drives me insane. Especially the first few years. And then studying took up more time, and I stopped thinking about it so much but then I started thinking about it again and it drives me fucking insane everyday. I can't tell anyone about this. I did, once. But that's a story for later. For now I need to explain my entire fucked up situation before I start screaming and throwing things. I'm already close to throwing this typewriter at the wall.

Bear with this... whatever it is. My insane theories. Or whatever. Pretend it's fiction, pretend I'm a made up guy and you're reading insane ramblings of some insane made up man. So you can forgive how messy this

whole thing is. I think the dreams and these "visions" and memories I have that don't match up with my life are something that I already experienced at some point in time. I don't know how. Or when. Or where. I don't remember any specifics. But I remember some things. And the more I remember the more insane it makes me feel because it doesn't fucking ADD UP. With ANYTHING. I think the kid I was before I got into that accident maybe wasn't me at all. This thought scares the shit out of me and sometimes I think it's what actually happened and sometimes I feel like maybe I'm just going a bit insane. Maybe it's lack of some fucking vitamins. I don't know if vitamin deficiencies can give you visions into a past life. I don't know. I don't know. I don't know how to write all of this down in a coherent way. My thoughts are so disorganized already, and whenever I think of this past life thing it just makes it worse. Maybe it's not amnesia at all. It has to be. Fuck. Fucking shit. Fuck. I need to stop wasting ink and get my shit in order.

I'm going to step away from my desk for a moment.