

Okay. Let's start from the very beginning.

God, this is awful. I'm just talking to myself.

My name is Cole Harvey-Neuerr. I am 36 years old. No one knows what the fuck is wrong with my brain, including me.

On the 17th of July, 2002, I got into a car accident. I don't remember anything about my life before it. The issue here isn't the amnesia, but the fact that I do have memories from before this accident and they don't make any fucking sense at all. They don't line up with my life in any way.

I probably shouldn't have tried and lied to myself in my own journal/diary/memoir/whatever the fuck this is and said that I'm having weird dreams, but in all honesty, I do have weird dreams relating to my "past life". It's just most of what I refer to as weird dreams aren't dreams at all. Or maybe they are. I don't know that.

I guess what I'm doing is basically investigating my own life, but this looks more like a case from the X files more than anything else. So let's get the facts in order first. I guess it's finally time to actually try and comprehend all this instead of just letting the thoughts marinate in my head and drive me insane.

Okay. Let's see.

- I don't sound American, despite (allegedly) being born and raised here.
- I don't know who my birth parents are.
- I don't have any known siblings or a family tree of any sort, no blood relatives at all.
- I have no memory of my life before July of 2002.

I don't know what else for now, from the top of my head. Maybe I'll compile more later.

Then theres the visions, or dreams, or memories, or whatever they are.

- In all of them, I'm always either observing things happen, or they're happening to me. Something always has to do something with me.
- Everything seems familiar, despite me not being able to place any memories in my life properly.
- There's things I know related to these dreams that I shouldn't be able to know, because nothing is ever explicitly stated to me. But still I know Maia's name and I know that I live in that concrete lab. No one ever tells me that. I just know that it's true. I sound insane.
- I have some very vivid memories of it. I shouldn't be able to remember this, unless it happened to me. I don't know why I remember these things.

All this doesn't add up unless you start considering some science-

fiction grade theories on what happened to me. Because:

- I can't live one life up to age 17, and then live another as if I was always living it unknowingly.
- The people I know from these visions and dreams are not people I know now. No one knows these people. These people don't exist. Believe me, I looked. I really tried.
- The places I saw are not real either.

So that leaves me with the theories:

- All these memories and dreams and visions are something I dreamed up while in my week long coma I had after the accident. This seems the most likely.
- These are the consequences of taking LSD in college. That wouldn't explain why it started before college though.
- I really did live a different life in some alternate universe up to age 17 and somehow got... misplaced? This is not probable.

I am leaning towards the coma dream theory but then again, it still haunts me. It feels real. It feels too real to just forget. I almost feel guilty when I think about trying to forget it, or somehow leave the memory of it behind, however warped and faded it is. Maybe that's the insanity talking. I don't know. I don't think I'm actually insane. Maybe that's also the insanity talking. I don't fucking know. One may ask, Cole, why don't you see a therapist about this? Why not ask for professional help? Well, the answer is, if I'm actually for real going insane I don't want to know about it. If I am, they're going to lock me up in the nuthouse. I'm scared of that happening. I don't want that to happen. But then again, if there is something wrong with my brain, I am endangering people around me by not seeking help. So I guess I am selfish for that. I like the life I have and I don't want to lose it. I'm already scared of it slipping away from me, and I definitely won't be the one to push it away voluntarily. I can't let that happen.

I can't ever say any of this to anyone, but I am scared this will happen again. I'll wake up with amnesia somewhere else again and my life won't be mine until I guess I make it mine again. I don't want to replace anyone or be replaced. Even if it's me. I don't want all this.

What the hell am I even talking about, it's not even real. Christ, maybe I should go to sleep.