I never really finished talking about my dreams, to be honest. I mean, I guess I never will, but that isn't really the point.

I don't know if I want to talk about them. Maybe if I write down everything I remember from my "coma life" it'll help. Like doing an exorcism. I don't know.

I don't want to talk about it. I don't want to. I don't want to. I don't want to. I donkl.jn,faddasfhueedagkfyi;cjlgclj