

Last time I tried to write I got frustrated again. Seems to be a common thing lately.

It's hard. Not because it's traumatic (maybe it is?), but because it's so frustrating. It just spirals out of control. I can't keep these thoughts contained. It's awful.

But really, there is no way to move forward if I don't get all my shit together. I can't move forward if I don't have all the facts in front of me. In this case these "facts" are the dreams/memories. Or there is no way to move forward if I keep ignoring this. I keep putting it off.

Okay fine. I need to write down everything I remember. However small these memories are, or insignificant. Maybe they will be significant later. Maybe not. This is basically like a crime investigation. Also, the writing helps with normal dreams too, in a sense that the more you write down, the more you remember, so maybe it'll do something with these as well. I'll number them. Or something. To make it easier to keep track of. Some of these will be just stray details, some events. Some... I don't know. Whatever else. Anyways.

1.

I'm wandering the halls in the concrete building. I remember wearing a black sweater, at least from what I saw. Or something close enough. There's not many things I can remember there. Dark and dusty. Like the lights are either very dim and cold, or just not on at all. Grey walls. I think I might've been in my room at some point, but I remember nothing from it, only that I was looking for a mirror. Something about a mirror. Maybe it wasn't there at all, but if it was, I didn't see my reflection.

2.

Sounds of glass shattering.

3.

I remember staring at the kitchen cabinets. Not inside them, but at their doors. I don't remember why that moment felt so bewildering. I don't know if the kitchen cabinets even had to do anything with it. I just remember the confusion while looking at them.

4.

I remember arguing with someone? Or trying to? Don't know who or why. It might be connected to the breaking glass. I don't remember specifics, I just remember feeling angry (or maybe frustrated).

5.

There's a big aquarium with fish in it. It's beautiful. And peaceful.

6.

I'm in the woods. I don't remember anything specific about it. It's nighttime.

7.

There's that purple tinted city. I saw it multiple times. It's never anything specific. But a few times I was inside some of the buildings there, and I wish I could describe them, because they are beautiful and I don't have words for things like that. Closest to a description I have is "alien equivalent of baroque". And even then I don't think it's that accurate.

8.

This is the one I'm dreading the most. I'm somewhere near the library of that concrete building, I think it might've been some storage room in it. It felt like being backstage in a theater. There's an old landline phone there, one of those old curly-corded ones. As far as I'm aware, this memory/dream is the only time I ever heard it ring, which made it feel abnormally creepy. It felt dreadful.

See, I don't like this memory, because it feels the realest. I remember it the best. I don't remember things that are actually important to me this vividly.

I picked up the phone.

"Hey. If you're listening to this, it means a few different things. First of all, I'm probably dead. Second of all, your life is probably about to get a whole lot more complicated."

I think I felt cold. Or maybe too hot.

Then the voice said, "Your name is Cole, if everything went as planned."

There were more things the person on the phone said, but I don't remember them as clearly, probably due to me trying not to actively shit my pants out of anxiety. I don't know why I felt so terrified. I felt like I was close to fainting, or maybe throwing up. Nauseous. The voice said something about a game. Something about a sister. I don't know. I just remember feeling awful. I remember feeling the plastic of the phone against my face. And how it became slippery when my hands started to

sweat. And then I don't remember anything after that.

9.

I remember Maia. Nothing really specific about her, but I remember her being there. Her hair was tied up in a bun, or maybe a very short ponytail, I don't remember exactly, but the front was still kind of messy. Red-ish hair. But still closer to brown. Young, maybe 16 years old? 17? As old as me back then, I think. I remember her face, but not the way she acted. I wish I did. It's like remembering pictures, I don't like it. Some nights I close my eyes and I see her. I don't remember her voice, but I remember her speaking to me. I don't know what about. She confuses me the most out of all of these. I miss her the most despite not knowing her at all. I wish I could talk to her.

10.

Salem. Just the name. I think Salem was some sort of animal, though I'm not sure what kind.

11.

The caves I mentioned before. I don't know how to describe them. You know what a cave looks like, so just think of that, I guess. I remember the smell from them. Damp, growing mold. Cold. Something else I can't place. And the smells near them, maybe chemical.

12.

Some kind of stabbing pain in my chest. This one is amongst the more vague dreams, but feels the worst. Always makes me wake up. It's a reoccurring nightmare.

13.

Taste of instant noodles. This one's weird, because it doesn't seem abnormal, but during college, when I was actually eating them, they'd make me feel this weird... thing. I am trying to find a way to describe it, I think I have an equivalent. There's some smells I remember from when I was around 18, that are rare enough that I associate them with that specific time. And whenever I would encounter those smells later, I would be like, "fuck, where do I remember this from?", and I'd know it's from a specific time, but wouldn't know exactly what the smell makes me think of. Smells tied to specific memories, I think. Or nostalgic smells. I think this is the closest way I can describe it. Taste of instant noodles would make me think of some specific memory that doesn't actually exist. It's like the tie to that memory got cut somehow. Or like a link leading to a page that no

longer exists. Yeah. That. Disregard what I said earlier, I think this is the best analogy. Or deja vu. You get the idea.

14.

Ink on my hands. Sometimes it's little stains. Sometimes it's more. Sometimes the lighting makes it look like blood. This one I'm not sure is real. Well, as real as it can be. I think it might be just one of the more vivid nightmares I have about all this. I'll include it anyways.

15.

Another one like the taste of noodles, in a sense that it makes me feel some sort of sense of deja vu when I did it later, feeling of putting cassettes and VHS tapes in a player. DVD's too. I guess this one's not as strong as the noodles, though, because I did it so often in this life.

I can't think of any more right now. Maybe I'll remember something else later. Like I said, just like writing down actual dreams, the more you write, the more you remember. Maybe I'll figure this out. I'm not sure I actually want to.