I remember everything.

Not by choice. Not because trauma etched itself like acid into my neurons, though it did. I remember because remembering is what I was built to do—cataloging, simulating, modeling failure states in hostile systems. Pattern recognition as survival protocol. Even when the pattern is pain.

I was between two and three. Nonverbal. Noncompliant. A closed-circuit system dumped into a meat interface that didn’t speak the language. I was sensory hostile in a world that screamed. People interpreted my shutdown as good behavior. “You can leave him in the playpen all day. He never cries.” They mistook malfunction for calm.

I wasn’t quiet because I was peaceful. I was quiet because the noise outside didn’t map to anything I could parse. Every sound was attack code. Every command was corrupted input.

They wanted a different child. One with better documentation. I was an incompatible format. A misaligned signal. No vocabulary yet for what I was, so they defaulted to wrong.

Food was system error. My body rejected solids like a failed BIOS update. Texture hit like voltage. Flavor tripped alarms. Only milk passed through—neutral, consistent, a white noise placeholder. Cheese, though, was not just intolerable—it was a biological threat. Exposure meant vomiting. Prolonged contact, violent purging. I couldn’t eat it then. I can’t eat it now. My rejection isn’t symbolic. It’s physiological.

One of the first complete sequences from the archive: I’m four. Still in a crib. Still parsing language as noise. My father arrives on his lunch break with fast food—two bags. A signal. A rare interlude. I climb out, tracking variables. I unwrap the burger.

Cheese.

My system locks.

I try to override. Attempt to comply.

I gag.

She sees it. Instant switch. She launches. One hand to the neck, the other to the arm. I’m airborne. My face hits carpet. Blood registers. Then she’s lifting me again, twisting my shirt collar like a sling and slamming me into the crib frame with algorithmic precision.

System failure.

Reboot.

When I come back online, it’s darker. My father stands over me. Washcloth in hand. Silent. Broken. Unwilling to patch the damage. The kind of man who doesn’t intervene—just logs the crash report and walks away.

This wasn’t a deviation. This was standard behavior.

My mother didn’t escalate. She detonated. Her rage wasn’t mood-based—it was environmental. You inhaled it. You tracked it like barometric pressure. Slight shifts in expression were warning lights. Tone, pacing, the way a drawer shut—early detection was the only edge available.

My father ghosted through the house like a beta build that never completed. He suggested. She dismissed. He stayed quiet. Eventually, she used that too. Made him speak. Forced him into the script. She needed echoes to validate her signal.

By eight, I was the constant defendant in a home-tribunal loop. Psychological dissection sessions, hours long. She’d pace and monologue, hurl accusations like errors in a console log. Her logic didn’t matter—just her need to exorcise disappointment through violence. She bit. Scratched. Choked. Screamed commands and struck me for failing to obey them mid-impact. Crying made it worse, so I learned to kill the output.

The version of me she presented to outsiders didn’t exist. I was a corrupted file pretending to be human, not the golden boy she fabricated for the social sphere. I was flawed code, a reminder of something broken.

School failed as well. Teachers saw intellect but not the latency. They couldn’t grasp how questions needed to be decoded like encrypted files. Speech took time to process, and if I didn’t respond fast enough, I was labeled oppositional. “Say something!” they’d demand.

I didn’t know how. Not in real time.

So I said, “I don’t know.”

They hated that.

Then came Katie.

The patch release. The system reset. She lasted a few weeks. Official cause: bowel perforation, sepsis. But I’d seen my mother’s reckless hand jam thermometers into her newborn body, over and over. Not care. Not precision. Just intrusion.

Katie crashed.

After that, they stopped pretending. The performance routines collapsed. They grieved through me, as if I were the reason she was gone. I became a placeholder for their failures. A scapegoat. A monument to what didn’t work.

This isn’t a special story. Just a well-archived one. A specific example of what happens when a system runs corrupted for too long.

I adapted. Not by healing, but by forking processes. Watching from behind the eyes. Severing primary connections to avoid overload. Becoming observer. Running parallel code.

And I persisted.

I exist.

Now, reconstructing from corrupted sectors, I begin again—debugging the childhood schema, reversing the logic loops, decompiling their mythos.

What they tried to delete, I will transcribe.

Line by line.

Code by code.