I wake up on the same bed every day, hardly move, or go out for that matter. Ever since that fateful day, the day when I got hit by a car. Miraculously I survived but was crippled and comatose for a few months. Mentally I felt happy, I managed to save my older brother who didn’t pay much attention. I felt like a “hero” of sorts. As long as he lived, I was happy to die right there. Or so I thought at the time of the hit.

When I woke up, I heard frantic screams. A woman’s voice jolted me upwards. But who was that voice I thought? It sounded…familiar. But why? “Honey, your finally awake!” The woman cried tearfully. She seemed elevated and happy that I woke up. “I guess so, but who are you?” I questioned. Her reaction was almost instant, tears of joy to sorrow. “No…the doctor said it was a small possibility. But why?! Don’t you remember your own mother!” She cried almost forcing it out of her being. She looked like she was about to collapse right there, as if a weight of thrusted onto her shoulder. “Mother…?” I responded. I could barely string words together. As if a snake was curled around my memories, it refused to let go of it’s prey so to speak. A tight noose, yet no pain from my head. It was weird. “Who am I? Where am I” I questioned this “mother”. She looked at me through her tears and tried to explain all the questions I threw at her. I felt a small headache and muttered “Oliver…” The “snake” uncoiled something but tightened its gripped after that utterance. “Mother” seemed to gain a bit of hope in her eyes and responded “Yes, that’s who you are. Anything else, dear”. I shake my head. I seem to make her happy and sad based on my words. Why? Before I could say anything, three people charge into the room. Two large men and a tall woman. “Ollie, your awake!” The woman shouted. “Mother” turned to face them and just uttered “Amnesia”. One of the men just looked at me, tried to hide a tear and ran out saying “It’s all my fault”

I felt pain, but not from the snake coiled around my memories, but on my chest. As if a needle had gone through it and pierced my heart cleanly. Tears well up but I am uncertain why. My chest hurts so much its almost unbearable. Why? Why? All that I can think of is, who was that man that bolted in and out of my room as fast as his legs could muster. “ Who was that…?” I stuttered with tears falling. The bigger man looked at me and said “That’s your brother…the one you saved”. Something clicked in my head, the snake uncoiled for a brief second but coiled even tighter, giving my head another major headache, as if my brain was trapped in an earthquake. I grab my head, attempting to stabilize it and everyone rushes to my side as soon as I grab my head. All I could say through the pain was “Tim”. When will this snake release my memories! It hurts not knowing those around me! It hurts when I cant understand why am in pain! It hurts! It hurts so much!