Woke up this morning in a strange place. I’m not entirely sure where I am. Heck I’m not even certain who I am.

Looking around the room, I appear to be in... well it looks like a normal room. There’s nothing special about it. There’s a standard twin bed against the corner under a window. The window has bars running through it in a criss cross pattern. Other furniture includes a dresser with a mirror on it, a second taller dresser, a closet and a small black and white television set.

It’s funny. I can easily point out everything in the room including the IV bag on a cart next to the bed, but I don’t have a clue who I am?

Amnesia. Such a funny word to match a funny concept.

Speaking of funny. Try standing after you first wake up. Oh yes, quite a laugh.

I fall immediately to the floor face down. It feels like my legs are made out of Jell-o.

Say, there’s another word I remember! Shoot, I wonder which flavor I like. Red? Green? Maybe orange? Are those even flavors? Yeah no clue. Don’t care. So I just lay there for a little bit with my face in the floor. My nose is pushed out of joint a little. I feel the cold floor through my pajamas.

I look to the door and wonder if it’s open. Only one way to find out. Holding onto the bed, I manage to pull myself up and back into a sitting position.

Looking across the room at the mirror, I see myself. There’s a man staring back at me with blue eyes and light brown hair. Stranger, what are you doing here?