Something about the day made no sense. Was it the fact that I had inadvertently misplaced the thoughts in my head? Perhaps it was something along the lines that those thoughts were actually there but just not coherent to make any sense. Yes I was finding myself deep in thought over randomness nothing.

I woke up the next morning with the same thought process. Who was I? Where was I headed? Getting showered and dressed, I took a look in the mirror. Whoever the person was that was staring back at me... I had to have a talk with him and find out who or what he was.

Sitting in the corner I noticed a book, the title: "Amnesia and How to cope." Something told me I've been here before. Opening up to a bookmarked page, I found a note.

*Charlie,*

*Don't panic. You've been through this before, every day of your life in fact. Here's a list of things you enjoy doing. Add to them so you can know yourself.*

*Sincerely,*

*You*

I read through the list quickly. I was fond of peaches, mangoes, and something called pizza. Yet I hated garlic and broccoli. Something told me if I were to try garlic or broccoli I would find out the paper was telling me the truth. I decided against that approach.

Walking out of my room... or was it a cell? Couldn’t tell you either way what it was. It was a room; it had walls and a door. But the door could be sealed form the outside. So was it a cell? Or was it just a plain room? I would have to find that out at a later time.

I exited the room and walked down the hallway to a nurse’s station. A brunette was standing behind the desk working away at a computer.

“Morning Charlie.” She said without looking up.

Well the paper so far wasn’t lying to me, my name was indeed Charlie. “Morning.” I replied, “I’m wondering if you could...”

She cut me off. “Your name is Charlie, you’ve been here four years, and yes you do in fact hate Broccoli.”

“We must have had this conversation before.” I said.

She looked up and nodded. “Yes. Sorry to be rude, but I don’t have time for your usual questions today. Maybe tomorrow.”

“My apologies.” I said as I walked away from the desk.

“Mmmhmm.” She said.

Shaking my head I thought, she probably says that same line every time I come up to her. I made a note to try it tomorrow and see what result I get from it. Looking through the pages of my notebook I noticed a few pages appeared to have been ripped out. There was a note on one of the pages before the missing ones that read:

*Didn’t want to remember this.*

Strange that I would write such a note. Looking at the handwriting, I notice that it wasn’t written by me. At least I assumed I didn’t write it. The writing didn’t match what I had just written. Strange indeed. Something else I would have to look into and test.

According to the journal, today was March 5th, 2012. I wondered what my birthday was. Flipping through the pages I couldn’t find anything that would hint at what day I was born. What a downer. Everyone wants to remember the day of their birth, it’s the main reason they have birthday parties. A celebration and a reminder of how great they are. Defiantly another thing to find out and keep track of.

Looking at the white jumpsuit they had me in, whoever they were, I noticed the shoes matched the rest of the outfit. Plain white. No belt. I guessed they didn’t want people hanging themselves with it. There weren’t any laces on the shoes either. I figured I was in an insane asylum.

Being me, I decided it was time to figure out the different wards and which ward specifically I was in. I headed back towards the nurse’s station. That’s when I met Jim.

Jim was a tall six foot black man. He seemed to know me rather well. According to him, we were buddies. I wasn’t sure what he meant by buddies, I just hoped it wasn’t anything sexual.