*GIRL YOU USED TO KNOW*

a page from Raven’s diary

12/09/2016

*clean slate*

Do you know this feeling when you wake up and for a short moment you have no idea who or where you are? It’s just a second, but it happens every time you wake up. You probably don’t even pay attention to it – I didn’t either. Until today, because I woke up and that moment didn’t last for just a second. It didn’t go away at all. This blank space in my mind didn’t just disappear, like it always does, like it *should*.

I was staring at the ceiling for about ten minutes, wondering what is happening and why I don’t remember anything, and then people started walking into my room. Of course I didn’t know who they were, but they were looking at me like they knew me. That was a weird feeling – me, staring at them like at strangers, and them – staring at me like they missed me. I felt no guilt, no shame, no fear, no surprise. I felt nothing. I just wanted them to go away because I didn’t know them and I wanted to be alone. So I just said - *I’m sorry, I don’t feel like meeting new people right now*. I was trying to be polite, but – apparently – I shocked them. A woman started to cry, a man looked at me for a moment, confused by my words, the rest of them just started whispering. The man told them to leave the room and then he sat on the chair by my bed. I really wasn’t in mood to talk to strangers. I didn’t get it – why were they acting like they knew me? And then he told me and suddenly everything made sense.

*Raven, I’m your dad. You remember me?*

That was the moment I finally felt something. Guilt. He wanted me to remember him so bad, I could see it in his eyes. He was desperate to hear that one word that would take away all the pain coming at him from the moment he looked me in the eye. *Yes*. But I couldn’t lie to him – I didn’t feel any urge to do that. He *was* a stranger. You probably know that feeling when you accidently push a stranger on the street and you feel bad for a second, but then you just apologise, walk away, and that’s all? That was exactly what I felt in that moment, and that was exactly why I felt so guilty. I felt guilty, because I didn’t feel enough.

*No. I don’t remember you. I don’t know you.*

I should feel devastated, shouldn’t I? Just like in the books – I should cry, I should feel like everything is falling into pieces because I don’t remember my own dad, my own family. Well, I guess the writers are just liars. Because having no memories, no names or places in your mind – it feels kind of good. It makes you feel free. You have no ties to your past, you burnt all of the bridges. You have a clean slate. Nothing is holding you in the place you’re at now.

Except for the people who know you, who care about you and want you to remember them. They are the only thing that make you feel like you actually had a life before, even if you don’t remember it. They are a *blast from the past* – and you don’t know whether it’s just a normal thing to do when having amnesia or if you’re a really bad person – but you don’t really feel any need to try to remember them.

13/09/2016

*still not enough*

So, basically, I have amnesia. A really bad type of amnesia – I don’t remember a single thing. From what I’ve been told, my name is Raven Taylor and I am 20. I work as a waitress and I study drama. I have been involved in a car accident three days ago. I hit my head really hard, but besides the complete emptiness in my mind, I’m okay. This are the facts – confirmed by the documents they gave me. That I can believe. Things that can’t be confirmed – it’s where it gets hard. I can’t help but feel like everyone is lying to me. I think it’s normal though. They are strangers to me, even if they say they are technically not. A man who is calling himself my uncle told me I promised him to take care of his little daughter the next weekend – *oh, you love her, you think she is so cute*! It’s like a stranger on the street said you owe him twenty dollars. You just wouldn’t believe him. Because you don’t know him, you don’t have any duty to do so.

I think I should feel connected to them in some way. After all, they say they’re my family. Even without any memories, shouldn’t I just… know, deep down, that they are my blood? How can I feel an absolute nothing towards my own family? How is this even possible? How can something inside my brain decide about things like love and attachment? I’m stuck in an endless circle – I don’t feel enough, so I feel guilty about it, but then I realize *it’s still not enough*. I will never feel enough because I should love them. And how can I love strangers?

Should I learn to love them? Or should I move on and start a new life? I don’t remember the old one anyway. It’s not nice to live a life that doesn’t even feel yours.

17/09/2016

*who was she?*

When I walked into *my* room it didn’t feel like coming home. It felt like finding out someone lived in there and left quite a mess. Someone you never knew. Someone you’re not sure you would ever want to know. She really didn’t clean this room in a long time. I mean, *I* *didn’t*.

I thought going through *my* stuff would bring back some memories. Pictures, books, clothes. But – again – it felt like going through someone’s stuff. It didn’t feel right at all. It should. Even if my memories are impossible to get back, shouldn’t there be at least a hint saying *– it was yours*? It was your life. It still can be? Well, apparently, it can’t. My life doesn’t feel like mine anymore, even if everyone around me is trying to pretend it does. *My mum* is constantly repeating one phrase *– remember when?*. She doesn’t really get it. She thinks she’s being nice reminding me of my past I clearly need some help remembering. But all she does is make me more and more upset. Because it’s *my* past and it’s been stolen from me. It is not mine now. Reliving it won’t help.

I don’t know who Raven Taylor was. I don’t know who she is now. She’s clearly not the same person she was, judging by the faces people are making all the time*. What is wrong with her?*

*Who is this?*

*Where. Did. She. Go?*

19/09/2016

*a blast from the past*

There was a girl once. Her name was Raven Taylor and she most likely had no talents. I mean, c’mon, she worked as a waitress. For some reason she was studying drama, which is *really* cliché. I would never study drama. She had a family who loved her. She loved them too. She had friends and a life probably nice to live. One day her car crashed and she died. Not literally. She did woke up – but as a completely different person. Everyone was trying to pretend it was still the old Raven. They were smiling, talking about memorable moments from her life, not saying out loud what everyone knew*. Raven is not here.* The only one left is *Raven from the past*, a girl who disappeared, and this new, weird version of her. The one who looks like her, but can’t really fool anyone. Even herself.

So, *Raven from the past*, there is one last thing I need to tell you before I move on – I have no idea why you never started a diary. It would literally save the day right now, you know? Literally. Well, we do learn from our mistakes. It was nice to *be you.*

I guess. I don’t really remember.