

He's in his room now. Standing just in front of the door after he closed it with a small squeak.

He stared at the ground for a bit before turning his attention to his left.

Just besides the door stood a mirror. It was long and couldn't stand on its own so it had to be propped up against the wall. It had an old dark green t-shirt thrown over it, covering the top half.

He threw it on there when his memories finally slipped and when he could no longer stand to look at himself in the mirror.

In retrospect, he should have removed it a long time ago. He can... *stand* to look at his face. It doesn't feel like his, and sometimes his own eyes stare into his soul, but he can look into the mirror and do his make up. Removing the t-shirt from his mirror would've probably made that easier actually, since he wouldn't need to do it in the weird lighting of the bathroom.

. . .

He walks over to his bed and kneels down. That quickly turns into a sort of crawl as he reaches for something under his bed. He struggled for a bit but eventually pulled out a shoebox.

He opens it.

His old journals are inside. Some of them have the name written on their cover but it's been long since blacked out.

He hasn't reread them in awhile. There isn't a point. So much information is blacked out and it's not like he would get much of anything out of it.

. . .

He puts the box aside on his bed. He takes off his t-shirt, then the shirt underneath, and puts his t-shirt back on again. He stares at his gloves, then takes them off as well.

He picks up the box and sits down in front of the mirror. He places it aside then picks up one of the journals, flipping through the pages.

A lot of information is blacked out. Weeks upon weeks worth of writing scribbled out in what must've been only a few hours. It took only mere hours to erase months worth of history. The more journals he looks through the further back he gets, going over a year back. And he knows that there's more, under there.

It's hard to get a lot of information out of the journals now. It's gone, seemingly forever if this curse never gets broken. Only Dee has access to these memories but even then he doesn't have the thoughts and feelings he poured into these pages.

... He can put stuff together a bit better now. He's seen the left out medication on his desk, never to be refilled. Social media accounts that he abandoned for new ones with photos and posts and people whose names he can't remember. Old game save files, old songs, old clothes. Traces of a person which no longer exists.

He looks at the mirror now. At the way he used to dress, now punctuated with bruises on his arms and calloused knuckles. Looking at the way he used to dress before he felt ashamed of being perceived or causing concern, looking at the way he used to dress before weekly fights became a regular part of his routine again, because clearly they must have stopped happening at some point to feel comfortable enough in his skin to dress the way he used to.

Thrasher pierces deeply into eyes that are not his own, and his own eyes softened.

He holds up a hand, and hesitates, before reaching out to touch the mirror. It's cold. It doesn't feel like human touch at all. But there was something comforting about it. About pressing his hand against his own.

" I think I judged you too harshly.

I'm sorry. "