

Amnesia

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Poor Ivan Braginski has gotten Amnesia. He can't remember who he is, how old he is, or anything around him. Luckily, He friend Matthew Williams is willing to help Ivan regain his memories, so the world can go back to normal again.

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/HetaliaLover809/60288/Amnesia>

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1 - Ivan? Who me?

I looked up from the table. I couldn't remember anything. My name, my life, and the people around me. I was lost. All these grown men were fighting around me. "Will you stop acting like you're a hero? Everyone knows you're not!" This man had really big eyebrows. Now, don't get the impression that I *like* him but they really looked cute with his messy blond hair. "HOW DARE YOU!!!!!" this man was wearing a brown coat. The giant white 50 was a nice touch. *I wonder what that 50 stands for.* I thought to myself. "P-please stop fighting!" This man looked just like the one with the 50 on his back. The only thing keeping me from thinking that they were twins was that his eyes were purple while the one in the 50 jacket had blue. "SHUT UP MATT!" the man with blue eyes looked at "Matt" like he was going to harm him. "Okay." Matt said quickly and sat back down. *I kind of feel bad for him.* "THAT IS ENOUGH!!!!!!!!!!!! WHILE YOU 3 ARE FIGHTING-" "2, I'm not a part of this" Matt interrupted. "Fine 2, ARE SCREAMING AT EACH OTHER, THE REST OF US ARE TRYING TO HAVE A MEETING HERE!!!! RIGHT RUSSIA!?!!" The man looked straight at me. "Who? Me?" I answered. "Yes you!" These men were very confusing. The Matt guy ran over to me. "Ivan, are you okay?" "Ivan?" (I would just like to put out there; Russia's name is not pronounced Eye-Van. It's é-von. Thanks!) "(Insert anime gasp thing and drop of sweat here)" Matt seemed worried. So I got worried. He suddenly wrapped his arms around me. "You're going to be okay Ivan! I know you will!" He seemed like I could trust him. "Okay." I whispered back to him.

After the so called meeting, Matt walked me home. "Do you remember anything that happened?" "No, not really. Could you tell me?" I felt stupid asking that, I mean he literally just asked what happened. "I don't really know." He seemed like he didn't care that I just asked the same question as him. "But I do believe you said something and, America slammed your head on the table. I'm just guessing, I wasn't really paying attention. But anyways, would you like me to take you to a hospital?" Matt seemed like a very nice person. "Okay, if it will help me get my memory back." I said with a smile.