

He tried to push past them.

"—just need to get in there for one second. It won't take long."

"Sir you can't go in there."

"Just a few minutes, an hour tops, I don't need full access just something small. I can make it work. Please."

"I'm sorry but we can't. It's against policy."

"I understand. But I can work around that."

"I'm sorry sir... We can't."

He needed access to the memory room. He was trying to rearrange his brain by removing past traumatic memories to be replaced with optimistic ones. He knew he couldn't rewrite the past. What happened, happened. To change it would be wrong. It wouldn't be the truth. But he'd found some wiggle room, a way to make it work, but in a way that still felt true.

All he needed was access to the room. For a few hours.

They wouldn't give it to him.