

REWRITE YOUR PAST

A Healing Journey Back to the
Memories
That Still Hold You

G.G Muse



There is a world elsewhere

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There is a world elsewhere

*To the child who waited in the past —
and to the adult who finally came back.*

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Contents

Introduction	7
Part One	
Why the Past Is Still Present	10
Chapter One	
What Memory Actually Is	11
Chapter Two	
Trauma	17
Chapter Three	
The Paradox of the Past	21
Part Two	
Preparing for the Journey	24
Chapter Four	
Making Friends with Your Body	25
Chapter Five	
The Witness, Not the Flood	33
Chapter Six	
Finding the Right Memory	37
Part Three	
The Journey	41
Chapter Seven	
Entering the Memory	42

Chapter Eight	
The First Journey.....	46
Chapter Nine	
Meeting the Inner Child.....	50
Chapter Ten	
Seeing the Others	54
Chapter Eleven	
Giving Love to the Past	57
Chapter Twelve	
The Complete Journey.....	62
Part Four	
After the Journey.....	68
Chapter Thirteen	
Tears, Trembling, and Lightness.....	69
Chapter Fourteen	
Making This a Practice	73
Chapter Fifteen	
When You Need Support	77
Epilogue	
Back to That Night	81

Introduction

The Night I Changed My Past

The night of the full moon, I changed my past.

Yes. You read that right. I changed my past.

Not all of it — I wish I had that kind of power. But a piece of it. And that piece was enough. That night, something in me healed.

It started the way most meaningful things in my life do: quietly, without announcement. I have a habit of setting aside time for myself — an hour, sometimes less — to just sit. No tasks. No agenda. Just be with myself. Meditate, think, or let my mind wander wherever it wants to go.

That night, I sat beneath the light of a full moon and simply waited — curious to see where my body and mind would take me. I trusted them. And they took me somewhere I hadn't expected: back to my past. To a memory I thought had long since closed. Turns out, it was still waiting.

What I understood that night was this: we have the capacity to travel back — consciously, deliberately — and change something in the memory itself. And

when a memory changes, its effect on your present life changes too. As if it had always been a little different.

After that night, I did it again. And again. Each time with a different memory, each time with results I found harder to dismiss. After a while, I told a few people close to me. They tried it. It worked for them too. That's when I understood — this wasn't just mine.

One thing I want to be clear about, right here at the start: this book is specifically about childhood memories. Old ones. The ones from long ago that you can barely locate anymore, let alone connect to how you feel today.

Not last month's argument. Not last year's heartbreak. Those have their own path — and often, if they involve people or situations you can still act on, the answer is simply to go act. This book isn't for that.

This book is for the things that are already done. Already sealed. The rooms from childhood you can't physically walk back into. The moments so distant that you've almost stopped believing they still have anything to do with who you are. Those are exactly

the ones that do — quietly, persistently, without your permission.

And those are exactly the ones you can rewrite.

One honest word before we begin: this isn't easy. It isn't painless. But the result — that moment when you come back from an old memory and something feels lighter — is worth every uncomfortable minute.

Let's begin.

Part One

Why the Past Is Still Present

Rewrite Your Past

Chapter One

What Memory Actually Is

And why it matters more than you think

The past is fixed. Memory is not.

Let's start with a question that sounds simple:

Does the past change?

Of course not. What happened, happened. No one goes back and edits yesterday. That's physics — and this book isn't claiming otherwise.

But here's the question that actually matters: does your memory of the past change?

That's a different story entirely. And understanding the difference is the foundation of everything we're going to explore.

Memory is not a recording — it's a story

Most of us carry an unconscious image of memory as something like a video file. An event happens, the brain captures it, and whenever we recall it, the same clip plays back — precise, stable, unchanged.

That image is appealing. It's also completely wrong.

Your brain is not a camera. Memory is a narrative — one that gets reconstructed every single time you access it. Every time you think about the past, your brain rebuilds that memory from scratch. And in

each rebuild, the emotional tone, the meaning, the weight of it can shift — sometimes subtly, sometimes dramatically.

Neuroscientists call this Reconstructive Memory. But you don't need the scientific label to recognize it. You've experienced it your whole life — you just never had a name for it.

The time machine we already carry

One day you catch a scent — an orange, a particular soap, something warm from a kitchen — and suddenly you're back in winter, age seven, at your grandmother's house. Or a song comes on the radio and your chest tightens, not because of the song itself, but because of that one summer when it played constantly and everything felt possible.

A single smell. A three-minute song. And your entire nervous system is twenty years away in under a second.

I always say: if we ever build a time machine, it'll probably run on scent and music. Because apparently our brains already have the technology — someone just hasn't found the on-switch yet.

But this points at something important: memory is woven into all the senses. Not just images and sounds — smell, touch, taste, the feeling of your own body in a particular moment. Memory is a full-sensory experience. Every time you activate it, all those layers wake up together.

One event. Several different stories.

Here's a scene: a couple has a serious argument at home. Their three children are all present.

Ask each child — decades later — to describe what happened that day. You'll get three different accounts. One was terrified, convinced the family was about to fall apart. Another thought it was just a bad evening, nothing unusual for that household. The third noticed details neither of the other two even registered.

Which one is right? **All three.** Because each of them was there with their own age, their own emotional history, their own capacity to understand.

This same dynamic plays out in almost every long-standing conflict between people. Two people spend years arguing over the same event, each certain their version is accurate — unable to accept that the

other person was genuinely there too, just in a different inner world.

Memory changes every time you revisit it

Not only is memory personal to begin with — it also shifts every time you return to it. Even when you're trying to remember it exactly as it was.

Because you're not the same person who lived through it. You're older. You've seen more. You understand things now that you didn't then. All of that comes with you into the memory, whether you invite it or not.

That's why the same childhood memory can feel like shame when you're twenty, like grief when you're forty, and like something closer to understanding once you have children of your own. The event doesn't move. But you do.

Neuroscientists call this Memory Reconsolidation — a discovery made in the early 2000s by Karim Nader at McGill University. What he found was that every time a memory is activated, there's a brief window — a few hours — during which that memory is actually open. Malleable. And then it closes again,

restoring itself — but not necessarily in the same form.

Memory is like wet cement, not stone. The moment you remember something, it softens — and in that moment, you can leave a new impression.

Memory lives in the body too

Memory doesn't only live in the mind. When you experience something significant, your body encodes it too. Heartbeat. Muscle tension. Breathing. Posture. Bessel van der Kolk documented exactly this in *The Body Keeps the Score* — trauma is held physically, sometimes for years after the mind has "moved on."

That's why a certain memory can make your stomach drop before you've even consciously thought about it. Your body remembers. Even when your mind is pretending not to.

Rewrite Your Past

Chapter Two

Trauma

And why some memories get stuck
