

Hello typewriter. We meet again.

I don't know where to start. Well, I never know where to start, so what else is new. I don't know. I may or may not be stalling already, and it's been only a couple lines. New record. Okay, back on track.

Hale is here. That is a very loaded statement, actually. I can't even begin to care about how he got here. I'm a little scared to ask him anything right now. Fucking mortified, actually. It's barely important. Well, it is, but not now.

I haven't slept since we got here. By here I mean home, my house. Where I am currently typing this, with Hale in the house. My house.

Fucking okay. I was never good at keeping my thoughts in order. But I could at least try.

I got home yesterday. Today? We got home. I guess it's not home for him. Not yet at least. What the fuck am I saying right now? Today, early morning, maybe 6, 5 AM? I don't know. It feels like yesterday. I drove late. I'm very tired. We are both tired, I guess. We haven't really spoken about anything. There were some words, but not any conversations. You know.

I feel like this is the first time in months where everything feels painfully, glass fucking sharp real. Nothing could be more real. Kant wouldn't believe how real this shit is right now. I don't know if it's the sleep deprivation doing this, actually, I know it isn't it, because you don't feel so clear and tuned the fuck in while sleep deprived. But I do feel that if I calm down enough I'll immediately pass out. Which is probably good. Again, I haven't slept since yesterday. Jesus Christ.

It is currently around 3 in the morning. Hale fell asleep on the couch almost immediately after I got it ready. Took that opportunity to make food and clean my shit up. Then he woke up sometime in the afternoon, I don't know, stayed awake for a few hours and then fell asleep again. I left some food for him in the music room. Where he's sleeping right now. I don't even know if he likes pasta, but that's the easiest thing I could think of right now that would also be filling. Somewhat.

God this is so weird.

I don't know what to do, really. I guess there isn't actually much to do at this moment. I should sleep and then I can think of ... I don't know. A plan?

There is no plan.

I don't know what's happening. Actually, nothing is happening right now and I'd prefer if it stayed that way. This is what's going on right now. There's a severely and extremely traumatized teenager in my house. And I'm way past questioning anything happening right now. Why do I feel like I'm trying to justify what I'm doing? There's no one here. This is my own thing

to deal with. With Hale, I guess. I don't know how to talk to him like this. But I didn't really have a game plan when it was just text messages either. That's not the point. It's just really hard. I'm afraid that I'll somehow scare him, or induce a panic attack on accident, or fucking anything else. He seems fine enough right now, though. Very quiet, but that isn't generally a good sign. He doesn't seem in shock. Maybe he's always quiet? I don't know.

I feel like I should call someone about this, ask help, but genuinely, who the fuck would I be calling here? I'm acting like he's my damn firstborn. I don't actually want to call anyone. Definitely not Nat. Though I have to admit, it would be a little funny. Hey Nat, I have a potentially very illegal ... someone. In my house. How do I feed a... actually, how old is he? 17? 16? I should ask him, once it feels appropriate, I guess.

I should ask a lot of things. But, again, not important. Right now I have to f