

I'm starting this "journal" or whatever it is in case anything happens. Not that it should. It might. I honestly don't know and I'm not about to start explaining my entire life up until now. The point is I'm starting it. I'm stalling. Whatever.

I just got home from work. Fed Georgie and David (the ferrets, in case it's unclear to whoever is reading this), ordered takeout (Caesar salad) (a little ashamed of this since I could've just made it myself, but, oh well), rolled a joint. Might fall asleep on the couch while watching another mediocre thriller on TV and then wake up in the middle of the night sore. And then I'll have to walk upstairs to bed. Like every other night for the past few weeks. I need to get my shit together. But it's not like it's actively hurting me. Sure, I feel a little tired, but I feel tired all the time, it's not like it's a new development.

I feel a little pretentious writing this (whatever this is) on a typewriter but what the hell, might as well have fun with it. This thing has been sitting in my storage room since I moved into this house. I got it on my 18th birthday and never used it until now. So might as well. Still better than let it gather dust.

What else do I have to say. Work is as usual. Public transport as usual. Roads as usual. My house never changing, thanks to me never changing it but hopefully I'll do something about it. Greenhouse seems well enough. Me - well, I'm still me. No nightmares tonight, at least none that I can remember. Nothing interesting on TV. Oh my salad is here. Okay. As I was saying. Georgie and David are little shits, as usual. I've been meaning to visit the antique market for months now, yet I still can't bring myself to go. Too tired. Or busy.

Okay I think that's enough of this for today. I'll eat and I'll smoke indoors which Ames hates, but it's not like she lives here, so it isn't really a problem. And then I'll fall asleep on the couch again. Goodnight.