

Today I actually did some work I was supposed to do at home. I know I said I'm going to write down everything I know about this whole thing, but I can't bring myself to do it. Not yet, at least. I'm even cleaning. I'm not really sure what to do.

I also finally went to get groceries. Huge deal. I was running out of fresh food to eat and thought that maybe I shouldn't try to keep living without any fruit or vegetables. If the clerks noticed the bags under my eyes and the fact that I haven't shaved in two weeks for the first time in multiple years that I've been living here, they didn't say anything. No reason for them to do that, in all honestly. They've definitely seen worse.

I'm constantly rethinking whether or not I should be reacting to this more severely or reacting less. On one hand this might be the only thing that ever mattered to me in my life. On the other hand, it might not even matter at all. I don't think I can make any conscious choice here. So I'll keep switching from one to the other depending on where my mental state throws me next. Currently I'm thinking of how I can come back to my job. People have been calling me, but since my vacation isn't over yet, I'm not obligated to answer. Nick called. I'm almost surprised, since I didn't even know he still had my number.

I wrote about Amelia, maybe I owe Nick to write a little bit about him as well. There isn't even that much, but still. We were sort of friends in university, I mentioned him before. Then we stopped talking. Then Alaska, where I stopped talking to everyone. Then I came here. Only about 2 years into my job I found out he works at the same place. I guess it counts as reconnecting. We aren't close, but we chat. It's simple, nice, whatever you want to call it. We go out for beers with other coworkers every once in a while. He knows me well enough to drop by my desk at work and say happy birthday, but not close enough to call me casually or anything. Disappearing for multiple years kind of does that to any kind of relationship. I didn't even know Natalie's mother died then. But that isn't the point. The point is that we are barely friends, even if we were closer in university. Calling him a friend doesn't feel right now. He's a coworker that knew me before. That seems to be the most accurate description. Either way, I don't know why he's calling me. Maybe he's calling because I am not answering anyone else at work either. I don't know. I'm not picking up my boss' calls too. They can't really do anything anyways, I'm rotting away in bed with the flu for all they know. Maybe I'm even in the hospital. I don't fucking know.

I don't know why I'm so bitter all of a sudden. I guess that's just what having an outlet does to you. I don't know what's in my head until it's on this sheet of paper. Or it appears that way.

Amelia called too. I'm too afraid to pick up, I don't know what to say. I don't know why I can't just pick up and lie. Maybe I'm afraid I'll tell the truth. And then she'll think I'm fucking insane. Send me away somewhere, probably. Probably for the better. Or worse, she might just leave. Tell me to never contact her again. Say some shit like "I fucking knew there was something wrong with you, I always knew". She's too nice for that. She'd never say that. I feel so mean saying these things about her. I don't know

what's wrong with me. She was always

I just heard a car in my driveway someones knocking on my door