

It was Amelia.

I stopped typing when I heard the knocking, and then I heard the lock in my door. Nearly shat my fucking pants, but I probably should've known that she's the only one who knows where I keep my spare key.

She said I wasn't answering for far too long, then I wasn't opening the door, so she let herself in. Said she wanted to make sure I didn't do anything stupid. I know she wanted to say something else. She knew I knew it too.

I don't even know what the rest of that was like. She said some more things about worrying about me, I wasn't really listening. I was just thinking about how to make her leave. I didn't try to make her leave anyways.

She told me I look like absolute shit. Which I did. So I laughed.

"Very nice of you," I said.

She didn't laugh. Guess this wasn't supposed to be funny.

She then started wandering my house. Well, not wandering. I knew exactly what she was doing. Checking the alcohol cabinet, the bottles left out in the rooms. Checking if there's anything I shouldn't be taking. Checking the fridge, the bathroom. She never checks the bedroom, for some reason she came to the conclusion that it's strictly off limits for her. I purposefully stay out of it if I know I'm going to do something what she would be now calling "stupid". Checking on Georgie and Davy.

At some point I hear her call out from upstairs, "I can't believe you take better care of them than yourself."

Some rustling upstairs. Then quieter:

"Maybe it's not surprising..."

I almost thought to shout something in response, but I couldn't come up with anything. Nor did I have the energy for it. It was close to midnight. I realized I was still standing in the hall. I think I didn't move from there for maybe 10 minutes. It might've been less. I couldn't tell.

Somehow I end up on my couch. She comes downstairs, to the living room. I realize she's emptying all the ashtrays. I want to tell her to stop, to sit down or something, to leave me alone, to stop worrying about me, because there isn't anything to worry about. I stay silent. The soft part inside of me wins this one, it's too nice. To be cared for. So I surrender.

I notice she's done with the ashtrays. And then she's looking at my records. I'm vaguely aware of her looking at jazz. She puts one on. It's Billie Holiday's "Solitude". Then she wanders away to my kitchen.

I'm also vaguely aware she's giving me time to prepare to talk to her. It worked almost every time before. I don't know if it will today. She comes back with tea.

She sits on the chair closest to me. The familiarity of the situation is almost comforting. It would be, if I didn't feel nauseous.

"Did something happen?"

I want to lie. I also want to say I need to kill myself right now. And also I want to say that I am about to throw up right on her sneakers, so she better watch out. I don't say anything at all.

She stands up again, walks back to the kitchen. I hear the tap run. I don't see her walk back, but I hear her stop next to the couch that I'm currently rotting on. And then I feel her put her hand in my hair.

I suddenly remember what 16 year old Cole told me. No human contact for 16 years, up until that point. My eyes sting, so I turn away. I feel bad. I don't want to reject her being nice to me like this. But I feel even more nauseous than before, so I brace myself. Nothing happens.

"Can you tell me what you need?"

Too many things on my mind, most of them just plain horrible to say in this situation. I try to shake my head, but I only end up moving it slightly to the side.

And then she's in front of me, and her hands are on my arms. And then I start crying. I can't even hear Billie in the background anymore.

I hear her say something like "why won't you talk to me?", but judging by her tone it's a rhetorical question. I don't know what else she says. It's not worth it writing it down either. I don't want to. The rest of this doesn't matter.

She stayed the night. It took a while, but she stayed until I fell asleep properly. I think she left in the morning. It is currently noon. She left me a note asking to just text her to let her know I'm alive, next time. I sent her a message thanking her for doing this for me.

When I went downstairs, my curtains were open. She put the record back in it's place. The cups too.

I remembered her saying that she had never heard my house this quiet before. Something about that statement didn't sit right with me, so I turned on every radio I had.

I didn't end up telling her anything. I didn't exactly lie, but she didn't get any information out of me either. I don't know if I'm relieved or not. Or maybe even more caged in. I'll have to deal with this with or without her anyways. It doesn't make a difference.

I think I need to ask more questions. But I don't know what questions to ask yet.