

I'm back at work. It's like nothing ever happened. At the same time it's like this is my first day on the job. I don't know what shifted. Maybe nothing did, I think I already established the fact that I am fucked in the head so whatever abnormal feeling I am feeling is perfectly normal. What am I even saying.

Okay, let's establish some facts before I type anything else. I am very mentally unwell. I know this already and I don't think anything can ever change this. No matter how many times I tried getting better, sleeping well and eating well and having a routine and talking to people like a normal human being, nothing will ever change the fact that something is very wrong with me. I can't change it. I don't care enough to change shit anymore. Might as well stop bitching and moaning about it, then. Anyways.

Now that we've established this, back to the work thing. Over the time I was gone, which might've been about a month, I'm not sure anymore, something shifted. Now, whether if this is in my head or not, this doesn't matter. It was just different. I guess it feels really weird when you return somewhere that hasn't changed when you yourself have. It shouldn't be surprising, but somehow it still was.

So apparently the weird fucked up corpses that were being sent to our labs got weirder. No one will tell me the details. But I got offered a position in researching them. I might take it. Might as well, the pay is better, but I don't really give a fuck anyways. It's interesting enough.

I've really reached some kind of end point here. There's no way back or out or around or anywhere. Hopefully that job moves something in my life enough to let me go somewhere. Not career-wise, obviously. I haven't thought about my career properly in forever. I need something to shotgun blast a hole in the wall I just hit mentally and that could do it. Alternatively, I can always engage in self-destructive behaviors, but those won't take me anywhere, they'll just let me forget why I am doing all of this. Scratch that, they won't, I tried. Har har. Ha ha. Whatever.

Apparently Nick quit while I was gone. Didn't leave any notes or messages. I don't know if I care enough to reach out to him and ask about it. I never really talked to him properly at work. Or outside of work. Nevermind the bar crawls with coworkers, those honestly didn't provide me with any more insight into his life than standing around his desk in the office would. Not that I care about his girlfriend or his interest in IPAs.

Aside from that, there isn't anything that different at work. More weird fucked up corpses cases. Nick is gone. Everyone else seems to still be around. The air is different, somehow. I don't know if it's Nick or me. Probably me. I haven't touched alcohol in over a week. It's been really quiet in my house. Again.

Amelia is calling. I'm currently sitting and typing this sentence as my phone is ringing on my desk. I really am not in the mood to speak to her.

Sent her a message when it stopped ringing. "Still alive". Good enough for now. That's what she wants to know anyways. I really cannot be bothered to speak to anyone at all right now. I feel so tired.

It's 6 PM. I think I'm going to get really stoned.