

Went to work. Fed Georgie and Davy. Fed myself. Amelia didn't call today.

I turned on most of the radios in the house. It's really loud in here currently. I've been making a red string murder mystery type map board all evening. Guess you could call me occupied right now. My whole house stinks like cigarettes. Despite the fact that I seem to know more about who I am, or who the other guy is, which is still kind of nothing, I still know absolutely jack shit, so my map board looks really amateur, it's almost embarrassing. It's actually embarrassing. By the end of the night I might get frustrated with it and tear it all down.

It still feels like I've been running in fucking circles around myself.