

Got more details on my new job. Or new position at my job. Whatever it is, it feels like they're getting rid of me in some way. Go fuck around in some other lab instead of fucking up the vibe here. Realistically, I don't think this is true. Either way. They're assigning me to work with the FBI. Our weird corpses are officially a case now. And I'll be assisting somehow. I'm meeting my new work partners tomorrow, so more details on that later. For now I'm still catching up on more paperwork. It's always paperwork. At least the secretary has been more quiet lately. Maybe I am ruining the mood somehow. Doesn't matter either way.

The reason they asked me specifically to work on this, is because I did some shit with forensics in university. It wasn't even a full degree. I guess that's enough for them. Or maybe no one else wants to work on this. The institute is fucking massive, so I don't know how I am so far the only person who seems to be agreeing to work on this. Or maybe they didn't ask anyone else? It's weird. But then again, doesn't matter. Like I said, sending me away to fuck around somewhere else. Whether I do tissue samples here or somewhere else, it doesn't matter. I'll be paid more. Maybe I'll even get to go on a trip or something. I probably need one after isolating myself in my house for so long. I wonder if I can even act like a normal person. At work I just clock in and either go straight to my office or the labs, so they don't need me doing polite normal person small talk. We will see.

Amelia called again. And then she texted me. Am I giving Georgie and Davy enough attention. To tell you the truth, I wasn't. So once I got home I had them hang out with me while I worked. Sent her a picture, even. I think that's the most I communicated with her in the past week. Or few weeks. It makes me feel like shit.

Pasta for dinner.