

Met my "work partners" today. In quotes because apparently it is just one guy that got me as an assistant. I've been assigned to work with an FBI agent as an assistant researcher on his case. Fucking assisting a fed. Life couldn't get any better than this. Assisting the FBI in their extremely "classified" and "confidential" "research". Okay, there isn't any need for all the quotes. It's serious. I don't know why I'm so bitter about this. I mean, I know why. But there really isn't any need for all of that. I signed up for this. I knew I'll be working with the FBI somehow, but I didn't think I'll be some agents dumbass sidekick.

It's technically a secret project. No one will read this and I don't give a fuck enough to censor myself so I won't. I don't think there will be much to censor anyways, considering I'm too lazy to write what I'm even doing there, or going to do there. Which is nothing so far. Nothing has happened so far. But I've been assigned to work with a fed. I'm not exactly sure what he's going to be doing with all this shit. All I know is that I'll be assisting him in some way. And I don't exactly like him, but maybe that's because I've only talked to him for about half an hour and I already forgot his name. He was in the offices to sign some documents, introduce himself to me and then fuck off to wherever. He seems nice enough. Seems professional. Has a slightly manic air around him, though, but he seems normal. Like I said, I don't know him. What else. Seems to be as old as me, maybe younger. Ginger. Has annoyingly big brown eyes like some sort of cartoon animal. Friendly. He said he's worked on violent crime cases before, so this shouldn't bother him too much. We've all seen corpses before. It's nothing too crazy.

He did look at me kind of suspiciously, but that's probably because I look like absolute shit at the moment. I'd be surprised if I got a sewer rat for an assistant too. Especially for something this serious. It doesn't matter anyway, this is work. He'll deal, I'll deal.

What else do I have going on.

You know, I sat on this one for a few minutes and I realized that I have nothing. I miss Hale. I haven't talked to him in a little while. I hope he's okay. I believe whoever is with him is taking care of him, but still.

I thought maybe I should go to sleep but I'm just thinking about this. Does the FBI hire random researchers? I don't think they do. I did hear about some people here cooperating with them, but this sounds weird. It would be pretty funny if this were an elaborate plot to arrest me for the possession of marijuana. I wouldn't even be mad. Lure me with some pretty guy agent and promise of a bigger salary. It is funny. Well I guess I will see what's going on eventually. Realistically, I think they hired me because I already work with weird shit and I already work with confidential weird shit. Most people don't even know the BAR institute exists. I don't even think people outside of the institute employees know

what it is. So what's one more confidential job? That, and the forensics courses probably help a lot. Well. I guess I'll see.