

Met the guy I'm supposed to work with again. This time I remembered his name - Cameron Price. Turns out he is actually younger than me, 34 years old. I know this because I got to fidget with his ID while we were on our little diner whatever thing. Supposed to get to know each other a little bit and discuss the case. He didn't really seem concerned about me trying to memorize his entire ID. Wasn't really my intention, and I didn't memorize much, but it gave me something to do at that table.

At some point when it got quiet and sort of awkward, something that I am really good at making happen, he tells me: "I ran a background check on you."

Up to that point the conversation was pretty boring. Dry. This is work, after all. When he said that I almost jumped up and started clapping with glee. It's been so long since I felt some sort of fear or nervousness in such a real and tangible way that it just morphed into pure joy.

"Find anything interesting?" was all I could say to that though.

He seemed to think for a few seconds, but I could tell he was just doing it for show. I already wanted to tell him to fuck off. I also really wanted to hear what he thinks of everything he found, if he found anything. Please ask me about my bloodline. Please ask me about me being adopted. Please ask me about my medical records. Please. Please give me anything interesting. I wondered if he found out about my greenhouse somehow. Am I finally going to be arrested. Put me in prison, do fucking anything.

"Hm. Not really." Oh, well, that's great then. And after a pause, "Forensics?"

"Just something I thought was interesting at the time, I guess."

"I see." Another pause. "You seem to have an interesting medical history."

Finally. It's so funny. He's so serious about it. I feel like I'm being interrogated and it delights me. "How so?"

"Memory loss of that scale is pretty unusual. Yet you work at the BAR. How'd that happen?"

Really wanted to tell him, "do I look like I fucking know that?". As if that hasn't been my big life mystery. As if I haven't suffered over this fucking question since I became conscious. Instead I tried a little joke. "Guess I'm just that good."

He snorts. "Seems like you are. Nice resume." I nod as a thank you.

And that is all there was to that. He doesn't ask about it again. He doesn't ask about anything from my medical history or my family history or from whatever else fucking history at all. I wanted to scream. It's like it's eating me from the inside. But that's okay. I can go another day, another week, another ten fucking years of keeping it in. I've done it before, I've been doing it. Let's not count the incident when it did slip out, since my girlfriend at the time didn't believe it and dumped me right after. For the better. Who even cares.

After all that, conversation was casual. He apparently lives somewhere in Minnesota. Has a forensic science degree on top of all that. Thinks this case is intriguing, which I do agree with, but for some reason me agreeing with him somehow pissed me off. I asked him if they found anything yet, which made him pause for a second. He didn't seem sure if they have or not, or, I guess, he didn't seem sure if he should tell me or not. Apparently it's just become concerning enough to warrant FBI investigation. About time, if you ask me. High concentration of deaths from not-natural causes, especially near the lakes. If these are actual diseases or viruses, they are definitely new. So far the running theory is that something man-made is causing this. No one knows what yet.

We end up sitting there for a couple hours, I'm having my second coffee, he's saying something about where to start the investigation. I realize that I'm stuck with a government agent as my job and he is going to drag me around the great lakes. I need to convince myself that going on these trips and having this job will be beneficial for my health. Anything is better than sitting in this house and rotting.

Anyways. It's still noon and I just got home. Guess I'll start preparing for tomorrow. Or fuck around doing nothing. We will see.