

God I'm so tired of sitting in the car all the time. But at least I don't have to drive. I guess I can thank Cameron for that. Probably the only thing I can thank him for. I've barely known him for a week and he already has a track record of not telling me shit I'd appreciate knowing in advance. "It'll be sorted" my ass.

We went from Madison to Minneapolis to Marquette in the span of 4 days and I'm already dead fucking tired. Apparently there's office space in Marquette reserved for us as some sort of secondary home base, the primary one being the FBI field offices in Milwaukee, which we will have to drive to as well, which I cannot fucking wait to do. Thankfully, I don't think we will have to go there as often. It's fine. It almost feels good to complain about driving instead of literally anything else that's been going on. Cameron is being transferred from Minneapolis field offices to Milwaukee and it might be the only reason I had to endure that diabolical trip. And it wasn't even that bad. Anyways. In the meantime I can pass out for the rest of this day and night until I have to check into those offices with him tomorrow.

I also learned I don't like hotels. Maybe I've just been in my house for way too long. It's almost too clean. Too nothing. I don't know. At this point I'll just complain about anything. Maybe I got so used to complaining I just have to keep doing it now. I don't know.

Also this might be the only entry that I will ever write in Microsoft Word on my laptop, because I don't know if anyone is gonna look through it. And I'm sure the fucking FBI won't like me writing about them. And complaining about their agents. Which leads me to the fact that I find the guy I have to work with fucking annoying. I almost hope he finds this fucking document so he can confront me about it, but judging by the way he acted about my medical history I don't think he will. I know this is so irrational. He's being polite. It's good. But something about him pisses me off like crazy and I don't know what it is. He's friendly, that's good. He's funny, even. Which is also good. It makes it less boring. But whenever I catch myself thinking, "hey, that thing he said was funny" it makes me want to throttle him. It makes me want to tell him to be serious. This is a serious job. But I know that I truly do not give a fuck about this and it would just make me a hypocrite. Besides his tendencies to not tell me things in advance he is really just a decent guy. Maybe I'm just a giant cunt. I might actually be crazy. It's like no matter what, I cannot ever be happy. Hopefully the workload is gonna be enough to make me forget all that.

I almost want to antagonize him just to see what happens, but I know I wouldn't be able to do it. I really am not the kind of person to do things like that. God, but I wish I was. I wish I could care less. Either way, probably not the best idea to antagonize a fed.

Maybe what Hale said about me being something "doom" means something. Maybe I just can't be happy. Maybe I was always like this. I need to get off my ass and get real. But with the way it's looking maybe I won't have to overthink my inner workings for much longer. Work should get interesting soon enough.

I'll figure out a way to keep writing this stupid diary eventually, but with this job I don't know how much privacy I will get. I'll figure something out.