

I don't know why I'm writing this right now. I said I'll stop writing this thing, but it's like I have to keep doing it. One day I'll look back and maybe figure it out. Or maybe think it was a colossal waste of time.

Last night.

I don't know.

I sat on my hotel couch for a while, I don't know how long. But my laptop was already asleep by the time Cameron came in. All he said was: "Let's go to the bar."

Normally I would've said, I don't know, "what, right now?" or "are you serious? After all that shit?" or "why?" but I just said, "Yeah, okay. Let's do it."

So we went to the bar. He said something about having a weird couple weeks. Something about us getting places to stay that are a bit more private than hotel rooms. No idea what that could be, unless he's actually thinking of relocating to our damn basement we work from. I don't remember much else. I know I was drinking, I can still smell it on myself. At least I didn't piss myself or sleep in my vomit. And I guess Cameron was kind enough to make sure I ended up back in my bed. Or maybe I got there myself, but I really doubt that, knowing my questionable habits. I'll do anything but have a normal night of sleep. Besides that, nothing. Maybe that's a good thing. I just hope I didn't do anything stupid enough to tank both of our reputations in this whole town.

It's 7 AM and I'm horribly fucking hungover and I'm about to try to evaluate an autopsy report. Those are probably the wrong terms. I don't give a fuck. I'll have to go to a morgue. This is something to complain about, which is good. Hopefully Cameron is also kind enough to not hit me over the head for what he's about to have to deal with. Which is me, horribly hungover.