

Just got home from work. Everything as usual.

I could keep exploring my weirdly messed up brain or I could just pretend for a day that none of it is actually a real concern and just talk about my day. Which is going to be hard to do because a) nothing special about my day, b) hard to ignore something that haunts me for almost 20 years now. But I did well enough already, so.

I guess I can talk about work. In general. Whenever I tell people about what I do, the first impression is always something like "this job sounds cool" and then that thought quickly evaporates once I actually start talking about what I do. And what I do is research on rare diseases. And you might think, oh, that sounds interesting. And it is, to me. But it's not exactly a fun topic to talk about at the bar with friends that try to introduce you to new people because they think you're lonely. Anyway.

Lately we've been getting more weird cases being sent our way, by that I mean people have been noticing more genetic defects and anomalies in animals and other people. Like abnormally colored blood or skin, bones where they shouldn't be, some weird new branch of rabies. So on and so forth. Usually this would be fine, because that is, in fact, what we specialize in, but there have been more cases than usual. There's been rumors of a disease that was made in a lab specifically as some sort of biological weapon. Something malicious. No one knows how true this is just yet, but I have a feeling I'll hear more about it later. Especially if more weird shit keeps turning up. I don't know how many more dead people with misplaced limbs and organs I can see before I start to think something is up for real.

But, besides all that, today work was more or less uneventful. Had to catch up with a lot of paperwork, and that's what I've been doing mostly, for the past week. Hopefully I get something to do in the labs soon, I don't know what I'll do if I hear one more "Harvvvvvvvvv, don't forget to lock up when you leave" from one of the secretaries. I never forget to lock up, by the way. She's just insistent on reminding me every single time I'm in the offices. And it's always when I am focused on counting something. I don't know how she senses that I have numbers I'm trying to keep track of in my head, but she does. And every time I lose count. And the nickname doesn't normally bother me, honestly. It's just when it's dragged out like that, and horribly loud. At this point almost everyone at work calls me Harv, or Harvey, but usually it's just Harv. And I can't really blame them for that either, that's what I get for having a hyphenated surname in a place where everyone refers to each other by their surnames. Easier to just shorten it.

Anyway. I don't think there's much to talk about here today. So I'll just leave it at that, before I start feeling insane again. I need to go get dinner.