

September 24th, 2024

It only costs \$1.65 to mail a letter internationally. Stamps are kind of like the coins on your eyelids you pay to Charon to take you to the afterlife. London doesn't seem like the afterlife. She just graduated so I really need to mail her something. The water is beginning to pool around the drain in my shower again. I'll need to buy another drain-snake. I can't take standing in the filth as the water rises around my ankles.

September 25th, 2024

I walked by the post office on the way to the hardware store and realized I forgot to write a fucking letter for her. I can just do it tomorrow. She wants to facetime next week for the big three-oh but I have a concert that night. The drain is snaked. Pulled out globs of hair and slime that smelled like musty rot. Some of that hair had to have been from a previous tenant, there's no way it's all mine. How does a human even lose so much hair without looking bald.

September 26th, 2024

Went to work still tripping on the acid from last night. All I wanted to do was lay down and puke and sink beneath the floor. Managed to play it off and get my shit done and no one suspected a thing. I have 4 tabs left so I'm gonna smoke some weed and do those tonight. A human being loses between 50 and 100 hairs a day. We also grow 50-100 new strands a day. I don't understand why we can't just keep the original fucking 50 instead of doing this song and dance.

September 27th, 2024

12:20pm

Overslept again. Phone blown up with messages from the boss. Still seeing visuals so I'm gonna go to the park, smoke some weed, and keep riding this wave.

8:30pm

Couldn't even make it to the park, kept puking in the bathroom all day. I think it was something I ate. The scumline in the tub from where the water pooled has turned black. There's a few of them now, like ladder rungs. I could probably climb down them into my tub.

September 28th, 2024

Still felt sick from yesterday so I skipped work again. Still have weed left so the day won't be a total waste. Apparently cool ranch doritos are not vegan.

September 29th, 2024

Found some old stationary in a drawer while searching for a lighter. I can finally write her a card or something, I just don't have any stamps. Can you even buy them individually or do I have to waste money on a whole book of them? Doesn't feel worth it if you only want to send one letter.

September 30th, 2024

October 1st, 2024

I turn 30 in a couple of days. This is not where I imagined myself to be in life by this point. At least I went to work today and had a salad. Staving off the scurvy for a while longer. Everyone at the docks ignored me. One person finally approached me and told me they could smell the booze on me, but I told them it was from last night. It was mostly from last night. This job takes up too much of my time. Oh well. Got tipped 24 coors lites today. She said I needed them more than her. I must really look destitute. Coors lite sucks. I'm in the process of drinking every single one.

October 2nd, 2024

Ate a subway sandwich for dinner tonight. It was overpriced and bad. The guy behind the counter was friendly and old. I hope I'm friendly when I'm old, but I also hope I don't get old. Speaking of old, tomorrow I turn 30.

October 3rd, 2024

October 4th, 2024

She's so pissed. She wanted to call and watch a movie but I was too fucked up. But it was my birthday and I can't not go out, I'm not going to cater to her like that. She says I didn't even call for her graduation but I was gonna send her a fucking letter. The concert was good.

October 5th

She's not responding to any of my texts but she has read receipts on and I know she's read every single one. The fucking tub keeps filling with water and I don't know what to do. I'd call maintenance but I don't want to have to clean up all the bottles to clear a path.

October 6th

Roma or heirloom tomatoes. Cut them up and throw oil on a baking sheet. Cut white onions up. Throw it all on a pan. Cut garlic heads in half, put in tin foil with olive oil in a pan. Sprigs of basil, thyme, rosemary, sage. Fresh. Throw in the pan. Dose in olive oil. Crack salt. Bake at 350 for a while. Put it in a blender. Season to taste. Should I be a line cook? I think I'd kill myself after one shift. But I need money.

October 7th

My stomach hurts. I won't have enough money for rent come the 1st if I keep missing work. I'm supposed to go out and see friends tomorrow but I kind of just want to pass time under the covers. Succumb to the sheets. Become a thread.

October 8th

I became a thread. The three greatest pleasures on the planet are 1: eating, 2: drinking, and 3: drinking even more.

October 9th

I stood in the tub with a plunger and suctioned the shit out of the drain. Water sloshing everywhere. It's all over the walls now but the water level didn't go down. It's her birthday today but she hasn't been responding to any messages so I'm not gonna say anything.

October 10th

She finally responded and I got a phone call out of her. It was hard to pay attention because she was sniffing so much. I've been replaying the sound of them in my head all day. I asked her why she was crying and she got offended like I should just know why. Then she dumped me. I need to buy plaster for the wall. And more fucking drain snakes.

October 11th

Incantalei this is actually real. The fucking bitch dumped me, while I'm the one going through it. Disatnce is hard and I feel like shoes not venen tryihn.

October 12th

It's starting to smell like shit in here. The water used to take a long time to drain, but at least it would go down. Now it just sits there and gets fuller every time I try to clean myself. I'm just not gonna shower again until it goes down.

October 13th

Tickets to Hethrow are \$600. I could be there tomorrow and make things okay. My suitcase is sitting on my bed but I haven't put anything in it yet. Rent is in two weeks. I have to buy more weed tonight because I just ran out. I wasn't even posted on the work schedule for this week. Maybe I can just send her a letter.