

Feb. 2nd 17

I bought my journal today. \$7.59 + tax however much that was (\$.49)

I don't think I've had one of these things since first-year of college.

I'm okay today.

I didn't see anyone I know; took the bus a few stops further than usual to be sure.

Dr. Vance is gonna read this at some point. That's the only reason why he'd ask me to buy this thing.

I could mess with him, leave the thing empty. Pretend that there is some mysterious writing in the journal that only I can see. Maybe I'll fill it with fake crazy drawings.

He wants me to fill this thing on the daily with "Things I feel are worth jotting down", A.K.A. how I feel about life. Maybe he wants my thoughts.

Maybe he's scared that I'll kill myself. Fat chance of that, Gale would find a way to kill me twice.

I was watching a show, I heard a bit of cool music, I think it was a 60s song? I'll probably ask some of the guys at work about it. God forbid we start a conversation at some point with that RIVETING work keeping us busy.

My headaches have been getting better.

I'm getting my driver's license back next month.

God, I'm so full of shit.

## Feb. 10th 17

Christ, today was a mess.

My coworker, Simon I think?

He wrecked the forklift. Though I suppose it was more of a **JOINT** effort since it only happened because he wasn't paying attention, and he wasn't paying attention because his friends were talking to him over the phone.

I swear to god it was like something out of a horror movie. I light tap of the pallet he was carrying against one of the stacks ended with a snapped axle, broken hydraulics, and crushed divers carriage.

At least he was willing to own up to it in front of the boss.

But, a mess is a mess so "someone" (the rest of us) has to clean it up *before* the weekend starts so we the company can still ship on Monday morning. I don't know if half-cleaned at 11:59 pm counts but fuck if I care more than the rest of the guys who all left before me.

## Feb. 11th 17

Oh Hey, look! It's "*Saturday morning*"! I better do my daily writing in my journal so my shrink can

You know what? I'm just gonna sleep.

Here's to hoping I don't get fired on Monday.

Final thoughts? I just want to forget this day ever happened.

~~YOU'VE HAD A LOT OF THOSE LATELY HAVEN'T YOU?~~

Feb. 12th 17

I met someone today. Some chick at the bar. Her name's Amy.

I don't know why a girl like *that* would take time to have a drink with the sad fuck at the end of the bar.

She's pretty. Late twenties, which puts her at least 5 years younger than me.

She laughed at my jokes. She LAUGHED at 11pm, *drunk* Daniel jokes. What the fuck?

I'm still laughing, fuck me, she was funny.

On another note, how does a twentysomething woman hold her drink THAT well?  
Right, we ended the night with a drink-off.

She said she recently moved here and that we should have a drink again together.

1am bus was miserable like always but at least I had *that* floating around in my head.  
The alcohol didn't hurt the experience either.

Right, it's not the 12th

Okay, doc. I know that I'm not really supposed to be drinking. BUT you also said I need to get out and meet people again. So I think I'm good for this one time.

And it's not like my normal days are that exciting.

I watered Ferndenand like you said.

Say what they will about me, I have *impeccable* plant-caring skills. And phone notifications.

I'm going to have a hangover tomorrow.

Yeaaaaaaaaaay

Feb. 13th 17

I have a hangover.

And it's time for work.

And now I'm back from work.

Simon didn't show up.

I didn't get fired.

I'm sorry, how in the name of God is it legal to scapegoat the guy who WATCHED the guy screw up. How is it legal to make the last guy to leave do the write-up about the event in question.

Let's assume for a moment that Simon actually comes back tomorrow; even so, the company's more likely to fire me than apologize for making me their back-up bad-guy.

Yeah

I really do have a way of fucking things up.



Feb. 16th 17

Vance wants me to keep writing in here. In spite, of the fact that there is clearly something very very wrong.

I hope you know I'm not going to drink anymore.  
You probably noticed since I've been staying in.  
I WANT to stay in.

Of course, Vance wants to know what brings you out, where you come from.

You have a favorite color for your underwear?

I'm not D.I.D.  
Nothing around me feels different.  
I know who I am.  
My name is Daniel Kurnoff.  
I'm the exact same person that I was three years ago.  
I have the same shitty job that I've had for the last 2 years.

I need to be rational about this.  
Clearly, I'm losing time somewhere, and since I remember what happens during the day I'm probably losing it just before I sleep.

Vance says I shouldn't disrupt my sleep habits.

Fine. I didn't have much of a healthy sleeping pattern anyways.  
I'm gonna go get a drink.  
Except I'm not, I'll just sit in a bar and drink water.

God, I hope this isn't permanent.

~~How long you plan to run?~~

Fuck you.

What the hell am I even supposed to be running from? Bad memories? Old acquaintances?

And what's with that whole "Forget" thing?

Are you talking about Gale?

Because if you really lived up in my head you would know that's not how this works.

Gale is dead and we don't get to forget our mistakes.

Let me tell you, I saw Amy again.

It wasn't just drinking this time.

I kicked her ass at pool so she had to buy my fries.

And I got her number.

We have a date next Tuesday.

I'm going to sleep.

New start tomorrow.

Forget, Forget, Forget this;  
Forget, Forget, Forget this;  
Forget, Feb 17th 2017, Forget this;  
Forget, Forget, Forget this;  
Forget, Forget, Forget this;

Feb. 21th 17

So, Vance. In our last meeting, you asked me to tell you about my date with Amy, and I hope you understand that I'm going to leave out sooooo much of what happens.

I'll give you this to start though, we aren't going anywhere fancy.

I'm back from the date. Things could have gone better. I flubbed a few pick-up lines.

I used pick-up lines...

So no shit it didn't go any further than the drinks.

I guess I'm out of practice.

We talked about a lot of things, but she mostly talked about the past.

high school, college, movies, games.

Stupid things.

Tiny things.

Tiny things.

She brought me back to those things.

I need to thank her for that.

Feb. 26th 17

You know I was finding bits of paper around my apartment for a while.  
I don't write in here that often.

Anyway, I threw away most of them. I can tell you about them during our next session.  
The point is, I haven't been finding them lately.  
We can talk about it during our next session.

I'm going on another date with Amy tomorrow.  
If I'm being honest, I'm pretty nervous.  
This is one of the first things that has felt real in a while. It's not

Whatever the thing was, it got me thinking about Gale.

I'm okay right now.

But I've been avoiding it.  
Avoiding him.

Let's assume for a moment that this thing is me telling myself what I need to do.

I'm going to ask Amy about it tomorrow.  
Don't worry, I'm being discreet about it.  
No names  
No places  
No events

Just "What would you do if you hurt a friend?"



Feb. 27th 17

I'm nervous, but of course.

Let's see where this goes.

I surprised Amy. I took her somewhere a little nice, mostly just quiet.

Admittedly, I think I made her a little uncomfortable.

The exact words I used were, "If you hurt a friend, how would you handle it?"

A pretty heavy conversation followed.

As you might imagine, the date didn't go anywhere intimate after that.

It wouldn't have suited the mood anyway.

Her advice to me was that I, "Consider what I regret, and do what I can to make up for it."

On a slightly less heavy note, work today was sweet sweet like candy.

Simon showed up finally and got the reaming of a lifetime, or as much as you might imagine you could get in a professional setting.

Corporate even has some legal charges they levied against him.

I got called in by the lawyers and they basically said that they'll win so long as I'm there for the deposition sometime next month.

Maybe I'll be able to drive there.

March. 2th 17

Okay Vance, I'm doing like you asked.

About 10 years ago, College junior year.

Gales was a friend, a good one.

We went to a party. We were drunk and stupid and Gale decided I was less so.  
But other people were drunk too.

A Dislocated spinal vertebra and severed spinal cord, "internal" damage to the lungs kidney and liver too. Instantaneous death is what the doctors ruled.

I had a lower blood-alcohol content than the other guy.  
He got 10 years and a \$10k fine. I call him Tim during our sessions. You know Ten->Tim.  
I got away with a broken clavicle and a lost license. I moved here not long afterward.

The police say that the crash was primarily his fault since it occurred in our lane.  
But I swear I saw him try to swerve, it explains why I didn't die when Gale did.

I'm supposed to say it's not my fault.

It was.

March. 10th 17

My driving test was today.

I passed.

I have mixed feelings.

I'm scared

I'm happy

I'm excited

I'm sad

I'm ashamed

You pretty much NEED a car to function in society.

I don't know what I'm talking about, I don't even have a car.

Gale wou

Whether or not I can live with what happened is kinda up in the air.

I'm still alive now.

I'm not going to forgive myself.

I

March. 15th 17

I have another date with Amy tonight.

I rented a car so I can drive to the bar time.

I still don't think I can tell her. But she'll need to know if this thing we have is ever going to be anything more than two people sitting, drinking themselves to death

I have a picture of me and Gale. I'm going to introduce her to him tonight.

Amy's real name is Lynn. She's Gale's sister.

She brought me out back with some guy and had him beat the hell out of me.  
My head feels like it's going to pop. I think I've got a broken rib.

I guess I really did want forgiveness after all.

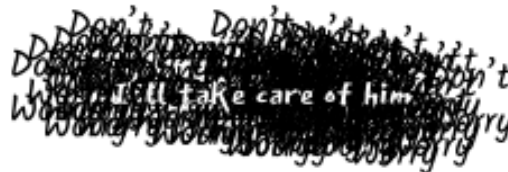
She said there's no forgiveness for

I think I understand her.

I don't think there's a way for me to say "Sorry"

I still have 5 days on the rental.

I'm sorry Vance.



Don't Don't Don't Don't Don't  
I'll take care of him I'll take care of him I'll take care of him  
Sorry Sorry Sorry Sorry Sorry