

His head felt like crickets and shit. The Benadryl was in there somewhere. It was always a mistake, but one that couldn't help but make sometimes. When he couldn't sleep. Which was most nights. He walked to the kitchen for coffee. This moment was the highlight of his day. The coffee. It'd only be down from here.

He waited for the bus next to his friend, the lady with the yellow boots. He never said hello because that might be weird and then she might feel obligated to say hello and they always caught the same bus and that would be too many hellos. But he nodded and he'd asked the driver to wait a few times when she was running late. And he liked the friendly anonymity.

Some days today he listened to music on the way to work, but today he just put his headphones in and faked it. That was easier. He made room when an older man got on and sat next to him. The older man said good morning and he said good morning back. He smiled.

After work, he rode the bus back home. Some nights he got off a few stops early and got Thai food. Not tonight though. He got off at his usual stop and walked home. When he got inside he took off his tie and his pants and sat at his computer. This was the other good part of the day. Although less good than the coffee.

Sometimes he played games in his head to pass the time. He liked to narrate his days in the style of a hard-boiled detective, or a dispassionate narrator. Sometimes putting words to the actions made the actions feel like something someone in a story would do. Something better. Sometimes he wrote them down.

He was cold. He thought about putting on some pants, but didn't. He thought about getting up from his computer, but didn't. He thought about cleaning up the fast food wrappers and

garbage, but didn't. What he did do was make it through another day of an increasingly shitty life. And that is cause for celebration, he wrote. Maybe Thai food tomorrow. Time for bed.