

There's this guy at my work. I'll be at my desk, I'll have headphones on. I will clearly be doing something, and his name's Teddy? I think his name's Teddy, which is like a weird name, doesn't matter, anyway. He'll come up to me, and he'll stand there and say nothing and wait for me to finish what I'm doing – I see him in the reflection of my screen – and he'll wait for me to turn around and look at him, like he's just standing there. And I'll turn around and look at him, and I'll say like "hey what's up" (I never use his name, I'm not sure if Teddy is his name), and he's just like "oh hey how are you?" ... like he's just trying to have a conversation. Like yesterday he was like "what car do you drive?" and I was like "I don't know like a Hyundai Sonata or whatever" I don't even know what kind of car I drive because it's not my car. It's a Honda or a Hyundai or something, and I was like "I don't know." And he was like "oh yeah I saw it in the parking lot," the specifics don't really matter, but he's like intruding himself into my life, and I've talked to him enough that I know who he is. Like I've met him a bunch of times. Like metaphorically, I've met him, people like him, a lot in my life. Because they're people that other people aren't nice to, they're people other people are mean to, and that I am not mean to because I think being mean to people is bad, most of the time. And I can tell that he really just wants to be my friend because he thinks I'm cool, and I really appreciate that, and I'm working really hard- like I'm doing so much. He doesn't realize that he's asking me to do so much labor by turning and having this stupid fucking conversation with him. I don't know. I feel like I'm being mean by having this in the back of my head, like I should just want to talk to people because that's a nice thing to do. Because what else are you gonna do? I wasn't doing anything important, I was just fucking around on my computer. And like neither of us are happy, clearly, none of us are happy, no one's happy, in my workplace, or anywhere really. So y'know just talk to people, just talk to people, it's easy, just talk to people, it should be easy. Like he doesn't want to talk about anything hard, it's not like he's coming over and being like "hey I want you to do your whole job in a different way" or "what car do you drive because I just saw it got crushed by a larger car," like he just wants to talk because he's lonely, and I can see that, and like nobody else talks to him, nobody else gives him the time of day, like I see him do this to other people, me most of all because I talk to him, but I see him go to other people, and they'll just ignore him and be mean to him and not talk to this guy who is clearly trying to have a conversation with you because they're like "my time is better spent doing whatever task I'm doing now," which is fine I guess, but because of that, I'm the only person he talks to. And I wish I wasn't mad about it. Every time I notice him, I feel angry, and I feel the impulse to do what everybody else is doing and like abandon him, like I am like his life preserver and he is drowning in this ocean of being a sad person. And it's like I am his only hope in this situation, I am the only person who's talking to him. And now if I abandon him, now it's my fault, everybody else already decided that they're not gonna talk to this guy, and if I change, that's more aggressive and then he's gonna be like "oh god what did I do wrong, did I say something?" He's literally going to be blaming himself for me not talking to him, and maybe it is his fault that I don't want to talk to him because he's not an interesting person. But it's like does someone need to be interesting to warrant my attention? Does someone need to deserve my attention? I wasn't doing anything valuable with it before, so I might as well give it to this guy who's going to value it more than I will. It just makes me so mad, and I wish I could stop being angry about it because I recognize that it's stupid to have this whole complex about it, and I wish I could stop. I wish I could stop being angry because I have this underlying assumption that my time is worth something to me, even if I'm not doing anything with it. Like my time has inherent value even when being wasted. That's not true, time is just something that happens. And that's this whole other thing. My time being used for nothing in my own control is more important than my time being useful for someone else out of force, and he's not forcing me, I could stop it, but also he is. There's some evil deep

down thing in me that wants to be like “Teddy, dude, I don’t care about anything you’re saying to me. I don’t care about you, I don’t care about your family, I don’t care about what you did last weekend, I don’t care if you have two tickets to” whatever fucking thing he was trying to get me to go to the other day. I think it was a baseball game or a basketball game or something weird. Like we work together and we have these casual conversations, but I’m not going to come with you to a basketball game, where it’s a whole outing, like I’m going to spend all this time with you because it’s a date, I’m not going to go on a date with this guy I talk to about my car – it’s not even my car, it’s my sister’s car, whatever, she’s not using it. But I’m like why shouldn’t I use my energy for other people if they want it and I wasn’t doing anything anyway? It’s because we all think we’re more important than other people, we all think we’re more valuable, I don’t care if you’re some enlightened spiritualist whatever, everybody thinks their time is more important, everybody thinks they know. Everybody thinks they know. And everybody knows that they don’t know. There have been wars fought over people being like “I know I know I know” and the other person being like “I know I know I know,” and it’s like at least the wars that are fought over stupid shit make sense, but if you’re fighting a war with somebody else because they think their slightly different version of some relief from the torture of existence is real and yours is fake, like the whole war is about their version of the same fucking afterlife, it’s absurd to me that people are arguing about this. Because we know it’s not real, we know it’s not real, there is no divine reality, there is no higher purpose, we know that, every single person knows that, deep- not even deep, we all know it, it’s there, it’s in our brains, “after I die nothing will happen, there is no purpose to my life, this is not preordained, this is randomness, we’re eight billion monkeys on a rock all killing each other for oil,” and that makes sense. These people who obsess about accessing new parts of reality that other people don’t know about through spiritual practice and study and meditation. It’s like “turn off your brain, and you can live in this beautiful space, this open world of energy and vibration,” like what- how- like first off, no you know that’s ridiculous, second off, that’s another fucking manifestation of people wanting to feel like they know things that other people don’t know, it’s all the same thing. It’s all the same thing. It’s everybody thinking they know what other people don’t know, but we all know the truth, which is that there is nothing else going on, it is what is at face value, and if there is some higher purpose, which there isn’t, but if there is, how would we know? Certainly if there was something else going on, if there was some divine reality, we would be able to observe it or even have any kind of inkling of truth to that, but we don’t because there is none. There is nothing. There is nothing. And it’s like we have to convince ourselves that there is something worth living for in every single moment of every single day because living in a world that we know is pointless with no organizing structure is torture, that’s pain, that’s horrifying, horrifying, suicidal agony. That’s the baseline of existence, that is the best possible scenario, that is life, that’s it. Everything else bad that happens is only going to bring you down from that, and so we have to come up with this myth that “well, if I’m here, this time must be important because otherwise that would be sad,” because we can’t deal with that reality, so we convince ourselves that our time is important, and we convince ourselves that our being here is important, and that our doing anything is important. That becomes so deeply internalized that there is this global culture of thinking that anything we do matters, and then I get mad when someone interrupts me doing something that doesn’t matter, that I know doesn’t matter because I have so thoroughly hypnotized myself into believing that anything I do matters, and because anything matters, everything matters, it has to matter because otherwise, why are we here? I should just kill myself. Anyway, I just wish this guy was doing something else with his time, but like I get it, y’know?