

I'm downstairs again.

The fridge is still empty.

My phone screen still displays zero notifications.

I wander.

The kitchen tiles are far too familiar.

They're cold on my feet.

The oven light dimly illuminates the counter top in orange.

I sit. I'm fatigued.

I shouldn't sit. That's just lazy.

My head hurts. I should drink water.

My cup is old, it needs a wash.

The dishwasher is full of clean dishes.

I'll empty it later.

I'm hungry. I should eat.

There's yesterday's dinner in the fridge. It's pizza.

I'm not *really* hungry anyways.

I sit. Where am I?

The oven light reminds me.

Oh...

The kitchen tiles are cold.

My phone screen still displays zero notifications.

The fridge is still empty.