
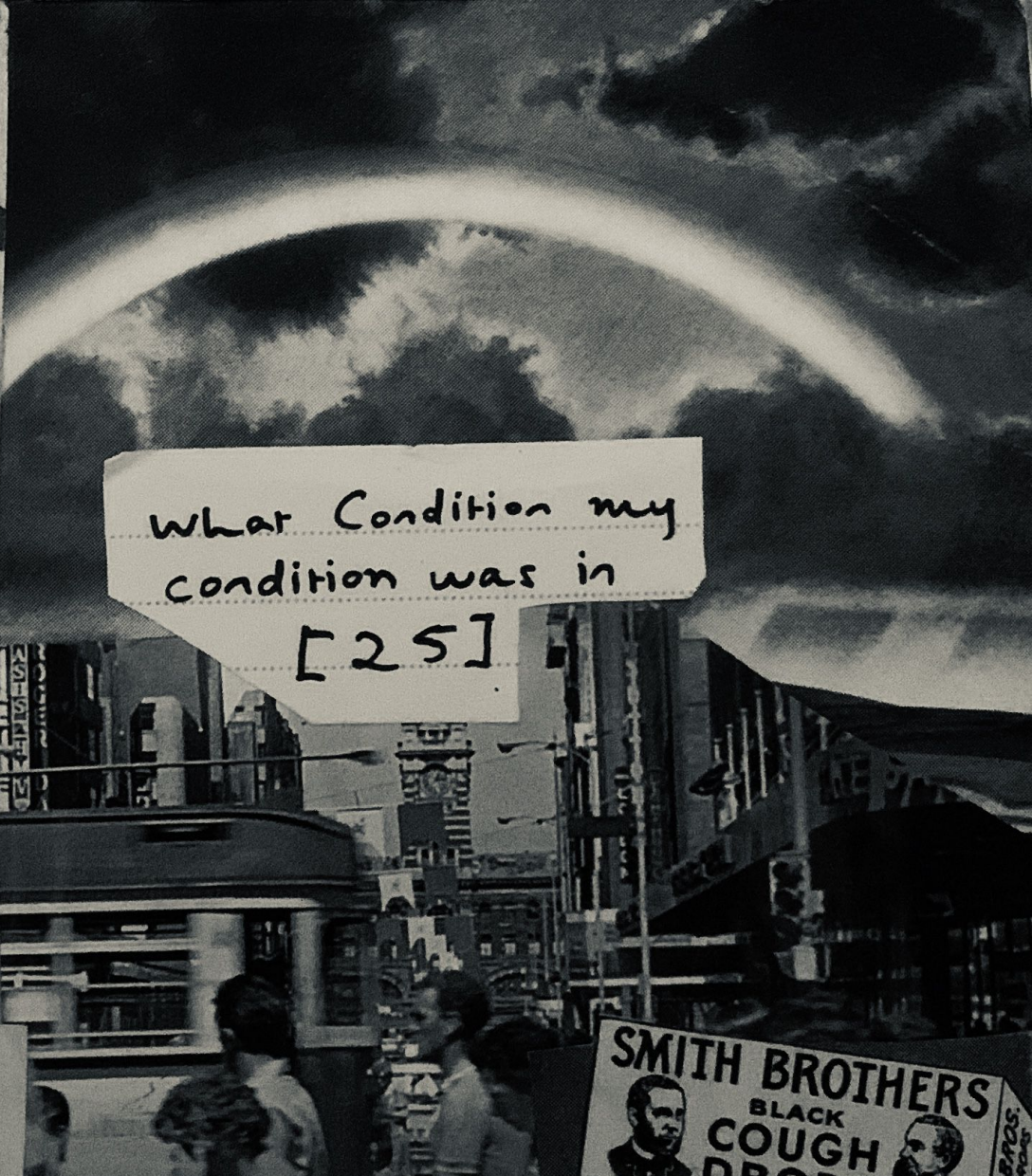


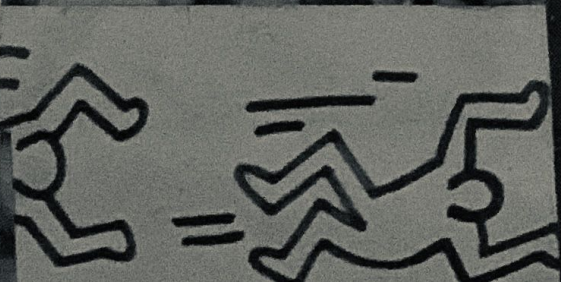
does very
attractive cousin.
wordpress.
com 

BY DAY BY NIGHT



What Condition my
condition was in
[25]

Look at it this way:
After the year we've all gone through,
please,
don't give just ordinary scotch.



STILL ONLY **5¢** EVERYWHERE

I just walked past a penny farthing with a bike lock in the CBD. Do you think that was a recent impulse purchase (caused by too much isolation) and now they have to see that hobby through? Or is it's owner normally scared that bringing it out will attract jeers like 'dork' but now cause of the current eerie quiet they're finally free to commute to work looking like as much of a tosser as they want without fear of glares?

My new job (the call-centre gig for the bank) is in the CBD and although it will be a part-time role, the training period is on a full-time basis for a bit over a month. I'm in my

second week and for the most part it's been a whole lot of training videos and webinars.

While we were completing one of the online activities today the instructor gave us some background tunes and it was 'Take your Mama' by Scissor Sisters.

This annoyed me cause no one takes their mama out all night to the friggen bank (unless maybe at the start of the evening to make sure they have adequate funds to fuel this off-the-chain evening). ~~which~~ ~~That~~ Which then got me thinking what musicians would I classify as having the perfect banking sound? Maybe the bit in Mary Poppins where the stuffed-shirt bank Dad sings,

or 1980s jams on having coin, or just some screamo?

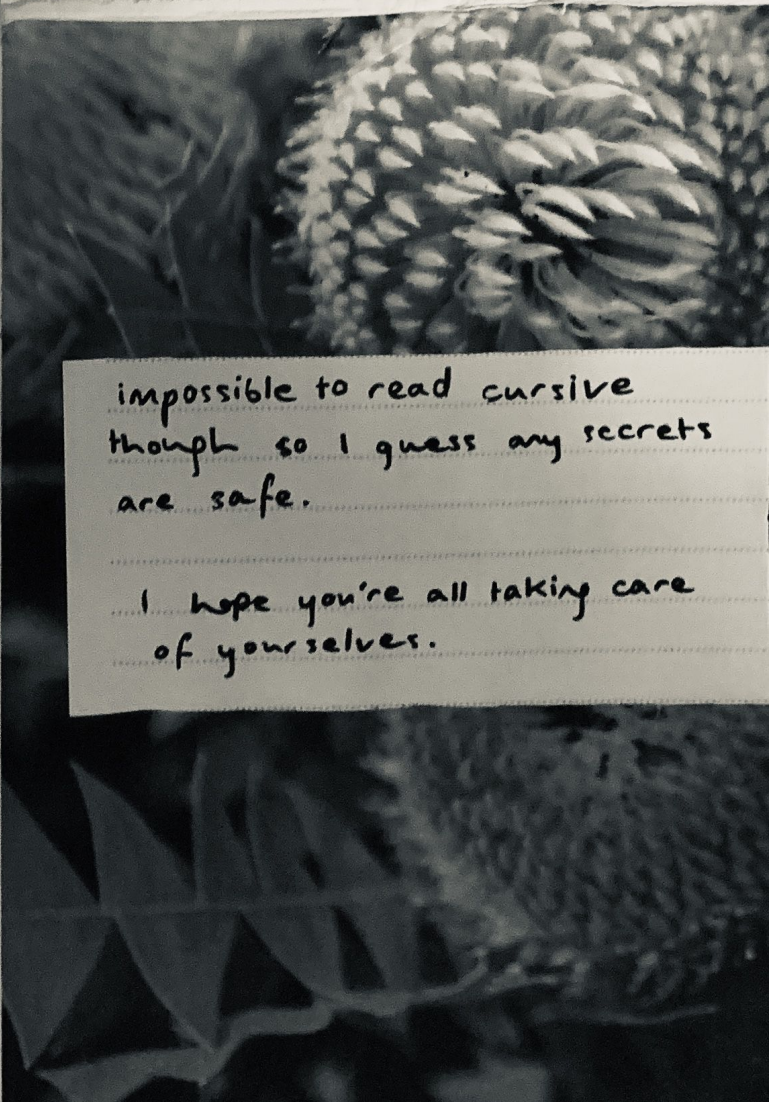
I'm on one of the higher floors and the city looks all grey and foggy from up here (but winter is my favourite so for me that's a complement). I've never seen the city so quiet and even ~~and~~ though I need/am grateful for this job, a part of me feels guilty about being out of the house and travelling so often, almost like I shouldn't be intruding on this quiet.

Only two people at a time are allowed to catch the elevator and a nurse needs to take everyone's temperature before you're allowed in the building.

my current journal. As I've mentioned in earlier editions I've kept an ongoing journal since I was 19, and bizarre as it sounds finishing one always feels like the closing of a chapter (in an exciting way). It's been six months of carrying that journal around & much as I'll miss it I'm looking forward to starting a shiny new one (the current one is a moleskin with Bob Dylan's face on it & it's got so much pen on it from being in my bag all the time it looks like he's got acne). Sometimes I wonder whether I'll always be an avid journal keeper, I think I just find it reassuring to know that I can revisit lost days if I felt like it. My grandma is a big journal keeper too, her handwriting is

And when I zone out sometimes I'll look out the window and try ~~and~~ ^{to} figure out whether the building across from us is empty - it's difficult to tell it has tinted windows. I'm just really looking forward to when it's a month from now and (hopefully) I'm more confident and this job isn't feeling so new and scary anymore. I wish sometimes I could be doing isolation with my grandparents down at the beach - they're incredibly cute and that town is away from everything. But I need to get on with the new normal.

I'm up to the last five pages of



impossible to read cursive though so I guess my secrets are safe.

I hope you're all taking care of yourselves.