I hate this barn. The whole thing is falling apart. The supports are all rotting, need to replace those. The roof is leaking all over the place, never realized how annoying it was to empty all the buckets. Just another thing I’ve had to add to my routine. The rats are out of control now too, they’re shitting everywhere, and the whole barn smells like piss. We never used to have this problem, but I don’t have the time to hunt them alone. I walk farther in and see the half-finished bench, no one to work on it anymore. I’ll just burn it. Maybe I’ll have to hire someone, there’s no way I can take care of everything on my own. I lean against the fence and of course, the fucking thing falls over. I hate this barn; I can’t control myself anymore and start kicking everything dumb enough to be in the way. The buckets, the tools along the wall, the scrap wood, everything. When I turn around to look at the mess I’ve made I can’t help but fall to the ground. I’m so tired, I haven’t slept in days. Every time I try, I end up lying awake, a victim of my own thoughts. I’m scared that I’ll start drinking again. I don’t know what to do, I feel like I’m coming apart. A drop of water hits my forehead. I hate this barn.