

I am continuously worried about the possibility of social/mental degeneration. My doctor has told me that the idea of cybernetic dehumanization is a myth, yet I find that my personal experience is implying that he may be misinformed. Today at work I did not speak a single word aside from a few good mornings and have a nice days. Certainly I was always shy, but this takes things to a new level.

If the work of some more technophobic scientists are to be believed, this could be a complication of the head drive, a sort of mental infection from a dangerous operation. The nanomachines in my cyberframe are networking with the head drive, and in the process destroying my brain. While neuroscientists are still debating it, the practice of brain implants is still banned in plenty of states. It was illegal in Louisiana, but thankfully there was an underground market for cybernetics. Had there not have been, I would have died back there. It's funny- the implant that saved my life could be slowly killing me.

There is an alternative possibility, one I've avoided discussing with my doctor for obvious reasons. The violent imagery is getting more and more vivid. Earlier today at work I was using a boxcutter to open a box of mailing supplies. It reminded me of when I ambushed a taxman in his bathroom and used a boxcutter to open up his wrists. It was the smooth, graceful feeling of a razor blade tearing through such a weak, malleable material. It felt very calming, very relaxing. I remembered slowly dragging the blade down his arms as Kenny held him in place, mockingly pretending to calm him. It was a very relaxing assassination, very subtle compared to what the Copperheads had normally wanted from me.

At lunch a coworker brought in Doritos. It reminded me of the time the boys and I had robbed a gas station. We were loading up cigarettes onto our bikes, and I had grabbed a bag of doritos as well to eat. Indeed, it became a Real Rock & Rollers tradition- if we could, we'd steal some snack food to go with everything else. Robbery was normally never that violent. I'd clock a man over the back of the head and knock him out, usually while Crabmeat or Tank were holding him up. I never killed anyone as part of a robbery, except for the time some Crip in the liquor store pulled a gun on us. He and Tank got into a standoff, so I snuck up on him and glassed him with a bottle of jaegermeister. I had almost choked him to death, but Hogg had stopped me. Told me that if a Crip died at Triple R hands, there could be a gang war. I thought if he was alive he'd snitch on us out of spite, but it seems that they seem to have some sort of honor after all. Kenny probably would have balked at the idea of a black showing honor. I wish I had gotten the guy's name- I'd love to thank him for the respect and apologize for almost killing him.

Certainly a rookie doctor would probably say I have PTSD, especially after San Francisco. But here's the thing: none of this particularly haunts me. I've killed plenty of times, and I hardly regret any of it. I don't think I loved it, but there certainly was a rush from taking a life, a sort of high that you can't get anywhere else. Is this some sort of prolonged combat withdrawal? Did murder become an addiction? Maybe it was just fighting? I haven't hurt a single soul since I've come home. It's been over a year. The worst crimes I've committed were software piracy, jaywalking, and running a few stop signs at a dangerous speed. That last one is one of my favorite things. I rush around the small town streets and roads, weaving in and out of traffic. It's fun to exercise my reflexes and move around. Maybe I'm just an adrenaline junkie? I know one of the supplement packs I added to my cyberframe boosted my adrenal glands. Is that an addiction?

Perhaps it is just social isolation. I don't have anything in common with my coworkers. They're honest, hardworking, law-abiding people. One of them is even a vegetarian. They're depressingly boring. I don't have any desire to reach out to them. I don't even bother to remember most of their names. There's bald guy, tall guy, short girl, black dude, moppy-haired kid, and fat guy. The work day in general is a blur of pure work with periodic breaks to check my phone, eat, and use the bathroom. It's no different than school or college, albeit I'm merely apathetic about the people around me than disdainful.

So yeah, I don't even get where I'm going with this. I guess the big question is *why am I so fucking different from everyone else?*