

Balance the Books, Balance the Mind: A day in life with Accounting

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5:50am. I wake up. I like to wake up early to experience more of the day.

It **balances** time awake in the daylight and the nighttime.

6:15am. I have breakfast. 60 grams of cereal, 200 millilitres of almond milk, 284 calories. It counts as 2 servings.

It **balances** sustenance and indulgence.

7:30am. I go swimming. I swim for 55 minutes at approximately 3.5 minutes per 100 metres, about 1500 metres. I do this 2-3 times per week; this is my main exercise.

It **balances** exercise and a sedentary job

9:00am. I begin work. Today I work on a paper, it is 16,000 words over 42 pages. This is longer than I would like, I need to edit it down

It **balances** the paper to be rich in content and avoiding being onerous.

11:00am. I have lunch. This is early to some I know, but I like to eat within an 8-hour time window. Lunch often varies, but it should be under 500 calories to stay within my daily allowance.

It **balances** my snacking and my health.

11:30am. I return to working. I begin writing this to break up my tasks.

It's daylight but, I don't know what time it is. I think it's lunch time; it feels like lunchtime, but I can't be sure.

I'm in a diner; it looks so stereotypical American diner that I have to be imagining this place. I have food in front of me, but I can't make out what it is. It seems that there are parts I can recall but the rest fades out of memory.

I'm here with my grandfather; we're catching up and enjoying the casual conversation. I tell him how life is going; he seems proud to hear what I've accomplished. But I don't stop to question how we're able to have this conversation. He's deaf, how can he hear me?

He's been dead for over 20 years...

I blink.

It's still daylight but, where am I now?

It looks like high school, I'm supposed to be in class, but I don't have my timetable. What class am I meant to be in and where is it?

I'm starting to panic. What's going on? It's been 22 years since I left high school, is it chemistry class, or is English? Where am I supposed to be right now? I don't even know what day it is. Maths. Maths is the next subject, if I start now, I can find the right room.

I know this building but, every time I go through a door, the building changes. Confusion builds as my memory disjoints and distorts from my current reality.

It **balances** productivity and growing tired of the same task.

2:00pm. I eat dinner. Again, this will be early to most, but this is the end of my 8-hour eating window. The longer the period of fasting before sleep, the less stress my system experiences.

It **balances** the needs of my general health and my health conditions.

3:00pm. I return to work. I return to my paper; my motivation is high, and I am determined to finish it.

It **balances** my Publications and my employability.

5:00pm. I finish work. Now it is time to relax, I work on craft projects, read, and watch documentaries.

It **balances** my life and my work

9:00pm. I go to bed. I read my book for 45 minutes to relax me, I would prefer to sleep but my mind is too active.

It **balances** my mind and my sleep.

9:45pm. I sleep. Often, I dream the strangest most incoherent things. I never remember them exactly, only that they lack all reasoning and explanation.

Every day my life is governed by numbers.

I use them to balance and bring order to my existence.

Every night my life is governed by chaos.

My subconscious uses it to break free from the numerical ties that binds it to "normality".

I think it **balances** the incessant control of life, and the desire to be free of conformity, acceptance, and expectation.

How did I end up in the Art Department?

Never mind, I'll just stay here. I always liked art and maybe this is my opportunity to use this stress in a creative outlet...

I blink again.

Where am I now?

I don't know, parts of the world flash in and out of memory. Some of it familiar, most of it not.

The people are familiar, though unearthed from the deepest parts of memory.

Some forgotten by choice others lost through the passage of time.

These events. These places. These people.

All from different times, different moments, different lifetimes; thrown together without rhyme or reason. There is no order, no conformity. From beginning to end, it's a series of happenings unhinged from reality but playing out in a cycle of chaos.

My mind has lost control.

What on earth just happened?

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