

#### **14-04-24**

Finally managed to take a few days off after a crazy stretch. Lawsuits, paperwork—ugh! But guess what? I treated myself to a Slurpee from Seven-Eleven. That neon-blue nostalgia hit the spot. Seriously, I need one of those machines at home ASAP.

Oh, and Marcus? Saw him on the way. Poor guy looks like he's been through a lot. He's got this puppy-dog look, like he's still head over heels for me. But life's complicated, and I can't be with him. Feels like I'm watching a rom-com unfold. Heard he's battling depression, spiraling into addiction and lost his well paying job and stealing stuffs I feel sorry for him. Hope he finds his way out.

Gotta catch some Zs while I can. Days like this are rare gems. So, nighty-night!

#### **15-04-24**

Today was a hot mess. Seriously, my luck's on vacation. Non-stop arguments—first with Gabriel (who thinks he's a genius), then with Ethan (the hyena), and finally, Robert. Poor guy's probably wondering if I even remember his name. I've been MIA lately, and he's feeling it. Can't blame him.

And guess what? My absentee dad suddenly wants quality time. Figures. Meanwhile, Madeline's giving me the cold shoulder. What's up with that? My life's like a soap opera.

And now, as I try to spill my guts in this diary, another interruption. Can't even vent in peace. This phone's going down in flames.