

November 6th 2025, 10:59 PM

---

I never really feel a thing~

I'm just kinda too froze~

You were the only one, that even kinda came close~

I just pinch myself, no longer comatose~

I woke up, no luck~

I woke up, no luck~

...

I got too high again, realized I can't not be with you~

Or be just your friend, I love you to death, but I just can't~

I just can't pretend, we were lovers first~

Confidants but never friends~

Were we ever friends?~

...

Kinda in a good mood today, did well on my midterm even though I only read like half of the book and just scanned through the rest lol. Classes outside of PHY, AST, and MAT are so easy.

One part I really like

"Serves him right!"

"A pickpocket, I'd say."

"Pretending to be drunk, and getting under the wheels on purpose; and you have to answer for him."

"It's a regular profession, that's what it is."

But while he stood at the railing, still looking angry and bewildered at the retreating carriage and rubbing his back, he suddenly felt someone thrust money into his hand. He looked. It was an elderly woman in a shawl and goatskin shoes, with a girl, probably her daughter, wearing a hat, and carrying a green parasol.

"Take it, my good man, in Christ's name."

He took it, and they passed by. It was a twenty kopeck piece. From his dress and appearance they might well have taken him for a beggar asking for donations in the streets, and the gift of the twenty kopecks he doubtless owed to the blow, which made them feel sorry for him.

He closed his hand on the twenty kopecks, walked on for ten paces, and turned facing the Neva, looking towards the palace. The sky was cloudless and the water was almost bright blue, which is so rare in the Neva. The dome of the cathedral, which is seen at its best from the bridge about twenty paces from the chapel, glittered in the sunlight,

and in the pure air every ornament on it could be clearly distinguished. The pain from the lash eased off, and Raskolnikov forgot about it; one uneasy and not quite definite idea now occupied him completely. He stood still, and gazed long and intently into the distance; this spot was especially familiar to him. When he was attending the university, he had hundreds of times—generally on his way home—stood still on this spot, gazed at this truly magnificent spectacle and almost always marveled at a vague and mysterious emotion it aroused in him. It left him strangely cold; for him, this gorgeous picture was blank and lifeless. He wondered every time at his somber and enigmatic impression and, mistrusting himself, put off finding an explanation for it. He vividly recalled those old doubts and perplexities, and it seemed to him that it was no mere chance that he recalled them now. It struck him as strange and grotesque that he should have stopped at the same spot as before, as though he actually imagined he could think the same thoughts, be interested in the same theories and pictures that had interested him . . . so short a time ago. He felt it almost amusing, and yet it wrung his heart. Deep down, hidden far away out of sight all that seemed to him now—all his old past, his old thoughts, his old problems and theories, his old impressions and that picture and himself and all, all . . . He felt as though he were flying upwards, and everything were vanishing from his sight. Making an unconscious movement with his hand, he suddenly became aware of the piece of money in his fist. He opened his hand, stared at the coin, and with a sweep his arm flung it into the water; then he turned and went home. It seemed to him, he had cut himself off from every one and from everything at that moment.