I always start with this. But it has been a long time since I have written a diary on a computer. Because I have an inconsistent schedule. So there are always huge gap between each entry in my diary folder. Let’s start. But I will write in Notepad because I relied on shitty 4G.

Time has gone by so fast and I could not measure how much time has gone through. I guess being old accelerates the process. But the repeated things that needed to be done day by day made the process worse. Wake up, some gaming. Then breakfast and some gaming. Lunch. 3 hour nap. Prepare for dinner. Dinner. Wash dishes after meals for Morning, Lunch and Dinner. Gaming. Some work for mom. And then sleep. Then the day repeated. Breaking the cycle is hard. But taking it one step at a time is still the most plausible solution right now. So tomorrow, I will take a deep breath and plan what I want to do.

There are so many things to talk about because I do not have someone at my age to talk with. I could always talk to mom. But there is a huge gap between us. So I put all of my story here so I can vent. I do not have a friend to talk right now. It's sad. But I need to learn to accept that. The pandemic has made things worse. I always wish things would have gone smoothly, but that would be a fantasy, right? I still feel sad about losing my soulmate. I know it is best for us to seperate. But I feel envy towards her and my mom. She has friends to talk to and vent all the things that she experienced. I have a computer and digital media to pass the time. It just temporarily stop the feeling of sadness. I used Valorant and CS:GO and COD4 when I was there, the problem does not go away. You have to deal with it yourself. I do not know how to deal with it and I still am. The feeling of you do not know the answer to the question that must be solved right in front of you is just miserable, sad and dissapointed at yourself.

I do not have anyone to talk to about my problems. When I had someone to talk to, all I ever talked to them is how miserable I am and that's all I talked about. I did not know anything else to talk to make her happy and not see as a boring person. I still regret about it. But I hope she has moved on, and I should too. Talking old stories time and time again only makes me feel more sad than I already am.

The start of an another try of making a consistent journal upload again.