So this is the first time I have written my diary on this computer since forever. The first thing I noticed is how fast I could write on this compared to writing on paper. But it also has its caveats. I cannot focus on one thing consistently. I always turn to other shit and the things that’s supposed to be done gets delayed tremendously. That’s what bothers me. I think I have severe case of “not focusing on what is supposed to do”. So the short term solutions is still determining on what is supposed to do. Do it for a set amount of time. Small break, and with a relaxing mind (i.e baby steps). I know if I force on myself too hard, when I fail, my mind could not handle it because being perfectionist when I realistically cannot achieve that is dumb and make me more anxious day by day. And I also appreciate that I took some time out to focus on writing this.

Second, I knew she would be here. Looking at the table. I know that she is at her brother’s house. Inside me, I have the urge to just get to her house and let her know that I am back home. But I have many thoughts inside that are bothering me. I know she has a boyfriend and I wonder if my presence will impact their relationship. Should I just let it slip? I don’t know. I really want to see. But I am not brave enough to do it. The chance is right fucking there. It is so frustrating to think about this. Should I or should I not? Decisions and decisions.

Third, because I have been here and getting home late. The time I have for improving myself in health has been severly lacking. I know my stamina has decreased tremendously and I know with that stamina, I would not last long while having sex. That’s the important thing. I am still a young adult. I am really horny and want to have sex as soon as I can. But prerequisites matters. I need to get to a university, bike license, learning soft skills(talking, choosing clothes,..), having a stable part-time job to supply the hotel room fees and improve my stamina. It’s a long road a head. But achievable in less than 1 year or 1 year. You see how horny I am. Check my search history. It’s all women’s swimsuit and ladies who have an “ideal” body. I know I will pass a phase where I consider body weight more significant than having a genuine half. But, you know, the top thing I decided to love her because she was beautiful. But overtime, she became more fat. And I kept telling her to moderate her eating. Well. Well. Now she wants to go back to 55, good fucking luck.

At the time of writing, it is 00:08 of the 28th. Me and mom just sort through all the documents to find the coupons of a hotel near Vung Tau. We could not find them. Instead, we get to sort through useless documents to throw them away. At least that will make everything less messy a bit. And I learnt through questioning my mom that my phone will be locked out forever and she just let me use this laptop because “I have got IELTS to do”. So what? You could govern me till the end of your life? You are scared that because the electronics are ruining. Have you ever questioning your parenting for once? For ONCE? I can tell you why I failed at Canada. Because, you already admitted it, neglect from you. You expected me to automatically know how to do shit and to mature. Well, guess what, I am still an emotional little bitch who don’t know how life works, and get stressed everytime hard things get to me. I am that little fucking bitch. I screamed when I am frustrated. And when I cry and scream, you just don’t know what to do. I saw that and I am just like, mom, please, be an adult. Guide me on how to control these emotions. I don’t want to see you scream because of me. It just proves that I am just an afterthough, right? You want me because you only wanted a boy, right? What the hell? Well, that’s just my reality. At least, I am not picking trash outside, that’s for a certain. I am grateful for that. At least, I am not poor and miserable. Because I despise being so