I use to believe I deserved romantic love; that everyone deserved to be loved and happy. Not so much anymore. What a self confidence killer relationships are. My new year’s resolution includes, but is not limited to, writing on Sundays. I will write blog entries and journal entries.

I feel like an ass every single day. A week and a half ago, Donnelly finally invited *me* over for pie. We were sitting around talking about Christmas and it came up that she was spending it without family. I said “it’s almost as bad as spending valentine’s day alone every year”, but I meant “worse than”. She went off on me (I deserved it). She said “how is spending Christmas alone at all like spending a day without someone for you to fuck worse, did you really just say that to me 4 days before Christmas?”

It was a stupid comment anyways; I seem to have a lot of those. I’m too awkward to relate to her, but can’t Valentine ’s Day be about spending time with someone you love and enjoy? I thought we could at least relate on that level, but it seems that I am not very deep in everyone else’s opinion; that all that I care about is sex.

I don’t know what I do to make everyone think that I am just some player asshole who just wants tail, or in many cases I am just an asshole. I don’t express myself well, or fully enough, and I am not interesting enough for people to stick around and find out what’s underneath my fun-loving (assholish) exterior.

I haven’t worked on my media server for about a week. I’ve been working on Mike Fourniers HobnobOnline website. It’s been really fun learning ASP and C# and getting back in to .Net. It is a really easy language and technology to learn, especially will all the syntax highlighting from .Net Studio.

I should help Mike with his pen-test website and learn Python.

Friday night Jessie brought up when I mentioned “we should ask the waitress to come to the rave”. I wasn’t actually going to make an effort to do it, at least not without the expectation of being shot down. Don asked her, but he was a lot more tactful. I don’t understand why I don’t have tact. Many people have called me out on that fact. I feel like I shouldn’t say anything without fully thinking it through and thinking of every possible response that I could provoke. But then I seem really slow, I would never have a “zinger” moment, not like Travis. That kid always has something going on in his head. We could be talking about something completely random, and he will immediately turn the conversation in to something really entertaining, and make people laugh. I wish I had that talent.

Like the other night at the rave someone asked him what the headphones he was wearing were for, he immediately responded “they enhance the sound!” When obviously they muffle it so that he doesn’t hurt his ears. A girl came over and made out with him for his new year’s kiss. I got a kiss from Jessie; Mike wasn’t happy about it; neither am I.

Kelsey brought a nice friend with her, I talked to her when she was sitting down by herself taking a break. Just small talk, it seemed nice, then she asked what drugs I was on. I told her ecstasy, and this deterred her greatly. I felt bad after that, like I was coming down too early because of depression. I was sorry she had to meet me like that, I think you come across as more interested in someone when you are on E, I was really just neutral and enjoyed meeting her. But it seems we have come full circle to me not being interesting enough as a person to deserve someone’s attention, no matter how casual or friendly it is. We didn’t speak again the rest of the night.

That’s the morbid conclusion I have come to that explains why I can’t make new friends. I haven’t been able to come up with any other reason. I have tried different things, so I don’t think I am insane. All of my attempts include being really friendly, conversing a lot, doing and asking favors, sharing meals or coffee. It seems that no matter who I meet, it only takes them a day or two to find something they don’t like and send them running away (figuratively [I would never chase someone]).

Had to take a break to cry and clean my refrigerator. Ecstasy has a second day side effect of severe depression because the drug depletes your endorphin supply that usually suppresses those emotions to a manageable level.

I think about how I have hurt people; this is new for me. But I still have the problem of not thinking about how I could hurt people, and I do it anyways. I don’t think about it at the time; this makes me a huge asshole. But at least I got the reflection part down. David told me the other day that “Jessica always acts like she is mad at him for everything”. Sounds pretty horrible I know. But I don’t think he realizes that he does stuff to upset people too. Like being late for everything, maybe he is late to things that are trivial, but he doesn’t realize how much being on time might mean to someone else (more time to spend with friends?)

3 out of 4 of my ex-girlfriends broke up with me to date my best friend at the time. I know I surround myself with attractive people, but why am I never the attractive one that the girl wants to stick with? This question haunts me. I think I am becoming asexual. I’ve had a pretty good run with sexual activity, I don’t really need anymore. And I would feel horrible for subjecting an offspring to such a ridiculous set of genetic problems.

Bi-polar, obsessive compulsive, attention deficit, Alzheimer’s, depression

This introspective thing is hard.

I hate keeping a journal, this sucks.