I’m hungry, what am I hungry for?

Pizza, not really. Pasta, eh. Hambergers, maybe. Gosh why is all that I think of western food. I know there’s a lot of Asian stuff. Pho, sushi, banh mi- oh fun story about the banh mi,

it was a sandwich invented when the British brought over baguettes to the Vietnamese when they were occupying the territory. Kind of strange, you know you’d think that an event like that would be so despised by the Vietnamese and yet one of the most iconic dishes that they have was born through that time. Gosh, food history is so recent it’s kind of insane. People talk about how peanut butter and jelly only really came around during the industrial revolution but we’re still not fully sure what’s the best way to cook a steak. What was it? Like 10 years ago when reverse searing really started getting more traction in the world? Maybe it’s shorter than that. Ten years can be a long time

you know, fashion changes so much in 10 years. I remember I wore a shirt that had fake longs sleeves under a short sleeve shirt and I really liked it! Now I’m wearing this basic ass hoody looking like some Asian douche. Gosh it seems like a lot of people are liking sweatshirts right now, was that a thing in the past? I wonder what the future trend of fashion will be. I feel like people are getting into more skintight stuff but I guess that only really makes you look better if you’re already hot. Like it doesn’t seem fashion really cares about what’s practical but rather what’s exclusive. You can’t really have that exclusive yoga pants look if you have a nice ass. Nice as with maybe a thong under and a bubble butt. God I’m such a perv.

I wanna fuck someone. What the hell? Why am I like this? Why do I have to ruin every relationship I’m in being so aggressive and horny? I want a friend that I can just be chill with and share personal thoughts with comfortably. I think talking to girls is very comfortable but they also just talk to 1000 other people and I don’t feel special. Maybe I just need people to talk to. I miss those highschool friends. Do I? I guess I miss them more because I don’t really have any friends now. I shouldn’t say that, I should be happy of the friends I have now. They’re good people and I enjoy talking to them, I guess I should just work on those relationships more.

Maybe it’s just nostalgia, having those memories of being closer to those people and having spent so much time with them, I grow more attached. Or maybe, those people were just legit smarter and I missed hanging out with people who were like that. I don’t mean to be an asshole but those highschool peeps were sure way out of my league, idk why they kept me around. I still feel so small compared to a lot of them.

Gosh, people at Harvard are smart. I wonder if they owe it to the world to make it a better place. They’re literally the top of society from graduating there and it’s probably the case with most of them that they just want to go and live a happy life. A good life where you don’t work 100 hours a week because you don’t need to and that’s just stupid to do something like that. they probably still make big differences with their six figure desk jobs and whatever large corps, it’s just hard to see on the small scale. Remember that girl I went out with a bit? So freaking smart, I wish I fucked her. God, why am I so horny?

Why do I talk about random stuff like that? No one really cares, they want to have just life talks. Talks about how their day went. Stories of things people have done. If someone came to me and talked about knitting for 3 hours I’d kill myself, I should really care about what others want to talk about. God that’s so selfish of me. I’m quite selfish aren’t I? I guess that’s why people don’t really like me. I want people to help make my world a better place, want them to satisfy my needs. I guess I should say I want to be there for more people rather then I want more people to be there for me. Idk, this is getting to much to think about. Is this what I’m hungry for?

That the hell, this isn’t some large metaphor, why does this life have to have a meaning? Why do I have to conclude this is some kind of solid manner to make sense. Why am I saying all this, who the hell would want to listen to what an Electrical Engineering student would want to say about human life. I really hate myself. Do I wanna kill myself today? No, that’d be selfish. Why the hell would I deserve to end my life with all this pain I’ve created? God, maybe I don’t care about other people and I just put up that face to I can find someone to FUCK.

Ok Jesus, I need to calm down. I don’t actually hate myself that was a joke. Jokes are good, I feel like I’m not as funny as I was before. I guess a lot of it is that I don’t try as much as I used to. I miss jokes. The good ones are so cleaver. I’m not cleaver so I’m not even a good joke. Haha yeah, self-deprecating humor is so creative. It’s weird how badly sex jokes age. I guess when you actually start getting around to doing it, you just realize it’s something really intimate and something kinda strange to joke about.

Sex being intimate? Hold up, there were a lot of times where we just did quickies in public for fun. God, I shouldn’t think of that. That’s messed up, also fun. Messed up with how much fun it was. Why is being so risky so fun? I guess it’s just an adrenaline thrill of doing something you know you shouldn’t. this feeling of power and invincibility. Having all this power over someone else to want you so much that they’ll do almost anything for you. God, that was such a bad relationship. I’m such a messed-up person. I really do hate myself.

God, I should stop thinking of her. Why do I always think of her? I have to much guilt, I’ve already talked to her about our guilts in the relationship. I’m trying to rationalize myself. I want her. No I don’t, I want someone like her. I miss having someone listen to all this, I want someone to just put up with all these bullshit thoughts. Someone I can be comfortable with because I know I’m the one, someone who can let me be horny and let me be wild with my thoughts. I need someone in my life that can fill that void, who can make me complete. Maybe this is why people write breakup songs, this emotion is so weirdly constantly present in the back of my mind. This scream telling me to move on and be ok. My gosh.

This is a really bad place to keep my mind in. I need some way out.

I hate what I did to her but what can I do? There’s no point sulking over these thoughts. There’s no point in just sitting still and doing nothing. She’s happy, I know she’s in a better place with her life and I should move on too. I’m ok, I think that I’m alright.