Edit: This was added on Friday, December 2nd 2016 at 1:56 pm. I’d like to note that the title for this diary entry said 9/15/17, because I guess that is what high Jessie thought the current date was… even though it was 10/15/16….

What the fuck high Jessie lol that’s so off…. Anyways, I too am high right now. So I guess I can’t really make fun of myself too much, I’m gonna go back to my other diary post now.. And I’m going to keep the title the same haha. (I ended up changing it - it’s May 25th 2017) But I’ll add like a “see description or something” so that I know to read it in order with this one first.

10/15/16

Dear Diary,

I am writing this diary entry on my laptop because I really need to finally do an entry and catch up fully so that I’ll start writing in my diary regularly again. Because way too many things have happened to continually stay away from writing. Also I’m really high. So if my thoughts aren’t incredibly eloquent that would be the explanation. Oh yeah, I do that a lot now by the way. Get high that is. I’ve decided there is no point in censoring my diary entries anymore. Who am I hiding from? I’m the only one in the future that will actually be reading these, and if I’m not then that person that stole my diary has no reason to judge anything I do. Plus I want to be remembered truthfully when I die and people read my old diary entries, so fuck it I’m telling the honest truth from here on out. (Not to say I wasn’t before, I was just censoring and leaving out some of the best and dirtiest and amazing parts ;) )

So anyways, yes I get high very often now. I am currently on a probably 2 week streak right now. Before that my streak was 4 weeks. Before that it was probably over a month. The only reason I don’t smoke on a night is usually when I am out of town and can’t bring weed on the plane.

Why is this? When did Jessie become such a stoner? I honestly don’t know the exact time… I keep thinking it was to cope with being alone and so FUCKING afraid of the dark. Why the fuck am I so fucking terrified of the dark? Have I never fucking written about this in here? I literally get so much fucking anxiety about it. I seriously hope that fucking fades at some point like my needing to say “merlicter” before falling asleep. I think (actually I know) that I am pretty OCD, and it definitely comes out strong sometimes. So I guess that my current OCD thing is being so fucking afraid of being alone in the dark. I can tell I’ll be able to get over it though. I know I will.

Anyways, I should get on to some of the very important things that have been happening in my life and the thoughts I’ve been thinking about. This is also why typing is great. Because I can actually go on tangents more often and be more truthful about my thoughts because I can get them on paper faster. And my hand doesn’t cramp.

So I can’t believe that I haven’t even talked about Maxwell yet. Oh my god.

Maxwell.

What can I say, he’s Mr. Jessie. Literally from within the first 10 minutes we met, I could tell that he and I were on the same intellectual level. Not to say I’m on some upper level intellectually (hell no), but we definitely kept up with each other in terms of jokes and references and feelings about the world. The craziest thing though, is when we get really high together and we are up in the woods or something (which we generally are). When we push our foreheads together in nature in the dark and we are both really high I feel, I feel so free. It’s like everything in the world is okay and nothing matters because it is so incredible. We are mentally and emotionally and physically connecting during these moments and it’s literally inexplicable.

We don’t connect I think as well sexually. But I think that is just because he is much more sexually open than I am. I’ll get to that level of openness with more experience I think.

I really love him. It’s a different kind of love. One that understands that we should each have our own time to experiment and love others and experience the amazing things in life, but that we will always share whatever special bond we have and whatever that means, I’m okay with it. Because I’ve learned so much about myself through being with him and hearing him speak and really just agreeing on everything in life. We are true social chameleons and such similar ones at that. All we want is for the people around us to be happy, so we take on whatever role they want us to. But with each other we don’t have to do that for the first time. It’s wild to be able to connect with someone I so suddenly met (from Tinder) on such a crazy deep level.

I actually keep up with him here in SLO quite a bit. We call frequently and used to facetime for a while and we haven’t had time to keep up as much recently but when I go home in a week I’ll get to see him and we can catch up then!

Durst has tried to keep up with me. I think he really likes me. I’m going to have to break his heart. Probably won’t be too bad, but will be potentially awkward, and he’ll probably feel really weird about the whole thing. Maybe I just won’t let myself go see him.

Scott has gone a little crazy on Facebook. It’s just because of the election mostly. He’ll be okay. He’s still so cute. We slept together a second time. Did I write that in here before? He told me that I connect with him sexually so much, that was a huge turn on. We had fucking awesome sex. He’s so fucking attractive. Ugh.

Anyways, since coming back to SLO; I slept with Nick once, (I know only once yay!), almost slept with Otto twice (just wait for THAT story lol), and slept with John (the attractive one that is 23 and already graduated and had a class with me last year but we reconnected through Tinder (thank fucking tinder) and yeah) twice and sort of dated him briefly but not really.

**With Nick:** I met up with him after he got back to SLO and we discussed the break up. It was rough. I took a lot of shit. He explained a lot of things too. I felt like shit. I thought all of his friends hated me. I thought he hated me.

Then we started laughing. We got past it. We made eye contact. It was the most sexual tension I’ve ever felt in my life. I was not expecting to feel that way. It was intense. We moved on.

We talked for hours and caught up on our families and our lives. We got along, we joked, we talked about us. We talked too much about us. We got too in depth and talked about how we got too in depth. We talked about how weird it was that we were able to talk about talking too in Depth of our lives even when we were broken up. It was really nice. We hugged goodbye. I missed those hugs so fucking much. It felt really great. I pulled back, he tried to kiss me, I tried to kiss him, we both pulled back. He kissed my forehead and my shoulder. I said I should go. He tried to convince me to kiss him. I told him I should go home. The night had gone too well and there was no sense messing it up. He respected that. We said goodbye and I drove away.

I got home and it was the first night I had the apartment to myself. I got really high. I faceTimed Maxwell. We talked about how great it was that I didn’t do anything physical with Nick. 2:00 am hit. Nick texted me and we discussed the sexual tension. I said I had an empty apartment, but it wasn’t a good idea. He showed up at my door. We slept together. It was rough and loving and good and sad and familiar and fleeting. He stayed until 11:00 am the next day. We discussed us. I made sure it was clear that I wanted things to stay the way they were with us broken up and for him to please not get hope from this happening for my feelings to change.

I felt like shit.

He understood completely and told me it actually gave him the kind of closure that he needed. He seemed to look a little different in some way. He seemed happy. That worried me.

He left, and since then I actually don’t regret sleeping with him. We have hung out several times since, gotten high every one of them, and just talked for hours. Usually at the beach, once at my apartment. It’s been nice. We did that again last night. He usually asks me if he can kiss me or if we can do something similar to a friends with benefits kind of thing. I explain to him that it’s a bad idea and that’s the end of hanging out. It’s been nice. I’m happy he’s doing well. I really really hope he isn’t only in SLO in hopes to get me back. I don’t think he is.

**John:** So he’s really cute. I’ve always found him insanely attractive because he looks (and ACTS!!!) just like Nick from New Girl and I am obsessed with Nick from New Girl. Anyways, we met up for coffee for the first time. I got high beforehand. The first time I’ve ever done that for no reason and never told anyone about it. I took him to the P and got him high.

Now that I think about it, that’s a pretty fucking cool thing for me as a girl who codes who is a nice girl to do… like damn that’s a big fucking move. Good shit Jessie. Except not, because he starting falling for me. I could tell. It was so similar to how Nick (Fry) acted when he first started falling for me. This sounds pretentious but why do so many guys fall in love so easily with me? Or they all at least think that they can convince me that I don’t actually want to be single right now. Everyone thinks they can change me. I honestly think a few months ago that they could have change me. I was a very moldable person. I didn’t even know who I was as a person. I didn’t know what my true beliefs were or what I really wanted out of life or what I was even capable of. But now I know. I know so many more things about what I want and who I am. I don’t even know if I want kids. I mean okay yes, I bet I will. But definitely not something I even want to think about at this age. I don’t think I want to date anyone again (at least officially) until I graduate college. And even then I want it to be after my career is set up probably. I am an independent person. I love who I am when I don’t have anyone to do all my shit for me or someone to whine to or someone to fall back to when I’m too afraid to live life. Fuck that. I love feeling uncomfortable and putting myself out there. I’ve made so many fucking new friends. I’m having a fucking blast. I have reached out to Claudia and all her roommates and become friends with them. I’ve become great friends with Sierra and her roommates. I’m best friends with Margarita and Trevor and Elvis again. I see John Chapman on a semi-regular basis again! I see Miles on a semi-regular basis again…

I’m so invested and involved in the polo team. I’m really putting time into WISH. ANYWAYS, wow. That was a really fucking long tangent.

Damn.

Where was I? Oh yeah, John.

So we started going on dates and shit. I felt honestly pretty fucking uncomfortable when I was around him just in the sense that we sucked at making small talk to eachother the first two or so dates. But that was mostly my fault for being awkward because I thought he was so fucking attractive.

Anyways, it wasn’t a big deal, we had great times when we hung out. After we slept together, things were different. He really started snapchatting me and texting me a lot more often. I tried to cool things off and take long breaks between hanging out. I made it REALLY CLEAR that I wasn’t looking for anything serious. But he didn’t get the message. I had to eventually cut it off with him. I could see him trying to convince me to date him later and me either falling for it or having to break his heart. I was getting strong as a person at that point too so I was pretty sure it would just mean breaking his heart.

Plus I really liked him at this point too! I didn’t see us actually dating and that working out, but I could really see him as someone to end up with. He was very mature (until I broke it off), and that was a crazy new thing for me. He was so smart. He could help me with my STAT homework. That was dope.

But yeah I broke it off. He got “mad”. Basically he made me feel like it was my fault it wasn’t working out which yes, that’s why I called it off…. But anyways I felt like shit but now I’m pretty much over it! I get over things like this pretty quickly. I think it’s because I’m a busy person. And that’s fine. Honestly I’m so proud of myself and how strong I’ve gotten. I’m finally sticking up for myself and being honest with the people around me. I’m not going to string someone along. And no, I don’t want to date you, and you are obviously getting more attached to me than I am to you, so I had to say goodbye.

**Otto:** This story is actually really funny (in a sad way). So I was really starting to hang out at the Fernwood guy’s house (Otto, Doug, Jasper, Ryan, and Zack). I even made my garden there. I think that was just an excuse to mostly see Otto though. I started remembering how much I had liked him freshman year and we were both single now. We started hanging out quite a bit. He seemed to be moderately into me too. I got WAY too drunk at Zack’s birthday party, but it was actually the right amount of drunk because I guess I was swav enough to get Otto back into his room and we almost slept together. Sam even came over and he pretended we weren’t there. It was strange. He’s dating Sam now. A lot has changed. I have only seen him once since then. I was sad about how that went down. I feel a little bit used. I really liked him too. Oh well, you win some and you lose some. Plus it’s better for me to be independent right now. That could have ended badly and I don’t want to fuck up our friendship. Enough on that though, I feel pretty weird about the whole thing now, I try to not think about it too much.

Anyways I guess that’s kind of the catch up on the important (and mostly the man) shit that’s been happening in my life. I realized that I really only seem to write about the men in my life on here. I don’t even spend that much time talking about me and my thoughts and how I’ve been or what my views on life are as much (obviously with the exception of this entry).

I guess I can talk about Margarita! I’m honestly so fucking stoked about living with Margarita. She’s super chill. I think there are a few things that are different, such as me actually cleaning up after her instead of people cleaning up after me, her boyfriend being around constantly instead of how mine usually is, but honestly we are so similar. We love spending money on others and doing shit for people, we both love hanging out with guys and making new friends, and we love having people over. It’s so great to live in a place where I’m always excited and happy to be home. It’s so inviting and I just love being able to hang out in a place that I’m so comfortable in. I also live so close to school and I save so much time in traveling. We also eat really healthy here and eat so many salads and I’ve lost a lot of weight! I’m finally really staying healthy and I believe that it’s going to stick for once. I’m so glad. I am motivated to keep this up.

I took like a 2 hour break from before when I was writing (a few paragraphs ago) and the high has worn off. I am debating weather or not to get more high and let Margarita probably judge me, but then I can continue to write and really enjoy it and then go to bed more easily, or I could just not and then either wait for her to go to sleep to smoke, or just go to sleep now and call it a night. But I want to write more while I’m here, I write so rarely now. I started a blog though. I think it’s going to be pretty good! I really need to keep up with it. But I think I will. Now that I have a job for the summer I actually have a shit ton of time on my hands so I think I’m finally going to start on a lot of things I’ve been trying to do. Although polo season starts after christmas break so I’ve only got a month or two before I don’t have time to do things again.

Also there are like 60 girls officially signed up for water polo and it looks like we are going to have to do cuts this year for the first time ever which is so fucking awesome since I get to be captain with Sierra during it! I am having such a blast leading the team, though I do feel weird sometimes. I feel like I don’t belong as the leader. I think it’s because I spent freshman year afraid to show my strengths, I wasn’t being me. But now that I’ve warmed up to everyone and they can see how much I am putting into this that they respect me. Plus my playing is getting so much better because I am getting more confident (and in good shape?). Either way, I’m happy with the way things are going. A lot of rookies are coming to pre season practice, and people are getting hyped. We have our off season tournament in San Diego this weekend and then it’s Thanksgiving Break, so I just need to make it through the next few days and then it’s all fun!

It’s 12:30 am and I’m still awake even though I could have easily spent my night doing homework or making my website or catching up on water polo things to do… there’s always something to do… But that’s okay. I need something to do in order to feel like I am keeping myself busy and living a worthwhile life. That’s such an interesting concept.

I love learning more about myself. I love testing myself to my limits and then discovering more about what I can handle. Like the other day.

I went to Seattle to interview with Microsoft. I started the plane ride from SLO to SFO and sat next to a man who just so happened to be a software engineer for Microsoft heading home with his kids. I talked him up and learned a bunch of hints/tips/tricks to get prepared for the interview. I lucked out sitting next to him. I got his email.

The interviews were fine. I didn’t really super connect with any of the interviewers. I connected with a few of the other interviewees. Some of them were really cool, some of them weren’t so much. I went to dinner with three of them. That was fun, sort of. It was relatively awkward but I was glad I did it because I like pushing myself past my social comfort level. Also I got to spend 65 dollars of Microsoft’s money on sushi in downtown Seattle so there’s that. It was awesome.

I figured I would text Tori while I was there so I did. She told me to prepare to be kidnapped. She showed up, her boyfriend was driving. She told me to take this edible that she handed to me. I ate one whole big cookie. She added me half of a cookie more. I talked with her, she was mildly awkward, I found enjoyment in that. Only because I think that she wasn’t expecting me to be so normal around her, she wanted me to be afraid or more in shock of seeing her. I was stoked to see her. She got me high and we got to catch up! I’ve changed a lot. She hasn’t really, but I like that. Tori is something special, and I love that we were actually finally able to catch up. Thank god I actually hung out with her.

Her cat is super cool and insanely cute, her apartment is amazing and it’s so nice and in Seattle how can she afford it? They made me drink wine out of a fancy gold plated bull horn which I thought was really funny. We watched funny youtube videos and played with their cat. We took their cat (Nysa - pronounced Neesa) with us to get fast food hamburgers, that was funny. We hung out until 2 am. They took me back to my hotel and I got free ice cream and went to sleep. I was so exhausted, but the adventure hadn’t even begun.

The next morning (Oh I should mention I just sneakily got high again… at least a little high, so the tone of the writing voice may change slightly). So then next morning I got to the airport again at 11:30 in the morning or something and got on my first plane, the air conditioner was broken so our flight was delayed. We got to SFO and I ran to my plane. Then the power wasn’t working on that plane, I just wanted to be home. We finally take off and then we are over SLO. I’m so ready to be home I thought. Then it was really foggy out and the pilot came on the PA system and said he only had a quarter of a mile of visibility and we needed half of a mile to land. It was dark out, the fog was rolling in. He was going to circle for 20 minutes but then we would only have enough fuel to get us to LAX so we would have to land there if the fog didn’t clear. We were up there waiting. I should mention the flight attendant was fucking awesome and he was in his 60’s and personally introduced himself to everyone on the plane and gave us free food and introduced me to the girl next to me who also goes to Cal Poly. She’s a fifth year architecture major and she’s really awesome. Anyways, the flight attendant (Patrick) says that we are getting ready to land after 16 minutes and we all start cheering (especially the really drunk women in front of me). And then the pilot comes on the PA system and goes “nope, we don’t have enough visibility, we have to go to LAX”. And I was like are you fucking kidding me…. I have the worst luck when it comes to planes sometimes. But then I just went with it. I was given the option to wait in line at the customer service table and possibly get a spot on the plane to Santa Barbara or to get on a greyhound bus back to SLO that would take at least 4 hours and only get me to the airport. I decided to team up with the girl next to me and we got two tickets for the Santa Barbara flight. I should mention this was election night. The election of 2016. Hillary Clinton versus Donald Trump.

We get to this bar/restaurant next to our terminal and gate, and everyone for our flight and everyone it seems that is in the airport this late is watching the screens that are playing the election results. It’s about 11:00 pm Pacific Time. Results are all rolling in from the states. Trump is in the lead. It actually is becoming a reality. Trump might be our next president. What the actual fuck. I can’t believe it actually was happening…. That was all supposed to be a joke right? Was that just some fucked up joke that went way too fucking far??? Holy shit I still can’t believe it. Anyways we are waiting for Pennsylvania to come in or something and they cut to this short about Prop 64 being voted on in California. Everyone starts cheering. It feels like such a community. Me and the girl (Shannon) are bonding. We are both so scared about the possibility of Trump winning. We are smiling through the pain, we want to be home, we are glad we have each other. We got on the plane to Santa Barbara and it was the same cheery crew with good ol Patrick as our flight attendant. He finds a guy at the front of the plane who is willing to take the two of us to SLO. We basically laugh and agree to take a ride from a total stranger. We haven’t even seen his face. Patrick tells us about his church and these things he chants to feel powerful and good. I think it’s interesting. We get off the plane and hug Patrick. I introduce myself to the guy who is giving us a ride. He makes sure we are cool with being in a truck. He then asks us how we know each other, we laugh and say we don’t. This is super funny now that I think about it because that was actually kind of crazy that I did that! I am pretty fucking adventurous!! Anyways, so we get in the truck and start making conversation and it’s really good conversation!

We are talking about how I saw the final results of the election: Trump won. We were actually so shocked. I was a little bit numb. I don’t know what to think. I’m scared, but I’m at home with these people. I feel comforted. They are strangers, but not to me. We talk about weed, we talk about our lives, mostly the man’s (I forgot his name, that’s a shame). Fun stories about how he was arrested in Mexico (Cabo) for public urination, or his background growing up in SLO. Shannon and I bond over being similar and knowing mutual friends from Park City. She’s really cool. We all talk about weed again. The guy has a weed vape with his friend’s oil. He offers it.

I accept.

We all start smoking and passing it around and getting high. The fog is so deep at this point, we can barely see in front of us. I am trusting this stranger. We are all having fun. I am happy.

We continue conversation about our country and our privilege. Everything is so real. I love it. He drops off Shannon, we make small talk until he drops me off. I hug him and thank him. He drives off. And I’m home.

It was very enlightening to know that I can handle situations like that now. I am very capable. I am also lucky. I hope that my naivety doesn’t get me into bad situations ever. That would be really shitty. I also trust my judgement, for the most part. I should be careful though.

I bought a pocket knife.

That would help if I carried it with me. Maybe I’ll get mace. That would be a good idea. We shall see.

Anyways, I am getting sleepy now, so I am going to go to bed. But I am so glad I was finally able to get many of these thoughts down. I hope to be writing often. Whether on paper or in here. I am glad that I have made the time.

So, until next time. Here’s the real fucking me. I love my life :)

~ Jessie J. Smith

Age 20.