Dear Diary,

It’s 6:35 pm. I just got back from an outing where I originally was planning on leaving to go to the gynecologist (finally!!!) to deal with the pain I’ve been feeling in my left ovary, and on my way out, the car (Lary) broke down randomly right outside of my neighborhood… I ended up having to deal with that for the next hour (luckily the mechanic and tow people were all so freaking nice) and then I walked home. I immediately left to go bike to yoga, went to a great yoga class (though I felt pretty out of it and exhausted during it), went to goodwill to buy new sports bras, went to the coffee place to go sit for 45 mins and eat a burrito while waiting for the bus (cause I was too tired to bike back on my basically flat tires) and then waited a long time for the bus to finally take me home.

Now I’m laying in bed, it is 6:38 -- and *fuck* I’m exhausted.

Dylan and I fought all weekend. I told him I was planning on going hiking with Matt and he flipped his shit which made me pissed off and then we fought so hard in the car on the way back from the farm we were at that I threatened the end of our relationship, so did he. It was a weird night. The next day was weird too, Dylan was super depressed. I was questioning if I should just end things (and realizing I *can’t* because of RAI).... I ended up cancelling my plans with Matt anyway because of the whole thing.

Then yesterday Matt sent me 2 long voice messages, 1 with a poem… basically crying to me telling me how unfairly I’ve treated him and that he misses me. It was rough.

I told him sorry and that I’m seeing someone who doesn’t really want me to be friends with him, but that we should get coffee.

So tomorrow morning I’m waking up early to go *bike* to the same coffee shop I just came from and to catch up with Matt.

This is all so much. I’m literally so exhausted that my eyes feel like they are burning… and I still have *so much more work to do.*

It took like literally all of my will power to not stop at King Soopers on the way home and buy a bunch of food to binge eat. Like all my body wants to do right now is binge eat… or numb out and smoke weed….. Or watch tv endlessly all night without moving….

It’s 6:41 now and I told myself that at 6:45 I would go and turn my night around.

I’d go take a nice shower and wash off from yoga, get dressed in something cozy, maybe go make a burrito if I really wanna eat (or at the very least make some tea), do my homework upstairs to be around people, and get to bed at a decent time tonight.

Damn it’s fucking hard to do the thing that is best for me to do.

Present me just gives no fucks about future me (which in turn would make future me give no fucks about the selfish present me).

However, luckily, I have a new super power -- I am *sober*… hooray!

So I won’t get trapped into bad cycles as easily as I used to.

I’ve got 2 minutes left before I go and finish my night so I’ll just say this for now:

1. I have my first therapy appointment on Friday with my new Therapist Amy -- I’m nervous and so freaking excited and ready to get back to therapy
2. I am hoping for the love of god that therapy will help me figure out what the fuck to do about my relationship with Dylan… it full confidentiality… at this point I would say that 65% of me wants to break up with him (but can’t because of RAI) and 45% of me absolutely loves him and our relationship to death and wants to just say fuck it and dive head first into it even more…

Oh how life can be so i n t e r e s t i n g…..

I need to:

1. Stop giving a fuck what others think of me
2. Take care of myself
3. Be kind to others.

That’s all.

More soon,

Jess

24