I finally talked to Claudia.

There were so many things I wanted to tell her. So many frustrations, angers, feelings of sadness… I had planned it out so many times. I had pictured it and unpictured it. I gave up on it.

Then tonight happened. I finally told her what I’ve been going through. I was prepared to tell her everything I’ve felt towards our changing friendship. And instead, I told her **I miss her**.

We cried.

She told me her fears and sadness towards the future. I told her my sadness and demons that I’m battling right now. We hugged. We were *there* for each other. It felt amazing.

I do miss her a lot. But after tonight, I’m even more positive than ever that I’ll never let her slip away from me. I love her too much.

I’m opening up to more people. I’m slowly fighting this battle. I’m building up good habits. I’m knocking bad ones down.

I’m feeling my old spiritual connection towards yoga and the moon again. I feel *something* coming for me. I don’t know what it is… but I think it’s big. I know that I’m going to possibly be gearing up for the craziest year of my life. Or maybe the beginning of a completely different life. I have no idea. I’m scared. I’m *excited*. I’ve been having so many glimpses of my possible future, and I’m started to feel a genuine happiness towards it again.

I still have so much to figure out and so much work to do; but sometimes I can pause and remember where I’m at right now. It’s not bad to recognize what I’ve been doing. I have been working basically all day, every day.

I’ve been writing articles on Medium once a week. I got lucky with my first article, but ever since then I feel my writing getting better with every post. I’ve been published every time I write an article. I wrote one two days ago that already has over 500 views and over 270 reads, which means more than 55% of the people looking at my article are reading it.

I haven’t even taken a writing class ever. I think I might have just picked up writing from reading. I also realized that even my journal and diary entries have gotten pretty good when I put some time and effort in to them. Being candid in my journal ever since October two years ago when I made that shit has definitely transformed my writing. I love it. Writing is such a great outlet. I feel so at ease going through the process. It feels so nice; almost meditative.

In a way, it reminds me a bit of playing music. The gentle touch of the piano keys or the deep fulfilling strike of a resonator on the smooth surface of a rosewood marimba. Getting lost in music feels similar to the gentle pull of the pen. A good story *feels* good when I let it flow out of me. I enjoy sharing my thoughts and my feelings. I think that I have an interesting neutral, open-minded, and relatively unique perspective on the world. My experiences seem to make me a credible person as well, people don’t like to read anything that could be bull shit. I’m honest from living the stories and ideas I share.

Things are looking up right now.

I’m really close with Eric right now. Wesley and I are still keeping up on a regular basis. I am building a relationship with my dad again. I am closer with my mom than ever.

Life is so fucking interesting.

Jess

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