Dear Diary,

I think last night might have been a transformative moment for me.

I went to dinner at Shalimar with Yeng, Cole, and Sam after Cole and I had gone climbing at the Pad when we all decided to hang out at Cole’s after. It was a Friday night, so I was definitely struggling to find the motivation to keep studying for the GRE. It was also a weird day all of yesterday because I felt more tired than I have in a long time. I decided to nap in a hammock outside of my house instead of doing my work, which was probably better for my health.. But it felt weird to prioritize sleep over work. Since I hadn’t gotten much done all day I knew that I needed to be productive at least for a little bit so I wouldn’t be completely stressed today.

When Sam and I got back to our block, Sam decided he was too tired to hang out but he told me I could use his car to drive to Cole’s place. The first thing that popped into my head when he said that was the fact that I could grab weed from his car without him knowing. I made sure to not make any mention of the fact that I knew he had loads of weed in his car so that I wouldn’t mess up my opportunity. As soon as he gave me the key I went to the passenger seat and grabbed a huge nug. I went home and realized I had nothing to smoke it out of, so I grabbed an apple, scissors, and a knife with the hopes of creating an apple pipe later.

My roommates were throwing a little bit of a party and wanted me to hang out, but I used homework as an excuse and got out of there. I even said no to the offer for weed from Josh… I think that was a big move for me. It’s hard for me to say no, especially to people I don’t know as well. I’m trying to figure out why this is the case. Actually, Sam and I were discussing it on our way home last night and I couldn't figure it out. After thinking about it a little bit, I think it might stem from the fact that when I offer people weed and they say no I feel really awkward. So maybe my predisposition to be unable to say no comes from the fact that I hate when people do that to me. It comes down to my empathic nature yet again…

Anyways, I left my house with my laundry, homework, a big nugg, an apple, a knife, and a lighter. I didn’t want to show up to Cole’s high because Yeng was there and Yeng knows I am trying to quit smoking, so he would probably realize that something was up right away.

I decided I was going to smoke on my way home, so when I showed up to the party I was high. (Even Hallie had told me she loves when I come home high, which might have been a nudge in the wrong direction. Not her fault at all because she doesn’t know what I’m dealing with right now, but it did make me realize that not telling my roommates does give me an out - whether it’s intentional or not).

While I was at Cole’s place, around 11:45 I started feeling ridiculously tired. I knew that if I wanted to go home I would have to talk with people and socialize because my room doesn’t allow me to block anyone out. The thought of that sounded terrible, so I played with the idea of staying at Cole’s place. Yeng started falling asleep on the couch, which made me want to stay there even more since I wouldn’t be alone. I was debating between the two choices:

1. Go home and have to stay up later, deal with being social with party people and drunk friends, I’d get high on my own, deal with the repercussions of being high when I woke up tomorrow, probably miss my yoga class in the morning and also feel like shit, possibly end up eating more food and/or binging… the list seemed to be piling up and it was stressing me out.
2. Stay at Cole’s place and go to sleep.

I chose the second option.

I had access to weed and I chose to not smoke it.

It is a seemingly small decision. But it means the world to me. Every small decision I make towards my hopes of quitting smoking only gets me that much closer. It’s the habits that are drawn out over time that eventually stick the best. For me, that is slowly learning how to quit smoking. I know it’s still going to take quite a bit of time, and I doubt it will even successfully happen in SLO, but I’m at least making some sort of progress.

Eric and I are going to do ‘No-Smoke November’ together. We both know it might not work out that both of us actually go the full month without smoking, but it’s the thought that will at least get us holding each other accountable. There will be a greater motivation in me as well when I turn my will-power into a pseudo-competition.

Even as I write this, I am craving smoking. Sam and I discussed the idea of me getting a vape pen that doesn’t have nicotine to try and curb my oral fixation. Honestly, that’s not a bad idea.

This morning when I woke up, I took the nugg out of my bag and put it back in with the rest of Sam’s weed in his car. I put the apple away in my house along with the knife and the scissors. I gave Sam his car keys back. I didn’t give myself an outlet for smoking tonight. I had the choice to supply weed for myself, and I chose against it. The small decisions are slowly adding up.

I’ve still got a very long way to go, but I love the joys of the baby steps.

Jess

22