Dear Diary,

I have so much to say. There’s so many things I’ve discovered about myself and about addiction and life these past two weeks. I don’t think I’ve ever learned so many things in such a short period of time. I could go through a recount of everything I’ve been through (the good and the bad), but I think I’m just going to write about the thoughts that I’m having right now. That way I can be more candid and clear about where I’ve arrived at. I think by doing this I’ll also uncover what has happened to me and a little bit more clarity about what I believe I’m going through.

First, I should say that I’m high.

It sounds really bad. I didn’t fully realize that until I typed it out now. And for all I know it might be bad that I’ve smoked every day for the last three days. But, I need to write about the reasoning and different circumstances that are surrounding my smoking this weekend. Because I think that some of it might actually be rationalized.

A thought that I had today:

My ratio of body image to happiness is perfectly proportionate.

I can always tell when I’m doing well in life because I’m usually skinny. Not unhealthy or emaciated. No, I’m just not overweight. My skin usually looks pretty good. I wake up every day feeling skinnier and healthier and more fit than I did the day before. I start to enjoy looking at pictures of me or my reflection in the mirror. I slowly start to love myself again because I am happy with the way that I look.

I’m not sure if the happiness stems from enjoying *looking skinny*, or if it stems from *being healthy*, which in turn makes me skinny. And to that point, do I get healthy because I am happy and in a good place mentally? Or does being healthy just naturally put me in a good place?

Either way, whatever came first - I am finally getting back to that.

I wake up around 6:30 am every single morning. I do homework almost the entire day and I try to get in a work out at some point. I don’t eat out. I don’t even drink coffee most of the time. I don’t spend any money. I only eat vegan whole foods. I cook and prep all of my meals, and they are all very well thought out. I don’t have a phone. I don’t have social media. I won’t allow myself to binge anymore. I’m getting all of the nutrients that I need. I’m learning moderation. I’m getting all of my school work done, with 20 units, and going above and beyond in my classes. I’m learning things outside of school work, like veganism, politics, and my biggest passion of ethical data science.

I’m putting time into my hobbies, longboarding and learning and playing music. I’m putting time and effort into making sure my closest friends know that I am so grateful for them. I’m keeping my apartment clean, the kitchen clean, my clothes clean. I’m researching about minimalism and veganism and watching videos about single women traveling the world and being successful and motivated and how to create healthy habits in your life. I’m taking time to myself, to mentally reflect and meditate and to learn from myself and to relax. I’m reading. I’m doing yoga by myself. I’m getting into photography and cinematography. I’m enjoying my spirituality. I’m reclaiming my solitude.

Now that I think about it, I’ve done some crazy amazing things not only in the past two weeks, but in the past two months. This quarter may seem like a shit show in terms of my mental well-being and the hardships that I will dive into next. But I actually do think I’ve accomplished so much and learned more that I ever could have imagined so far this quarter. I can definitely thank the last two weeks of hard work to dedication and sobriety. I do think that going forward, I definitely can’t smoke during the week and I definitely shouldn’t smoke on the weekends unless it is not that much and is after I get ALL of the work that I set out to get done. It’s okay to do it alone only if I don’t binge and I am a productive and healthy high. It would be preferred for me to only smoke with others though, so that I don’t get into a habit of smoking every weekend or every night of the weekend.

It was only last night and tonight that I’ve been able to even think about smoking weed and not just hating myself for that thought.

The bad thing is that the reason I started smoking at all this weekend was because I was so frustrated on Friday. I couldn’t get my code for Programming Languages to work, so I ended up just leaving Yeng’s house feeling upset and angry and sorry for myself and angry at Yeng(?) so I stole my grinder that was on the kitchen table and put it in my pocket knowing full well that my pipe that I took camping was still at my apartment. I got home and angrily smoked. I did whatever it took to make sure I didn’t binge eat though. I kept telling myself I was only allowed to have one addiction at a time. Even though I do think that resorting to smoking instead of allowing myself to work through and to feel my frustration on Friday was the wrong decision. But I will say that smoking that night and not eating anything was a little bit of a turning point for me.

I think it’s allowing me to realize that I don’t need to hate myself or beat myself up so fucking much for needing to smoke weed sometimes to destress or to make my body feel better when it’s in pain or to congratulate myself to a productive and great day with some weed and stretching/dancing/writing. As long as I have a healthy relationship with weed and with food, where I’m at in life mentally and physically skyrockets.

So maybe that’s what came first in the story of the chicken and the egg. Realizing the ways that I’ve been abusing weed and food and taking a good hard look at myself and digging fucking deep into my brain to try and understand the root causes of these addictions and disorders.

I’ll be honest, I still don’t know what the causes truly are. I have a therapy appointment set up with Cal Poly on Wednesday afternoon. It’s my first therapy appointment ever, Claudia pushed me to make an appointment. I am actually really really looking forward to it. Of course, Im nervous. But I think I have a little bit of a problem where I feel like if I’m not giving myself to others than I am a burden to them. Because of this, it is really hard for me to seek help from my friends for fear that I am making their lives unnecessarily hard. I’ve come to realize that this obviously isn’t the case - Claudia and Yeng would be there in a second to help me with anything that is wrong or that I need them for. But, it’s because of my worries that I had such a hard time getting myself to initially reach out to them about my problems. Even after initially reaching out, after the first week I got scared to continue reaching out.

That’s why I didn’t tell either of them that one school day afternoon I was so frustrated with school and so sad and depressed about my situation and life and my loneliness that I decided to start drinking. I didn’t have any weed, and I would have preferred to smoke, but I had a bottle of wine so I basically just downed half of the bottle. It wasn’t a whole lot of alcohol, but I hadn’t drank in over a month so it was plenty. I made a bunch of edamame pasta and geared myself up to binge eat it. I got so mad at myself right as it was starting. I wasn’t in control as usual, but this time I was trying to stop myself. Halfway through eating the food, I knew I needed to put an end to it. I changed into workout clothes, and I started running. I sprinted so hard I felt like I was going to puke. My head was slightly dizzy from the wine as I sprinted home. I came home and vomited all of the wine and food up. It was the first time I had fully binged and purged. It was scary how much better I felt after puking. I cried a lot. I knew I was out of control, but I felt surprisingly in control at the same time. I was so conflicted, but I was sobering up so I went to Human Being Training.

If I was going to be addicted to something, why not be addicted to exercise? Or be addicted to learning? Or living a healthy lifestyle? Or being successful? Or education? Or yoga?

If there is some inherent trait in my brain that causes me to be more prone to addiction, why don’t I stop letting this part of my brain overtake me, and instead utilize those chemicals to push myself further in a positive way than I ever have before?

I think the fact that I can so easily get out of control is what scares me. When I get into a mood where I’m just slightly overly hungry or lonely or helpless or sad or confused or just feeling off - it’s so easy for me to cascade and spiral out of control. I need to figure out the cause of why this happens? And allow myself to discover ways for me to help either solve the root problem or at least figure out how to help myself deal with all of the bad parts of life in a much more healthy way.

I do believe that I will be able to do these things and discover this about myself, but I don’t think I can do it alone. Yeng has helped provide so much insight, and Claudia helps push me to hold myself more accountable in good ways. But I’m really hoping that talking to a therapist can help bring some much needed perspective.

I should honestly be writing more about my thoughts and revelations. I think that every hour of every day I discover something new about myself when I’m sober for extended periods of time. Whether it is something about what I am capable of, my willpower, my inherent thoughts or attitudes about life, my reflections of my current self based on past experiences, my ideas about how to rewire thought processes or the brain or habits for the better.

I will admit I don’t have much time with how much I fill up my days. But I will definitely make it more of a priority to write in here. It definitely helps me work through what is going on with me much more. And I think it could be beneficial to look through what I write here so that I can both remember where I came from and not forget the mistakes I need to learn from.

I know that things will get better and that things are looking up. I’m starting to love myself again and that is more important than anything else right now.

I will stay more updated through writing.

Until next time.