Dear diary,

I am slowly getting consumed by a blanket of fog.

My mind is fuzzy. My eyesight is blurry. My body feels disconnected from me. I don’t feel like me at all.

I’m angry, jaded, uncomfortable, hopeless, and also a little bit stoic (or nihilistic?)

I feel off.

I almost broke up with Dylan yesterday. Once we recovered from the fight, I shook it off, and we took the day off of work and got high in the middle of the day and fucked around for the rest of the night. We took edibles and went to a speakeasy, and then went to get ramen, and then walked home and finished love island and I passed the fuck out at 10:30.

My body is *tired*. The more sleep that I get, the more tired I become. The more awake I feel, the more I want to consume weed and numb and let the fog take over again.

I feel a little bit worthless.

I was looking at apartments all morning instead of doing work, even though I took adderall today in an attempt to actually focus on work today.

I found some cute ones, but most of them didn’t excite me. And then I started regretting the whole thing and feeling unsure about my possible decision to move out of this house in August.

I am having a roomie meeting really soon to discuss the lease and I think I am going to tell them that they probably shouldn’t put me on it…

Or if they do, then they have to be prepared for the fact that I might be deciding to find my own place in August.

I think it’s just time.

I often feel like I am in the panopticon in this house. Which is fine when I am dealing with my eating disorder and wanting to isloate, get high, and binge -- because sometimes it disincentivies me from those bad habits. But other times, it makes me feel insanely guilty for just trying to take time to myself, or making me feel really uptight and watched about what I am eating, which in turn makes me want to conceal my food even more, which perpetuates bad habits.

I am so worried about the prospect of living on my own. I don’t know if I am ready for it which is also in part why I think it might be really good for me.

I imagine if I was to get my own 2 bedroom quirky place what it would look like…

I want it to have **really high ceilings**. I want it to have a TON of natural lighting. I want the colors to be really *bright* and welcoming, like a light mint green, or a white. I want a LOT of natural *light colored* wood. I want there to be a staircase. I want the kitchen to be nice and open. I want to have either a deck or a patio or a fenced in area that is all my own and is private.

I don’t know if the place that I am seeking can be afforded by myself just yet.. I would feel much better about it if I wasn’t financially following in the footsteps of Dylan and overspending literally everything!

Damn, I feel so fucking off today. I have to go lead this GSA meeting in 2.5 hours and I just got high on a monday afternoon after having taken adderall.

I feel stuck in my room because I need to go to the grocery store, but I am not going to, because I am too scared to try to leave my neighborhood and have to go passed King Soopers. I am also too scared to step foot into another grocery store in Boulder right now.

I’m excited and scared for Dylan to move to Boulder.

50% of me wants to break up with him either now, when I get back from California, sometime before the Bachelorette party, sometime before the wedding, or sometime before the Fall semester starts.

50% of me wants to stay with him for years to come…

I want him in my life so badly, but I am starting to feel trapped by this relationship, and I worry that it is infringing on the independent person that I seek to be.

I need to make some decisions, but I don’t think I should any time soon.

Before I make decisions, I think I need to be okay.

And right now I’m not okay.

I am numbing myself out all day, every day.

It’s time for a change of scenery and mindset. I’ll be visiting Claudia starting Thursday night and I am so excited to feel surrounded by my person. I will be with her for about a week on the beach, getting some TLC and continuing to work as minimally as possible.

Then next Friday, I’ll fly out to see Yeng and Faris in SF. We are going to do Mushrooms together on Saturday, and then I’ll be flying back to Denver on Sunday.

I think that this time in California, with old friends, will be really important for me.

I don’t think it will necessarily be the deciding factor in whether I stay with Dylan or not (and it can’t be, because I promised him it wouldn’t be). But I do think that it will give me much needed new perspective on my life as it is right now, and what my next steps should be.

Guidance is what I have sought out, and -- god willing -- guidance is what I shall receive.

More soon,

Jess

Age: 24