Dear Diary,

I am feel so frustrated and sad in this moment.

Dylan just sent me a long wall of text that was his actual goodbye to me.

I understand why he is doing this… and if we were just a normal relationship and not business partners, I would 100% accept and respect this note from him.

But that isn’t the case.

We *are* business partners.

So this note just frustrates me, because from a business partner perspective, his note saying goodbye to me basically said:

“I refuse to acknowledge or respond to anything you send me about our business until August. I will not do the things I promised to do for our business, nor will I give you permission to do those things yourself. I also will not allow you to reach out to me about business things, despite the fact that we are in a LEGALLY BOUND CONTRACT together that is meant to go throughout the summer. So basically, I’m saying fuck you, and you can do all the work for our business this summer, but without my permission or guidance or help in any way.”

Fuck you Dylan.

Gah.

Okay I just needed to get that frustration out for a moment.

I wasn’t originally going to write in my journal about Dylan today, I figured it might come up, but the intention was not to write about him. Until he messaged me this message a few minutes before I started journaling and sent me on a spiral (especially since he implied that he blocked my number as well).

He said that I can send him a *letter* to his address and that he will respond. Then he gave me his address (as if I don’t know it…?)

Ugh.

I’m so pissed.

At this point I just want to burn the business to the ground and tweet out that we are done and thank everyone for sticking around for as long as they did.

Instead, I think I’ll call John this week and let him know that life is fucked up and Dylan and I can’t do the business this summer, so we have to get out of the contract in some way or he has to be okay with me doing literally everything (which would fucking suck).

UGH!!!!!!

I am so pissed.

Anyways… I’m going to go to a new page and talk about things that aren’t my frustration with Dylan for a moment.

UGH.

So, in other news -- my life is actually going pretty STELLAR right now.

I have been going out a lot with Julie and partying a bit and making out with men and with women and on Friday night we threw a party at our house (first and only time that happened while I was living there!)

I made a cute graphic for the party -- it was “Return to normal, dress as weird as you can” and it went so well!!

So many people there didn’t know anyone else there but still were having an awesome time which I loved! And I met so many rad people.

Ben (a guy I met while out with Julie at the Attic) texted me before the party started asking what I was up to last night and I invited him, we ended up hooking up (not having sex).

I’m not ready to have sex with anyone yet. Also, I think that in general I am at a point in my life where I don’t really want to give my body to someone in that way unless I either really care about them and really know them or they make an insanely good impression on me.

And Ben wasn’t that way. So we just made out and had a good time cuddling and then I tried to kick him out (lol) but he didn’t want to leave because he was still too drunk to drive, so instead he ended up staying over and I kicked him out in the morning around 8am.

I can tell he is a little bit hooked on me and unfortunately I think I will need to come up with a kind way of telling him “no thank you”.

I think I am getting better at being real with men. First, the fact that I turned down both Rob and Ben in the last few weeks is a great sign that I am better at stating my boundaries, even while drunk! Second, the fact that I am explicit about wanting Ben to leave or explicit about me seeing through Rob’s facade and knowing he didn’t want *me* to stay over at his place…

I just feel like I am maturing a lot when it comes to hooking up with men.

I also feel like I am a fucking blast at social events!

Lately I’ve just been *really* feeling like myself.

It’s the orange earrings I swear. Not that I have to be wearing the orange earrings to feel confident and awesome, but ever since I started wearing them, I now feel that way. I feel like I can approach strangers and have conversations with them for hours. I feel like I want to put myself in social situations that make me uncomfortable. I feel like I want to flirt with men and with women. I feel like I want to be crazy, fun, adventurous, while also being welcoming and inclusive of everyone around.

I feel like I can state my boundaries and be real and authentic without being a bitch.

I feel like I can make people smile or laugh or feel warm and loved….

One of the best feelings in the world is biking downhill without my hands on my handlebars, jamming out to music, dancing, and smiling at someone who passes. Then they smile back.

I LOVE that transfer of positive energy.

It gives me LIFE.

Also, the act of biking without my hands on my handlebars in general is the best feeling in the world -- I LIVE for that feeling.

I’ve started flying again. Well, okay, I haven’t actually flown the Boulder site yet - but I’ve hung out a lot and hiked and kited and met some dope people.

I just feel really comfortable around humans right now.

I love being wholeheartedly and authentically me. It makes me so happy to know that I am such a rad person and that other people feel that and see that too.

I recently went to a clothing swap at Courtney and Spencer’s place and met so many incredible women there too! Spencer is a new forever friend for me, I wish that she and Kyle weren’t leaving to move to Georgia in August -- I feel a special bond with both of them.

I’ve been smoking most days, but it hasn’t felt debilitating.

My therapist Lori is teaching me about myself, I’m learning that:

1. I’m an empath! Or a “sensitive person” - and that fuels a lot of what happens in my life and a lot of how I feel
   1. Also, I told Kenzie she was an empath the other day… which is ironic because I think she is simultaneously an empath and freaking ENERGY VAMPIRE. I feel like she has 0 awareness about her impact on others sometimes. She straight up slams all the doors in the house constantly… like, how do you not realize how that impacts the people in the house??? Anyways, just a side note that she kind of bothers me sometimes, especially when she is so wishy washy and dramatic about Jason. I just want to shake her and tell her to figure her shit out. However, I do enjoy connecting with her as a human, and I have told her about my Mom’s alcoholism, and my issues with weed, and my eating disorder -- so I do feel like she is one of my closest friends in Boulder and I can definitely confide in her and go to her if I ever need comfort. Which I love.
2. I have master teachers -- Dylan is one of them.
3. Whenever I say “woah, so and so is like this” -- then I need to say “and me too”. Both for bad things and good things. The bad in all other people is in me, and the good in all other people is in me. Makes me less judgemental and also makes me love myself more.
4. I am a confident, badass, self-realized, brilliant woman. Seriously. More below:

So yea, I have been feeling a LOT of love for myself lately. Whether it is my connecting with yoga teachers for an hour after class, or me connecting with Leah who makes the orange slice jewlery, or me connecting with Julie and Christian and Kenzie and Preston, or me being told by people in the department that they are impressed or jealous of me… I am just feeling like I am fucking phenomenal.

I want to make sure that I check my ego and I don’t let myself get over confident.

But in general, I just absolutely love loving myself again.

It feels so good to be in my skin. I am so impressed with myself every day.

And now, I have a week here before I go home for 2 weeks and go to Paige’s wedding!!!!

Then I’ll come back for a week, meet the new roomie, and go to Cali to see Claudia for her bday celebration in the desert!

Then I’ll come back for 2 weeks, pack up, and MOVE INTO MY OWN PLACE FOR THE FIRST TIME EVER.

I am so so so ready for this summer and the future and mostly, the *present.*

This was a bit of a ramble because I am now running late to get home for yoga, but I wanted to make sure I got all of this down -- because in general I really am feeling stoked about myself and about life right now.

I won’t lie and say that it’s all good. Obviously there is some hard shit right now too. I was feeling sad all afternoon in the Laughing Goat coffee shop (where I am now) just feeling really lonely for the first time in a while. I also am dealing with all the bullshit with Dylan right now. Eric also still has stage 3 cancer and is actively taking immunotherapy while trying to not smoke (which gives me so much anxiety), my Mom is trying to not get sued for discrimintation against BIPOC and international students -- so dumb, I’m still strugging with weed addiction, and Wesley and Vane just got covid in Colombia.

So yes, I recognize that there is still a LOT of bullshit happening in the world right now that weighs me down every day, implicitly or explicitly.

However,

For the most part - I am doing good despite all of this.

Also, and this will be my last note -- I have determined what the cure to my eating disorder is!!!

So - hear me out:

In the past, I have always strived to be a specific weight, or to look a specific way, or to fit into specific clothes, or to be the same size as someone I thought was “skinny” or a skinnier version of myself even. I have always had the goal involve modifying and altering my *body*.

And the cure to my eating disorder is….. (drumroll please).....

Modifying and altering my *mind* instead of my *body!*

Basically, I realized that as Paige’s wedding is approaching I had been focusing for so long on my calories or my weight or the dress size or the way I would look at the wedding… and then recently instead I started to focus on the way that I treat my body and the way that I speak about my body.

I realized that what is more important to me at the wedding isn’t that I *look good*, what is more important to me is that I *love the way that I look.*

The best part about this is that if I learn to love the way that I look and if I learn to love my body at any shape or size or weight, then I achieve happiness always, instead of constantly striving for some ideal that is almost impossible to achieve and maintain.

Even better, if I can achieve this, as my body begins to age more and more, I can love my body during this aging as well!

I am trying to harness and manifest this as much as I can :) It has taken a lot of pressure off of losing weight for the wedding or looking perfect for the wedding, and instead has allowed me to really just feel so much love for myself and my body *now* and subsequently at the wedding, regardless of what I look like!

Ironically, the more that I love myself and my body, the less I want to hurt it. So I end up smoking less and binging less and I end up not thinking about what I’m eating as often or obsessing over my looks as often and it has made me lose a bit of weight and also made me love whatever I wear whenever I wear it :) I LOVE IT!!!

So anyways, I just wanted to make sure I documented all of this. (also because I have a feeling in the future I will read this some day and I will hopefully remember -- or have never forgotten, but in case I do forget, hopefully I will remember -- these words and be gently motivated to continue to foster this love of myself and my body, no matter what!!!)

Okay, now I really am late! Time to go.

More soon.

WITH SO MUCH LOVE AND LIGHT AND LAUGHTER AND PRESENCE!!! <3 <3 <3

~ Jess

Age: 24