Dear Diary,

Okay I’ve been putting off writing down my thoughts and feelings for far too long. The unfortunate thing is that I have so much that I want to and need to say and talk about and discuss and I think I don’t have nearly enough time to talk about most of it. Of course, I do generally tend to talk about boys when I write in my diary for some reason - so I guess I might as well start there.

Maxwell came to visit a few weeks ago, he stayed for the weekend and Trevor and Margarita were out of town for formal in Vegas so it worked out pretty well! We were mostly just high and/or drunk most of the weekend and we did a bunch of stuff like go to pirates cove or go to arch graveyard or just walk around campus, and on the last day that he was here (that Sunday) we had edibles and explored in Montana De Oro all day, which was so much fun!

It was an interesting experience. I didn’t let us sleep together. I hardly let him kiss me or make out with me. I don’t know why I did that. I mean initially I didn’t want to have sex because I had a bad yeast infection and so it would hurt too much. But then I think I realized that I’m not as attracted to him as I once was so I didn’t feel the need or want to do anything sexual with him. I didn’t want to make myself do something I didn’t want to do either (that’s what Jessie in the past would have done). So, I decided to actually stand my ground for once and only do what I wanted and what I felt comfortable with.

I told him that I didn’t think of him as romantically as I once did. I told him that I thought of him more as an incredibly close friend (who sleeps in the same bed and cuddles and sometimes kisses me) but just a different relationship. I was worried that he cared for me too much (especially with all of the crazy amounts of gifts he’s given me). So I didn’t want to string him along in a bad way, but I still care so much for him and I love spending time with him and I wanted him to know exactly my thoughts because I don’t see the point in not being transparent or honest with the people I have relationships with.

But then that brings me to Baba. (Also sorry if this writing is incredibly shitty, I’m still a little drunk from last night so my head isn’t fully here). He’s best friends with Arash who is one of Claudia’s best friends, and he is also best friends with Costin, who is a kid in a bunch of my classes who I actually think is super cute and had a fat crush on for a while but then decided that it was not a crush that was worthwhile because he has a girlfriend and because I see him way too much for class so I enjoy him much more as a friend. So Baba and I ended up making out on Costin and Arash’s deck the other week at a small kickback they were having after we had been talking for a long time. Then he walked me back to my apartment and I was so drunk and tired that we couldn’t really do much besides make out in my bed for a few minutes without me almost falling asleep. He ended up calling an uber and going home (right before Margarita and Trevor walked in!). But later that weekend was water polo banquet and he ended up showing up near the end (because his younger sister Sanam is on the team) with Arash and I was already super drunk at that point. Then a few hours later when everything was winding down, I was trying to figure out where to go and I remembered that he told me he lived down the street from Sierra’s house, where we were. So I called him and he walked back and got me and then we went to his house. He showed me around a little bit and then we ended up making out in this bed in their garage and then went to his room. We just made out a lot in his bed and then I (of course) fell asleep again. Then in the morning we talked a little and I left.

At first I was thinking it was just a one time thing, or maybe it could be a multiple time thing, and just that Baba was a cool guy. But then I started thinking about him a lot during the week. When we started following each other on Instagram I looked through all of his photos and realized that he is like a world traveler and has a ton of friends and is a really loved guy. And for some reason that really made me like him! I mean obviously that makes sense…

Anyways so last night after studying I went over to his house to play beer die with some of his roommates and Arash and Claudia and ended up drinking WAY TOO MANY BEERS in way too short of a time span. Anyways, needless to say it was a little bit of a shit show for all of us. But it was so much fun! And Baba and I ended up going back to his room and we fooled around for a while, we almost had sex but then we didn’t. I was just a little bit too drunk and he is seriously so fucking good about making sure that I am okay and wanting to do the things that we are doing. But yeah so we didn’t and then I (of course) fell asleep again.

But when we woke up this morning, we talked for like a few hours and just hung out while laying in his bed. Then I had to go do homework (which is really what I should be doing now and I’ll get back to it - but my head just isn’t here and also I wanted to write down my thoughts).

I’m very confused. When he and I talked we talked about how we really enjoy each other’s company and how we think that the other person is really great. I think Baba is really awesome, and there are so many really amazing things about him, and I’m sure there are many more awesome things about him that I have yet to discover. But, I don’t know how to tell him that I am not into relationships at all. I don’t want to end up having him get a little bit attached and then to be taken off guard all of a sudden by that. Especially since he is seriously such a nice guy.

I’m worried that because he’s so nice that I’m not going to be able to tell him exactly those things and I won’t be able to explain to him my thoughts about relationships and giving up part of yourself when you are with other people. I already feel myself thinking about him probably way too much and it worries me because I CAN’T let myself get caught in any sort of trap or web with a boy. I know that it’s casual right now and I don’t have to think about these things, I just already feel like I’m having to hide stuff from him because I’ve become this crazy individual person.

I also feel like I have a lot of secrets now that I am literally the only person who knows and those are things I don’t know if I’d ever feel comfortable sharing with anyone else *ever*. Which is a scary thought because I keep thinking that I’ve gotten to this point where I don’t see myself being able to handle being with **anyone** for the rest of my life at any point in my life. I know that this is all in the very far future, I just really don’t think that I’m the kind of person that was meant for monogamy. I think that everyone that you are with in life has certain great things to offer to you, but that you shouldn’t expect every great thing that you want from one person. That way I can enjoy everything that one person has to offer and then not be mad at them when they can’t offer something else that I may want because I know that I can get that thing from someone else. Then I can appreciate the people that I am with more too because there aren’t unrealistic expectations for the relationship and I can let them be their own person because I won’t try to change them into the perfect person that I need all in one body.

I don’t know… I’m just very confused right now and I’m worried about how to relay all of this to Baba without hurting him mostly. Also I just realized I’m going to have to talk about all of my other thoughts another time because I’ve already spent way too much time just talking about boys (of course) and need to finish up some homework so that I can go drink again and go to spring stampede. Holy fuck I’ve been drinking a lot the past few weeks, it’s littttttt.

I promise I’m more literate and mature than I sound in this entry right now, I’m just very much not mentally here but I wanted to write down this stuff to help me digest it more. Alright, I’ll write more soon definitely (especially when school ends soon and I have more time!!)

Until then,

Jessie J. Smith

Age 20