Dear Diary,

I’ve been feeling pretty lonely this weekend.

I’ve been in a weird headspace… not necessarily bad… just…. Weird.

It doesn’t help that I decided to randomly go through an entire year’s worth of chats from Nick and I’s relationship on Facebook messenger.

That was such a trip.

I felt like I was transported back into this headspace that I was in during 3rd year of college. 2015 and 2016 feel like such a long time ago they might as well have been a different lifetime. I was *such* a different person back then.

If I’m being honest… looking back at some of the chats from when I was dating Nick made me realize just how immature I was during our relationship. I was so manipulative and honestly I was such a bitch to him sometimes.

I don’t think it was entirely my fault, I think that I was clearly under an insane amount of stress. Going through those hard classes in college and not having any sort of support system in my major to lean on or having a friend group to get help from was fucking **hard**. It feels stressful even reading the messages from that time when I would stay at the library until midnight or later every single night for months on end.

I would work endlessly for hours and days, and still not be guaranteed a good grade. It was clear whenever I did poorly or my code wasn’t working, I would lash out at Nick. I was very tempermental in every way.

It was interesting though… tonight when I was catching up with Yeng on the phone for the first time in while, he was mentioning how Sam is the kind of person who can never be alone. He made a small comment that mentioned that I was similar. Though I appreciate my alone time, I like being around others. That made me realize how much I wanted to be around Yeng during our closest over my 4th year in college.

It’s interesting comparing Nick to Yeng. I think I used them both in similar ways. Not to say that I was intentionally *using* them. I don’t think any part of it was a conscious effort, or even bad for that matter. But I think that they both played a similar role for me at times when I have needed someone to lean on. With Nick, I was very unaware of what my body and mind needed to handle the stress and workload of college. He was my emotional support system.

By the time I was close with Yeng, I had a much better grip on what my body and mind needed, and I wasn’t NEARLY as stressed from school or anything in life. However… I was going through my depression, eating disorder, addictions, and disordered thinking… and Yeng was my emotional support system during that time. I would constantly send him long messages outlining what I was going through, how I was feeling, and if it was a bad day - I might send him a monologue of my struggles.

With Nick, I did something *incredibly similar*.

I did the similar immature alternative. Instead of depicting my life as a sad monologue to Nick, I would blame him for everything. I would pick fights with him when I wasn't doing well. I wouldn’t try to rationalize why I was feeling the way I was… I would apologize for blowing up at him and then sometimes blame my stress… but I would ever try to cure the root of my problems. I would never dive into methods for curing my stress, or seeking better coping mechanisms.

I wonder what would have happened if I had started going to therapy during my 3rd year of college. Would Nick and I still be together? Or would we have broken up sooner?

So yeah, reminiscing about my time with Nick and then not being able to message him about anything because he deleted his Facebook has had me in a weird, semi-lonely headspace the last 24 hours. I don’t think it’s necessarily bad in any way.

I even told Richard honestly that I don’t think he and I have a connection and I need to call that off but I appreciate having met him. It felt weird to be really honest, but I’m glad that Sam encouraged me to be real with him instead of just lying my way around it until I left Bogotá.

Dating is so strange… I feel like so much of me sees how much I don’t want to date someone. I am so independent at my core. I have so many weird things that I want to keep to myself. I have so many daily habits and routines that I want to keep for myself and not change for anyone. I know who I am and who I want to be, and those things are changing frequently enough that I worry the addition of another human into my life would make me turn into the person that is best suited for them… as I always have tended to do while dating someone in the past.

But then there is this part of me that craves the beauty of a relationship. The idea of a partner in crime can be really appealing at times. Sometimes when I am traveling alone and experiencing something I think about what it would be like to have a significant other to experience it with. Often when I experience something moving while traveling solo though, I am so grateful to be alone and to have that experience and moment just for myself.

Looking back at all of the child-talk messages that I would send with Nick about ‘coz’ (cuddling) and getting high and watching weeds and having sex and relaxing together made me remember the dopamine high of having someone to just be comfortable around. But it also made me want to cringe at how often I would just slink back to his place to get high and become a couch potato to clearly avoid the stress and anxiety I was feeling about school and life.

I felt *so inspired* by the words that I said during our break up. I think there were a lot of things I could have said better, and I definitely could have taken more blame (I avoided taking a lot of blame and honestly did a lot of shitty things to Nick, but that’s a side note), but with all of that being said : I was a girl on a mission. I wanted to discover myself, I wanted to discover what I wanted to discover… I wasn’t willing to just sit back and let this anxiety bubble in my life about missing out on opportunities and experiences.

***AND THANK FUCKING GOD I TOOK THAT CHANCE***

I can’t believe in any way who I would be or what my life would be if I had stayed with Nick.

Nothing would be the same about who I am right now.

I have been single for almost 3 years now. This time has been absolutely incredible for me. I have discovered myself. I have dove into the depths of my horrors, my fears, my bads, my bad habits, my disorders, my compulsions, my hatreds, my awful tendencies…. And I have climbed high to the peaks of my love for the self, I have learned what I need and don’t need to feel *good*, I have determined triggers for bad things, I have felt pride for myself, I have reflected on everything that I need, everything that I want, I have reflected about reflecting about those things. I have enjoyed solitude and loneliness. I have pushed myself, challenged myself, and I have taken myself to places that I only could have ever dreamt of. I have manifested a life for myself that was always too good to be true in every way.

I was talking to Sam today about how I wonder if I’ll ever find someone (or someone(s)?) who will be compatible, truly a fit, for me. I think that my standards have become so high that I worry I won’t ever allow someone in. I need to be very attracted to a man or else it won’t work out physically in any way, this I am really learning. I think it’s the part I am working on the most about my relationships with others. I can’t be physically intimate in a healthy way with someone unless I am truly physically attracted to them.

The person needs to push me to be my best self. This can take the form of daily habits, taking care of my body, feeling good confident and beautiful, being honest, being *nice* to each other and to others, having a positive mentality, and the person needs to be **driven as fuck** to accomplish things in life. They need to be *wildly independent* so that I may be as well.

I wonder if such a person exists. I think I am not the kind of person to seek this out, and I doubt I will be for a long time - ESPECIALLY with my PhD program beginning… but I do wonder how much longer I will be single for. I think that me getting into a relationship is inevitable at this point. I made it to the end of college single like I had planned, I made it through my travels single as I had planned… and at this point, although I will not put effort into looking, I know that part of me is ready to date again.

I think the difference now is that I will only ever allow myself to actually stay with someone who is practically perfect for me.

Will I find that person anytime soon? Will it be far later in my life? Or will I be fiercely independent forever?

**Who knows?**

I’ve made the decision that I am going to be insanely confident for second half of the month of June. Not that I haven’t been recently, I think I have just been giving myself time and space to be alone for a bit here in Bogotá… and it’s been *so nice*. I haven’t done that in a **long** time… if ever.

When I go to Cali, I am going to try to meet as many people as possible, put my daily routines and habits on the backburner, and put myself out there as often as possible. My goal in Cali is to unapologetically *experience*.

I think it will be easier knowing that it is going to be my last stop before my travels come to a close.

I am so proud of who I have become.

I am even prouder of who I am becoming.

“When I let go of who I am, I become what I might be.”

~ Jess

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