Dear Diary,

Wow. I am *really* struggling to pay attention to anything or be productive in any way today… I’ve been dreaming of having some adderall handy…

Which definitely isn’t super great, considering I *will* have adderall handy when I am doing my PhD and I’m sure there will also be *plenty* of days that I’ll be *dreaming* I had it *also*.

Okay I’m done with the italics, *I promise*.

Soooo let’s do a quick brain dump:

I am super sleep deprived today so I think that my thoughts are a bit sporadic and I feel quite a bit less confident about certain things than I did yesterday.

For example: I am trying to map out certain ‘social impact’ projects that exist here in Cali that can be solved by the use of tech, and I am coming up short a little bit.. I am worried that I am moving too quickly with this idea to make an NGO and I’ll end up with a lot of wasted time on a non-useful idea because I didn’t think it through enough in the preliminary phases…

But I am very back and forth.. Because I just took a minute to write down a note to myself to get connected to the student and university community in Cali, and that made me feel hopeful again with the prospect of at least being able to bring people here to teach others, and the fact that the more people that I meet, the more information I’ll learn about the problems that need to be solved here.

Also, something that I am trying to constantly remind myself :

**Any pressure that I feel while I am here in Cali is self inflicted pressure**.

I must repeat this mantra to myself over and over and over again. I don’t owe anyone *anything*. I am here volunteering my time here and I am fully 100% in charge of what I am doing here. If I want to start an NGO, I can pull in all of the fucking resources posible to do that.

And, if in 1 month I find that I met a ton of people, I mapped out a possible NGO, I worked my ass off… and nothing came out of it - then I will be okay too.

There is no pressure but my own.

Even in that ‘worst case’ scenario, the worst that happens is that I end up with a **huge** network of awesome people for social impact projects with tech in Cali. That’s a pretty solid backup plan.

Okay, so now that I am feeling better about my decisions to pursue this… maybe I can take a moment to talk about why I am sleep deprived?

So, I slept with Yoni last night.

He’s really cute.

Fuck I wish he was taller than me!

But damn, he is seriously *so* cute, because I am attracted to him despite the fact that he is shorter than me. Which is something I never thought was possible.

But - I can’t kiss him while standing up. It makes me feel weirdly masculine to be taller than him and makes me feel super unsexy to be leaning down to kiss him.

The sex was really great though. Well, okay. The sex was not bad. For most of it.

Okay here’s the thing with me and sex:

I feel like this is the time-old tale of how sexcapades go for me:

Making out a little bit, touching each other, taking clothes off, maybe the guy goes down on me, if he does I stop him before he goes too far because I don’t want to feel the inevitable post-coital turned-offedness. Then maybe I go down on him. Then we start having sex. At first when it’s slow moving I like it. Then as it gets faster it doesn’t feel good. But, I can tell that the guy is into it so I act like I’m into it. And I am, because he is. But not really. I can hear myself thinking in my head “when is this going to be over” and “why don’t I like the way this feels?” and “maybe it does feel good I’m just out of practice?” and “how can I adjust my body to make this feel better without ruining the moment?”

Then after some time he finishes, and it’s super ‘passionate’, then he asks if I came and I say no, and he either calls it quits then or if he’s nice he’ll go down on me and I’ll feel so raw from going at it that it won’t be nearly as enjoyable as it was before, but it’ll still be good if he’s good. Then we’ll lie there and maybe cuddle or touch each other. If I like him as a person, I’ll stay the night. If I want to get the fuck out of there, I’ll come up with an excuse to leave.

Either way, I’ll usually be out of there as soon as I wake up in the morning, even if it’s like 2 hours later at 6 am.

\*\* 30 minute Peter phone call break \*\*

Phew.

Honestly my life here is a fucking fairy tail.

I’m being dead serious! I think the craziest part too is that I’m realizing that this is literally just the beginning of what I’m expecting will be a long fairy tail of the rest of my life. In Cali, I feel things *happening* in my life. I am creating the life that I want here, and I’m realizing that the life that I want is honestly kind of fucking crazy.

This life that I want includes (but is not limited to) : meeting lots of new people on a regular basis, feeling sexy and open and comfortable around anyone (ie dancing a lot, dressing in the way I want to, feeling confident talking to people who are any level of attractiveness or any age or any success level), staying fully present in any situation (awkward or incredible), holding space for others and making safe spaces for others (teaching yoga), leading others (yoga, meditation, and possibly starting a business), pushing myself in my career (doing business in South America), following my passions unapologetically (also doing volunteer work and yoga teaching in south america), taking care of my body (maybe IF sometimes, smoking less weed when I can, working out consistently, being kind to myself and to my body, self-love, yogi toolbox), keeping family and friends in my life (constant short phone calls with people I care about), setting goals in my life and **achieving** them (or achieving subgoals to slowly get to them), embracing slow consistent change and good habits in my life, having a great social presence and want to be consistently social, putting myself out of my comfort zone on a regular basis.

And I’m doing it.

I’m creating this life. I’ve already created it. Even **here** in Cali, Colombia I’ve created it. And I don’t even speak Spanish.

If I can create this dream life of mine in a place like Colombia, I feel like I can do it fucking anywhere.

\*\* Lunch Break, Social Media Break, Getting distracted and procrastinating break, changing my LinkedIn Profile Photo and obsessing over wether or not I should have changed it break \*\*

I guess I’m just going to keep this narrative going all day since my attention span is about the size of Sam Nayerman’s right now.

Sooo let’s see what’s next to discuss: oh, yeah weirdly enough… I miss Idan. I don’t know what it was about him - like I wasn’t super attracted to him necessarily, I thought he was a lazy person, and bad influence on me and smoking too much weed, and yet…. His way of thinking and approaching life was so attractive to me. I really resonate with this ‘fuck it and just be happy’ mentality that I’ve come to find in a few people (mostly yogis) in my life.

I think that I can blame my thoughts being all over the place today to the fact that I am sleep deprived. I really hope that it is better tomorrow because I am strugggllliiinnnggggg.

Fuck I need to plan a yoga class for tomorrow I just remembered.

Okay I’m going to set some long term and short term goals for myself right now so I can make some moves here…

Short term:

* Accomplish the shit I need to accomplish for work today (grind out for the next 2.5 hours)
* Make the most out of my Spanish classes that I’ll be taking at lingua viva and try to speak spanish more with people here
* Stay positive, stay present, stay true to me (aka be honest and don’t change my actions when others are around because of my assumptions of what I think they think I should be doing)

Long term:

* Try to start an NGO or a program here of some sort
* Give Wesley a good first time traveling outside of the USA
* Prep for the PhD by doing what you are doing (aka networking the fuck out of life)
* SLEEP MORE and take care of your body

I don’t know when this dialogue went from “me” to “you’ lol.

Okay I am clearly a bit dilusional. Maybe I’ll take a nap on this bean bag haha.

Nah I’m gonna keep grinding it out so that I can feel accomplished when I leave the office, feel ready for tomorrow, then I can take my spanish class and feel more confident with my Spanish, then I can take the salsa class and feel like I did good to my body today, and then I can make dinner with Yoni and then I can tell him in all honesty that I just need to fucking sleep to avoid having another all-night kind of deal with him…

K awesome. That’s the plan. Ready, set, Go!