Pretending to do homework before my 9 am class, the only time I’m alone in my room.

Feeling good in the study room again but really procrastinating on homework I don’t want to do.

I did my makeup really nice because I was finally having my absolutely awful id photo retaken, the new one wasn’t that much better.

Sleepless nights, ready to leave this place.

Home, feeling really good, excited that my friend wants to see me and that it seems like there’s a new beginning, a light to the end of the dark East Coast winter. I’m getting ready to leave for Europe in a few days.

Woke up, smoothie. Feels good to eat real food after a lot of hummus and flavorless melon.

Sissy cuddles in my bed with me.

One the phone with the billing department at AU trying desperately to get my money back, not amused with this school once again.

I stole this hat from Chris at the beginning of the summer. Now he isn’t texting me back.

First day alone in my new apartment, in my new life. Not quite sure what to do with myself. Already feeling kind of lost and lonely.

My mornings alone trying to do work for classes I’m not so interested in doing work for.

Been spending a lot of time in my bed at home. There are a lot of places I’ve called home in the last two years.

Home from Mexico, tired, work to be done but don’t have the motivation to do it.

Feeling really sick, tying to work on my piece for the show. I have to pick up Nat later and I know we’ll get in a fight about it, and I’m not feeling up to it.

Finally getting used to being alone here, and it’s ok!

This is my routine, and I don’t think I love it. It’s very lonely coming home and being alone until I fall asleep and have to wake up and do it all over again.

Home for spring break! The sun is out and I’m trying to get tan while \*attempting\* to do work. Mom and dad are working in the garden, mom yelled at me to put sunscreen on because I got burnt the day before in the hot tub with Nat, just like we always used to do when I still lived there.

Home for the weekend and the spring fever is real!

Ok really good day! Went to Philz with Nat in a super cute outfit, it was so beautiful and sunny and I was really productive. Dad just gave me rosé on the pretense that my homework was done, which it was not but I thought I would be fine.

Day of my First Year Review, I woke up early to go over my presentation and make myself look good. I haven’t done my hair or put on makeup in months and I was feelin myself.

About a week and a half post-op. Putting on clothes that aren’t sweat pants still a struggle but I’m trying. It’s been an emotional journey, the processes was much more physically and mentally draining than anticipated. But I’m trying.

Nat’s prom day, Mom is out of town so I’m the one taking pictures. This is the first social event post-op so I got excited and tried to look good for the first time since the surgery.

Tears alone in the house, not even sure why.

Post throwing up for 8+ hours. Not my finest hour.

On hold with the DMV. It’s true what they say.

Trying on Nat’s sunglasses. This provoked a fight. :/

The morning after Outsidelands. My lips are sunburnt and I’m very full of emotions, exhaustion, and some regret.

The endless workweek, too many double shifts, on the verge of a mental break down that totally happened Sunday night. In front of my crush. And customers.

Not thrilled to be working another party but trying to pump myself up before leaving. This was the night that changed everything, not for the better.

Questing 100% of my life choices.

School starts this week and I haven’t made art in ages. Trying desperately to pull myself out of my creative rut and make something!!

Back in the studio, I’m the only one here and it’s vaguely eerie.

Heat wave in SF and I’m stuck in the un-insulated steamy studio instead of at the beach with people I want to be with. The eternal struggle of art school and I’m not really loving it. But at least Andy braided my hair and I’m wearing a cute dress Nat gave me.

Feeling myself at work even though I’m pissed off and lonely in my isolated cave.

Late night alone in the studio. Where the hell are my friends?

Midterms getting me down. I feel safer when there’s something covering my head. I was embarrassed to walk around like this but I couldn’t bring myself to take it off.

I do my best work when I’m at home sitting on the floor in the corner of my room. Not sure why.

Post Halloween, attempting to do work in the studio but REALLY need to sleep.

I call this one “fashion killa” or “procrastinator”.

Me and Cooper doing a “selfie”.

Feeling mad that I have to do homework on a Saturday night instead of whatever normal 20 year olds do.

Post thanksgiving in my childhood room wearing Chris’ hoodie. Feeling sad Nat spent more time with her friends than she did with me today.

February