Hiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii,

So I didn’t know you had a blog. Which reminds me, I still kinda feel bad getting you to translate that person’s blog that time. But hey, once you put something on the internet, it’s out there forever. But enough about that shiz, it’s not on my conscience anymore LOL.

Reading all that stuff ‘bout what you thought of me over a month ago made me go into procrastinate-on-studying-and-reminisce mode so I went to the basement and dug through all the shit that I brought home from res and just didn’t wanna sort through for my journal thing. Yeah, I keep one that I sporadically write in, although based on previous trends, I *always* write the night before a chemistry test to procrastinate and at least give periodic updates as to wtf is goin on with my life (usually absolutely nothing and lots of mundane shit like homework LOL) or whenever I have to complain or rant about something. It started Oct. 23, 2010 and the first line was, *‘This must be what, like the 10th time I’ve tried to start a journal? And like, what, most likely the 10th time I’m gonna end up ditching after a couple days?’* So it seems like I knew myself too well ‘cause yeah, I ditched it. But not completely, I guess. And I know this has nothing to do with you right now, but I’m just having fun skimming through the stuff and a lot of it was either complaining about Mr. Israel, being fat (seriously?! I’d kill to weigh how much I weighed back then right now LOOOL), high school being nearly over and prom and afterprom drama. Then it ended off on May 10, 2011 with *‘Been so bored, lots to tell, neglected writing ‘cause too lazy to finish above story. Chem exam tmrw. 11:30 p.m., still not done redox. I’m so FUCKED. GG. More to come later.’* Yup, typical me. And I feel bad because now I’ll never remember what I was gonna add on later. But it doesn’t really matter actually because I have a thing where I just can’t bring myself to read stuff I wrote before. I’ve never proofread any essay I’ve written, nor can I flip back and actually read what I wrote in my journal. Not sure why, I think I’m kind of embarrassed by what I write in the moment and I don’t feel comfortable going back and reading whatever stupid shit it was. And with essays, I hate peer editing too because I don’t want anyone to read what I wrote. I want it to be like, write it, give to teacher for their eyes only, receive rubric, completely skip feedback because I don’t wanna flip through my essay again and look at the mark.

Then I started again in uni, Mar. 27, 2012. And it was a lot of me moping around feeling bummed out and shut up in my room ‘cause I just like… iunno, stuff. It sounds really stupid and funny now looking back, but there was one night where I shoved all my wisdom teeth painkillers in my mouth just to like… iunno, see if I felt any real sense of urgency in getting my shit together again. And the second I did, I spat ‘em out and burst out laughing ‘cause they were bitter as fuck and I realized how unbelievably stupid I was being, threatening myself like that. I mean the worst that could happen was prolly just vomiting the next morning. I was gonna skip out on going to Mac that weekend, but I’m glad I did go because if there ever was a time where I was just soooo incredibly damn glad to see my friends, it was then.

But that was only the first two pages because after that, I started liking you so naturally, that was all I’d write about xP. But yeah, enough about me and my formerly mundane activities… (see, I’m already going off on a tangent LOL)

And now you’ve got me thinking ‘bout when I first met you, so I’ll just ramble on about that some more. Some of this you know already, so you can just read it again ;P. I didn’t know you were *that* Oscar that the guys kept talking about. Didn’t make that connection LOL. And actually, I don’t even remember first meeting you in the hallway; I was always under the impression that the first time we met was when you walked in with the cake, which was actually one of the happiest nights I remember having in res. Sometimes I consciously remember first impressions I have of people, but I think I was so caught off guard that I don’t really remember what I thought when I first saw you besides ‘What the fuck is going on O\_O.’ But yeah, originally you were just the guy who chilled in 116 sometimes when I went over. Or the guy I felt slightly bad about bugging every time we played a new round of SGS to explain what the characters did. Then eventually I realized that you happened to be there on Thursdays a lot (Waterboys with Mitch I suppose?) and I found myself going over to ‘copy Michael’s calc assignment’ on Thursdays more and more, even if I really didn’t need to LOL. Then Thursdays became the stay-up-to-ungodly-hours-even-though-I-should-be-fucking-sleeping nights. Apr. 4 was the first time I brought up liking you in my journal, although to be significant enough to make it to the journal, I’m pree sure I’d have had to have built up liking you for quite some time before that before finally writing it down XD. *‘Yeah he’s like kinda perfect for me LOL...[NOT SAYING WHAT I PUT HERE], no peanut allergies (although tbh I could give up peanuts for him).’* Iunno, it’s always been a thing I’ve had where if people ask me what I look for in a guy, the first thing I’d say is, ‘no peanut allergies!’ to avoid saying anything specific. I guess I lucked out that you don’t have peanut allergies then ‘cause I’d have given them up in a heartbeat xD. Oh oh the entry on Apr. 6 LOL: *‘Okay I’m such a fucking goner. Stayed up all night texting Oscar and I’m gonna fail my exams but it was worth it.* *’*

I don’t really text people that much (maybe because I’m slow at it), if they say something like ‘LOL’, I have no problem just letting the conversation die. And I found that I was tryna pull shit to get your attention or find reasons to text you (ahaha like switching my name with Michael’s). Oh and offering to give you your ticket when you were late for The Hunger Games ‘cause I’d already seen the movie wasn’t entirely being helpful, I did get your number from Mitch out of it. But then the movie didn’t actually start yet when you came so Mitch ended up going to fetch you. And I liked that sometimes you’d initiate the conversation the next day with ‘DIUUUU WOKE UP AT 5’ or some typical-you stuff like that because I don’t happen to have interesting conversation starters every day to text you with and I took that as a sign that you actually wanted to talk to me and that it wasn’t just me blindly bombarding you with every minute detail of my life through texts and you being like, Ooooookay how can I get this girl to stop talking to me…

In any case, instead of studying I’d just be thinking about you all the time (LOOOOL and I still do TT.TT), and it was actually a feeling I kind of missed because I hadn’t felt that way about anyone since elementary school, the feeling of crushing on someone really hard, being all giggly to myself and imagining how being together would play out… I mean throughout high school, yeah, there were a couple guys I’d classify myself as having had a crush on, but crushing on you was like a whole new level of crushing that I’d forgotten about until then.

I get slightly uncomfortable every time you say you’re actually a bad person because I don’t really wanna be told that; I wanna form my own opinion of you. And thing is, I know it sounds really cliché, but I really wouldn’t care because when you like someone this much, their faults just become a part of who they are as a whole instead of just the part of them that you don’t like (AND YOU CAN’T QUOTE THIS AGAINST ME IF I EVER GET MAD AT YOU FOR SOMETHING!... okay fine maybe you can. But not every time xP). But most of all, I get uncomfortable because when you tell me these things, it just reminds me of how bad I actually am LOOOOL. I think I lack empathy and am selfish (I take a lot of shit for granted) and I have a habit of losing interest. Say I’ll ‘like’ a guy, I’ll go and flirt with them and all that shiz, and then the second I find out they like me too, their faults become amplified by tenfold to me and I’m suddenly completely turned off. I think I’ve hurt someone before by being like that and I’ve always felt bad for it. I could try to justify it by offering that maybe I was just going through a horrible phase in high school of being a bitch who was flattered by the attention she got from any guy she thought she liked.

Because liking you has made me remember what it felt like to genuinely like someone, like the kind of carefree liking in elementary school where all you wanna do is talk to that person, where I’d hurry to get a spot on the carpet next to the person because being in any sort of proximity with them was enough to make me giddy, where I didn’t lose interest the second I could pinpoint anything I didn’t like about them, and this was actually something that I completely forgot I’d lost throughout high school. Liking you has made me consciously try to be a better person in character (I’m not talking about my procrastination or hygiene habits ‘cause those might be hard to change LOL) and I really want to thank you.

I guess I’m spewing a lot of shit about how retarded I am, but it’s like you said, I don’t feel the need to have to hide anything when I’m with you and the fact that you’d take me for what I am just makes me really, really happy.

There are so many little things about you that I like (that I even bother to notice!) that it drives me crazy LOL! I love how you troll me sometimes, I love how attentively you listen to things I say, I love the way your eyes crinkle up when you smile, I love that little voice you use on me sometimes, I love how hard it is to get you out of bed, I love falling asleep on you, I love all the shiz you say when you’re sleepy and how reluctant you are to say them, I love simply being around you, I love when you put your hand around my waist, I love how you feel the need to announce random shiz like, ‘I need to pee,’ or ‘I crushed my left nut between my dick and my leg,’ (or however that one went LOL) and the list goes on and on but I can’t really tell you EVERYTHING I like about you after one month because then at two months or later on or whenever, I’m just gonna be like, ‘kay Oscar there’s nothing I haven’t said already so all you get is this short-ass note kthxbai LOL’ Naw, I’m kidding, I’m sure you’ll give me 2786027802405812046284622 other reasons to pine after you. ;)

And I’ve always wanted you to fall asleep on me (difficult given my amazing sleeping abilities LOOOL) so I could talk to you instead. Yanno, every time I say, ‘Oscar, I like you,’ I find I’m consciously catching myself from saying something more even though it really is more than that, that I only don’t want to say so because… I don’t know, it’s only been a month and I’m like a noob at relationshippy stuff so what do I know about love? But then I figured, fuck that, no one can tell me how to classify what I feel by experience or length of time and if I’m consciously holding back from blurting something, then I should just grow a pair and say it.

So it’s weird and kinda lame that the first time I’m saying this is through writing, but Oscar, I love you too. ☺