Past, present and future. One of them is gone and can never come back, the other is fleeting and never stays with you and the last is so mysterious all I ever felt towards it was fear and anguish. This week marks my transition from a conflicted past to an uncertain future. This week I have finally finished settling into my new college dorm, all my belongings are now neatly arranged and my new roommate is such a sweet girl I am so glad I met her. This present week has filled me with so much excitement and so much joy, so why do I catch myself always so afraid of what’s to come? Maybe I do know why, I just can’t bring myself to accept that despite the transition I am still my old usual pathetic self.

No, I am not who I was back in my hometown, I am in college now, a long way from home. This week I am transitioning, and my new roommate and friend is proof enough that I am able to overcome my social anxiety and short comings. I wonder if I can consider her my bestie even though we just met each other two weeks ago, I probably can, maybe I should ask her when I get the chance.