

## **Sunday, August 31, 2003 – 7:41 p.m.**

After I finished writing in my journal on Friday morning, I walked to my car to smoke and be alone with my thoughts, replaying all of the events that had happened on Thursday. Despite the fact I wasn't having fun spending time with Brian, I had been able to point out many things that were great about my trip to D.C. Since I didn't really want to connect with Brian while we were out, my focus was on connecting with other people that we came in contact with while touring D.C. While we were riding the Metro around town, I would try to connect eyes with a stranger on the bus, to see if I could get them to smile back at me. As I walked down the street, I did the same thing. Most people would look, turning their eyes away before I had a chance to smile at them. There were many, though, that did send me a smile back.

I was also flattered by all of the guys who were checking me out while I was walking around with Brian. Apparently I'm more attractive than I thought, or was made to believe in Virginia Beach. There were many hot guys who locked eyes with me while we walked around. I'm not sure what energy I was sending out, but it was obviously one that was attractive to guys in the D.C. area.

While I sat in my car, I tried to connect to the important people in my life, like my best friends, to share with them what had gone on. Many times when my best friends aren't around, I'll have actual conversations in my head with them, as though they are right there with me. Using their spirits to help get me through a situation.

I went back into the house and upstairs into the room Brian was staying in. I would have much rather slept downstairs on the couch, but Brian had made a point to take my things into that room, including my pillows.