

Prefacing

Good evening Myles,

I was really happy when I read your email (sorry, *PDF) to see that you were willing to read stuff from me on a more regular basis, because I was actually thinking the same thing today. Writing that email was a really satisfying, almost cathartic experience earlier and really made me happy.

So I was thinking that I would start writing something every day to you. I know, I know what you said, the best way is to write it all down in notebooks with paper and pen, but my compulsive need to be more efficient and *needing* things to be ~*aesthetically pleasing*~ dictates that I have to type things out.

Even as I write this, my mind is yelling a million different things at me and if I don't write them down immediately, I forget them or completely lose my train of thought.

Anyway, let me know if you're willing to read daily journal entries from me. Don't feel compelled at all to respond with the same critical mass, or even at all, but it would be nice if you wanted to read through them a bit and try to learn more about me! *puts hands palms down flat under chin with a coy smile and head tilted slightly (try doing it it'll make more sense).*

One fun fact about me is that when I was younger (smol-er as I would normally say), I really wanted to be an author. I loved reading, but mostly realistic fiction books about other kids around my age. I especially liked the books with the cute formatting, especially the ones that were journal-like, blog-like, or diary-like (wimpy kid, anyone?).

So this is pretty nice. I'm getting the taste of being an author without the commitment/stress but also without the audience. Writing my thoughts out is a lot more comfortable for me than talking about them, I have time to really organize them, go back and re-read them, and I get to express myself without the time pressure of a conversation (can't just stand there and stare into space for 10 minutes)

It's interesting because this is coincidentally exactly the same time during which I stopped journaling last year. I journaled from 4/22-6/1 last year, ending when I went home and started taking angsty walks to sort through my feelings instead.

So assuming you enthusiastically consent to being my singular blog post reader, I think I'm going to start with telling you the story of my life. Key points only of course, and with strong emphasis on my f-f-f-f-fee-lings. We'll start tomorrow, as this email has gotten quite long.

Love,
Lucy

P.S. If you could send me your personal email that would be great, not sure if I want MIT knowing all of my innermost thoughts - also in case this series takes a turn ;)