

August 12, 2024 3:58pm [REDACTED]

Hello. My name is Icarus [REDACTED]. I'm 18 years old, and this is the last month of summer before I leave for college.

I'm at [REDACTED] right now, a place I do not often find myself. Though, I suppose unusual places like this is the norm for me now. Since graduation I have been a sponge, trying to soak up every experience I'm missed in high school. Trying to understand why people are drawn to my home like a moth to flame. I think I'm starting to understand. I've always thought I would have to leave this place to finally get a fresh start, but sitting here (new jersey. new pen. new spot. new outlook) I don't think I really believe that anymore.

I've talked a lot about this with [REDACTED]. She's another new variable in my life. I only really met her this year, but I think that was intentional. I think we met each other right when we needed to. We bounce off of each other in a way that's

only possible in this moment of our lives. we had to go through everything separately to understand each other in the way we do. I think we must have been friends in a past life, or perhaps our souls are made of the same star. whatever it is, I truly don't think I've ever met someone who understands me the way ~~she~~ does. (we always joke that our third eyes are connected through one long eyelash that plays a C# when plucked. Funny visual, but accurate).

Anyhow, Back to the present. I've seen this small town in a new sense, what with the added context of a rapidly approaching goodbye. It's not like I'll never come back, but I'll never live here again. For so long I've thought of this town as a prison. But just because I was looking through the bars does not mean I was in the cell. I hate it here because I grew up here. It's forever tainted by the bittersweet flavor of a hometown. cf "The place I went to highschool". of childhood dependencies.

Because that's just it, really. I couldn't leave this town for a very long time. I was a child, who went when their parents brought them. Now, in the world in between, Free of my childhood but not yet fully an adult, I can see the appeal. Maybe, in another life, I could have stayed here forever. I know that in this world, staying here forever would kill me. this place served its purpose. staying here now would give me no satisfaction. I've gotten the experience I needed by being here, and now it is time to move on.

And in moving on, I shall grow to love it more, so when I do return with my experience under my belt, I will once again have something to gain from this place. There will be something new for me to experience here, just as there is now. I will show off my old hearts to new friends, and I will see this place through the curiosity and wonder in their eyes (and they, too, will see the little pieces of me left here. Things I unintentionally left behind that will greet me with open arms upon my return, delighted to be experienced and cherished once more).

Now, sitting here, I understand that the gentle ocean breeze does not exist to lull me into slumber, but rather to put the air in my lungs that I need to take a deep breath and move forward. It's to ingrain the smell of salt and brine deep inside me forever. I cannot go back to my childhood ~~and~~ with the knowledge I now have, but I can take a bit of it with me in the lessons I've learned as I continue on to the next chapter and find new places to love.

Until next time,  
Icans ~~is~~

August 14, 2021 4:25 pm [redacted] house

I'm sitting on [redacted] porch in the gold of the ~~setting~~ sun. Her cat, Soki, is perched quietly on the railing, happily fed. There is the slightest breeze, and I can hear cicadas buzzing happily around us.

I'm cat sitting while her and her family are in [redacted] for three days. I am to go over, feed her cat, and make sure everything is in order (I also have to return some shorts she let me borrow months ago. That's tomorrow's problem though, as they are currently soaked in my dirty laundry).

I had therapy just before this. I talked a lot about my anger and frustration with my job recently (though, it extends to just about everything in my life it seems.) Long Story Short (I think I've written about this in my other journal, and I really don't feel like writing it all over again. If you want more context, read my first journal. It it even still exists) (If this even angers ~~me~~ this, maybe this is all just being transcribed into the word. 5 who knows)

I feel like I'm not Respected at work.  
from a Manager that doesn't listen  
to coworkers who don't talk me  
seriously (and on some things just  
straight up mean to me - looking at  
you [redacted]) work has gone from something  
I enjoy to something I can't wait to  
be done with. [redacted], my therapist, pointed  
out that a lot of my frustration stems  
from my own worst case scenario feelings  
about a situation ([redacted] not included).

Essentially, my frustration at my schedule  
changing to overlap with [redacted] surprise  
party is frustrating, but my anger at  
not being able to do anything about it  
because I think my manager won't  
switch things around if I ask only  
makes things worse. She always tells me  
that you can never truly know how  
a situation will go, but assuming the  
worst is rarely as helpful as it seems.

She advises I assume it will work out,  
instead of stressing about supposed obstacles.  
Of course, she says it in a matter  
concerning and nuanced way, but my brain  
is a bit fried after thinking. Like anything,  
she was right, and my manager

was happy to take me off the shift.  
Even with one issue solved, the overarching  
problem of my anger still remains.

I told her that my self awareness has  
led me to feel justified in my anger.  
That after everything that's happened, I  
should feel angry. I deserve to feel angry  
about a situation. What's more, I feel I'm  
and the ability to share my anger to  
those who have inspired it. Of course,  
I only said this with five minutes  
left in our session, but alas. At least I  
said it. Her immediate thought is that  
I feel this because I'm not able to  
express my anger through a proper outlet,  
which unfortunately hits the nail on  
the head I think. I don't realize until  
she said it, but I don't remember  
the last time I just let myself be  
angry instead of bottling it up until I  
eventually burst at at someone or something  
small. I've always thought it was  
my nature to just be angry and  
hurtful towards people, but maybe I'm  
just not looking for a way to express  
my anger beyond lashing out.

Much to think about.

For now, though, Suki has returned to the indoors and so should I. I'm sure the dinner bill that is ~~my~~ ~~mother's~~ a phucall from mother will keep me back here if I do not return soon.

Until next time,  
- Icons ~~is~~

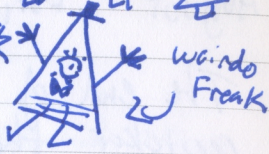
August 21st, 2024 2:38pm Home

The end of Summer is approaching far quicker than anticipated, and it's making me oddly sentimental. I've been spending my days re-obsessing over Gravity Falls, my favorite old show as a kid. (The new book release has definitely been a factor in it as well.) I remember talking to my friend [redacted] about how I wanted to have a "Gravity Falls Summer" this year, and I didn't realize how successful I was with it until I started my Kwatm.

I mean, think about it. I live in a small tourist town where I spend my days working at a local putting sheep run by a twitch, writing in my journals, reading and indulging in various human media, and going on "adventures" with my friends. All before I "grow up" and move up into the next big chapter in my life. That sounds pretty Gravity Falls to me. Though, my Summer did lack a vengeance seeking, dimension



travelling drummers, ~~that~~ think God. though, dad's corner was is equally scary, So there is that.



Maybe its silly to compare my life to a kids TV show, but I don't care. Plus something wonderful in seeing your own life reflected back at you through the lens of the TV screen. Plus, its just fun to think of life as a show. It makes everything a little more bearable, I think.

Maybe one day I'll read this book and think it a bit odd, but I'd rather write out an authentic experience of me than hide myself for some unknown future reader. If I want even let myself be authentic in my own personal journal, how will I ever grow into the best version of myself? I've spent too long hiding my true personality and censoring myself for other people, and only recently have I felt comfortable enough to fully come out of my shell. I think it would ~~def~~ take a lot more than some 10 harsh critic

to push me back behind the curtain now. I am who I am, and I'm not gonna change that just so people can better digest me. Go discover someone else.

Until next time  
-Icarus\*

August 27, 2024 7:31pm home

This is it. In two days, I move into college. I've said all my goodbyes, been everywhere in town I love, now nothing is left to do but pack & prepare. I think I'm going to throw up.

It's been an odd few weeks I'm one of the last of all my friends to leave, and I think it's making all of this hit harder. I have this habit (I think I picked it up from my dad) where everytime I drive by a friend's street or house, I always make sure to wave and say hi, even though they can't see it. I always pause for just a second to wonder about what they are up to, recently though, I've been habitually waving at empty homes. I get half way through a greeting before I have to remind myself that no, [redacted] isn't up in her room crocheting or down in the basement watching a movie, she's in New York at [redacted] [redacted] isn't studying in his room, he's at [redacted] Khary no one is when I expect them creates something twisted and sad is in my gut

that's heavy as a stone. [redacted] and [redacted] are the only ones leaving after me, so they're the only people I've really seen in the last week. (I try not to think about the fact that I have to pass almost everyone else's houses to get to theirs. I'm clearly failing at doing so. It feels weirdly fitting, but I don't like it).

I've also had more "lasts" recently than I would have liked. My last production shift, my last cafe shift, (which has left me with a nasty burn from some coffee napalm...), my last pottery session, and tomorrow my last therapy appointment and last dinner at home. So far, today has been the hardest, though I'm sure it can only get worse from here. I stopped into [redacted] for the last time before pottery (as I always do. I'll have to become a regular somewhere else now. Maybe I'll work at that place too) and [redacted] gave me a gift. I didn't expect anyone to give me anything, honestly.

I have such mixed emotions about them. On one hand, they were an objectively terrible coworker that made my job feel like the ninth layer of hell (paper than a coffee shop). On the other, they have essentially watched me grow up. They used to work at [redacted] before

It closed, when my dad and I would frequent before he took me to elementary and middle school. As soon as they saw me at [redacted] they recognized me. They have always been incredibly kind to me, if not a little off putting at times.

For as much as they annoy me (deeply, DEEPLY annoy me), I can't help but feel loved and appreciated by them.

I think, in some weird way, I'll miss them. I'll miss them in the same way I'll miss the laundry in case they clean me.

I've been having it all day, stuck after shock, but I still can't tell if I like the smell. But it burns my nostrils and calms my nerves, so far that I am grateful.

Even more unexpected was the gift from [redacted] and [redacted] at pottery coffee.

I think those classes saved me this summer. No matter what happened each week, at work or at home or with friends, I had pottery. Just me, [redacted], Spud, some clay, and occasionally [redacted]. Most weeks it was the highlight. I needed in my life. I spent hours there, learning new ways to create, meeting all of [redacted] family, watching her new puppy Spud grow up. It felt like a home away from home. Today, they gave me the most beautiful card and a wonderful book. I almost cried reading the card in the shop. I did cry when I read the book when I got home. "The boy, the mole, the fox and the horse". A simple picture book, but one that will stick with me forever.

I could tell they didn't want me to leave when I was done with my glazing. [redacted] insisted I meet their cats, and I was more than happy to oblige. I wanted to stay just as badly as they wanted to keep me. Their cats loved me instantly, even the one who was always hesitant towards newcomers -

They insisted I have fun a new drawing for the chalk board (The Swords in the ground. Something I've come to associate with potting). They gave me a photo of them to hang in my dorm (something that made my heart twist in a pleasant way). "I feel like we're becoming empty nests". [redacted] said that one. I'm surprised I didn't break down crying right then. This was the goodbye that hurt the most. This is the goodbye that sounded like "Narcissus too" and "the view between villages" and my ~~sad~~ bittersweet morning song out there. The book was simply the change on the cake.

If I could spend my days in that studio for the rest of time I would. [redacted] told me that she was so happy the universe brought me into her lives (Because that's what it was, really. The



is no other explanation. I could have gone in any time in the years I lived in, but I went in that day after my portfolio presentation. That month when my dad was still in the hospital and no other birthday gift seemed suitable for the worlds worst both birthdays. I came in not too long after my dad told me about [redacted] and [redacted], more than his reality I had. After I had taken my 2nd Pottery class and was more advanced than I realized. After I had already met [redacted] in family, through [redacted]. Because of [redacted] and my father and the scholarship I didn't win and the stars.) Maybe [redacted] and [redacted] Re-approved my place in the universe. Maybe they should be that the life I wanted to live was possible, not just some pipe dream. Maybe they fixed something in me I didn't know was broken.

Until next time.  
-Jans [redacted]

August 29, 2024 12:13am Home

I really should be asleep right now.

I have to wake up at 6:30 tomorrow and get ready to leave. But I don't want to go to sleep. If I close my eyes, my childhood ends. I know the time will pass whether I sleep or stay awake, but I want to drag it out. I just want to spend a little bit longer here, in this moment.

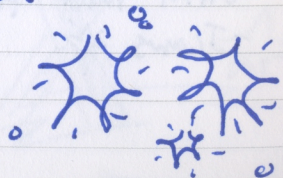
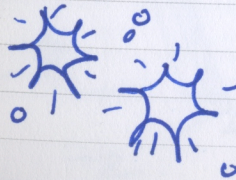
In my room, that night near being by my room again. I just want a little more summer.

I feel like I just finished a leap in "In Stars and Time". I know talking to the Head house maid will reset the leap, will take this perfect moment away, so I linger.

I talk to everyone in the hall, listening to their repeat their lives like a broken record.

I know I have to move forward, but I so desperately wish something stronger was holding me back. This summer was my perfect summer, and now that it's coming to an

end I think I'm gonna vomit.



Now I don't even want to end this entry. Because if I stop writing then I have to go to sleep. and if I go to sleep then I have to wake up and continue on like this whole thing isn't absolutely earth shattering. It's not like something will change if I keep writing, no matter how much I wish it would.

I haven't tried to kill myself in many years, and when I was suicidal it stemmed from very different reasons, but sometimes the old scars begin to be scratched like a fresh scar.

Moments like these make me feel like dying is the only solution. I can't go back, but moving forward feels like pushing myself through molasses. At least death would be quick. Are things like this always so damn at?

But I'm not dying today. I didn't die when I was 13, and I think 13-year-old me would be very disappointed if I finally got through the night before all her dreams

come see how that's who I'm doing this  
for, isn't it? That little girl who thought  
that graduation was something she would  
never get to see. Well, look at her  
now, S.

Okay. I'm alive. I move into ~~college~~  
~~from~~ today. I'm not going to  
vomit. This will be good for me.  
Once I'm there and settled everything will  
be okay.

Okay.  
- Scams.

September 1, 2014 11:21am My Dorm

Move in was crazy. I got everything  
moved in and unpacked day one, which  
was a relief. From then it's all been a  
whirlwind. It's been so easy to make  
friends these past few days. It's  
interesting to see. Not only is everyone  
wanting to make friends on account  
of we are all in a new place, but  
everyone keeps saying that they are way  
more social here than they were at  
home. I was talking to [redacted] about  
this, but I feel like since everyone here  
is a little weird and there's no one  
named McKayla judging our every  
conversation. It's incredibly freeing, being  
able to talk about my interests with  
little fear of ridicule and shame.  
I know eventually some relationships  
will sour and there will be people on  
this campus I don't get along with,  
but for now we are happy. I have  
a good group of girls, and I hope they  
stick around. As of right now, this  
is the setup.

I connected with [redacted] first. We  
met up at the Icecream Social and  
only stopped talking because the event  
was ending. She has a fun and color-  
ful sense of style, and reminds me  
of Lily. I think they would get along  
well.

[redacted] introduced me to [redacted] at a lounge  
event. He has a feather of a fuck ass  
kean smoky a Cigaret. He has an accent  
like he documents [redacted] travels.  
He's a glassblower, and has a wide  
range of voice impressions he likes to  
pull out on the worst moments.

Don't tell anyone this (who would you even  
tell?) But so far [redacted] is my favorite.  
They love hard humor and granity falls  
and asked me to do a love story on  
them (feeling so normal about them)  
and is a proud supporter of toxic old  
man Yaoi. They love the weird  
mystery milkshake at Jesses and have  
this dumb car (is it a moose? I can't recall)  
that they never engine. And I have  
yet to see them without the ironic  
pair of yellow [redacted] tinted glasses.

Anyway they like an idea or a plan  
or any funny thing do this device  
little grin. They made a standup  
(or as they call it, a Slonis) (a carden  
filled with Slime) at the unsanctified  
Slorky (Slime party). He's just amping  
himself. And I did not mean to  
write this much about him. Hm. I'm  
sure there is no deeper reason as to why  
I did this. Ha. (ITS back on, chill  
the fuck out).

Anyway, the [redacted] is also [redacted]. I also  
think Lily and he would get along  
great. She gave me all the credentials  
she got from Skits because "she  
"doesn't like dick in the slightest."  
(Direct quote). She's from [redacted]  
[redacted] and wants to make jewelry.  
She might be one of the coolest and  
most stylish people I know.

Most funny we have [redacted].  
It's crazy, but both me and  
he feel like we know each other  
from somewhere, but none of us  
can place it. Either way, she loves the  
crave wires [redacted] and is incredible

at making friendship bracelets.

There is also [redacted], who I talked to over the summer. He's much more hyper in person, but not in a bad way. He's easy to talk to, but we can also sit together in relatively awkward silence if we want to. He's [redacted] attitude making shirts throw at times; it's really charming.

And of course, my flat mate, [redacted], my roommate, is a great conversationalist, but with very little social awareness. I have no doubt they will get you, but it's gonna take some time.

My girlfriends on the other side, [redacted], [redacted], and [redacted] are wonderful. They hang out with [redacted] and [redacted] the most (though it's always off doing something) and it's always great. They are both hickories normally, but even funnier high (and I think they are always high) ([redacted] at least).

Anyhow, that's the current ~~situation~~ situation. Classes start Wednesday, but until then I don't doubt it's going to be non-stop fun.

until next time!  
- James B.

P.S. I forgot to mention, but everyone was bad to me. I will have to ISSUES start a party. Also, [redacted] from [redacted]!

September 2, 2024 6:51 pm My dorm

I just get how close I can be. Our people I truly barely knew.

September 3, 2024 12:48 am My dorm

Blame the time gap on the man of my current... Frustration? Infatuation? This is pathetic. Being a heck into college and I already find myself trying to spend as much time with him as possible.

I want him, I know that much, but I think I'm scared to date anyone. After ~~the~~, there is a small part of me that is worried the same thing will happen. I so desperately want a meaningful relationship, but I'm not sure if I am able to. If I can even allow myself to. I know I like him. I don't know if he likes me. And, once again, it's only a heck in. These things take time. I want it to take time. I don't want to rush into anything. If it happens, I want it to happen right.

Even so, it's been a minute since I've not someone like him. I find myself wanting to tell him every ~~thing~~ secret

I've kept close to my heart. I want to listen to him talk until his voice is gone or I go deaf from age. I want to do things with him that I have not wanted to do for a very long time.

Yet through all this, there is still that small, sure, not panicky though all of this. That... I guess you would call it fear? Yeah, fear. That fear that I'll fall out of it or a good thing gets going. Or the fear that I'll let him be close and he will slip away. The fear that I will show him the deepest parts of myself and he will ask me to come from up. Friends or man, I know this will not come to fruition. In the short time I have known him, I have ~~already~~ ~~shared~~ ~~some~~ ~~of~~ ~~my~~ ~~heart~~ ~~to~~ ~~him~~. ~~to~~ I don't know. I've told him things I have never told anyone else. He bought an agent cooper body pillow together. He brewed bad dragon. ~~He~~ showed me the sculpture of god he made that might just be one of the best interpretations of god I have ever seen in my life. ~~My~~ ~~number~~ will ever see. He built his own website and is a film major with no letterboxed ~~27~~ who helped the

God father. We have spent almost every day together, either with a group or just us, since we met. I am trying not to let it destroy me.

Until next time

-Scans

September 5, 2021 12:25am 14th floor Quiet Room

I think I have peaked regarding my needs of pathetic. I hate Remare, I feel like I'm going to vomit. What do you mean he dropped his perfectly normal freshman seminar and switched into the one I had to change to?

I care about him too much I think. This is the most comfortable I have ever felt in myself, so maybe that's part of it. Maybe that's why it's happening so fast. It's probably a lot of things. I can't tell what's a bit and what's not anymore. Can he tell how badly I want him? Does he want me back? or worse, does he see my intentions and want to push me away? I feel like I'm going insane.

Every time I'm single, I always tell myself that the next time I'm interested in someone, I'll just tell them. and every time I instead lose my mind trying to keep it in. He jumped at the chance to let me borrow one of his books (which probably means nothing) and was sad when I initially said no (which probably means nothing) and was annoyed 29 when I later took

him up on his offer. (Which. Probably. means.  
nothing.) It probably wouldn't ~~kill~~ ruin  
him to just tell him, but it also doesn't  
feel like the right time. Starting to  
dunk ~~the~~ week 2 of college would probably  
doom ~~me~~ vs. I have to let it  
fester a little bit, cuz it's  
killing me a little bit.

I also have to take some time away  
from him. If I spend any waking  
moment with him, I'm going to  
grow far too attached too quickly, then  
when we inevitably have to be apart, I'm  
gonna lose my shit and I'll feel  
hellish like I did the week after  
graduation all over again. I should  
take one of those attachment styles quiz.  
please hold.

5 odd minutes ~~ago~~ and on most likely  
medicinal online test labr, I have been  
pseudo diagnosed with anxious/preoccupied  
attachment style. According to GoodHU,  
an anxious attachment style is  
characterized by "a strong desire for  
closeness, coupled with a constant fear  
of rejection & abandonment"

this, unfortunately, rings true. This guy  
definitely agrees with what I said here.  
I need time away. Maybe tomorrow after class  
I'll finally let my parents drive my car.  
I'm going to be purple.

Until next time.

-Ilans

PS I'm mildly high its so fun at college

September 8, 2024

Bamish

[redacted] but

Many things happened since we last spoke. The least terrible, [redacted] rejected me.

I asked him out at a Ram, and he said a tentative yes and that he thinks he likes me and would have to sleep on it and I told him that was fine. The next afternoon I got a text saying he was sorry. ~~But~~ But would like to stay friends. Well in all, not terrible. He didn't watch twin peaks last night (unrecovered for the rejection. He had homework and cramps. Though, not a bad idea either way), so instead [redacted] came over and watched horror movies with me and [redacted]. But I'll admit that train of thought later.

This whole situation with [redacted] scares me a little, but not because of him. I think everything will stay as it was, which is more than fine with me. The thing that scares me is the gut-felt of the I answered; the feelings had ~~been~~ kind of just disappeared the next morning. I almost regretted it the next day before the text. I don't know if it was the idea of dating so

soon into college (which, in retrospect probably would have these major issues, but I figured the sooner I shot my shot the less time the feelings would have to fester and the quicker I could get on with my life if rejected. which is a very remarkable will.) But the idea of now actually having to date him was kinda terrifying, and not in a new way. In a "maybe I don't really want this" way. I hope I didn't make him uncomfortable, because I want more than anything to be friends still (which I think is what will happen. He seemed to still want that). I don't know, it's so odd. The idea of dating seemed so fantastic right up until I actually was able to. What the fuck does that say about me? Was he just not right? I want romance, but I don't know if I could hold onto it. Being one of the only queer people in [redacted] everything had to be hard and fast. If you fucked up this chance you weren't even when your text was. But we're all so messy over people, that's not an issue. I want

Romance so bad, But I don't think  
I can. Isn't that sad? I want  
to cry, but I can't even do that. I'm  
not in my own fucking Room Right  
now because fucking [redacted] and [redacted]  
fucked on my floor last night and  
slept in my bed. Why did I let  
them do that? Why do they hit side  
of industry and get to have something  
good? Why can't I let myself  
do that?

I miss [redacted]. I miss the casual  
Intimacy with no real feelings. That  
might have been one of the best set ups.  
but I also hated that. I don't know.

I want to go home. I want the deeper  
friendship with [redacted]. I really like  
him, but overnight it's basically  
transformed from a desire to be close  
with him. ~~but~~ I want my own  
fucking bed. I should have been  
the ~~human~~ I want  
to cry. I want to go back  
to normal. I want to be with  
those peass with my

Friend and go to class and  
be fucking normal. I want casual  
Intimacy and to be held  
by my friends and love  
so deeply with no romance.  
I want to get married  
but I'm no longer sure  
I can even love someone  
that way anymore. I  
want my own bed back.

-ICARUS.

September 9, 2024 11:20 am [redacted] library

~~Tarot Reading from Lily~~

Style: Celtic Cross

Key card: The Fool

The Fool: dilemma, Francis, Maria; a lot is happening, where do I go from here

General environment & Influence: 7 of Cups. lots of choices, lots of pressure, we promise. Learning how to use my surroundings to get where I need to go

Obstacle: 9 of pentacles. want success & accomplishments finding balance between wife's purpose and what I want/who I want to be.

What I want to arrive at: Death. Feeling content with decisions after making a run and doing what I love. Meeting death with open hands and commitment for my life. few regrets, and happy with life's outcome

What I've had to work w/ the highest man. Passing from one chapter of life to another sacrificing different parts of me to make room for the new. Learning who our gods and influences and spirituality to guide me.

Past: 2 of cups. Accepting new possibilities. Learning the past in the past. (reversed)

Baron me / cannot accept not actual path: Knight of swords. been equipped and changing into your future. doing in head first & not looking back

Attitude in relation to the matter: 2 of swords. Accepting what comes my way without knowing what it is - ready for it. Not sure of what I want but comfortable in the journey.

Inspire of environment around you: Queen of swords. admit a trusting yourself. may be able in future endeavors. Making the past, stepping out on my own and being honest about it. Separated from those who I am closest to.

Hopes and fears: Queen of cups (reversed). marriage is not possible. Hope: peace & future fun: physical spring. a very risky path where if I'm not careful I could lose it all. Angel and devil. Try to make the best choices. Its confusing and hard to choose who to  
1:2pm to

What will come/ what I took w/ me: The  
high passers. Pure yet unworked. Secrets, mystery,  
Silence, honesty; wisdom, Science. Can really  
Sleep & wake up when I want. The path  
I'm on will be the right or no matter  
the direction. I will always be led back  
to me I'm supposed to be. No w/  
but and intuition, and do what feels  
right. No right or wrong path, just  
a forest with unlimited paths.

until next time.  
-Lucas \*

Friday, September 13, 2024

11:57am

my damn

The ~~Project~~ but I already told you  
about that. I forget. The days are  
blurring together slightly. I'm nervous I think,  
in a weird way. I love it but I  
hate this weird transitional period (I should  
really start re-reading these entries, I can't  
remember if I already said that.)  
I hate not knowing. I don't really know  
where I am in the world (did I even know  
[redacted]? I'd like to think I did), I  
barely know what's going to come next in  
class (I'm so scared for the [redacted] class.  
I'm going to cry. But it will be good.)  
The only comfort I feel is with my friends,  
and even that's off kilter.

I talked a bit about this with [redacted]  
and [redacted]. But it's so weird not  
knowing anyone anymore. I mean, I'm  
close with so many people here, ~~but~~  
~~but~~ But it's not the same. I haven't  
even though anything with them. Not like  
I had back home. I miss my people here  
then I miss my home. My damn still  
feels like a hotel. I feel most at  
home at the Shop and Sleep (But it's not  
my sleep and [redacted] Shop). I still

Spend time with [redacted] practically every day (he is quickly worming his way into my closest circle, ~~and~~ right next to [redacted] and [redacted] and [redacted] Ron's ball anyone that). Everyone here is so wonderful, but I feel like I was just coming to terms with my life in [redacted]. Now it's back turned on its heel ~~and~~ and I feel like I'm back in sophomore year without a clue of who I want to be. ☹️

I keep telling people I'm going to be an illustration major with a sculpture minor, but now I don't know. I just don't know. I still want to open the ugly mug. But I also want to teach. I want to develop cameras and do professional photography and play bass, and all these things I have no time for anymore. I don't know. Maybe I should drop [redacted] class. (I won't. I have his opinion too much.) I think I need him to tear my work apart. I think I'll call Stacy. or [redacted] or anyone.

until next time.

-Icarus.✱

September 14, 2024 12:23am The Quiet Room

[redacted] asked me the other day how I don't get flushed when [redacted] and I have our fake flirty sessions. He gets crazy, intense about our little game of gay chicken, feeding into each other like crazy. I don't even think [redacted] or [redacted] grabbed my ass as much as he does. Despite all that, I barely get flushed. And until today, I never understood why I don't fold, but I think I might get it now.

See, here's the thing. [redacted] is straight. For all he jokes about wanting to take me home, he is strictly interested in women. So, the joke, I know it's a joke and it does nothing for me. But do you want to know what apparently does do it for me? When they have a reaction to my flirting.

Now, I've always known that I like to give a little more than I receive, hence I wasn't aware that that applied to flirting as well. It was my flirting with [redacted] (because of course it was him) that taught me that lesson (god, I'm writing like [redacted] talks). Seeing him get flushed as I played with his neck and whispered in his ear and everything else I did made me

Man turned on then anything I heard ever done with [redacted].

Now, this is where the issue comes in. I don't have a crush on [redacted]. I ~~have~~ ~~was~~ ~~with~~ that idea. I have care and give, and daily sends like nice stress then its worth. The caveat to this? I want to [redacted]. I feel no romantic attraction towards [redacted], and can only view them as a friend, [redacted].

Also, for as much as I want this, [redacted]. As [redacted] as I feel his [redacted] I'm a bit worried I would [redacted] then again, [redacted]. I know I'm not perfect, I know that, but I don't think I'm half bad either. [redacted]. So that probably counts for something. I don't know. This is all kind of hypothetical. I don't think they would be done (all though, they have almost had sex with multiple of her friends [redacted] a few times, but

that doesn't really mean anything. Past actions are not an indication of present wants), especially considering the fact that they have already rejected my romantic interests (which, being back, not permanent. I think it was a hard combo of really wanting to be the friend and wanting them closely, but not romantically, which I know is weird and kinda contradictory but whatever). I think I'm starting to come to terms with the fact that, at least for now, I don't really want to date anyone, just be [redacted]. (or maybe I just want something less intense than the ride or dare I was forced to have in [redacted]).

[redacted] Plus, with everything going on in my own life, this may not be the best idea. Maybe I should just think in another direction.

I'm going to do a secret party, and will return to tell you all about it (if you so angry to tell).

Until next time!  
-Icons\*

## The Affirmed tarot Reading

Style: Hushwa Question: What should I do about this situation

### 1) The Past: Six of Swords (Revised)

↳ Indicates a lack of progress in my love life. Essential that I ~~take~~ give myself time to heal and process

### 2) The Present: Knight of Cups (Revised)

↳ Overactive Imagination, Unrealistic, ~~jealous~~ jealous, moody  
↳ Can describe someone who has an overly romantic approach and ~~is~~ is disappointed from reality. May get too caught up and experience disillusionment

### 3) What is hidden: Four of Pentacles (Revised)

↳ generosity, giving, openness, overcoming jealousy  
↳ Past insecurities are healing, can now move forward without being hindered by past wounds. Letting go of something that has prevented you in the past  
↳ Cannot tell if this card is about me or about someone else. I can see it being me, but it also reminds <sup>44</sup> me of ~~██████~~ <sup>45</sup> Rome.

### 4) Roadblocks and Enemies: Seven of Cups (Revised)

↳ May find clarity and a departure from being in a fantasy world. Able to see reality more clearly and be more decisive.  
↳ Reality Check. Take stock of the situation and address any issues. Longing for what could be will hinder growth. Face the truth and make informed decisions.

### 5) The world around you: The Star

↳ Hope, faith, purpose, renewal  
↳ Welcome reprieve ~~from~~ after a period of destruction and turmoil, been stripped bare of my limiting beliefs. You hold a new sense of self, a new opportunity for the cure of your being.  
↳ More calm and in-depth understanding of myself and others. The people around me and my environment are in tune with my own sense of self

### 6) What you should do: Eight of Wands

↳ Pushing a good thing? How fast is too fast? I have to set the pace. How I should act quickly helps its goal.  
↳ A cycle of fluctuation, fast days, and hooligans. The time is now, just be prepared to do it fast. <sup>45</sup>

### 7) The outcome: King of Swords

↳ Assuming I take the advice of Card Six.)  
↳ Employ charm to get what you want.

↳ Was just what to say. Promise further  
Sneakers, but may struggle to figure out  
what things are going.

↳ Rely on intelligence and logic. Challenging  
and pushing earlier.

### 8) Bonus Clarifying Card: Knight of Swords

↳ Be careful with your words, as you  
may misinterpret, misrepresent the truth, or  
accidentally say too much.

★ ↳ Pay attention to actions, not words.

September 19, 2024

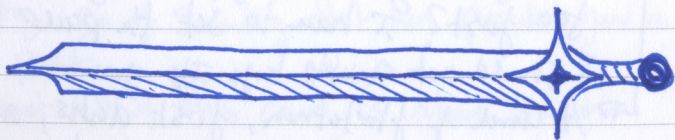
01:17am

The Quiet Room

Honestly, didn't really tell me something crazy  
new. Hmm, still insightful. I think I'm  
going to eat a bowl of soup and sleep on it.

Until next time

-Ticams.★



September 20, 2024

12:22am

Suite Sinks

I intended to write this in the privacy (or what  
Analogue or privacy then days) in the lounge, but  
I had the bright idea to make tea before I  
left. I put it in one of my mistake cups  
without thinking, and now the ceramic is too  
hot to carry. So now I'm sitting on the sinks  
waiting for my tea to cool. I honestly don't  
even really want it anymore, but I really should  
drink it. Otherwise I'll be up all night.

I'm worried about the fact that I can't  
seem to be able to find a home. I still  
feel like I'm living in a hotel, and at this point  
[redacted] room seems more homey than mine.  
I think the fact that I seem to be in  
one of the smaller of the doubles doesn't  
help. I'm only ever really in my damn bed to  
sleep. I didn't even think to bring pillows  
or plates. I don't know.

For as much as anyone jokes about me  
being [redacted] and [redacted] lost roommates, it's  
still abundantly clear that that's not who I  
belong. I love [redacted], but sometimes I worry  
that [redacted] my presence is pushing them out of  
their own living space. I saw them in  
the Quiet Room 47 as I left

(at midnight, mind you) and couldn't help but feel guilty. Usually they spend the time with us in the room, but Sunday they want to go to bed. ~~They can't~~ having us joke and talk about midnight mass or moral and or two peaks can't be fun for them. I don't want them to feel like they can't exist in the room damn because I'm there.

Piggypacking off of that, I feel like [redacted] has the same hangups about me. Our schedules bring him up, and they spend far more time in the room than I do, yet they insist on referring to it as "my room" and themselves as the "bedroom goblin". I mean, I think they hang up on the room because me and [redacted] walked in. When we told them they didn't have to do that for us, they kept insisting that it was "my room" again and they don't want to be "that roommate". I don't know. I hear them deny, but I don't know how I can get them to see it. Nothing seems to work. No matter how much I insist they can get it. I don't fucking know.

I don't even really miss him, just the comfort of it. It was horrible and terrible and made me feel like

miss the comfort of my own room. I miss the comfort of a kitchen. I miss the comfort of solitude I felt. I miss the comfort of local restaurants and cicadas and the ocean and the woods and empty I took for granted. I just want that kind of comfort again. I might almost be there with [redacted] I think I can get - ~~there~~ with my Suitermate. I don't know when I'll see [redacted] again.

Until next time  
- James.

September 23, 2024

1:03am

20th Floor lounge

I don't think people see me as a real person. I'm kind of always known that I think, but being surrounded by new people has ~~that~~ made that more obvious than ever.

I don't know what it is about me that causes people to do this. [redacted] and I joke that it's the "cartoon character" aspect of me. Something about me makes me seem more like a character than a real human, which I think in turn makes me more approachable. I also seem to stick in people's minds. Combined that with societies tendency to deify anything, and you have a recipe for insanity inducing stereotypes to be slapped on you.

It's most prominent with [redacted] and I. People seem to think they know us; our relationship with each other. Moreover, it's gotten to the point where we ~~have~~ have become "Icons and [redacted]" instead of "Icons" and "[redacted]". ~~Some~~ we spend time together, sure, every night in fact, but ~~it's~~ it's to different than the amount of time I spend with my suitmates each night. I think the thing that rubbed me raw and exposed me to the severity of the issue is when [redacted], someone who lives on [redacted] floor, 50 someone who

has his Instagram, texted me when she wanted to get in contact with them. She only considered the other options when I told her. Ten tonight was the salt in the wound.

Our friends asked me if they could tag along to [redacted] Room. Not him, me. and second surprised when I told them to ask [redacted] himself. It's not my fucky Room. He is his own god damn person, as am I. I don't like the jokes they make about them either. We have both been reduced down to nothing more than parts of a whole; a synecdoche of both the people we really are and the person we will never be. Not only that, but they seem to recontextualize my every move with him under the idea that I still want to date him (who knows if I ever did). I don't think people really truly believe that we both just happened to have our weeks on the same day. ~~I don't~~ They don't fucky know me. They don't fucky know us. ~~Even less~~ Fuck. I'm just angry. I just want to get away from the stereotypes.

I hate when [redacted] calls me my popular or a freak. Does anyone actually care about me? [redacted], ~~that~~ [redacted] in the 51 crazy fuckers

people who seem to genuinely care about  
me. The rest feel me. Who I am as a  
person. Not my friendship with [redacted]  
Not my Quercus. Not my vegetarianism.  
~~Not~~ They're the only ones who  
ask why. ~~or ask what~~ or  
genuinely seem to care when I  
talk. Especially if I talk about  
something deemed "out of character".

They make fun of the comments  
about me and like that they  
do me out properly. And Ella  
and I are far more relaxed about  
our fake friends. What? What's  
the fuckin' problem? Am I  
only interested in your  
entertainment? Is my soap  
opinion important? All they ever  
about? Is that it? Am I  
too Barbra? When I'm  
just I don't? Do you  
prefer me when I  
have a ~~quirky~~ quirky size  
character? Especially about  
my 1.202 Am

I don't want you  
celebrate me to  
your liking?

Am I EVEN  
A PERSON TO YOU  
PEOPLE? OR  
IS THAT TOO FUCKING  
BARBARIC FOR YOU?

I need to go for a walk.  
-Ians.