

~~10/3/2024~~

October 3, 2024 2:26am

The large

So much has happened since my last entry. I don't even know when to begin. I guess I'll start in order.

I had a full blown blackout after my last entry (obviously). I went outside and just ran. I ran, I found some pants, and I had a panic attack. I didn't truly snap out of it till I was back in my den. The whole thing was kinda from my fear, and also made my cousin Ric - Instagram a possible BPD diagnosis for me.

Next day rolls around. I don't remember what I was doing before this, but at some point [redacted] (checks in my den and delivers the custom [redacted] I was. I'm wanting an Hummer in my Saiterwats room, but I'm hungry & hungry also worked in, so I ask them to lunch. I'm wearing a bagel, so I go to parent. We get fun at two. We don't leave until they kick us out to close at 21. We talk about everything. Eventually, he tells me about his need for sex and casual hooking up. Potatoes (specifically

h.3 hooking up with [redacted], he go back to the den. We talk some more. He tells me about his accident, and how he doesn't want to be treated differently because of it, yet people do anyways. I think I know what he means.

At some point, we split. We go to bed em later. I get a text from him, so I respond. It's surprised I am up. He one talking all night. We talk more about sex, and ~~and~~ eventually realize we are more than willing to have sex with each other. (But it's too late at this point, so we decide to plan for the next night (he was also so incredibly drunk, I wanted him to have the chance to back out).

Merry comes. And so ~~so~~ does he. I discover that he was not lying about being expensive. I get added to the potatoes. He sits with me while I do my hummer, then walks me to class. It feels sweeter than a hookup should. My body gives me more grief than I expected. I ache deeply 55 by the end of my

five hour.

The next contours. (I also forget to mention, same between vs Spitting and vs Jesus, I saw him again. we have a game of gay chicken contest. He first kissed my neck, then my lips. I did not back down. I saw he whipped and push further. I'm glad he did).

I have to talk to [redacted] about his weird behavior. [redacted] and I continue to talk. he let certain people know. the food group starts to fall apart (comulated). [redacted] begins to become relaxed (relaxed). [redacted] and I spend more time together. He talks me all his wants and past and maybe in between naps and furs.

on Saturday he is in in my den when I get home. I knew he was not doing well, but I was out. He tells me he thought about killing himself, but doesn't want to die. He's glad we are both here, as am I. I can't be his therapist, and I can't help someone who doesn't want to be helped, (like

wants help, but not in any way when I can truly assist. As much as it hurts, the best I can do is just be there for him, and listen when he needs to talk. But I can play with his hair. he complains about me messing it up, yet still leans against my stomach and into my hand. Encouraging my subordinates among, I want us to get drunk. we join, and [redacted] makes it his mission to [redacted] [redacted]. we make out a lot. he makes my neck (I still have marks. It's kinda hot), He gets so close to me, and touches me everywhere besides what I want. he makes it back to my bed, but lay it there, so we do nothing more than lay with each other. I slept well that night.

Manny are again coming, and we simply snuggle in bed till [redacted] leaves, when they do, cuddly furs into gentle kissing. It's surprisingly sweet, and I realized how much I missed casual intimacy. I don't want anything formal with [redacted], but the way so much love behind this it almost

If he ever stopped letting me lay in his
lap or talk when eating or be as
close as friends can be with him.
Our bond is in no way romantic, but
it is special. I love him, and don't
want to lose the casual intimacy we
built up. I don't know what I would
do if we went back to casual friends.
I've missed this calm closeness ~~and~~
ever since [redacted] left for college.
We both need this casual intimacy, and
both seem to miss it. We could go
to anyone, but he keeps knocking on
my door.

Nothing really makes sense anymore, but at
least there is comfort. Yes, there is
constant pain, but there is also constant
love. I feel so strongly loved by
the people I find here, it makes even
those crazy scenarios with them seem
less funny and more manageable. They
said he never would break me, but if
anything it simply reminded how much
I belong here.

What was I
- I miss.

W.

October 5, 2024 12:20 am

18th Floor lounge

In about 10 ish hours, I will be on the
train on my way home for the first time since
move in. It's only been a little over a month
(6 weeks on Wednesday, to be exact) and I
already feel like so much has changed.

I've come out of my shell, for one, and
have been doing things here that I would have
never have had the confidence to do back home.
Yet at the same time I feel like I'm taking
five steps backwards and regressed into freshman
year of highschool. Maybe because I don't
really know anyone here. I do, but it's
still so new. It's not like home, where I
knew everyone for years and there is no scaffolding
of concrete and sturdy pillars of friends
to fall back on when something new falls.
I think that's the most funny part of
all this. I'm doing so many ~~funny~~
new things with no guarantee and no
familiar back and nothing familiar to hold
onto as I do. It's all a big free fall,
and no one can see of it's a pool
or a parking lot or a falling into.

I think going home will do me
good, it's only for a day, but I
think any man would be

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detrimental. This is a quick day trip and then home before lunch the next day. any further and I'm not sure I could leave. It would be too permeable.

Do you ever wonder what you will think of when you think about this moment in the future? of course you don't, you are a notebook (or maybe someone's penning this, wouldn't that be something. maybe you should stop.) But like, when I look back in my first month at college, will it be funny? will I see it as me making hilarious friends for the first time? or will it be another thing to regret?

I didn't start this entry with anything particular to write. I think I just wanted to take some time for myself. I still feel a little strange along in other people's stuff. I mean, I take time for myself, but not as much as I would like. It's hard when I'm constantly surrounded by people. At home there were so many opportunities to just take some quiet time, but they felt few and far between here. I think fresh air will do me good.

I'm excited to be back [redacted]. Just the quietness of it all. and the familiarity. and the ability to just make what I want and go when I want. I can do that here of course, but it's different. I would go days without telling anyone when I was gone [redacted]. My parents would be out and about and I could just get in my car and go wherever I wanted. Those were my favorite days. mid morning sandwiches from [redacted] down by the train tracks. maybe a coffee from [redacted]. Trying to plan what I was going to make at parties later that day. maybe the promise of a man or dinner with someone. no real worries or cares about what I had to do. I would say I didn't know how good I had it, but that would be a lie. Even in those moments I saw how much I would miss it. Well, I think I can write about it in this my journal (I should keep these secrets).

Something about my ailment feels like dying. Beyond the pain. Emman is treating it like its the end. I think it is the end of something, but I don't know what. I don't think it will be [redacted] a bad end, maybe.

If anything, it should feel more like
a beginning. Maybe it's the one I don't
feel about the process itself that's
worrying me. It's all I've been thinking
about. Honestly, now that I write it
out, I haven't really been thinking about
the after. If there is one, just in the
sense that there is only one after if I
assume there will be a surgery. It's all
very convoluted. But anyway, it's going to
be odd. I honestly don't remember a time
when I wasn't in some kind of pain. Maybe
I finally will. Wouldn't that be something.

Until next time.

-ICANES*

PS I have actually started to re-read some of these.
It's funny how wrong I was. If only I had
Ick knew it would only take a month from done
to start, or that [redacted] said [redacted]
[redacted] at some point (though I'm not sure how
much I value him.) how a month changes
things.

October 5, 2024

10:44 am

[redacted] Rail

I always thought college would feel like
finally getting away. I would be the one
who got away from their hometown and
went on to some big school somewhere warm.
I'm honestly so happy to have been so
wrong. [redacted] ~~was~~ is just for enough
I feel free, but close enough that it's
only an hour train ride and I'm home.
I almost feel like I'm betraying something
I promised my younger self by going here
this early, but I don't know. I
don't have to prove myself to anyone.
Going home isn't some kind of failure.
It's simply what I must do. Another
part of life - I'll go home today,
and tomorrow I will return to a
home in the making, with a family
so new and so young it scares me in
the best of ways. I don't have to
choose between [redacted] and [redacted].
I am not charmed to one or the other.
Home exists where there is love, and I'm
finding I feel loved almost anywhere I
go.

Until next time.

-ICANES*

October 16, 2024

9:45am

The Dorm

I fear week 6 is hitting me a week late. I should be in my Light and Coke Seminar Right now, but I just can't bring myself to go. My one condition is that I work on my missing work for that class instead. My computer, however, is dead, so instead I'm drinking my morning tea and journaling.

Yesterday was weird. I think it was due to multiple different factors. For one, I can feel myself coming down from a manic high; and the following depressive episode is gonna hit hard. I think it already has begun honestly. Last night I even thought about killing myself. I don't want to die, don't get me wrong, but sometimes the thoughts just come back with no warning. ~~Like~~ Like, it's always this thing when I think it would be easier to just die instead of feeling how I feel. It's the easy way out; the coward's way out. This too shall pass but ending it would be a hell of a lot quicker. I don't want to die, I just want to escape.

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It doesn't help that [redacted] has been home the past few days. I knew this shit wasn't healthy, but I fear I have grown too attached to him. I knew my attachment style is fucked up, but still. It's been 3 days now [redacted] and I don't know what to do with myself. I think if I wasn't already in a bad state it wouldn't have been as bad.

It's its own little cycle of pain. [redacted] not being here is making me feel like shit, but I already feel like shit and [redacted] not being here is making it worse. It's not their fault, and I'm happy that Spandy time with their family. I think I just needed a distraction. Besides, we probably needed a break anyway. The more time we spend together the worse the inevitable breaks would be.

I didn't have [redacted] as a distraction either. He was [redacted] but [redacted] his not done with me, I'm fairly certain of that, and I don't give a fuck if he sees other people, but ~~it~~ he's about it hurt a little. Again, mostly because I was already on a little self-loathing spiral, but whatever.

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All this to say, yesterday was completely thrown out of wack. Even when I was with people I felt like shit. Manny was fine, but as soon as I got home from class it began to set in. I was only really okay talking to [redacted] for hours on the phone then later talking to [redacted]. I know all I need when I'm like this is someone to just exist with, maybe talk, maybe not, but it's so hard to ask for it. And the people who just know when I need it aren't here. But! [redacted] is home tonight! things will go back to normal! the pattern will be put back in place! hopefully that helps things.

Until next time,
Icans

P.S. I have a new favorite pen. The people were so right about Pilot G-2's. I also fear that I will soon require a new journal. This one's only got about 50 pages left. Hopefully it lasts till the end of the semester.

October 16, 2024 1:33pm My Dorm

I have the unreasonable urge to blow up at everyone right now. I don't even have anything worth blowing up over. I just want to. I just hate everything right now. I'm pissed off at nothing in particular with no outlet to get it out. Last time I felt like this I spiraled out of control and went running around westworth for an hour at 2am. Maybe I just need to eat something. Nothing looks particularly appetizing right now, but food will improve my mood. Getting Rudy will do, but I don't have the energy. Maybe cheerdash? But that requires money. I have money, but I really don't want to spend it. But if it gets me to eat... I could get Rudy while it delays. But also the more I think about it the more nervous I feel. <god. Why is there no easy solution to any of this? Every action I take feels like gently digging a knife into my guts. Everything is just so difficult for no reason. I just want it to end. I want to kill myself. Maybe I'll eventually do it. It would be interesting

to see how people I'm known for with
over a month would react to my death.
Not that I would be able to see the
after-effects. How would my family feel
when people they had no choice existed
showed up to my funeral claiming to be
Some of my closest friends? would this
be how [redacted] and [redacted] firmly not?
what new relationships would be formed
because of my death? How could I
firmly benefit people. I should end
soon and tell them I want to
kill myself. But I won't. wouldn't
that be ironic? all this work to get
to where I always wanted to be and I
throw it away 2 months in. How
fitting. of course I would do something like
this. Does anyone ever expect differently?
It's not even a strong urge to kill
myself, just a gentle and constant blanket
encompassing my self choices. I have so
many things to look forward to yet at
the same time it would be so easy to
just end it all. I could [redacted]
[redacted]. or I could [redacted]
[redacted] or I could [redacted]
[redacted] that would probably

be the easiest route.

I made [redacted] hide [redacted]. I'm not
dying today, no matter how easy it
would be. I can't let myself win. I
cannot let her win.

until next time (and then WILL be a next
time),
I come ~~to~~

October 18, 2024

18th floor lounge

I can feel the downward spiral start to hit its peak. Things don't feel real. I want to do terrible impulsive things I would soon regret.

It's a weird combo of numb to, general fucked shit feelings, and this week being a year since [redacted] happened.

I wish I was getting fucked right now. I feel like that would make for a good anniversary. I want to make the choice, completely of my own will. No outside influence. I want to ask someone to fuck me and I want them to say yes and I want it to be completely of my own volition. No maybe, no hesitation, I just want to choose who is in control of me. [redacted] talked about [redacted]. I'm not sure if that would help me or hurt me. I don't really care basically.

When I talk I know how scary I sound but I don't change my language. And no one here notices because they don't know my warning signs. It's not that they don't care, but they don't know me. And then

74 is that number

Spiral of a thought. Best not to continue down that path.

It still doesn't really feel like I live here. I don't know when that will change. Hopefully soon. I'm a little sick of the feeling.

What would happen if I just... disappeared. Like dropped off the grid. Got on the last train and just went wherever it took me? I don't think I could actually get very far, but it's fun to think about.

What would happen if I went missing? At what point would the authorities give up? Would this be

"evidence"? Would I become another tragic case where we mark as they film the "get ready with me" videos?

At what point am I no longer worth it? 75 what's the limit?



I kinda hate anyone right now. Well,
almost anyone. I don't hate [redacted] or
[redacted] or [redacted] or [redacted]. But
anyone else? Maybe hate is the wrong
word. My opinion seems to switch on
a dime. I fear crying is too much.

I don't want to be alone. But I don't
have the energy for it. frowning.
Not sure there is a solution. What a shame.

Still wish I was getting fucked.

-Eames ✱

P.S. The pen has already begun to run
out of Ink. What a shame.

October 14, 2021

11:13 pm

20th floor lounge

The city is extra glistening tonight.

October 30, 2024

7:26pm

My dorm

There is plenty of homework I could be working on right now, however I simply do not have the energy. Plus, my devices need time to charge and I need time without my headphones in my ears.

I'm not sure ~~too~~ if I want to continue rooming with [redacted] next year. Above all else I'm hoping to become an RA and just automatically get into a single that way, but if that doesn't work out I fear she didn't want to room with [redacted]

It's not like they are a bad person or a terrible roommate or anything, but they get on my nerves. They just... annoy me.

They have this insistent need to put me first in any aspect of anything, what's their issue, but they refuse to use or take anything I offer them because they don't want to put me out. ~~They also straight~~

They also have a habit of jumping to fix all my issues. Don't get me wrong, I'm

thankful for the generosity, but it gets to a point, you know? Like, without me indicating that I need anything from them they will assume I do

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and push

to fulfill an imagined request. For instance, I cut my finger the other day, and they immediately ~~got~~ started digging through their things to get me a bandaid when I have stated many times —

Took a break and called my mum. Bottom line, they are frustrating to live with because their insecurity gets in the way of everything. I'm going to try not to talk to them about it.

Until next time,
Avery ✨

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November 6, 2024 3:46am My Dorm

"Any hope we can muster up is priceless in something like this"

That is what my friend [redacted] told me when I told him I still have hope for this election.

I fear that is all I will have left. I hope. I might not have my rights. I might not have my freedoms. I might have nothing after tonight. But at least I have hope. I want my next words to be clear.

My name is Icarus [redacted]. I am 18. I am trans and Queer. I attend [redacted] in [redacted].

I will not lose hope. They can take my rights, but this will always be the truth. They cannot take who I am away from me so long as I have enough courage and enough hope to stay true to myself. I know who I am. No law will change that.

- Icarus ☆

November 11, 2024 1:44pm [redacted] Pa. 1

I'm returning from my trip home, sitting across from [redacted] on the train. This is now my second time back home, ~~and its~~ and now I feel like I'm questioning if I can still call it that.

It's weird, because of course I can. It's my home, but I found myself on multiple occasions wishing I was "home" (my dorm). I'm leaving [redacted] with a bag and a half more than I arrived with, ~~but the~~ ~~most important thing I've~~ yet I feel like [redacted] has nothing left for me there. It was nice to drive again, nice to see everyone, nice to spend time with my family, but I felt trapped. Just like I did in high school.

I mean, all the way was to do was drive around, go to the [redacted], or go to the [redacted].

[Large black redaction covering the bottom half of the page]

Plus, this weekend was really hard for dad. I know he was happy to see me, but this weekend felt like the early days of his treatment back in June. It's

hard, watching him suffer like that and knowing there is nothing I can do about it.

Today was the hardest. Something happened, and his leg began to leak, and some shit slipped out. He was embarrassed, I was right there. He cleaned himself and the horse up, then said he was going to lay down. I've never heard him sob

so loud. I wish I spent more time with him, but he was exhausted. He spent the most of the weekend resting. We all did, but his exhaustion was different than

ours. Maybe this is selfish, but I wish I had had a bit more comfort this weekend. I

felt like I had to be on my own again.

Not that that's a bad thing, I'm always on my own, but this was different. I don't always have to be on my own in [redacted].

There is always someone to reach out to.

But him? I have to be strong. My own struggles, while completely valid, have no place next to the horse's dad. I have to be strong, so he doesn't worry about me or himself.

That's not to say I didn't enjoy myself, I really did. It just was a heavier visit than the first time.

It was nice talking to mom, though. We spent a lot of time together this time around. It was kinda nice to just bitch to her about anything.

Speaking of bitching, I can't take my roommate much more. I need to talk to them when I return. If they are on there, I don't know why. But I have this word jelling in my gut, like they're gonna have a mind out while I'm being gone. They left for home on Thursday, after we had an argument. When I asked them to stop doing something that made me uncomfortable, they shut down and when I apologized they just curled themselves in a ball & left for home. If they are still there though, I'm going to talk about that and religion. I know my cards make them uncomfortable, but knowing there is holy work in the Quran makes me uncomfortable. It's not fair that only one of us can practice 83 in the Room

Because their Religion is the man accepted
one. Hopefully it goes well.

I feel like I should talk about [redacted],
But I also don't want to. ([redacted],
not [redacted] from [redacted]). I think
I'm something hoping this, But I'm not
sure. I'm not sure I want this to be,
But at the same time the idea is
so comforting and wonderful I can't help
but indulge. I don't know.

Until next time,
-Icarus *

November 13, 2024

4:38 pm

My Damn

[redacted] fight. I am a living Vicentent
of The divine Comedy.

The cards are in on the joke, they
always are. Unfortunately, The advice I
got was the one thing I did not
want to do; talk to him. And, magically,
after weeks of no contact, I get a
text. Of course its today.

I feel like this is another point for
them " [redacted] should be asexual " the
few times I've had sex have either
been a mind or social suicide type consequence.
None not including the internal bleeding.
That's a me thing. Maybe this is
the universe telling you not to fuck.
Honestly, I was already thinking hard
about my complicated sex feels again,
so maybe a return to my able past
is a good thing. ~~for me~~ Honestly,
is it bad sex or am I just not into it?
Can't really tell anymore. Maybe I'll
have an man person who claims to
be really good fuck me, and then
decide.

My biggest fear is what he
might tell people about me if I
confront him. I've heard how he
talks about other people. I don't
want people knowing what I like.
What if he already has? God, I'm going
to puke. Fuck you [redacted].
fuck. Yes.

Sincerely
Lin [redacted]

November 24, 2024 10:15 pm 20th floor

Everyone was right. Things do get better.
In the past ten days, I have talked things
out with [redacted], gotten a boyfriend, went
on my very first date, and truly found
a group of people I can count on.

[redacted], the girl who told me about [redacted], is
a complete liar. [redacted] had photos, text,
receipts, the works, and was still unresponsive.
If I choose not to believe him and
stop talking to him.

[redacted] is a sudden but wonderful change in
my life. I didn't think I would wind
up dating anyone just for college, especially
with everything, but I ~~was~~ couldn't be
happier. I feel truly loved for the
first time in a long time, and I think
I may love him just as much.

Not just in my relationship, but my
friendships also follow this trend. I've
surrounded myself with a group of
people I genuinely love and care about, with
zero fear of being judged by them.

Winter is just approaching. A fact made clear by the fact that I can see the flicker of lights in the obscurity of the trees in [redacted].

Right now [redacted] is talking me about future date ideas. I'm so happy I could burst.

Maybe this is the need talking, but I think I'm starting to love life again. It's not easy, and it's not perfect, but it's wonderful. The usual heaviness has been replaced with this warm, all encompassing feeling a fire hard to name. I feel like I'm just touched a heartlamp on. Oh me. I for I may be an addict to the sensation it brings. I for I already am.

Until next time
Blains ★

November 29, 2024 12:11pm my childhood room

I have such a love hate relationship with my horse. I feel so guilty for even feeling this way. Even still, I can't help but wish I was in my den again. It has its issues, but at least there I'm not scared.

Not that I am here. It's a odd kind of fear. I spent 18 years being my parents therapist. I know my father is suffering right now, and I feel for him, I really do, but it's hard. I love him to death, and I don't expect him to be sunshine and rainbows through this, but it's hard watching him suffer. It's even harder knowing that any attempt to comfort him might ~~bring~~ turn into me being yelled at. God, that's such an awful way to think. What kind of a child am I? My father? Suffering and I'm worried about how that will affect me? I should just be happy he is here. I mean, I AM happy. I'm so fucking happy he's alive.

But at the same time I don't want to be the subject of his anger and frustration. I want to help him but I don't know how to do that without getting in the path of his anger. And he's not always like this. I really enjoy his presence most of the time. But when he's angry my instinct is to stay away. But I still want to help, especially now. I know he is angry for good reason, so why am I still scared? I don't know what to do.

until next time
Jenny ✱

I think I figured ~~it~~ out. It's impossible for them to be independent, yet they are too scared to properly connect with people.

I'm doing what I can to get out. I'll never be comfortable here again. I cannot change the mistakes I made in the past. I've said my apologies to those who deserve it. I cannot change the way ~~it~~ is. All I can do is move on and try to leave all this behind me. I'll start again in a new room. Maybe this time things will be right. Maybe this time I can make things right.

December 17, 2024

5:48 pm

██████████ Rail

I think I have going home a little bit more each time I do it. I don't even consider it my home anymore. ██████████ is my home. I don't know how I'm expected to survive a whole month. Maybe I won't. Or maybe it will go by faster than I expect. I'll work. I'll catch up with old friends. I'll miss my new ones dearly. I'll hold the stuffed animal ██████████ get me and I'll pretend it's him. It won't be the same.

I cried walking back from Smith today. I missed him as soon as he left my line of sight. In January it will be two months, and I will be unable to kiss him to celebrate. How cruel is that?

He wrote a song about my smile and I kissed him till I couldn't breathe. He is the most precious thing in the world, and I am forced to be miles away for a full month.

I'm going to tell my parents about him in the hopes ⁹² he can come

for Spring break. or at the very least a weekend.

I will think of him every time I see the stars, and every day when the sun comes up. I'll wear his jacket to work each day and when someone asks me when I got it I shall tell them his name. Then, come January, I will hold him so tight it will be like we never separated at all.

Until next time,
I can't ✨

December 25, 2024 8:01 pm My childhood Room

Merry Christmas. This genuinely might have been one of the best Christmases ever. Not a single fight, no tension, nothing. Plus, it's the main Christmas with my dad then I thought I would have. Everyday I feel so lucky that he's still here. I don't know what I would have done without him.

My dad always talks about how he feels like he never connected with anyone in this town, but I think that's about to change. ~~that~~ I'm really hoping he becomes close with [redacted] and [redacted] at [redacted]. They are exactly his kind of people. I need him to meet [redacted] parts as well. I think that lot would make a nice little friend group. They are all similar people with similar interests. The exact kinds of people my dad says he misses.

With the end of the semester, I've been thinking a lot about the people I've met and the relationships I have formed with each of them.

[redacted] made some off hand comment about killing himself, and I told him I didn't want to get another memorial tattoo.

It was a small comment, but it got me thinking. I've known these people for just about as long as I know [redacted], and I would get a tattoo for them in an instant. [redacted], [redacted], [redacted],

[redacted] any of them. I used to feel guilty that I got a tattoo that was in part dedicated to someone I only knew for a few months, but after this semester I feel less bad about that. Some people just have a profound effect on our lives, even if we only know them for a short period. I know in the beginning of the semester I was less sure of the people around me, but now I'm confident that we will all stay together for a very long time.

It's been hard, being away from them on break. I saw them practically everyday in college, and now they are all scattered across the country. It's been especially hard not seeing [redacted]

I know he hates being back home, and I hate not being there to comfort him. I called him one night while I was driving ~~the~~ around. At one point, as I pulled into the [redacted] parking lot, he started crying. It was such an awful feeling, being completely alone in the lot, listening to his sobs permeate through my car speakers and not being able to reach out and touch him. Or when we are on face time, I can see him, but he's still not actually here. I know exactly what it would feel like to reach out and run my hands through his hair or down his neck, but I can't. I'm forced to sit and listen and watch him suffer while I'm incapable of comforting him the way I know he needs. It's pure torture.

Despite this, Ben has been nice. It's been good seeing old friends. and there has been some things I've missed him. Even so, I'm excited to return for next semester.

until next time. 96 Icons *

January 11, 2025 1:44pm childhood Recem

Post surgery Teems is something else... or maybe the depression has just tumbled into mania after all the kid Betty.

There was no actual end, so they are testing for what else caused it. The first few days were so painful. I looked regretted my decisions. Now I feel like a badass. Plus the nurse Sarah sometimes just having the surgery causes some pain. So either it being doped, or I'm still so doped up on my midweek cocktail that I just can't feel the pain anymore. I can't smoke, drink, or fuck for two more weeks, which is a shame because I feel like going crazy. All my thoughts feel like Britney's Zoo (I think that's her name).

How I talked about [redacted] friends side? I know I mentioned he didn't fuck, but in many ways. I think he just didn't feel safe enough before. Which is understandable when you consider 97 his ex's.

they treated him like glass. I
will gladly let him fuck whatever
he wants. He's hot, in a weird
gay kind of way. In a bit
of a pathetic way. If that
makes sense. Don't tell him that
I kinda love it.

Bought him a [redacted]. Wish
I was between his legs right
now. I'm going to regret writing
that.

When I'm not on a movie
high I'll talk about the emotional
part of our sex life, because I think
it's worth writing about.
But not right now.

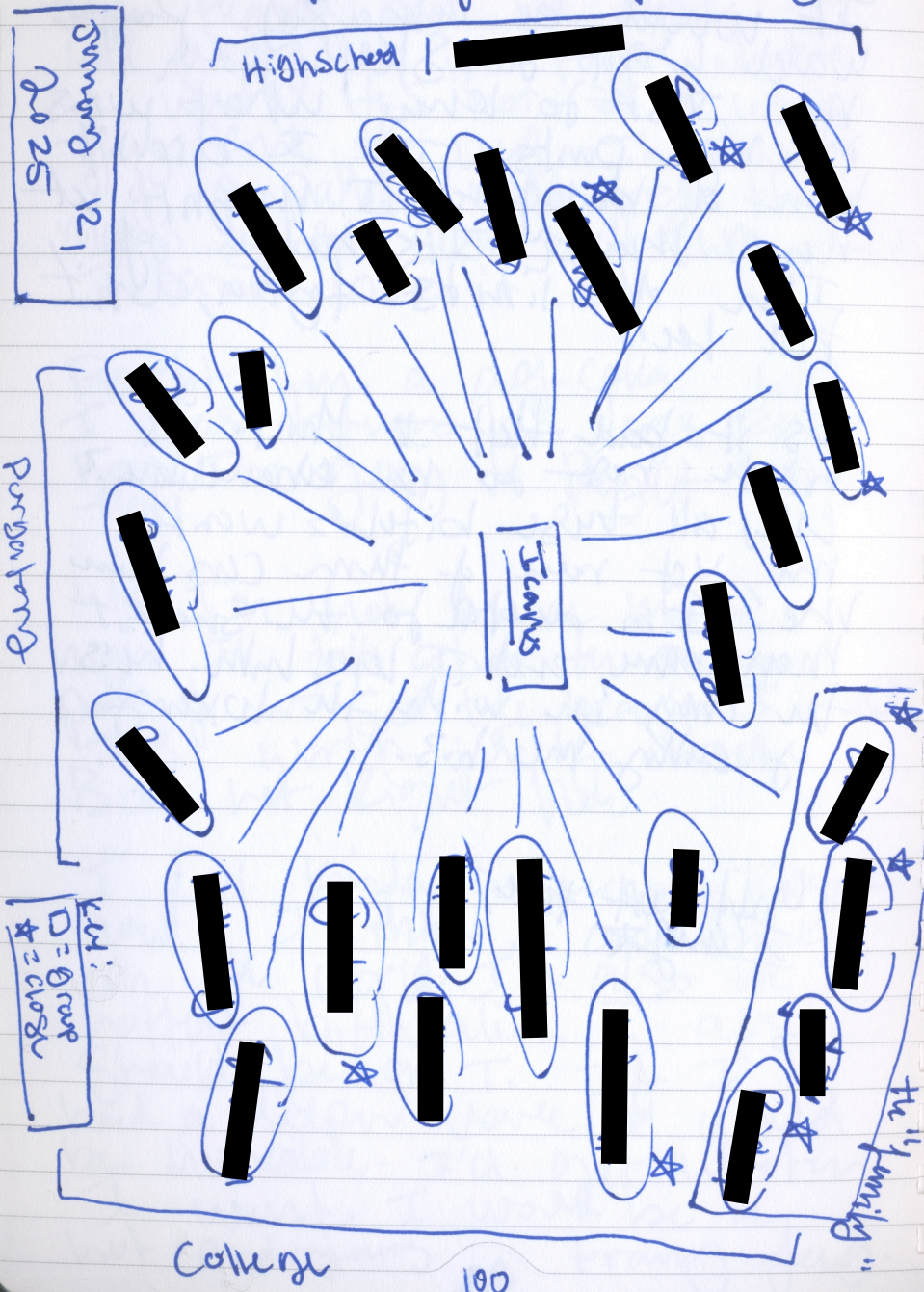
I feel kinda invisible right
now. I think I could take
on the world. I'm also the
hottest bitch alive. I also
should be on T. If I
had a deeper voice I would
be incredible. I'd get whatever
I want. I would be a
hot androgynous trans guy.

It would be amazing. Maybe
would want to sleep with
me just to know what was
in my pants. If I didn't
have a boyfriend I might let
them. Maybe it's not for
I'm off limits. Again, don't
tell [redacted].

Is it bad that I think it's
kinda hot to be abandoned?
Like, all these bitches want
me, yet none of them can have
me. I'm desired by the sweetest
men alive, and I love him. He's
the only one with the luxury
of cutting me his.

Write next time,
I can't

100th Page Special! friendship map!!



January 13, 2025

11:30pm

my Childhood Pain

I feel like I can never stop fighting. In every sense of the word.

I think I am a fighter at my core. I can think of few other words that so wholly describe my existence. I generally feel as though I have fought to keep everything I hold dear.

My health is a constant, uphill battle. First (and honestly sometimes still) mental, and now physically. I had to fight to be seen. I have to fight to not let it consume me. It's exhausting, yet stopping hasn't even crossed my mind.

I feel like I fought to be who I am today. I fought with myself about even trying to pursue art, and a concentration in ceramics. I had to fight to get it. I'm still fighting now to stay afloat, though the generosity of my buddies has helped. When I finally dropped my sketchbook with ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ she was astonished at the sheer amount of shit I had to tough through. 101 yet I can

Confidently say that not a single thing has ruined my first semester. In fact, it was almost better than I could have hoped for. I'd like to think it's because I'm a fighter, and it's my ~~strong~~ determination that kept me from being weighed down.

I fear my fighting spirit has ~~ruined my semester~~ ~~as~~ ~~aggravates~~ to it. Such is life, I suppose. While up until now I have dealt solely in metaphors, I find myself in many actual fights as well, thank you very much physical. (I don't think I can take that on Quora yet) ~~but~~ I was raised Sunday by seeing and seeing. And kids learn by example. Sometimes I find myself almost eager to pick fights with people. Berolli ~~giddily~~ at the push it gives me. Not only that, but sometimes it feels as if there's a war ~~within~~ within me. I'm not sure there will ever be a victor.

Until next time
Jenny ✱

les

January 6, 2021

1:58am

Childhood Ram

I either have a deadly disease or small removable tumors. Either way I think more surgery is on the horizon for me.

My pathology test came back as "Benign fibroadipose tissue with Fibrosis" in my pelvic wall, and "Benign fibromuscular tissue with no pathologic change" in my uterosacral. It's the former of these two that worries me.

It's hard to tell with just my own research, but I've come to two conclusions. I either have uterine fibroids, which are small tumors in my uterus that can be cured with a hysterectomy. My other possible conclusion is that I have fibrosis, which results in organ failure, and usually death. Considering the uterus is non-essential when it comes to living, I'm fairly certain it's not a death sentence - if I even have it. (It is also possibly fibromuscular dysplasia, but that lines up the least with my symptoms).

I was sobbing when I found out, but now I feel 103 like I'm in a wheel.

Maybe it's just because I haven't been officially diagnosed, but it's surprisingly easy to digest the fact that I may have a terminal disease. This is going to sound crazy, but I've always kind of felt like I wasn't going to live long. I just ~~can't~~ can't picture myself getting really old. I feel like I have a life expectancy of maybe 60. Realistically so. (meaning, in a worst case scenario, 3-6 months. Not so scary right now, but I can picture the heart break at the end). Either way, as long as I don't die in the next few years, I'll be content. Let me finish college, at least. I don't think I have the mental disease, however. This doesn't feel like dying.

This situation is making me frustrated with the lack of research dedicated to the female anatomy. I cannot find a single thing on the internet that gives a full, coherent definition to my diagnosis. Finally I knew I needed to put myself together.

I have an appointment with the doctor next Thursday. I'll be back in college by then, so the post visit crashout will most-

likely be in [redacted] room. Or maybe [redacted], if he gets his shit together. It will be easier for him to talk this all in when it's not our fly place. I don't want to talk about that right now.

I think I'll be okay. I'll know for sure Thursday. Until then, my stakes as a medical mystery remain unchanged.

Until next time,
Icarus ✨

January 13, 2025

8:42am

My (nr) Dorm

Today, at 10:30am, my life changes forever. one way or another. I so desperately want to be a liar in this moment. I want the doctor to come in and tell me I was wrong. I just have bad periods. That all I need is some birth control to fix this.

I know that's going to be the case. The pathology came back with a diagnosis. The tissue was described as "Irregular Scar tissue". I don't think it's possible to leave today's appointment not in tears.

My therapist, [redacted], said to reach out to people for comfort, which she always says. (Doesn't mean she's wrong). I told her I don't want pity. She told me I want people to tell me they're not going to leave me. I think she's right about that. I just don't want pity & empty words of comfort. I don't need someone to tell me it's going to be okay when it's clearly not. Even if I'm going to be okay, nothing else will. Does that make sense? Why do I even ask things like that? You're a book. You will never console me.

106

[redacted] told me to stop talking like I'm dying. I told him I'm not going to die, and I do believe that, but I can't help but feel like I am.

I want to finish my website [redacted] was showing me how to make. I think I'll upload this journal onto there. It's called "The Scars Archiving" after all. Maybe someone will read it. Maybe not. At least it's out there.

I think this will be my last entry. It feels fitting. And I don't think I'll write what the doctors tell me in here. That way, a piece of me who was never changed can still exist in these pages. This version of me will never know my future. I never want him to. I need him to stay here, still looking over the city with hope. The me who made it through the first semester of college. The me who was so excited for college in the first place. It's better this way. Less angst. I can look at these pages a little more fondly. This journal will feel a little less heavy. A hiccup to a time when emptying Penning was okay. I fear that will be much needed in the future.

107

It's coming up on time for me. I have to
get ready, ~~grab~~ breakfast, and meet my
mom in the hospital. I have a little
under two hours left of normalcy.

I think, no matter what happens after this,
I'm going to go back to [redacted] room and
just curl up in his bed. Just lay there for
a bit. maybe take a nap. Yeah, that sounds
nice.

Goodbye,
Icarus★



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