

My Journal

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Today was somewhat of a full day, and an even fuller head of thoughts. But, that's what you're for dear journal.

I started today off feeling anxious as all hell. This might seem silly further in the future, but I think a lot of it comes down to feelings about a girl. For future me who may not remember well, there's this girl Claire, who you talked to on the Benedum patio. There was a bouncy house, for whatever fucking reason, and you were smiling politely watching some *adults* enjoy the random bouncy house. It was a good moment. She noticed, and we struck up a conversation.

She was cool. Claire is a transfer student from Juniata college and is now technically a sophomore mechanical engineering student, though she'll tell you she's more of a junior. Good for her to make that switch—I'm sure that will pay off in dividends later. She is interested in prosthetics, and you recommended Humotech as a possible spot to land an internship next summer. She asked about our thesis, and how we like grad school. I'm pretty sure I gave an answer somewhere in the middle that I like it a lot but it's certainly a challenge. She had to go to class (MEMS 0024, lol), and I totally fumbled and did not get her number. She was clearly interested.

A couple days later, I saw her again on the patio when Andrew and I were going to eat lunch. We waved and exchanged smiles, but I didn't talk to her other than that. I regret that. I feel like I felt weird if I would've left Andrew alone while I did that, which probably does have some merit, but I also feel

like there's an age gap problem. I'm 24, going on 25, and she's 20 (maybe close to 21?). Now that I'm writing this, I don't feel like it should be an issue really, especially if there's a vibe and they (not necessarily Claire) are mature enough. I should've said hi and been more deliberate.

Things took a turn when I found her profile on Tinder. Before, I thought she was cute and nice, but her first picture on her profile at the time is her in a pink floral two piece swimsuit, and holy moly she is hot. I have to admit I was taken pretty down hard by lust at that point. She, at the time of this writing, has not liked me back. With a profile like that though I'm sure she's getting plenty of attention and I might be lost in the stack. I'm not too pressed about it.

Knowing that her class was today (Tuesday) though, I thought I'd sit out on the patio in case we bumped into each other. I did see her, but either she did not see me, or purposefully avoided me while she was headed into class. I think she was just busy. I'll try again next week perhaps unless I see her sooner? Who's to say. Not a priority.

I had therapy today. That went okay, I guess. We talked about this feeling of feeling disconnected that I've had recently. I have felt somewhat alone even while around others, and a bit less like myself. Kind of like I have less control over what I say or do. I would really like to get a handle on that. This journal should help. Rachel also recommened checking out a self-compassion test and to give myself some credit that things are good, and it's okay to be feeling weird. It's a big transition from what I was living. She also pointed at trauma... is this a trauma response? Am I waiting for a shoe to drop?

One thing we talked about is why am I not able to bring myself the happiness I would expect to get from having a partner? Am I seeking someone because I genuinely want a relationship or because I feel like I need someone else or am bored? I think it might be the latter, and that it's not a good time for me to get serious right now. I don't want to keep my head under the sand either, but it might be a good idea to relax some. I need to be happy on my own before I can bring that happiness to the table with someone else. But we'll get there.

Lewie is feeling rough with leg pains again. Amber and I were supposed to meet up this weekend to hang out at the dog park but that has been postponed a couple of weeks. I really hope he feels better soon, I feel bad for the puppo. I thought I saw a little limp on the webcam last week, but he immediately walked it off. Maybe that concrete isn't helping. Poor thing.

Then, I went to Ngoc's grandma's wake. She was 83 when she died. It was

somber, and honestly really hard to be there. Kim was particularly upset. Their family was very kind, but it reminded me of the disbelief that I had when my mom died. I remember the wake being very strange. I flitted around the room talking to different people almost as if to entertain. Like nothing was really that wrong to begin with. Then, when the pall bearers brought the casket out, there was a realization that overtook me completely. I could see that for some of her family, they hadn't hit that realization yet.

I drove back to school after that and hung out in Matt's lab for a while. I tried to write some goals and outcomes, but didn't make any progress. It was nice to be around friends, though. Then, I gave David a ride up to the VA hospital where his car was parked.

I thought I noticed Eliana shooting looks at me. I followed her on instagram, I guess we'll see where things go.

Tomorrow I'll see Devyn and Erik! I'm very excited for that. We're getting dinner at Totopo and perhaps drinks at Hitchhiker. Devyn is interviewing at Aerotech for a new job. Good for him. It'll be nice to see Erik too.

That's pretty much it. I listened to some Matt Maltese this afternoon and that made me feel a bit better. Now that it's after midnight, I can't complain and feel more neutral than anything. I'm excited to ride my bike in to school tomorrow.