

## *Chapter 17*

**Saturday**  
**December 28, 2013**  
**9:44am**

Honest to god...I just woke up not too long ago and I'm due at the gym for Clark in 16 minutes and all I want to do is smoke a cigarette and go back to *bed*. That's almost *all* my days lately consist of...wanting to smoke a cigarette, floss and brush my teeth, and then go back the *fuck* to ***bed***. It's been ***awful***. I haven't even felt like *writing* because things are so tangled up in knots in my head. But it's time to *start*, because a new year is *upon* us...and I *want* that fresh start more than I can say...more, than *anything*.

**Sunday**  
**December 29th, 2013**  
**1:09am**

*God!!!* My mama is *still* up! And she saw me carry the rest of my “Home Goods” in from the car, and I don’t think she saw me *looking* at her...but I most *assuredly*, saw her shaking her head at *me*...

I *hate* that I seek others’ approval—it’s like, the *worst* thing in this entire *world* ;o/

Sigh...

**Sunday**  
**December 29th, 2013**  
**1:12am**

PS—when I *saw* her shaking her head...I was carrying in my Home Goods “room divider”. So that could be why...for the headshake, I mean...

I was just speaking earlier today of “needing” one to separate “my” basement room (i.e. space)—from *their* messy ass one! So...

Quite *curious*—that I’d happen *upon* one, *today...just*, as needed...

And it’s *perfect* too!

A little FDC for *you*...

A little *more* FDC, for ***me!!!***

;o)

**Sunday**  
**December 29th, 2013**  
**2:26am**

Ohh my *god*...

I'm unpacking everything and it all looks great...I mean, *so much better* than great...

But, I feel I'ma 'bouta have a *heart attack* over here...

I have spent *so much money!!!*

;o/

I don't even know *what* I'ma do ;o(

*But...*as Nina Simone is singin' to me...

Birds flyin' high, *you* know how I *feel*...

*Sun in the sky*—*you* know how I *feel*...

*Breeze!!!* Driftin' on by...*you* know how I *feel*...

It's a new dawn,

It's a new day,

It's a new *life*...

For me yeahhh...

It's a new dawn,

It's a new day...

It's a new life for me...

Ohhhohhhohhoh...

Ohhhohh...

And I'm feeling—*good*...

(**2:32am** -- If I don't have a heart attack first...)

And I'm *feelin' good*...

**Sunday**  
**December 29th, 2013**  
**10:17am**

I find myself curiously feeling slightly suicidal this morning...

But it could just be the letdown from last night.

But I have high energy already, just off 5 hours of sleep...so, who knows...

Mixed episode?

*I don't know...*

**Sunday**  
**December 29th, 2013**  
**11:14am**

I want to have a cigarette and really wish I could just have one in *peace*.

I feel much guilt over purchasing these *super* awesome electronics, but not enough to make me take them *back*...especially since they're all, almost *set up*. It's **awesome**...

And there's a slight *chance* the record player might work too, with the new sound bar since I found a new needle head for it in dad's old music stuff. So...

All that and I want to *kill* myself for all the guilt I feel by not doing what I'm told, and for not *being* who I'm "supposed" to be. I guess we'll see how it works out...

There's always suicide to release the suffering, but I'll give it my best to persist through this day.

Be back soon (*hopefully*...)—

JANE SAYS ~ Let Us Rise Above

## ON DREAMING – So Says The Queen...

29 Sunday Dec 2013

POSTED BY MARISSA K. VARCHO IN DEPRESSION, ON BEING MENTALLY "ILL"

≈ LEAVE A COMMENT

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Tags

Bipolar, Dreaming, hope, Humanity, Life, Medications, Mental disorder, Mental health, mental illness, Pain, Perception, Persistence, Personal, Reflection, Social Sciences, Time

“There is no use trying,”  
said Alice; “one can’t  
believe impossible things.”  
“I dare say you haven’t had  
much practice,” said the  
Queen. “When I was your age,  
I always did it for half an  
hour a day. Why, **sometimes**  
**I’ve believed as many as six**  
**impossible things before**  
**breakfast.**” -Lewis Carroll

## REFLECTION FROM MARCH 26<sup>1<sup>st</sup></sup>, 2008

RE: BIPOLAR BABY STEPS...

WRITTEN 3/26/2008 @ AGE 26

If I'm a dreamer as Stella says, then no wonder I want to end my life when my ability to dream ceases to be. The logic makes perfect sense. Dreaming is my lifeline. If I live in a world where I cannot dream, where no dreams come true and consequently I have no longer the ability to dream, then *no wonder* I want to remove myself from such a world.

### LATER

I take back what I said before about therapy. What I learned in therapy is how to observe and acknowledge my feelings, and how to more accurately discern the stimuli causing them, and all that's pretty vague but it's made all the difference in my world. I still feel like I've come so far and gotten nowhere, but if I force myself to look at where I've come from, I know I'm either lying to myself or sorely mistaken. Learning to track my moods and behavior and the stimuli causing each led me to self diagnose my bipolar condition. Having finally been correctly diagnosed, I can finally start taking the correct medications to help, rather than aggravate, my natural condition. It's made all the difference in the world I'm sure. Of what I am not sure is why I did not think of that earlier. I'm not sure why I was feeling so much animosity earlier, but I think it probably has more to do with personalities than it does principles. If you catch my drift...

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