

I can't get enough sleep at night, for 2 reasons, one, I have too much to do during the day (homework, piano, chores) that I can't get to bed at a decent time, & two, once I do get to bed, I'm so wired up from the day that it takes an hour or two to unwind & to try to stop thinking about ~~the~~ things.

Gotta call back Jan.

Bye

P.S. I'm tired of everything.

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4:44 PM

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My moods have been changing so abruptly that I've not written in here for a few days, I guess because I usually write in the evenings & that's when my mood swings downward, way downward.

I haven't felt really happy in a long

time. There have been moments when I'm quite contented, such as now. But I don't get that related feeling ~~now~~ anymore, and I miss it. Oh I'm not complaining; I do have good times. For instance, in Chemistry today we were putting together ~~some~~ little wooden balls with springs. (They were supposed to be atoms - hydrogen, carbon, chlorine, bromine) We're studying organic chem. for awhile with our student teacher.

It was such a laugh trying to put together these trinkety balls, & there were points where Vickie & I thought we would explode with laughter. I kept <sup>trying to</sup> imagine ~~my~~ our flimsy alkane models as the real thing, & it was such a sad sight that I couldn't help laughing.

At one point, I dropped a white wooden hydrogen ball while Mr. K. was talking to us. It rolled down the floor & got wedged under one of us' feet. I thought I was going to die with trying to control my laughter. Finally K. asked what was wrong, & I casually got up, walked up to us, tapped him, pointed to the hydrogen atom, picked it up from

under his shoe, & ~~managed~~ managed to get back to my desk before bursting into hysterical laughter.

We occasionally do have some good times in Chemistry.

But even through my brief laughing phases, I still have this very melancholy feeling inside me. It shows up mainly in the evenings. I get listless & depressed & just plain unhappy.

Is this what every teenager goes through? I thought I made it through my puberty stages.

At around the age of 10 or 11, I first started to become aware of the world around me; I realized I wasn't the only individual; I realized that life isn't all play & no work, & it struck me hard at first.

It seems like that awareness has just hit me again, but it's a deeper awareness, <sup>this</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>times</sup> not the kind of thing one can put into words.

I know that I'm going to need the will (& a <sup>lot</sup> bit of optimism) to survive in this world.

I try to hang on to my good moods but I'm finding it hard. What is there to be

optimistic about in this world?

I know, that's a very bad outlook.

I'm working on changing it, but it's not too difficult to view the world as rather bleak & uninviting when you're 15.

Hi. Just ate dinner. I'm in a bad mood now. I always am after supper, when <sup>my stepfather's</sup> here & he's drunk. I lose my appetite ~~when~~ <sup>when</sup> he is peating with us & exhibiting his drunken stupidity. It's like having a baby brother who is rather a pain in the neck.

This is probably why my appetite is not what it used to be. I have <sup>gained</sup> weight in ages: 5'6" 1/4 & 105 pounds. Skinny as a rake.

Sometimes when I can't handle <sup>my stepfather</sup> during supper, I pretend there is something good on T.V. & take a tray <sup>into the T.V. room</sup> ~~to the T.V. room~~ & watch any old thing.

3 exams on Thurs., 1 on Fri.

HELP.

Oh just let me be, depression. let me ~~be~~ be, world.

Let me be myself & let me do what I want. Thinking of M doesn't help. I'm afraid we'll get carried away & go all the way &

I don't want to with him because I don't love him.

What we have is physical infatuation. I love the feelings between us when he's on top of me, but I can't say it's love.

I'm afraid he'll want to go all the way & I'll have to say no, & why I won't. I don't want to tell him what I just wrote.

That year of going crazy over him, was it real?? Why has it died down? If only we got together sooner, maybe this wouldn't have happened. Maybe, maybe, if, if...

I'm lucky in love in the way that M & I actually did get together, but I'm unlucky in the way that it didn't work out the way I had dreamed of.

~~I~~ Love, passion, everything you read about, was how I thought it ~~would~~ be. But no.

Why does this always end up in people hurting?

Well I'd better suffer over homework now.

P.S. <sup>my stepfather</sup> is very drunk & he wants me to play Trivial Pursuit with him. I don't want to play with him, nor do I have the time. If I say I can't, he'll talk for days about how I don't spend any time with him.

What do I do?

PPS. Saranam, I  
SWP0052.

