

I think I lost track of time again. Maybe I should start looking at the calendar again. Not sure how much longer I'm gonna be on this fucked up vacation. The good news is that I'm slowly starting to leave this weird limbo state I've been in for the past, what, week? Two weeks? More? I'm afraid to check. So I won't.

Guitars are much more complicated to build than I thought.

I've been thinking of calling Amelia. I feel bad for ignoring her calls. And, well, not showing up to our "hanging out like normal people" thing. I was supposed to drive over to her place and pick her up to go to the market together, but, well.

I keep jumping from thought to thought. I don't think anything I write here matters that much. I'm just documenting my life. I feel like I should keep writing just to make sure these things actually happened. Or so that I don't forget. I don't know.

I guess I'll write about Amelia. Since she's been on my mind this much. I don't know if it's because of guilt or something else. It's probably something more. It's like when you go to a funeral and suddenly you love your friends and family more. Except no one died. I'm not making sense again. Anyway.

She might be the most important person in my life. Or the closest one. I don't know if there's a difference.

We met around when I started my master's. 2009, I think, if I remember right, or maybe later. She was training to become a vet at the same university that I was studying at. I remember my friends dragged me (I didn't protest, I did kind of want to go) to some sort of start of the year party, which is where I saw her for the first time. And my first thought when I first saw her was "wow, she looks terrifying". And I don't mean anything bad by it, obviously, I was easily intimidated by people that appeared "cool" and she was kind of a goth. Second thought, or more like a feeling, was confusion, and then fascination, because I realized she didn't look anything like the current day goths and punks or whatever else, she looked like someone straight out of the 80s. Anyways, I didn't get to think about her much then, since I got immediately dragged away to talk to whoever my friends wanted to talk to, or whoever they wanted me to meet.

At around midnight, when everyone is now off doing whatever or too deep in shitty booze to care about anything outside of this beer-smelling bubble that formed in whatever frat on campus, I usually end up trying to fuse with some old stained couch or bean bag in someones hot-boxed bedroom with maybe 5 or 6 more people. Everyone passing around probably the lamest bong you've ever seen in your entire life. I mean, once you're in that state, no one gives a shit. That night was the same as it was in almost every party I've been to. Then at some point during the night Amelia stumbles into the fog and then onto the beanbag I'm occupying. So now in

the room there's 7 people in total - me, Amelia, my friend Nicky, a guy I vaguely knew (I think his name was Ernie? I wasn't friends with him, but I talked to him maybe once or twice), two girls I've never seen before and didn't see since, and another guy I was sure I saw sniffing glue right before a lecture a few weeks prior.

Up close Amelia wasn't intimidating at all, probably because she looked like she was the most joyful person in the world. She was loud and confident and incredibly funny. I don't remember how I started talking to her then, but we ended up talking until we both passed out from exhaustion, which was probably around late morning. Later Nicky told me that the two of us looked funny like that, like we would fuse together anytime. Back then I looked a bit like a hippie, I had long hair, like past my shoulders long, and when we talked our faces were so close to each other that the mess of our hair almost got tangled together multiple times.

We became friends really quick. Not long after that we started dating.

See, back then I thought this is what love at first sight is. I now know that I was kind of right, just not the way I thought I would be. All the times I dated girls before Amelia it never worked out for longer than two months, no one was really happy, or fulfilled, or whatever else, and I thought, well, that's student life for you. So you can imagine that when I met Amelia I thought that this must be it. She understands me, I understand her. Et cetera. I was ecstatic, I thought I was actually in love. What I actually found there was real connection - a soulmate, if you will, just in a platonic sense, not a romantic one. In a way this is both funny and very sad, because can you imagine confusing having a best friend for being in love? But then I guess it's not that crazy, really. Love's kind of all the same. I did love her a lot, I still love her. She's my best friend. Of course, it would've saved us both a lot of time and grief and whatever else if I had realized that I'm not even attracted to women earlier, but what can you do now. I'm glad she's still here.

Anyway. We were quite a freaky looking pair, once again, in Nicky's words, "glued together constantly", her looking like a character from an 80s horror movie and me looking like the complete opposite of that. She was such a blast to be around, to the point I often forgot about my "dream problems", or whatever you want to call them, completely. It felt normal. Felt great. I was so deep in denial that for a while I couldn't even tell that something was off, neither could she. Or maybe I could, subconsciously. I don't know. It explains some of the things I did with other guys while intoxicated. I guess I forced those memories and thoughts out of my head for a while. Either way. It worked for a while, probably because I genuinely loved her a lot. For a few years, even. Longest relationship I've been in. Yet it still didn't feel exactly right. Never really felt like enough. And it felt bad, I felt guilty, because how can this not be enough? Like, that's outrageous. Well. Now I laugh at myself. But I'm not surprised, considering the kind of shit I could repress back then. Not until I moved to Alaska for a bit, but that's a whole other discussion to have.

Well anyways. We broke up after a few years. I don't really know when that was exactly, though I could probably point it out on a calendar if I were presented with the events that followed. Even if I knew I was gay at that point, and she knew it too, for some reason the idea of breaking up fucking terrified me beyond belief. I think I almost became dependent on her somehow. I thought that if we stayed "glued together" like we were before I would be okay. Obviously unrealistic and irrational thoughts to have. Thinking back I think I should've realized there's a more rational approach to figuring out you're attracted to men. But then at the same time the nightmares I was having became worse. I became paranoid about things. I acted irrationally. So I guess when the actual breakup happened that explains why I immediately took a job in Alaska. For 3 years. I still wouldn't be able to tell you exactly why I did that. I literally ran away from friends and family and everything else. I don't really remember what I was thinking at the time but it must've been something along the lines of "I need things to change". Not sure for better or for worse. The actual job I did there isn't even relevant to the reasons I moved out.

Anyways. Being alone and not knowing people there kind of slammed the doors open in my head, in a way. There's too much room to think when you have no people to talk to. It's like I stepped out of a big cage into a smaller cage, smaller cage being a small Alaskan town. In a way it helped and made things worse. I did have more space to think about things, but it didn't solve the dreams and memories issues. So I made a decision there that if I can't solve it I shouldn't. Sometimes things just happen. I don't know. I calmed down there. Went back home. Reconnected with Amelia, who turned out to be a vet living in Wisconsin. She said she likes it there, so I visited her. Then I moved there. Got a good job, then a better one, the one I have currently. I would even call it lucrative. The past few years were calm, if not dull. I don't know. I lived the platonic ideal of normality. I'd say I still do, but you (me, reading this page again) know how that's going for me. Or for you. Hello future me, don't forget to feed your evil rats, since you've probably been sitting at this stupid desk for hours avoiding making any sudden movements. It's not like anything is going to shoot you or something. The worst that can happen probably already happened, what's left is just dealing with the aftermath. I should probably go try and make an actual meal.

It's all probably not as bad as it feels.