

Limbo

Volume Three



**The Journals of
Meghan McDonnell**



Limbo: The Journals of Meghan McDonnell
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Meghan McDonnell

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Introduction

The Journals of Meghan McDonnell are a project I've been pursuing for almost three decades, since I was 8 years old. I'm publishing each journal in chronological installments as my love letter to human beings because I know others crave story and mutual identification as much as I do. I find daily life so extraordinary that I feel compelled to record it constantly. I keep journals consistently with passion. Within the pages are the hours and years I've spent writing what I thought was significant. The content contains the specific and the universal.

In our culture, we often ignore, suppress, or deny who we are on the inside. Let my words be a balm to you; to liberate, to unmask, and to loosen the binds. I write what I can't speak aloud. I write what I wish is true and what I fear is true. I want to share these volumes because I believe they say something familiar, unexpected, resonant, and true. Let them be sanctuary to thaw the freeze you may feel when faced with your own selfhood amid what this crazy world demands of you. In writing, I have yielded to thoughts and emotions that have insisted on my attention. I have chosen to share them in candor and empathy in hopes that you will feel less alone. Writing is my way of saying, "This matters," which really means, "We all matter." I tend to the intimate, the secret, what resists being spoken. I say, "Speak it, share it." I absorb people and experiences, alchemize them with my internal life, and pour it back out in the journals. I am not ashamed of thoughts and feelings whether they are yours or mine. In expressing myself through writing, I can unflinchingly avow: "This is who I am and this is what I do."

All names and identifying characteristics have been changed to protect the innocent and the guilty. I have solely recorded my interpretations and opinions of all events. Certain place names have been changed. All else is as I wrote it at the time. You'll find links to songs, books, and films throughout the text and a playlist at the end.

Volume three goes further into my development as correspondent from the trenches of daily life. Take this ride and go deep into the pages. You will discover something worthwhile and recognize yourself in the words.

Tuesday, August 24, 1999

I'm at Denny's back in Seattle. I talked to Lucas a bit ago and I hate that it's back to phone conversations again. I woke up feeling dread at 7:30 this morning but I had to remind myself it wasn't last summer, pull myself up by my bootstraps, and go babysit for Sylvia all day. I got coffee from Emma. I need a steady job. I'm not getting into that again, though. Being back, it's like I never left but thinking back on certain parts of the last ten days, it feels like I was gone a long time, especially thinking of driving by Mono Lake near dusk after seeing Bodie on our first day together. We'd been hot and thirsty in Bodie and we drove with the windows down. It was windy and beautiful out and I was content. Lucas was next to me.

He was pissed because he called three times today and I didn't call back. I get sad when I do. I wish I could scheme up a get-rich-quick plan. Doesn't everyone.

I thought about Yosemite earlier and it filled me with peace and happiness. I wish Lucas and I could live in a tent and climb for a few months. I can't flip when he goes back to Redlands. I'm trying to get used to it to the point where I can relax about it. Last night, Lucas told me I remind him of his brother because we both have strong minds and we get ourselves worked up over our thoughts. I feel strange, like life is lucid and open and I get to determine things, like I have to take shit by the horns. It's getting to be my newly dreaded time of year: fall. I'm picking Skyler

up from the airport tomorrow and driving her to Bellingham. I wonder how and when I'm getting to LA.

I picked up *Into Thin Air* by Jon Krakauer. I'm intrigued by Mt. Everest. I've been thinking about drawing and painting. I don't know where to begin when I get a colorful tool in my hand. I'll be taking care of Sylvia for the next week. I'm waiting for the Nara Grill to call me. Please God, don't let me go back to the want ads. I picked up my Space Needle check today. The union sent me a bill for \$65 because of my few days of work there. What bullshit. That place has been nothing but a pain in my ass. But I have to remember that the chain of events allowed me ten days with Lucas. I made him promise not to sleep with or even kiss any girls before I boarded the plane last night. I wish I didn't do that shit but it was good to hear him promise. I'm paranoid. I wish he sounded more secure about it. He straight out said (a few times) how lame it is to be with other girls but he sounded like there is a certain allure to it. I don't get it. I hate it when people say that: "I don't get it." It's clueless and stupid.

Emma is still seeing Dwight on random nights even though he is in a supposedly serious relationship with someone else. She's off her rocker. Cassidy emailed yesterday and she's at Collaroy Beach. She met a boy and she's trying to extend her visa to spend more time with him. She's starry-eyed: "My world's been turned upside down." Tom emailed from England and he's funny as hell.

Love, Meghan

Wednesday, August 25, 1999

I'm at the Wagon Wheel again. I babysat for Sylvia all day and then picked Skyler up. We drove up here and that same strange feeling that settles over me every time did again. The sun was golden and beautiful. I get nostalgic and filled with longing, sadness, and love. It's bittersweet misery. Sadie isn't here and I'm bummed. She's in Chicago with Ethan. It nauseates me to look back to two years ago. I can't believe this place and its effects on me. I'm missing Lucas and I'm bummed at the prospect of job hunting and working for God knows how long until I have enough money to move to LA. The hip-hop tape Jeremy made for Lucas is crazy good.

Sky and I are drinking tonight. I have to get up at 6am to babysit in Seattle. It's hard to be without Lucas again. I'm sad and loving him. The distance is still hard. It dampens my spirits. I can't bear to think about last fall. Why do I gaze into my past and immerse myself in it? Maybe I'm curious to see how I got through things or it's a way of escaping my present circumstances. All I know is that I love Lucas and I want to be near him. We've known how much distance has messed with our relationship and yet I'm still in Washington and he's still in California. He won't budge from Redlands and he shouldn't but at this point, I want to be in So Cal and the only reason I can't feasibly be there is because of money. I'm struggling with the same problems and issues that have been going on since over a year ago. I blow up at Mom every time we talk about California because I'm frustrated that I'm stuck in Seattle until I make bank. Lucas has his schoolwork and social life laid out for him at Redlands. I'm the only thing missing for him. My entire school/social/job life is in utter chaos and disarray on top of being away from Lucas.

I've been re-reading my journal from last summer. I wrote about how distanced and housewife-y Lucas made me feel sometimes. It grips me with a sick feeling. He wanted to hold onto me but he distanced himself in preparation for Redlands.

It frightens me that people can shut themselves off. Let's be specific: that Lucas and I have shut ourselves off to each other because of feeling deeper pain or love. Case in point: I get reminded of, re-read, or plain think about situations from the past two years and I feel like

shutting down and cutting myself off from him because the pain is fresh. I do exactly what I'm afraid of him doing.

I wish he thinks I'm beautiful and smart and amazing and talented and that no other person comes close to me in his eyes, mind, and heart. I don't know if that's too much to ask. I get paranoid, thinking I'm more into it than he is. I develop excruciating questions. If we're connected and in love, if he is my true mate and he undoubtedly feels that way, how does he explain last fall through up until I got back from Australia? I have to accept that it was our first time apart and that we had to figure out if we wanted each other above anyone or anything else. Trial and error. As much as I love Bellingham, it suffocates and saddens me. Cassidy's calling from Collaroy to fill us in on her new love so I have to get back to Skyler's.

Love, Meghan

Friday, August 27, 1999

I'm going to Amy Thatcher's wedding tonight and it's the worst possible time to go to a wedding. I baby sat for Sylvia today. She's beautiful. She surprises me with how smart she is.

I realized today that I am free. I wrap myself up in chains and bring pain and stress upon myself for no reason. It's a choice. I'm walking on a tightrope lately. I forget that the worst enemy and war is with yourself. I'm always looking to Lucas and feeding off of him. I forget I have my own life and freedom and desires and things I love. I put myself in a cage concerning him. I love him but I have an intense fear of losing him. What do I expect when I act the way I do? I keep breaking down and flaunting my weakness and pain. I don't want to do that. I want secrets. I want things that are just mine. There are tools for expression and I would rather get it out in those ways instead of always talking and thinking instead.

In a Deepak Chopra book I read earlier, he wrote about the importance of silence. Initially, the voices get louder but then the mind backs off and the heart or self comes in. The shit in my head seems powerful but it's comforting to think there's truth that's stronger and deeper than it.

I have an image of going to a healer or a shaman and I can hear them saying, "You've got a lot of pain and bullshit inside you that has been eating up your spirit. We have to drive out years of nonsense you've chosen to build up in yourself."

Seattle bums me out. I have no direction. I wish I could go to university in California, get excited about school, meet a tight group of friends, and enjoy myself. I had a messed up talk with Lucas yesterday. I was crying and saying ridiculous things. It scared me when he said, "You're gonna be miserable and unhappy forever." He wants me to write a song for him. I don't do well on command but I have to do this for him.

I can't stop listening to "[Dramamine](#)" by Modest Mouse. I found it at Skyler's the other night. It's one of those rare things lately that gets me absorbed. I can do anything in the whole fucking world. I write. I dance. I sing. I paint. I am here now. I'm not looking back or forward. I have all I need. I do all I need. Everything is open to me. Everything is waiting for me. I have the help of God, the angels, the faeries, my family, and my friends.

Everything is a dizzying, glorious dance. I am safe. I create. I choose goodness. I choose to see things how I see them. I choose to determine how I act. I choose not to be afraid anymore. I choose to smile. It's not who or how I want to be when I get stuck or angry or defeated. I have chosen these things and now I choose to stop them and give them away. They are gone. I am free. I am not afraid. I choose my path. I am willing to accept the good that is in store for me. My energy and thoughts affect everything. I am putting calm, ease, gentleness, goodness, and progress out. I will receive these now.

I miss Lucas. I wonder if he's part of my path and picture. I wonder if I have the strength and destiny to be with him. I have to allow what I must be. I'm tired of fighting myself. I'm tired of crying useless tears and being petty with Lucas. I need to listen to myself and feel where I need to be and what I need to be doing. I need silence and contemplation. I need to draw.

Love, Meghan

Tuesday, August 31, 1999

I'm at the Cochran's. It's 8am and the kids are sleeping. I talked to Lucas last night and he's rock climbing right now. I wish I were. Last night, I went through all sorts of old papers and things I wrote in high school. I wondered why I was gazing back into that time. All the trees in this city look droopy and sad. They look unhealthy. I need to get today's crossword. I look forward to those. I finished yesterday's with help from my neighbor.

I went to a few places in search of work yesterday. I want to work at Poor Italian Cafe. Holly is moving to LA in a couple days and I need to talk to her about living together. I found a good apartment there on the internet yesterday. It's going to be hard to leave my family and the people I'm close to here. It helps me understand why Lucas left Washington.

I got sad realizing I won't be back at Western and sadder that I won't ever experience it with Lucas again. The whole family kicked it at Amy Thatcher's wedding reception on Friday. Amy got tossed and the rest of us got loose, too. After the wedding, I went to Cora's and saw her, Margo, Terrence, and Drew. I talked to Drew about how I see him (Tom Waits, how Drew is one of the last few classic men, yadda yadda yadda). I talked to Michelle Glass, too. I went home at 4am and took a ferry to Vashon on Saturday. I went to an old gym with Nate and Monica. Trevor Rand's brother and all these kids played music while Nate showed slides of his photos. We drank and went to Monica's to go hot-tubbing and crashed at 5:30am. I took a ferry home on Sunday and had brunch at Aunt Frances's with everyone. I want to get coffee with Emma tonight.

Lucas and I are moving back into the distance/talking on the phone/I-have-other-shit-to-do phase. I hope we don't get stupid on each other again. Cassidy's coming home on the 8th and I can't wait. We'll be hanging out. She comforts to me. She understands how I am. I can't wait to hear about the rest of her travels. Skyler and I want to pick her up somewhere between here and LA, where Cassie is flying into.

Love, Meghan

(later on) I'm at Allegro. I got a job as a waitress and hostess at Poor Italian Café on Virginia St. in Belltown. I'm elated. I start on Thursday evening. I'll be babysitting during the days and working at night - full time when Pam doesn't need me to watch Sylvia anymore.

On the way here, I thought about how much things have changed with me, how I've progressed. It's time to devise a vision. I know I'm going to create via writing and music. I've been thinking about all I wrote to Mr. Wiseman for spirituality class senior year and people's responses to my presentation for my senior project. I feel like a female Holden Caulfield. I am honest when I want to be. I'm curious about painters, their visions. They baffle and astound me. I feel a need to contribute to my culture. I know I can get to LA. It's scaring me because I see it can actually happen. I don't mind that I have to work my ass off.

I talked to Lucas earlier after I took a nap. I feel a deep sense of love and confusion for him. My vision is necessary. It's strange not to be concentrated on Lucas for my vision and mission. He's deeply rooted in all of it and it won't be complete without him. But a few of our problems resulted from me being too absorbed in our predicaments to the point that I left no time, energy, or space for creation and movement on my own terms.

I thought about Western today and how friendly everyone is there and walking through our beautiful campus. I didn't immerse myself in the wonderful people and opportunities I could have gone after. I don't regret it. Stagnancy and sadness are part of this. But I need to move. I need to write and play music and keep up my relationships with people. Lucas has seen the worst of my worse sides. I wish he hadn't. I have questions and curiosity about us now instead of insecurity. I could be eating my words any moment. I have gifts to offer and now that I'm doing it in small degrees, I'm feeling more complete. I hope this leads to strength and acceptance between Lucas and me.

I can't stop listening to Modest Mouse. I saw Drew and Nate. They're part of what I'm saying my vision is. If in a year or two or 10, I'm on my own, I know I'll be great. Somewhere I stopped taking care of and loving myself. My priorities got out of line. Everything starts and ends at how you treat yourself. I've had a fucked up belief that I love and care for Lucas so much that I have to be in pain and misery. That makes no sense but it strikes a chord of truth for me. He doesn't need me to be in pain or tortured in order to show love. He needs something different from that and it's this whole new trip I've been embarking on.

I want to want to run, swim, rock climb, and camp in mountains. I crave the mountains and trees. I need music. I need strings, cellos, violins, guitars. I crave painting and color and light and shadow. I crave visions, ideas, and images. I crave writing. I crave what others before me have written. I need access to these things. I need to write because it helps me make sense of and release myself. I crave structure and discipline and guidance. I need fresh air and water. I need crossword puzzles and trivia. They give me a strange satisfaction and remind me that I have a shitload more to learn. I need sleep. I need work because it gives me discipline, makes me self-sufficient and appreciative of relaxation. I crave order, organization, cleanliness but not to the point where it drives me batty. I need a relationship with God but not the God they gave me as a child. A God I can love and trust on my own terms. I need to trust and love Lucas and to realize that I have a significant role in our relationship. I need peace, calm, and joy in the midst of insane chaos. I need to know my family and dear friends and to have strong, meaningful relationships with them. I need trust, faith, and the comfort of knowing everything is as it should be. I need to go after what I want, knowing I can receive, be, and do anything. I need to give and to thank. I need to maintain and achieve. I need to keep my head up, keep my eyes on the heights.

Love, Meghan

Wednesday September 1, 1999

It's that fateful day again - September 1st. I went to SUWS five years ago today. This was that awful day a year ago on the spot that I had to say goodbye to Lucas and let him get on a plane headed for the unknown. One other 9/1 I remember clearly was junior year in high school. I was in colegio on the second floor of St. Mary's with Mrs. Sturm for history, Mr. Hardin for English, and Mr. Kramer for religion. I remember that day because I was writing a note, not paying attention to class and I realized it was my one year anniversary of going to SUWS. Those ones stick out. This one isn't memorable. I babysat for the Cochrans today and took them swimming. Now I'm outside at Appassionato. It's sunny but you can tell the weather has taken a colder turn.

The fall has always been many things to me. In grade school, I hated it because summer was my favorite season and I dreaded the start of school; most of all in 8th grade after summer '92 and meeting Oliver, Tilda, and co. I've known them for seven years now- crazy. High school was the same. But junior year I began to like the fall when I got into Kerouac and Michelle Shocked.

They introduced me to new ideas. I developed a friendship with Aidan that fall. Senior year, I dug Nate and began to embrace the fall. Do I have to recount the fall of my freshman year at Western? I loved it. I still love it. Last year was too painful but this time around, fall will be wonderful.

I've been questioning whether or not I'm ready to be done with Western. I think of it fondly. Maybe I dread letting go of freshman year. It will never be that way again. In that respect, it's time to start anew. Had Lucas stayed there, who knows. One of those thoughts I like to play with but is best left alone. I have to prove to myself that I can hack it on my own in LA. I know I can. I always do well on my own. I've discovered how good I am. That helps.

I've been thinking about Lucas intensely when I wake up in the mornings. Today I was scared and I said to myself, "Trust. Can you do that?" I'm unable to let myself relax in Lucas's love. My mind bombards me with questions and curiosity about what we'll become, what we are becoming. I always feel that somewhere, somehow, we'll be a vital part of each other. I'm not as uneasy about Redlands lately. I'm concentrating on what's important for me rather than the usual freaking out about what might go wrong or simply what might happen. I have to understand that letting go and relaxing doesn't mean loving or desiring Lucas less. It's strange to talk to him lately. I'm doing more mental work and I don't know where I'm at when we talk. I'm rediscovering what I have within me and realizing that my life, my past, and who I am are important. Just as important, sacred, and valid as everyone else's. I always look at all kinds of people and think how beautiful, smart and special they are. It's good to see those things in myself as I am now. I start my job tomorrow night and I'm excited.

Love, Meghan

P.S. It feels strange not to feel tragic.

(later on) I'm going out tonight. I went through old shit from Western. I deserve better than what I go through with Lucas. He's taught me innumerable things. I can hear his voice in my head, telling me to write, to make music, telling me to be my truest, best self. I won't listen to anyone else. I listen to him. I hear him, even if I don't know it. Writing is my salvation, along with "Dramamine" and images of my future. With Lucas, I can't get over the irony.

Love Meghan

(still later) On our way to Amy's wedding, Elizabeth played me a song called "[Breakable](#)" by Fisher from the "[Great Expectations](#)" soundtrack. It gives me a glimpse of Lucas's side that I haven't seen before. It makes me want to cry because I've made it impossible. I still love him. I'm working through my feelings and I don't know where or how he fits into it. I feel rational and strong, like things are coming together. But that doesn't mean it makes sense. I have to accept that.

Love, Meghan

Thursday, September 2, 1999

I'm at the Mecca. I babysat the Cochran kids. They're beautiful and smart but they have a tinge of over-confidence. They are close to each other and I love that. Lucas called me at their house this morning. He said he's moving to Redlands permanently today. It put a damper on my spirits. I got sad, which I didn't expect. He noticed and it bummed him out. I wish I didn't do that. I felt sunk after we got off the phone. But Laura needed help with something and I had to get absorbed in that. I don't want to bring myself down.

Things have been unfolding for me. It's hard to explain. I talked to Skyler, Sadie, and Carla last night. I got tea with Kristi at Allegro. Terrence and I talked for a long time, too. I start my

job in a couple hours. It's the antithesis of the dreaded Space Needle. It's not corporate. They didn't give me some rigorous, stupid, head-up-the-ass interview. And Vince said, "Wear what you're comfortable with." Not the kind of joint to fire someone over shoes. I wonder how long it will take to earn enough to move to LA.

I got an email from Cassidy and she'll be in Seattle any day now. I want to go up to Bellingham soon. I have to grow up and keep in mind that it's not last year. I'm moving in a good direction and I have to maintain it. I have my hands full keeping my head up and absorbing myself so as not to get swallowed by fears and anxiety. How do I keep from going down when I talk to Lucas? I feel bad that I get down when we talk. Is there a theme I'm supposed to be looking at here? I don't want to get into the maybe-we-need-to-be-apart-and-not-talk-for-awhile deal. I love him. There's a way. I need to find the will.

Let me get to LA. I'm not stressed about Lucas and other women, just him growing colder. We've been through the ringer but we always seem to resist what tries to sever us. Work and writing are all I can do right now. I've been making myself laugh. That's the best. I have to take advantage of my alone time. It's hard to be in limbo. I need to create and progress, blow the dust off my paints.

Love, Meghan

Friday, September 3, 1999

I babysat and took the kids swimming. I started at Poor Italian last night and it was excellent. On my way home, I kept saying, "I can't believe it." I like the atmosphere - relaxed, candle-lit, Italian music playing. I work with a guy named Saul and a woman named Olivia. I work with Elena, Javier, and Arturo, siblings from Mexico. The brothers played soccer for the Sounders. They travel the world to play soccer. Elena is visiting for the summer. I'm working tonight and I'll be working full time soon. I'm nannyng for the Cochranes during the days until the 16th and then I'll be at the restaurant day and night. I'll save money before I know it. Money is freedom.

Cassidy is back and Skyler is driving down from Bellingham tonight so I'll see them after work. I'm doing well but I felt myself slipping today. I need to focus on my goals and the moment. Sometimes when I have a lot to do, I get stressed out and feel pulled in a million directions but I do that to myself. It's just life.

My new job feels non-high -maintenance. Dad brought me brushes and paints so I can start painting like I've been wanting to. I wrote that things have been unfolding for me. It's more that everything has been speaking to me. I've been paying better attention to what's around me. A woman's bumper sticker said to me: "This too shall pass." I feel like I can train my mind and live how I want. Lucas is on my mind all the time. I don't need to tell him when I get sad because it happens every day. It's okay to tell him I'm fine. I am. I'll be in California soon at this rate. Emma's coming over.

Love, Meghan

Sunday, September 5, 1999

I'm at Golden Gardens. It's windy as hell. I woke up and showered and Em and I drove to visit her mom. We stopped at Appassionato and I came here after dropping her off. I love free coffee and chillin' outside. I went to work on Friday and it was great again. Cassidy and Skyler showed up and we drove to Bellingham. We played cards, talked, and drank wine at Skyler's. We went to Nina and Carla's and fell asleep at 6am. We got breakfast at the Wagon Wheel with Nina and Carla and drove back to Seattle. I went to work and met some of the new wait staff.

Javier didn't have to work but he came by while we were closing. We all ate and talked. I like him and it's mutual. I'm apprehensive to write about it because I know I have to let it be. I love Lucas and he is my priority. I can't wait to move and be with him.

Javier is beautiful and cool and I enjoy his company. My job is peaceful and romantic. The candlelight and Italian opera music enhance my feelings for Javier. We laugh and have fun. I may go bowling with him, Elena, and Arturo after work tonight. I look forward to work. Elena and Javier asked me to sing for them last night so I sang "[A Case of You](#)" by Joni Mitchell. I've been talking in Spanish. A couple nights ago, Javier said, "I like the way you are," and last night he said, "Tu eres bonita. Tu eres hermosa." It's an ideal situation for now.

I need to just be friends with Javier. We both have someone. He's got a girlfriend in Oregon named Lisa. He's beautiful - curly dark hair, tan, perfect skin, green eyes, and a wonderful smile. Elena is awesome, too. She is exquisitely beautiful, smart, and down to earth. She's going back to Mexico on the 15th. I'd like to visit her. Javier doesn't know when he's going back.

Emma's birthday is on Thursday and I have the night off from work. I have to make her a mix tape. Time is moving fast and I am enjoying it all. I miss Lucas. I haven't talked to him since Friday when he called me at work but I left a message for him last night. He's climbing in Joshua Tree right now.

The details are changing. I was driving today and somebody stopped in the middle of the road with their blinker on and a guy behind me honked his horn and I said, "Relax," to him quietly instead of the usual, "Fuck you, asshole! It's not my fault!" I feel secure and calm. It's God working in my life. I'm reading Anne Lamott's [Traveling Mercies](#) and last night I read the line "To look for God is to find Him." I've needed a dresser for months and I mentioned it at Appassionato. Stephen said he has one I can buy for cheap. All these little things working out. I gotta talk to Lucas and get ready for work.

Love, Meghan

P.S. I'm in love with my life and these times.

Monday, September 6, 1999

I'm at Allegro. Cassidy is meeting me here for companionship and cards. I worked last night. A couple people said to me, "You're so helpful," and, "You're doing a great job." As much as that makes me sound like a mentally challenged McDonald's employee, it was nice to hear.

Javier invited me bowling and we met Elena, Arturo and Leticia, Arturo's girlfriend who lives in LA. It was busy so we left. Javier walked me to my car and after chatting, he kissed me on the cheek and said goodnight.

Love, Meghan

(later on) Cassidy came and we played a million rounds of cards. I've smoked cigs, drank coffee and tea. I'm nervous. Part of me wants to date Javier and then go to Europe. I'm saving money and that allows me options. But Lucas. I love him. I miss him and I want to be with him. I'm young. I have to listen to myself. No matter what, I have myself. I told Cass that for two years, Lucas was my first priority. Now I'm my first priority. It changes everything. Not to say I wouldn't be happy in LA with Lucas nearby. I shouldn't mention this to Lucas. We talked this morning and he didn't sound happy.

Elizabeth is trippin' because she kissed somebody last night. She thinks she blew it with Jared. She's not going to tell him but the guilt and questions are eating her up. While listening to her, I realized that I have endured shit I never would have asked for, that has changed me, but I'm okay now; stronger and better for it.

So what if I go to Europe? I want to be an expat. But I can imagine an afternoon overseas, breaking down and missing my Lucas. I have to make decisions in the next couple weeks. God will guide me in the right direction. It feels scary and exhilarating. I feel shaky and bizarre.

Love, Meghan

Tuesday, September 7, 1999

I'm at Appassionato. I'm babysitting for Sylvia today. I talked to Lucas last night and cried afterward. I asked, "Why do you do this to yourself?" I get worked up. I feel like I've come so far and I was back at square one in the hole I'd dug for myself. Javier called me at work and we're going to breakfast tomorrow. I can't get involved with him. I don't have to work until Friday but I'm babysitting Sylvia each day.

Lucas and I shouldn't talk because no matter what, it fucks me up. I have to relax. It's not the end of the world. I don't think either of us knows what we want or what is best. I get an idea of what I want and then something comes along and changes or challenges it. For a long time, I was expecting Lucas to be with other girls. After proving that he wasn't, I believe him. Now he's stuck on the thought that I'm always going to be miserable, unhappy, and spiteful toward him. That's all he knows of me now. How can I prove to him that's not how it is? Maybe I can't and that's the problem. Man. Do I go to Europe? Do I go to California?

Love, Meghan

Wednesday, September 8, 1999

I babysat for Sylvia for a few hours after visiting Emma at work. I've been getting plenty of sleep but I'm tired. "90210's" new season starts tonight. I only like the old episodes. Granted, that show is silly but I like it. We had our carpets cleaned today and the house is in disarray.

I talked to Lucas about Europe vs. California. I'll be leaving for LA in a month. The first couple days will be great: driving down the freeway free as a bird, stopping to see Sequoia in S.F. Earning money is my top priority. Tori Amos plays here on October 7th and I want to go but I can't spend money. My whole family has mentioned it and they're all like, "You're not going?!" What can I say? I have a goal and there is to be no deviating from it. But it's Tori.

I don't like that I'm not in school. Going back to Western means too much drinking and mushing out in my classes. I need to take a different route.

I got a copy of "This Must Be the Place ([Naïve Melody](#))" by Talking Heads. Lucas and I want to be together and to live in the same area. I'm excited for LA. I'll have opportunities with work and acting. As long as Lucas is around, I'll be fine. And Joshua Tree is only a couple hours away. But I want to go to Europe. I wonder if Holly will ever call. It's hard to tell with her.

I bought [Les Liaisons dangereuses](#) by Pierre Choderlos de Laclos. Should be good - corruption, deviance, sex. These are a few of my favorite things. I should publish my writing. I'm capable of writing worthwhile work. And playing guitar and writing songs. Part of my mission includes finding something I love to do that will pay the bills. I'm on my own when I get to LA.

My evening's missions include: watching "90210," getting coffee with Emma or Cassie, making Emma's tape, putting my room back together, and a nap. Sitting in this coffee shop is not speeding up the process. Words like "pretty much," "really," "like," and "I guess" murder my writing and they must be exterminated immediately. That's what editing is for. I'm going to play solitaire and get moving.

Love, Meghan

P.S. I'm lonely as hell. As much as I enjoy working and writing, I miss Lucas and hate knowing it's another month without him.

Saturday, September 11, 1999

On Wednesday, Cassidy and I went to Minnie's, drank coffee, and played cards for hours. I went to dinner with Emma and her family at Pescatore for her birthday. I babysat and worked last night. Lucas called while I was at work but it was busy so I couldn't talk for long. Javier and I were flirty. After work, I took him to Terrence's surprise party at Margo's. Javier had a good time and was comfortable with everybody. Afterward, we kissed and talked.

I talked to Skyler this morning and I'm going to Bellingham with Cassidy on Monday. I like Javier but I don't know if I'm willing to jeopardize my relationship with Lucas. Liking Javier challenges me to look at it and helps me realize I want to be with Lucas. No matter what, I have to mention it to Lucas. I have work at 6 and I'm going out with Javier afterward. I need to call Lucas and I'm nervous. I feel fucking alive and strange. I need to be honest with myself and Lucas. I have to listen to myself and do what feels right. It's glorious, drunken, strange confusion. It intensifies my love for Lucas. How am I going to tell him? I talked to Alicia at Appassionato about it and she said, "Guys take it so differently." I wish Lucas could understand that I love him and want to be with him but I've become a different person and I think differently now. I have myself and that is most important. I'm okay. I'm well. I am strong. I have to go do the inevitable. I have a path and a vision. God has a plan for me. I need to seek it, feel it, and follow it.

Love, Meghan

Monday, September 13, 1999

I'm at Skyler's in Bellingham, listening to "Dramamine." I've missed this song. I've had a bit to drink but I feel compelled to write. Javier and I have been hanging out. We kissed on Friday and it propelled me into a different world. After work on Saturday, we went to Palmer's on 3rd to shoot pool and then to my house. Last night, we went bowling with Elena and Arturo. Claire and Nina were there with old mates. I had a ball. I didn't bowl well but I enjoyed it all the same. I've had late nights. I enjoy Javier. I get to speak Spanish todos dias. He's beautiful and unique, considerate and sweet. He speaks five languages. He doesn't come down on me about my Spanish.

Elena is leaving on Wednesday and I will miss her. She's been a comfort to me. We went to the market with Javier before seeing "[Stigmata](#)" at the theatre today and walked down the streets, arms linked, laughing and eating peaches. Lucas and I talked for a couple of hours before I picked up Cassidy tonight. He amazes me. He's more mature now. I love him and respect him more than anyone else. I'm too tired to write.

Love, Meghan

Tuesday, September 14, 1999

Something's been keeping me from writing. Javier. I've been having a great time but feelings creep in and make me sad. It's Lucas. I talked to him earlier. I don't know what to say to him. Holly called yesterday and is looking for two-bedroom apartments in LA for us. I'm excited to move down there. Why do guys always have to get involved in my life? Sometimes it's better to go it alone. But I like Javier. We're active and I like that.

Cassidy and I got breakfast at the Wagon Wheel this morning before driving back to Seattle. I babysat for Sylvia and I'm going to Broadway to get a gift for Elena because she's leaving tomorrow. I want to visit her in Mexico. This is a crazy time and I could enjoy it more if I were well-rested. I don't know what the hell to write but I don't think it's healthy to avoid it right now. I could say I'm confused but I'm not. I like Javier. I'm enjoying this time. I can't wait to move to California. I feel sad and sick about Lucas. He's been a trooper. He asked if there was something he did to cause this. I wish he wasn't sad but what do I expect? I understand why he is, thoroughly. My heart goes out to him. I'm a jumble of contradictions. Part of me feels removed from everything. I'm flowing right now. Relationships get stranger and more ambiguous as I get older. I want to write a song for Lucas. Not a love ballad but a song from my heart that conveys who he is to me.

It was fun to sit around with the girls last night and read quotes and look at pictures. I love Cassidy. She's an angel and I am fortunate to have her in my life. I have her back no matter what. Carla thinks she's pregnant. How many of my friends are going to go through this? I've been contemplating existence lately and I haven't come to any conclusions. I don't ask, "Why are we here?" Cassidy told me I've changed, that I have a better handle on my emotions and I don't let it all hang out like I used to. I agree. I owe it to the year I just went through. But I'm not bitter or hardened. This life is pretty beautiful. I'm not waiting for the moment when my life becomes great. That's an illusion. My life is great. Right now is glorious and what counts. Right now is all there is.

Love, Meghan

Wednesday, September 15, 1999

I'm at Circa, Margo's restaurant. Terrence and Cory and other kids are meeting here because their friend Scott is moving to Boston.

M

(later on) I looked behind me and saw Terrence, Joe, and Scott. We had a great dinner and drinks. Joe is leaving for Europe next week. I'm thinking of Javier. Last night, he said he thinks I'll make it as an actress. I was sad to say goodbye to Elena. I told her that my friends and I say "see you tomorrow" to make goodbye easier. Javier is leaving on the 28th. I'm bummed but it's as it should be. I need to be getting back to Lucas. I'm not feeling well and I need sleep.

Holly called today. She's looking for places in Santa Monica. My life is taking unexpected turns and all I can do is enjoy and appreciate it. I'm living on my own terms. Perhaps I've listened to others too much in the past. It's not that I don't listen anymore. If anything, I listen more. This time I decide if it's valid for me or not. Elizabeth and I talked in the kitchen earlier. I said, "We're not getting along, are we." We laughed and decided we're not. We know it but it doesn't matter. We love each other. We're sisters. We'll work it out. We're just on different levels right now.

Mom's been sizing me up and saying, "You look tired." My hours are erratic. They always are when a boy is around. Javier is a sweetheart. Where am I going? I don't care. I care but I'm enjoying the ride. May it continue. I remember hearing Diane di Prima's poem "Life Chant" with those words repeated over and over: "May it continue." It was fall of junior year in high school. Aidan and I went to a poetry reading honoring the Beats on a blustery fall day. We smoked cigs, drank coffee, and ate crumpets as I secretly fell in love with Jack Kerouac.

Love, Meghan

Friday, September 17, 1999

It's Sissy's birthday. We all woke up at 7 for breakfast and I went back to bed till 11. John gave me a beautiful print from the Van Gogh museum that he had framed. Lucas and I talked before I got here (Appassionato). It went well. We're crazy about each other. That's what I want. I talked to Holly yesterday and we want to get a place together in Santa Monica. I saw "[Stir of Echoes](#)" with Javier yesterday. I babysat for the Cochrans last night and shot pool with Javier and Arturo.

Love, Meghan

Monday, September 20, 1999

It's Mom's birthday. Javier and I went to Pottery Barn yesterday and I got her a lantern. I hope she likes it. On Friday, Javier and I went to the market and played cards for a couple of hours before work. On Saturday, we went to the circus. Javier kept widening his eyes and acting like a little kid. After work, we went to Palmers to play pool and I took him home. We went bowling again last night. Every night, I drive him home and we sit outside his house and talk. Mom's worried I'm going to miss him when he goes. Holly called twice last night and I think she found a place for us to live.

I'm getting new tires as I write this. I miss Lucas. We haven't talked for a few days. Javier does something that reminds me of Teddy. He tells me something, then looks into space, looks down, closes his mouth into a faint grin, nods his head firmly and then looks back at me directly. They both do that. Javier and I are surprised by how much we like each other. I don't want to miss him horribly. I'll be busy with plans for California. I dreamed of Lucas last night. I want to play cards with Cassidy. I care for Javier. Please don't let it hurt. He tells me we have to be strong. I always con myself into thinking I've changed and that goodbyes won't be hard, even when I know they're coming. But every time, it hurts. I have to be an iron woman. Time goes fast. It overwhelms me. I'm enjoying everyone. I hope this doesn't end when Javier leaves.

Love, Meghan

Tuesday, September 21, 1999

Two days away from me and Lucas's second anniversary if you can call it that. I'm at Allegro and Cassie is meeting me here to play cards. I'm thinking of California and I can't wait to get on the road. I'm pissed at myself for spending money. Elizabeth drove down from Bellingham for Mom's birthday. She was depressed and cried suddenly. I don't know what's going on with her. I don't know much of anything. I don't have any philosophical insights or major issues I've been tackling internally. I'm leaning back and living. I've become simple. It's a good break considering that I usually think too much. I've been missing Lucas but I've been avoiding talking to him. I don't know how I feel about Javier and I've been increasingly unsure the last couple days. All I want is to drive to California, visit Sequoia in San Francisco, get a job, and settle into Santa Monica. I don't know what I'd do if I had to live here for the fall and winter. Fall has crept up on me. These past weeks have flown. I hope Cassidy gets here soon.

Love, Meghan

(later on) Cassidy and I had a couple hours of cards. I helped her look for sunglasses afterwards. I came home, made dinner, and watched "Jeopardy!" I called Javier and drove to his house. We went to play pool at a shady bar, a bunch of regulars sitting around. A forensics show was on, all dead bodies in trunks and whatnot and the old men were like, "I've seen this one before." Javier gave me tips on my pool game: design a line in my head from the ball to the pocket, figure out where I need to hit the ball, make sure I've got a firm stance and that my hand is firm on the felt.

We went home and I read his fortune. He played “[Private Emotion](#)” by Ricky Martin for me. We closed our eyes and held hands while we listened to it. We laughed when we talked about Javier and Piero’s joke about Luis Miguel’s album “Todos Los Romances.” They look at each other and say, “Schwoo,” spread their palms out, hands down and say, “Candles, this music, maybe a massage. Schwoo. Todos los romances.” We talked about Lucas and Lisa earlier at the bar. Then we decided that was silly. He showed me pictures of home, his family, and Lisa. She’s beautiful. I told him I thought so and he said, “Tu eres hermosa tambien.” I told him he didn’t need to say I was pretty because I said she was and he said, “No, you are.” I’m going to miss him. It hit me tonight. We have spent so much time together over this month. When I was driving home tonight, I was filled with contentment and gratitude for knowing him. Every song on the radio sounded good. I have to remember that missing people and sadness are part of it. I heard Cypress Hill on the radio and thought about my friends and how I hope I always enjoy being with people as much as I do now. I feel vulnerable and open. When I think of Javier, I see him smiling and it makes me smile. There’s laughter and reasons to smile. At Poor Italian the other day, Piero and Olivia rolled their eyes and laughed. I looked over and said, “What?” Piero said, “Just the way you two are gazing into each other’s eyes.” I’ve been immersed in right now. But right now always affects other times. I want to keep laughing. It’s all wonderful. On my way home, I thought about our first night out when we went to Margo’s. I’ll feel his absence when he goes. I’m glad our relationship isn’t physical. We’re affectionate more than anything.

I can’t stop listening to “[Mistress](#)” by Red House Painters, “[Teeth Like God’s Shoeshine](#)” by Modest Mouse or “Naïve Melody” by Talking Heads. I got new tires yesterday. I’m getting closer to Cali one step at a time. I feel like a faucet. It’s okay to love recklessly. I wish I could write about who Javier is to me but part of the beauty is that it’s a mystery. I like his gentle laugh and the way his mouth contorts when he doesn’t want to smile but can’t help it. He told me that when Elena was little, she said, “Javier, me puedo dormir contigo? Tengo miedo y frio.” (“Can I sleep with you? I’m scared and cold.”) My Spanish has gotten better. He tells me it’s great but he’s just being nice. He wants me to visit him in Mexico but who knows where this will go? I care about him and he has affected me. I need my friends. I need to focus on California and laughing. Javier says we have something special, that it’s like paradise and we are lucky to know each other. Now it’s dreams of Javier. Goodnight.

Love, Meghan

Wednesday, September 22, 1999

I’m at Appassionato. Emma is still seeing Dwight periodically. Lucas called today. Are we ever going to get a hold of each other? Javier is at work now. I want to see him. I don’t have much to say. I purged my brain last night on the deck when I got home. I’m excited for California. I wonder if Lucas will fly up and drive down with me. I need to stop spending money. I hope I’m not lonely and bored when Javier goes. Will I ever see him again?

Love, Meghan

Thursday, September 23, 1999

Fall is definitely here. It’s overcast and cool. Lucas and I met two years ago today. He called before I came here (Appassionato). Mom said I have the upper hand and that I am nonchalant with him. I don’t mean to be. I like Javier and I’m going to be torn when he goes. I helped him close down the restaurant last night and then we shot pool with Arturo at Palmer’s. I got a big glimpse of brotherly competition between them.

A couple nights ago, I read through an old journal before I fell asleep. I read about when Papa died and cried my eyes out because I felt like I'd forgotten about him. I mentioned it to Javier yesterday and he said, "Tell me about your Grandpa. Tell me why you cried." He told me he's not close to his grandparents. I told him it was hard times for me last year but that my family and friends were there for me. His family is close and affectionate. He's helped me realize that drinking isn't where it's at. I'd be drinking like crazy if I were in Bellingham right now. Javier is straight as hell but he's not a tight-ass. He's more keen and with it because he doesn't drink. I don't mean "keen" like the archaic slang word, I mean sharp. I got pictures developed last night and the first part of the roll is from here over the last few weeks. The other half is of Lucas and me in California.

I feel myself getting sucked into the boy/sadness mode. I can't do that. I need to maintain and be joyful. No saddies, like Molly used to say. It's going to be hard to work at Poor Italian when Javier goes. I'm bringing him home to introduce him to Mom and Dad today. I wonder what God has in mind for me. He keeps putting amazing people in my life. Who will He reveal when the time comes for marriage? I don't need to trouble myself with that for a long time. Why do I get so attached to people? It's great, though. I have my writing and that old guitar and books and friends and Mom and Dad and *music*.

Love, Meghan

(later on) I'm meeting Cassidy for cards at Allegro. I picked Javier up at 2 and we went to my house. He met Mom and Dad and they like him. Dad said he's like a gazelle. Elizabeth and I laughed over that. We played cards. I wish I could keep him. He wants to go on the Underground Tour in Pioneer Square. I need to start running again. I can't wait to see Javier.

Love, Meghan

Friday, September 24, 1999

I'm at Appassionato for coffee and cigs with Emma, Cole, and Stephen. I felt like crying last night. There's going to be a hole in my heart soon. I'm taking Cassie to the clinic on Thursday morning, my sweetie. I love her and I enjoy our friendship immensely. I'm going to make Javier a mix tape.

Love, Meghan

Saturday, September 25, 1999

I'm not feeling well. I saw Mrs. Jensen, my third grade teacher, last night. It was her birthday and she came into the restaurant with her family. I saw Sean Hoff and his mom with Becky Katz and her mom. I had wine and cigs with coworkers after work. Javier, Arturo, and I went to shoot pool with their friends at Belltown Billiards. Javier and I danced to "[Livin' La Vida Loca](#)" and "[Mambo No. 5](#)." I didn't get home until 4am.

We're working again tonight. Vince asked me if I want to start as a server on Monday. Javier said, "You're taking over my shifts." I have to get Tuesday off so I can take him to the airport. I knew this was coming. When someone close to me leaves, time stands still and then - boom - it's happened and gone. My Javier. Sad. Got to keep smiling.

Love, Meghan

Sunday, September 26, 1999

I'm in the car with Javier, Elena, and Arturo. We are heading to Portland to visit their friends. At work yesterday, I felt like I was going to laugh hysterically or burst into tears. I heard that

Andrea Bocelli [song](#) over and over. I kept looking over at Javier and thinking, “This is the last time.” Javier is sleeping soundly and beautifully in my lap right now. I train for serving tomorrow morning. Javier gave me his apron, corkscrew and pens. We went to the Back Door in Pioneer Square last night. Javier and I had a drink and danced. Elena, Arturo, and their friends were bored because the music was too electronic for them, not danceable enough. Javier told me that since the day he met me, he liked my sweetness and that I enjoy everything. I told him that I like that he has respect for life. It’s obvious in his decision not to drink, smoke, or do drugs. He has fun no matter what he does. He takes care of his body and uses it well with soccer. He loves his family and respects his mom, indications of good character. He takes marriage seriously. He said he won’t be ready for that for a couple more years. Whoever his wife turns out to be is a lucky woman. He said that when you get married, “You can’t call people up and go out whenever you want. You have someone to take care of.” We got to Portland.

I talked to Holly yesterday and we’ll start apartment hunting when I get down there. I hope it works out for us. She’s sweet and I think we’ll be close. We’ll have to be. I told her I will bring sunshine to her days. There may be a few freak outs but after that, it’s nothing but working hard and having fun. I need to start running again. Being in shape makes me happy. We are having dinner with Javier’s girlfriend/ex-girlfriend’s mom tonight. Interesting. I saw the new Tori Amos CD today. I gotta get it. It will help me through this time.

It’s cold now. Fall has come.

Love, Meghan

Monday, September 27, 1999

I finished my first day of serving. I don’t have time to write but I feel strange, soft, and crazy. We’re having a goodbye dinner tonight. Portland was great. Dinner was awkward (Lisa’s parents). Back at the house, we watched old Saturday Night Live episodes. We all crashed on the floor and woke up at 5:30am to drive back to Seattle.

Love, Meghan

(later on) It’s colder than a witch’s tit but I feel like writing. Javier and I slept in the backseat all the way home. It was peaceful to sleep next to him.

Love, Meghan

Tuesday, September 28, 1999

I got to work at 10am yesterday and I thought Vince would be livid about me going to Portland but he was cool. I wanted to write at Appassionato but Cole was there so instead we talked. That boy loves to talk. Before I left work, Javier brought me a beautiful silver bracelet. We went to buy him a watch. He and his brother are obsessed with watches, I say. I gave Javier a framed photo of us and my favorite ring that I got in Fremont four years ago. I wrote him a letter and gave it to him before dinner. We sat in the car after dinner. I cried. I’m going to miss him singing “[I want to grow old with you](#)” and “[Somebody Kill Me](#)” from “[The Wedding Singer](#).” I drove home and thanked God for Javier and all the greatness in my life. My life is a colorful, beautiful puzzle and all the pieces keep sliding into place. Javier brought out my desire to learn Spanish fluently, to go to Mexico and South and Central America. He reinforced the parts of me that have always been attracted to those cultures. I can’t be sad and down like I used to be. I had a memory of Skyler and me at Cambie Hotel in Vancouver, BC. Meeting people like Javier reminds me of my love for life. It feels wide open, rich, and wonderful.

I talked to Mom when I got home about how peaceful I feel and knowing that God is at work in my life. I went outside to have tea and write. Lucas called. He is sad and upset and I wish he weren't. I don't know what to do for him. I don't want to be brought down but I don't want to avoid him. I took Javier to the airport. I said, "Te lo prometo que no llorar." I was trying to tell him I promised not to cry. He said, "No. You need to cry. It's okay. It's good." So I did. We held hands and thanked each other for a wonderful time. Last night, I told Mom that I've done nothing but laugh and have fun for the past month. Javier and I kissed and hugged and said, "I love you. We'll see each other again." Then I said, "See you tomorrow." We blew kisses to each other. I am tired and sick and my great companion left today but I'm happy all the same.

I'm listening to "Dramamine." This song is a security blanket to me. It's been with me through this era and I could listen to it 100 times a day. Last night, I sat in the hall at Poor Italian with Javier. Then we went outside and stood against a wall. He said if Lisa were to come for him, he'd choose me. I don't expect people to make choices like that but it made me smile. He said he doesn't want to marry her. He said I'll be great mom and wife. I realize I'm way too young for marriage for the first time in my life. I'm babysitting for the Cochrans tonight. I get to see my Sylvia and Casey. I've missed them. I need to see my friends and go running. It's time to quit smoking, too. Safe journeys for Javier.

Love, Meghan

P.S. I feel happy and strange that Javier is part of my life. I feel like crying. Life is exquisite and painful and I love every minute of it.

Wednesday, September 29, 1999

I don't have time to write but I'm taking it anyway. I waited tables all day and made \$70. I have to be back there in an hour. I have no time. I'm taking Cassie to the doctor tomorrow and then I have to work. I miss Javier. I don't feel weepy and depressed, I just miss him. I have no time. My room is a pit and I have to run errands. I need to breathe. Elizabeth is home and I want to see her. I must get the new Tori Amos album.

Love, Meghan

Thursday, September 30, 1999

9am and I'm at Allegro. Considering my health and lack of sleep, it's craziness but I had to take Cass, the poor darlin'. Tomorrow I can sleep in and run errands. I dreamed about Javier the other night. In one scene, he took my face in his hands and said, "Don't ever be with someone who treats you bad. Be good, be smart and behave." I see him in my mind, walking around with one hand in his pocket with his good posture and relaxed nature. It's weird to work without Javier. That Andrea Bocelli song comes on and makes me weepy.

I keep hearing Tori Amos's new song "[1,000 Oceans](#)" and I feel like crying when she says "to sail you home." I don't know what's up with Lucas. I hope he doesn't feel like I did last year at this time, though he likely does. I thought about Leonard Cohen's "[Chelsea Hotel No. 2](#)" today. When I woke up this morning, I was tired but I felt safe and comfortable at home. I want to hang out with Mom more. How long will it take to earn enough money for California? I need to get down there by mid-October so Holly and I can find a place.

Love, Meghan

(later on) I can't ever seem to go home. I finished work at 4 and now I'm at Appassionato before going back to work at 6. I'm exhausted. I told Stephen that I can't remember the last good night's sleep or decent meal I've had. I miss Javier. Maria says she won't be surprised if we

marry. I'm perfectly happy being 20 and unmarried. Stephen said he might go to Western for school. I told him Bellingham gets into your blood. Old souls migrate there and never get out. There's an unspoken feeling and enigmatic force that everyone who lives there feels and knows. It makes me miss it. I met a guy today who used to live there and he knows what I mean about it. He told me that Native Americans put a curse on it as did Chinese railroad workers from the late 19th century. I saw Elizabeth last night. I can't get over "Dramamine." I love this time of my life. It's beautiful out. The sky looks vividly blue and the foliage around me is deeply green. I have reached a state of delirium. I wonder how Javier is. My poor Cassidy started crying before I left today. I need to call her. She's my favorite mate to play cards with. It's a piece of heaven, sitting in Allegro, talking, smoking, playing cards, and drinking tea or coffee. I must start running when I get rid of this exhaustion and cold.

Love, Meghan

Friday, October 1, 1999

Mom called me at work to tell me that Javier called. I need a calling card for Mexico. As I was setting tables, I realized that I miss Lucas. He called me at work, too. He's going to Joshua Tree tonight.

I feel free. I love people deeply. I don't feel loneliness or desperation. I love Mom. She and Dad are cute. They came into my room this morning and sang "Rise and Shine." The old Italian lady who works in the kitchen at the restaurant poured brandy into my coffee this morning. She said I needed a pick-me-up and to kill the germs in my throat. It worked. Vince likes me and thinks I'm a hard worker.

Last night, Claire and I went to the Cloud Room at the top of the Camlin Hotel. A couple coworkers came, too. It's funny when waitresses get together and bitch about everything. I'm listening to "Dramamine" and they sang "everything" as I was writing it a second ago. It's weird when that happens. The other day, I was driving and listening to the radio and someone said the word "danger" as I looked over and saw one of those black, white, and red "Danger" signs. After the Cloud Room, we went to the Back Door. I thought that place was great when I went with Javier: wall to wall people and chill atmosphere, a bar that looks like a cafeteria, random couches, and tunnels of rooms. It wasn't busy last night and I sat with Claire.

I miss the ways Javier and I had fun. We danced and shot pool and bowled and had a ball. It seems that with everyone else, we go out for one reason: to drink. I felt sad, like I'm not "being good" as Javier told me to be. It's not just for his sake but my own, too. He and I can have fun without drinking. I hope I abstain now that he's gone. A drink or two is one thing but I don't ever want to get belligerent. I'm getting more excited to see Lucas. I ran into a kid I went to grade school with. He's a year younger and he went to Redlands last year. When he told me that, I smiled and felt a normal connection and recognition, whereas months earlier, I would have frowned and felt weird. God is in my life. It's crazy and great. I miss Skyler.

Love, Meghan

Saturday, October 2, 1999

I slept until 2:30 today. Work wasn't busy last night so I left early. Claire and I got a bottle of wine and went to Cora's. Then Claire and I went to Serafina for another glass of wine. For two hours, we talked about relationships, freedom, and fashion design. She's hoping to get into Fashion Institute of Technology in NYC. She had sketches on her drafting table at her house. I saw them last night and was impressed. I told her that you always hear what your friends love to

do or have a passion for but it's something entirely different to see it materialized and put to use. It's interesting to hear about those things but when you finally see it, you realize they have talent and may actually go somewhere with it. I need to call Javier. I'm in a habit of going out after work and not getting enough sleep. I need to break it and get my health back. I'm supposed to go to a party with Claire and Cora tonight but I should go home. I'm afraid I'll get lonely if I stop moving or slow down. I want to go to Bellingham but I need to get healthy first.

Love, Meghan

(later on, after work) I chose to come home and rest over going out with Cora. Dave Matthews and his girlfriend came in for dinner tonight. I asked, "Are you Dave Matthews?" and he said, "Yeah." We chatted for a minute. I was shaky while I set their table. Why? I wanted to call my brother. I told Mr. Matthews that my friends love his music to put myself at a remove but I have all his albums and have seen him live several times.

I put my finger on what's happening right now: there are these phases of something big or important in my life (meeting Lucas, Lucas cheating, going on a trip, meeting Javier, etc.) and now my life is settling back into mundane routine. Javier was a comet that came into my life for a brief time. I was excited, content, and laughing. I don't allow myself to be like that all the time. I predicate it on a guy. I told Maria that Poor Italian is just a restaurant but when Javier was here, it was magical. I wonder if he thinks about me. All we had was a month. How long will our hearts and minds stay connected? But what a month. I'm missing Lucas. I'm confused about California. I'm tired and feeling sick. I go to work (which I enjoy - my coworkers are classic), I get coffee and write at Appassionato and I go out for a couple drinks. Besides that, there's nothing to spice things up. It's my old habit of giving people too much responsibility for my happiness. I saw Seattle through a new lens and got old childhood images of it when Javier was here. Now it feels regressive. Mom and I talked about how Claire, Margo, and I are all in Seattle and not going to school and that Nina is still in school. It tripped me out. What am I putting out there? Futile lines in this little journal. I've lost sight of wanting to mob it in LA. I don't have strong desires or ideas. Maybe Cassidy and I can play cards at Allegro tomorrow and make sense of it.

Love, Meghan

Sunday, October 3, 1999

I ran into Pia at Appassionato and we talked for an hour. Her husband decided he wants a divorce, out of the blue. I ran errands and visited Cassidy at her new job on Sand Point Way. I got coffee with her and came home to get ready for work. I bought a calling card for Mexico but I have to wait until Tuesday to call because I don't know when Javier will be home. Lucas and I talked. We don't know how we feel. He told me Rebecca is getting married. It doesn't sound like a good situation. Emma and I talked about the prospect of me living here and working until April when I could go to Europe. Tempting. I don't know what I want. I can't rely on others and I need to make decisions on my own. It's hard to figure it out. It shouldn't be. I don't know how enjoying life independently and being in a relationship converge. I miss Javier. He hasn't been gone a week and it feels like forever. I don't want to flake on Holly but all the sudden I'm wondering if California is best. I need time and I have it. But do I want to live here all winter? What happened to the Meghan from last week? I thought I'd figured it out: be happy, be excited, laugh, love, enjoy people, talk to God, and listen to yourself. I'm back to confusion and stress. I'm back to half-assed desires and decisions. I want God to reveal to me what I should do.

A line from “[Mallrats](#)” has been going through my head: “When do *I* get to see the sailboat?” He’s basically asking, “When do I get the clue that everyone else seems to have?” “[The End](#)” by The Doors came on my headphones and it reminds me of laying in room 239 in the Fairhaven dorms. It was simple then. I’m remembering walks through the quiet campus. I miss how intense and beautiful and pained I felt then. I’m realizing love is not measured by the pain you feel. I used to think it depended on how dramatic things got and how much you were willing to do. I don’t think that anymore and part of me wishes I still did. Why am I inconsistent? All feels messy, complicated, and disorganized. Opposite of how it felt for a month. It feels empty. I’m mad at myself for losing sight of what I found. I want to wake up in the morning with a piece of paper on my bedroom floor with instructions for the next few months of my life. God, where am I supposed to go? What plans do You have for me? I want to go to Bellingham and see Skyler. I feel like a child who wants to sit at home with mommy and daddy for a couple days. Where is my Meghan who is hungry for life? I listen to “Dramamine” incessantly and I smoke too much.

Love, Meghan

Monday, October 4, 1999

I’m at Allegro. I have to be back at work in a half hour. I’m indecisive about California. I should go. I don’t know what will happen with Lucas but I have a feeling we will be together if we’re in proximity of each other. I should at least try living there. I’m not stuck. I have fun wherever I go and I am in charge of that. I’m considering Europe. I feel safe here, living with Mom and Dad, not having to pay for much while storing up money I earn. I like my job. It feels premature to force a move to California. There’s no desperation or deep need to get to Lucas. Who knows if he wants to see me. I don’t want to make decisions based on other people or their expectations. It’s weird not to have Lucas as a definite part of my future. Time and change turn relationships to dust unless it’s meant to be.

Love, Meghan

(later on) I have decided to go to Europe. It’s exhilarating. I keep getting flashes of my past with Lucas. I feel like I am walking away from and ending this part of our lives together by going to Europe. That scares me. No matter who or what has come and gone, Lucas holds the highest and deepest parts of my heart. He’s the only one. He is my one true love. Mom says we’ll be together if it’s meant to be. For now, my heart says Europe. I have to go to Pia’s and help her sort out her budget.

Cassie and I have a date for cards at Allegro. Then Claire and I are drinking wine. I’m content with thoughts of Europe and curious to know what it will mean for Lucas and me. I box myself into thinking my life has to take a certain path. But the unexpected always comes and I need to be flexible. I need catharsis. I got sad about Lucas as I was leaving Allegro. I love him but in a different way. I love my parents. I want to know that it’s okay to feel safe and comforted. I want a big, imaginary cushion of all the people I love, all my experiences, bearing me up. I miss Lucas.

Love, Meghan

Tuesday, October 5, 1999

I’m at Allegro, waiting for Cassidy to play cards with me. How fun. It’s great to work, play cards with Cassie, drink wine with Claire, and plan for Europe. I talked to Lucas last night. I got choked up when I told him my heart is leading me to travel. It isn’t right to move to California at this time but this decision is difficult. I miss Lucas and may plan a trip to see him. Money is

weird. Claire and I are getting together tonight. She makes me laugh. I want Cassidy to visit me in Europe. I have to apply to schools there. I feel independent. I have few expenses and I'm making money. No boy I care for is in arm's reach. I get lonely but I'm seeing the light in terms of my youth and freedom. My main priority is being on my own and seeking my life's desire. But I don't feel the need to block out my love and feelings for anybody, mainly Lucas. A customer at work today told me, "You'll never come back from Europe." I need to run, quit smoking, and play my guitar. My fun, card-playing mate is here.

Love, Meghan

(later on) I need to write all the time. I played cards with Cassie. I talked to Javier. He wants me to visit him in Guadalajara. John called tonight and we've been playing phone tag. Claire and I went to Machiavelli for wine. We met Seattle University students. Two were dope and two were drunk. I met a guy from Ireland and we might go out tomorrow night. I want to be hospitable because he's in my home town. I wish it were more acceptable to be hospitable here without it becoming a gateway to a romantic excursion. I've learned that only a special few should be allowed into my heart and fewer should be allowed a kiss.

I have a crush on Roman from Emma's work. I want to tell him but I want it to remain a crush and nothing more. I want to study English and theatre overseas. I want to visit Stella and Jeremy in New York on my way to Europe. I trust and love myself. I used to trust everyone else and not myself. Now I take everyone with a grain of salt or at least I consider what I want before I make choices. Maybe that's bullshit. Work comes early.

Love, Meghan

Wednesday, October 6, 1999

I'm at Appassionato. I worked all day and I have to be back at 6. I'm going to STA Travel to see about flights to Guadalajara. I wish Lucas and I could talk. Claire and I were wondering if I shouldn't go to Mexico, to keep the month with Javier in its place - a special time we shouldn't mess with. Lucas is unsure about whether or not he wants me to visit him.

Love, Meghan

(later on) Thank God I can sleep in tomorrow. I went to Il Gambero with Maria after work. I'm listening to "[Halfway House](#)" by Willis and it connects to an idea I've had: that you have to mob it and do great things by yourself, but the people you love and caring about them are all that matter. It's symbiotic. I'm excited for Europe and I want to visit Javier. I'm sure of this. I want to talk to Lucas. If I simplify it, the only thing that brings me strife is that I smoke too much.

Love, Meghan

Friday, October 8, 1999

I got the new Tori Amos album and "[Cooling](#)" is beautiful. Margo came over today and we went to University Village. Claire, Nina, and I are taking Shelby out for her birthday. I talked to Javier and I'm going to Guadalajara in a few days. I'm happy but I'm sad about Lucas. I miss him. We haven't talked lately.

I went to Kell's last night and saw the Irish guy from Machiavelli. My mind is swimming. Mom and Dad are out of town. Skyler is coming to town tomorrow. Elizabeth might come, too. I promise that tomorrow, I'll write it all down.

Love, Meghan

Saturday, October 9, 1999

All I do is work. I can't stop listening to Tori Amos. She pushes me to dig deeper. I'm continually realizing how much I miss Lucas. Last night, I went to Margo's and we had a beer and talked all night. I stopped by Appassionato. Emma looks awful and I'm worried about her.

Love, Meghan

Monday, October 11, 1999

I'm at Appassionato. I was hung over, exhausted, and crying. I woke up feeling depressed and overwhelmed. I drank too much last night. I met Maria and Saul at Avenue One and we drank gin and tonics. I met a guy from New Jersey who bought me drinks and shots of Jagermeister. He told me the story behind it: a deer hunter made Jager in his house. One night, a deer approached him aggressively when he was unarmed. The deer was huge and could have easily charged and killed the man but at the last minute, the deer ran away. So the dude never killed another deer and stamped a deer head on the label.

On Saturday, I went to the Back Door with Claire and Nina. We ran into Craig Maynard. He's a doll. I came home and talked to Skyler for a couple hours and we went to sleep. John and Kim are coming to dinner for John's birthday. I needed to cry this morning. More tears won't surprise me. I've been listening to "Cooling" endlessly. I can't get over the lyric "This is cooling faster than I can." It makes me think of Lucas. We're fading and ending and it feels fast and premature. Javier called today. I want to go to Mexico but Vince said he needs me for another week before I go. I've been working, staying out too late, feeling busy and happy but I've been neglecting nurturing and caring for myself. Tonight, I want to shower, have dinner with the family, and play cards with Cassidy. I have another full day off tomorrow. I feel like sleeping, writing, crying, listening to lots of music, and being with Mom and Dad. I'm going home to repair myself and do the NY Times crossword puzzle.

Love, Meghan

Tuesday, October 12, 1999

I mobbed the crossword puzzle today. I had another dream about Javier. He had shaved and I touched his cheek. That's all I remember of it. Mom told me her friend Gail had a dream I got married.

I had dinner with my family last night and Cassidy and I went to Allegro for cards. We met up with her sister and saw "[American Beauty](#)." It was strange and beautiful. I wasn't impressed with the young actresses but Annette Bening and Kevin Spacey were great. Vince has been dodging the Mexico conversation but I better be on a plane by Monday. Javier said he may move up here in November.

Love, Meghan

Wednesday, Oct. 13, 1999

I'm at the Wagon Wheel. It's beautiful out but it seemed uncouth not to stop here and collect my thoughts. Bellingham is gorgeous, soft, and sad. It's comforting to be in here right now. I crave consistency. This town may bring me down but it's special to me. I miss school, the campus, and the people here. I'm listening to "Cooling" and it feels fitting. I used to always sit here with my headphones and journal and listen to my favorite new songs. I got to see Elizabeth's new place. I went to Sadie's. We went to Aidan's. We listened to Bob Dylan and I reminisced on my times with Aidan: poetry, Dylan, coffee, cigs. Sky and I went home to sleep. We got breakfast with Aidan.

I saw the guy who raped me walking down the street with Trevor Rand. I said hi to Trevor and walked around the block. I felt a deep uneasiness and I felt unsafe. I didn't think I'd write about this but it happened, ugly as it is.

I saw Matt Warner sitting by himself inside a restaurant. He'd been on my mind. We talked. I need to send him a postcard. Elizabeth said I look like a city girl and like life is treating me well. It is. She said Mom was bursting on the phone when she told Elizabeth about meeting Javier, that she was amazed. Elizabeth wonders if Javier is an angel who's here to keep me from a bad life. Aidan mentioned wondering if he's an angel, too. He is. His eyes, his demeanor - definitely angelic.

Tori Amos is seeing me through. Javier is growing in my mind. Skyler and I got Cruisin' Coffee and drove around talking about Mexico. We had a blast and laughed. We connected. She told me about a video she saw in class today about Appalachian people who drink strychnine, throw snakes at each other, convulse, and dance. We were riotous. We kept telling stories and laughing harder at each one. We laughed about when she and James were at my house and we were talking about being vegetarian. I said I hate it when I baby-sit and I have to deal with cold cuts or meat. I said, "I'll cut the cheese, but I won't touch the beef." It's disgusting and hilarious.

Love, Meghan

Thursday, October 14, 1999

The next few days will be work, sleep, and squeezing time in to write. Emma and I got coffee after work last night. I talked to Lucas and he wasn't happy to hear from me. He called this morning before I left for work and said he wants to fly up here today for the weekend. It isn't a good idea. I don't know where we stand.

Vince is giving me time off to go to Guadalajara. I'm sad and perplexed today. The last thing I want is to act like a damsel in distress who can't decide if she wants one hero or the other. It doesn't feel that way. It feels like I want to live my own life. I want Lucas to understand I love him and think about him all the time but that right now, I'm doing what I need to do. I want to see Javier and I want him to know what an angel he is, how happy I am when I'm with him, but that it doesn't make sense for me to get involved in a serious relationship right now. People in predicaments like mine usually end up losing everything but I don't think it will happen that way. How will it feel when Lucas decides his heart can't be pulled through my inconsistencies anymore? This is hard. It would be harder to lose him altogether.

I feel withdrawn today; not good when you work in a restaurant. I have to get Maria flowers for her birthday tonight. I'm going to be a working fool until I leave for Mexico. I hope Cassie can play cards on Saturday. I wish Lucas understood that I love him and that I can't be who I was to him right now.

Love, Meghan

(later on) I'm outside my house, where I spent many afternoons and nights smoking cigs and waiting to be with Lucas again. I got home from Appassionato and called him. We agreed on the extinction of our commitment and relationship for the time being. I am tearing up. It feels right but it sucks. He's not coming up. It wouldn't be right and we both know it. It's hard to love someone when that love comes with sadness, pain, longing, and heartache. He has my heart but I have to follow what feels right. For now we have parted paths. I can't make blanket statements. No matter where we are or what we're doing, I love him and I think about him.

Love, Meghan

Friday, October 15, 1999

I'm going to Mexico on Tuesday and I'm glad I'll see Javier again. He fills me with peace and laughter. It feels right to see him. I'm sad about Lucas. It's for the best but it hurts. I'm burnt out on Poor Italian. I love work and I need to stockpile money but I work so much that all the days blend together and I can't figure out what I need to do besides be there. Mexico is last minute. I have to buy my ticket pronto and get gifts for Javier's parents. Javier wants me to bring him Emporio Armani cologne. I should buy a couple things for myself before I go, too. I can't wait to get out of the cold and away from work.

Angels are holding me. My emotions are heightened by music and conversations but they don't put me over the edge like they used to. They don't overwhelm like they used to. The past couple of days have been rough but I have choices and options over the direction of my day and my life. My kidneys are messed up but I don't have time to get them checked out. How ludicrous is that? A priority check may be in order. I lost \$80 last night and I'm bummed but what can you do. I want to play cards with Cassidy at Allegro. What am I going to do with all these journals of my thoughts? I've gone through radical changes in my attitude over the past two months but I'm still who I have always been.

Love, Meghan

Saturday, October 16, 1999

I didn't have to baby-sit today. I showered, did laundry, and had breakfast instead. I'm at Appassionato and Emma is going to take a break and run errands with me. I'm getting my ticket to Mexico today. I'll be there for ten days. I went out with Sara, the new waitress, last night. She's from Minneapolis. We talked about film, acting, and drugs. On our drive home, we discovered that she's dating Amos, the guy Sequoia was involved with. I remember Sequoia telling me about him, that he lived in Minnesota, while we were in Australia. How crazy. My life is crazy. All I can ask is for God to guide me and give thanks for what I have.

Love, Meghan

Sunday, October 17, 1999

I'm at Avenue One for a glass of chardonnay. Trouble came down at work tonight. One of the servers has a friend who was murdered last night in California. She was crying and Vince fired her. How can someone lack compassion that much? Olivia quit. Piero and I are allies. Mexico is finalized. I'm leaving Tuesday morning. I can't wait to see Javier. I can't believe I'm going to be in Mexico in two days for cryin' out loud. Mom and I fought today. We need to talk and understand each other.

I saw a young black man lying in a doorway across the street from Poor Italian while I was getting into my car. I thought he was sleeping but I saw blood running down his face. He looked weak. I asked if he needed help. He shook his head and said, "No thank you." He made the sign of the cross to me as I walked away.

Love, Meghan

(later on) I hopped on my email to send replies to friends and instead wrote solely to Lucas. I met up with Chase and Rob at Il Bistro and we talked all evening. They gave me blow and all I could think of was Skyler. I saw the spitting image of William S. Burroughs there tonight. I want to play cards with Cass.

Emma and I went shopping today and I swear it takes away from my spirit. "So, I have this new ..." and then what? What's on the inside? What will I find at the bottom of this lipstick

tube? What will I find hidden in these new shirts? Nothing. I'll tell you what I find: that I don't care for shopping. I'm perfectly happy with what I have. And beyond that, what I do, see, and experience. I have a beauty and gratitude I can't describe, images I can't believe. I can see myself in Mexico. I always think a new place will make me a new person. It doesn't. It just makes me more myself. It fits in pieces I've been craving. It mixes it up. I've been surprising myself lately. I want life as it is, without the prison of substance. I don't want to be into substances and money.

When I look in mirrors lately, I see circles under my eyes. I see an intense beauty but a beauty that's aging too quickly. I mentioned it to Mom tonight and she said, "You've got to be kidding me. You don't look worn and aged at all." I have to take care of myself. I hope the beauty of my insides always shines through.

Love, Meghan

Monday, October 18, 1999

I'm off to Mexico tomorrow. It doesn't feel real. I can't wait to laugh with Javier. I feel bad that I did coke last night. I'm at Appassionato and I saw Alicia. She said it's okay to do it once in a while.

Love, Meghan

Tuesday, October 19, 1999

I leave in a few hours. I had a wonderful talk with Mom. I love her. She said Lucas called tonight. I'd call him back but it's too late (3:30am). I miss him. I write that all the time because it's true. He is my one true love no matter what. Mexico will be brilliant. I can't wait to see Javier. We have fun together. See you on the plane.

Love, Meghan

(later) I'm in Guadalajara on the deck off the guest room I'm staying in. I've been on planes and in airports all day. Javier and his dad got me at the airport. He brought me a dozen roses. His dad is kind and easy-going. His mom is beautiful. We all ate and then talked in the living room. I feel bad because the whole family is exhausted. It's good to see Javier and I can't believe I'm here. I hear frogs and foreign sounds. I'm lucky.

Love, Meghan

Wednesday, October 20, 1999

We're at the gym. Javier and I played pool and ping-pong and now he's lifting weights. His mom is teaching aerobics. I'm taking her class tomorrow night and I'm nervous because everyone is a regular and I don't want to be the foreigner struggling in the corner. We got up this morning and showered. Javier, Elena, their mom, and I took a cab to get brunch. We walked around and came home to talk and look at pictures. We had dinner at 4 at a Mexican restaurant. The food here is much better than the Mexican restaurants in the States. I can't grasp that I'm here. I wish I understood Spanish better. I can speak it alright but I have a hard time following full conversations. One of Javier's mom's friends said it's usually the other way around - people can understand it but not speak it. That says something about my listening skills.

I'm listening to "Cooling" and "[Concertina](#)" by Tori Amos. She's on the cover of Spin. In the article, she said she's much more private now and her lyrics are increasingly abstract and indirect. That reminds me of poems I've written. I make up "code" lines that only I understand which is weird because I don't usually share my writing with anyone.

I can't believe the turns my life has taken. I'm in Guadalajara listening to "Dramamine," thousands of miles from home, Appassionato, work, Allegro, friends, and family. It reminds me of Australia.

I like Javier. There's a photo of him at the beach when he was little, a profile shot, and he has an expression on his face somewhere between fear and intrigue, and he still makes that face. He's out walking the dogs. I've been noticing his family's dynamics. Javier is the middle child, like Elizabeth, and it occurred to me that the middle child is usually the most levelheaded. They aren't as self-absorbed or focused on as the oldest or youngest. I think highly of Javier. He has a warm, pure spirit.

Love, Meghan

Thursday, October 21, 1999

Time is flying. We had breakfast with Javier's family this morning. We took a taxi to the plaza for coffee and shopping. Javier and I talked in my room and I wrote postcards to people back home. Last night, he and I couldn't sleep so we stayed up talking. I love it when we sit and talk and talk. We kiss and hug and talk like crazy. I took his mom's aerobics class.

After the gym, we went to a friend's to watch the Kansas City/Baltimore football game. They all bet on Baltimore but KC won. We went to a sports bar and then came home to watch TV, lay and talk. I feel a part of me that I've never felt before. For the first time with a guy, I'm not diving in and giving my heart away. With Javier, it's slow and easy and comfortable. We're affectionate. We're putting our feelings out there and holding back at times because, for now, it's great and we don't know where it may lead. It's mysterious. The Mexico night sky is perfect and the moon is right above me.

Tomorrow, we're going to Al Centro. We're going to the gym again and then out dancing. I need to call Mom and Dad. I miss Appassionato. It's silly but I spend a lot of time there. I spent time there, unable to wait for Mexico. Now I'm here and missing it. I don't understand my love for Javier. I can't believe he's in my life. I miss my mates. I'm the luckiest girl on earth. I can't fathom all the wonderful people in my life. I have no expectations about Javier. I love and appreciate being here.

Love, Meghan

Friday, October 22, 1999

Javier, Elena, and I are going dancing tonight. Javier took me to the center of town today and we went through the markets. He showed me amazing murals, atria, and government buildings. They used to be private homes. The architecture is exquisite - arches and color and courtyards that look like paradise. During breakfast, an old man asked where I am from and sat down with us. He'd worked all over the west coast in the US. He wrote a poem for me called "Juventud." It was about my eyes and he wrote it in English. He wrote that my eyes "got something of divine."

Being here puts life back home in perspective. I love Javier. It feels pure and right. We saw Mexican dancers and a mariachi band in a square. We had snacks and beer. I went to aerobics again and struggled with a few of the steps. Javier came by and watched me. It made me nervous and distracted. His mom is sharp. She's smart and powerful.

Love, Meghan

Saturday, October 23, 1999

We went to Vango, one of the best clubs in the city. We played pool and drank beer. They played some of my old school favorites: U2, Depeche Mode, The Cure, and Peter Gabriel. I met Javier's friends and a group of Canadians. We went into another room and danced to good, hard techno. We got home at 3am, waking late this morning for breakfast. Javier and his mom took me to a festival that comes every October. We went on rides and ate junk food. I rock climbed on a wall towering into the air.

I feel like crying. I was reminded of LA because of all the palm trees but the air is cleaner here. I feel close to Javier. I'm overwhelmed by life. That's why I feel like crying. I'm tired. I love my family and friends and Javier. I'm blessed.

Love, Meghan

Sunday, October 24, 1999

Last night after dinner, I had an upset stomach and was embarrassed. Then I figured it's natural, unpleasant as it may be. It was something I ate at the festival. We went to a sports bar to watch the Tyson fight and it was whack because in one of the first rounds, Tyson punched his opponent after the bell sounded. The game ended and the other dude won by default. What a letdown. I'm not a boxing fan so I'll be okay. It amazes me that millions of people are entertained by two guys beating the shit out of each other. Sure, it's a sport. There's form, technique, strategy, but when you strip that away, it's primal and animalistic.

We went to Vango again but the line was too long so we went elsewhere. I got my first pang of jealousy concerning Javier last night and I need to squelch that. I only want to experience love, joy, admiration, and respect in my heart for him. I felt sick by the end of the night and we went home at 3am and I slept until noon. Javier placed our bets for the football game today. We lost. His mom took me to a market earlier. I got sunglasses and a tape of songs that capture Mexico for me. I thought it would be difficult with the language barrier but we did fine. She likes me. We went to her friend's house and talked. They said they want me to marry Javier. He and I talked in the bar last night about our relationship, our respect and love for each other and God's hand in our meeting. We agreed to keep on and see what's in store. We're going to a movie later. It's another gorgeous, hot day. I'm well.

Love, Meghan

(later on) We saw "[Instinto](#)" with Anthony Hopkins and then we went to mass. Now we're going to have churros and go bowling. My stomach is on the fritz. I can't believe how wonderful Javier is. He wants us all to go to Puerto Vallarta this weekend which means I'll have to extend my trip. I don't want to deal with telling Vince. Work is going to be a rude awakening. I don't need to think about it now. The tape I bought today is hilarious.

Love, Meghan

Monday, October 25, 1999

I'm on the veranda. We slept in, had breakfast and played rummy with Elena. We did chores and lay in the sun. I'm imagining Bellingham, cold and overcast, as I sit in brilliant sunshine. I'm going to aerobics later.

Love, Meghan

(later on) I want to capture this time. I'm used to being here. It's peaceful and people put the important things first here. Priorities are different. Everyone is affectionate and they take care of each other. I want to stay in a certain place where I feel right. In all the places I've visited, I have had moments of feeling right. But it's more important to carry what you learn and what you see

with you because we're always moving. If I can keep the images, recognitions and parts of life that I love with me, I can continue moving on and seeing new things. That's how I want my life to be. I love it here. I feel like crying because I am happy.

Love, Meghan

(later on) I told Javier how I am feeling. I am thinking of and appreciating my friends. I have an endless gratitude for my family and friends. My Spanish is improving. I'm in frickin' Mexico. I have a great job. My life is exploding with gifts. I don't ever want to be selfish or be a taker. I want to give and thank. I know I'll be taken care of and have what I need. I love my life.

Love, Meghan

(still later) It's 2am and we've got big trouble in little China. My stomach is trippin'. I am most concerned about stinking up the bathroom. Any time I eat, it gets reactivated. I am dehydrated.

I talked to my folks and showered early. Javier's mom made me dinner. Elena joined us and we all talked and laughed. I hung out with them and then I went to join the males of the family, who were at a restaurant nearby. Javier's dad said I have "bonita character" (good character). I was surprised and flattered. He said I'm always smiling, always laughing, never mad. We walked home and Javier and I played rummy in my room. Then we lay down and had a serious talk about each other, our relationship, Europe, Lucas, Lisa, and the future. We want to see each other again but we don't expect each other to make promises. I told him I could see myself marrying him and he smiled and said, "I know." We talked about how young we are but how much we like each other's hearts. I got a couple pangs of sadness. We feel deeply for each other and we'll figure out the right direction. He told me he could see the happiness in my eyes. Even though I have new-found happiness, faith, and excitement, there's still sadness. I need a new journal. I'm sad to see this one end. It sums up a new phase, the beginning of a life change, my time with Javier. I like that Emma gave me this journal. Life feels precious and delicate.

Love, Meghan

P.S. I'm sad to know this trip will end.

Tuesday, October 26, 1999

Another beautiful afternoon on the veranda. I cried a few minutes ago. My emotions are heightened. I told Javier I felt like Joni Mitchell the night we were at Vango, especially in her lyrics from "[Carey](#)" and in "[California](#)," when she sings: "So I bought me a ticket, caught a plane to Spain, went to a party down a red dirt road, there were lots of pretty people there reading *Rolling Stone*, reading *Vogue*. They said 'How long can you hang around?' I said 'A week, maybe two. Just until my skin turns brown then I'm going home [to California].'" I'm watching the dogs run around the sunlit backyard. Why do I feel fragile?

Love, Meghan

P.S. We're all doing Tae Bo tonight. Oh, man.

(later on) Elena wanted to hear Tori Amos so we went into the living room and listened to her. Then we listened to Ricardo Arjona. I like his song "[Desnuda](#)." I asked Javier and Elena to translate it and they said he's singing about how he likes to see his woman naked, not necessarily in a sexual way, but because it's natural.

(later on) We had dinner and I came upstairs for a smoke. I was leaning out over the veranda, looking at the night sky and I thought about all the moments and looks I've shared with Javier. I'm okay that we'll have to part. We can come back together. We have a good connection. I have past, present, and future images of us.

I went to Tae Bo at the gym and it was intense. Javier and I talked in my room about how I got jealous the other night. He said, "You know I only have eyes for you." I wish I hadn't brought it up. I'm learning to enjoy being young. I want to extend my time here. Friday seems too premature a departure. I keep thinking of Skyler. I want to feel the safety of knowing Javier and I have this connection. It isn't needy or petty. We're off to play cards.

Love, Meghan

Wednesday, October 27, 1999

We're going to Tlaquepaque. Arturo left for San Francisco today and I didn't get to say goodbye. Last night was strange and beautiful. We played cards and then we all went upstairs to watch TV while Arturo packed. Javier and I were talking in my room and I said something I didn't mean about wondering if he was taking me for a ride. He was offended. We talked about relationships. I asked him how he escaped drugs, alcohol, smoking, and self-induced suffering. He said, "My family and Jesus." He asked me why I question his love for me and he said it was akin to him questioning my tears. I apologized and we hugged for a long time. He held me and said, "You need more love and affection."

I brought up that I saw his mom crying when we got home from the gym and he teared up. I asked him why he was crying and he said it made him cry to see his mom crying. She was sad about Arturo leaving. He said, "She was sad when we were gone so long in Seattle. She couldn't sleep at night." By then we were both crying. He asked why I was and I said, "Because everything is beautiful." I thought about his mom missing him and how much I will miss him. We lay there and hugged and cried. Then it was time for bed. Javier said, "This was different. It wasn't a fight. It was different." We said goodnight.

Love, Meghan

(later on) Tlaquepaque was lovely and colorful. Many artists and creators live there and we visited galleries. We had a long lunch at an old-school authentic restaurant. I changed my ticket to stay a few days longer. I've been thinking of Bellingham and missing my friends. Javier is napping now and then we are going to the gym. I'm reading *Franny and Zooey* by JD Salinger. I like it but I sometimes find myself asking, "What is he getting at?" How do you match *The Catcher in the Rye*? I gotta get ready for aerobics.

Love, Meghan

(later on) I am tuckered. It's twilight. I'm listening to crickets and feeling the leftover heat radiating from sun on bricks. I'm thinking about my first night here - how foreign and hot and different it felt from home. On our way back from the gym, we listened to a song that's popular here right now. This culture is sensual, mysterious, and fun. I've become too reflective the past couple of days and I need to snap out of it.

I've been reading *Franny and Zooey* and I came to the best passage. Zooey is looking out the fifth-story window down below at a little girl hiding from her dog. He watches and when the child and dog reunite, it's joyous. He says to himself, and half to Franny, who's in the room, "Goddamn it. There are nice things in the world and I mean *nice* things. We're all such morons to get sidetracked, referring everything that happens right back to our lousy little egos."

Love, Meghan

P.S. Last night, Javier said to me, "Why do you want to make yourself suffer? Everyone has doubts, but don't make yourself suffer."

Friday, October 29, 1999

I woke up and went to aerobics. Then Javier, Elena, and I went to the Plaza. We saw “[Inocencia Robada](#).” We took a cab to a bar and Javier and I sat there for hours, talking, eating, drinking and laughing. Then we met his friend and shot pool. We went home to play rummy and listen to Ricardo Arjona. When I woke up this morning, my eye was puffy and we can’t figure out why. Maybe a mosquito. We went to another market today and I bought a tape with songs by Shakira because I like her song “Tu.”

I’m going to aerobics again later and we may go dancing tonight. I could be flying home in a couple of hours but I’m staying until Wednesday. It’s gonna be hard to see this journey end.

Love, Meghan

(later on) I love my daily rituals here. It’s my favorite time of day - twilight. Time to write before a shower and going out. I’m listening to “Tu” and I only like the beginning and the string instruments. We’re going to Vango again and I can’t wait to dance with Javier. I love Javier and I’m trying not to gear my mind into any holes or boxes of how I want it to be. Shakira is a Colombian Jewel. I gotta go get ready and have a ball with my boy.

Love, Meghan

P.S. I’d like to talk to Terrence.

Saturday, October 30, 1999

We’re going to Chapala today, a lake about 40 minutes from here. We’ll be horseback riding and swimming. I finished *Franny and Zooey*. I can’t make up my mind about it.

Love, Meghan

(later on) We’ve been at Metro all night. Everyone was dressed up for Halloween. One woman went as Marilyn Manson. Sadie would have been proud. We danced to the usual popular club techno that I have come to enjoy. They played Ricky Martin and “Mambo No. 5.” They played traditional Mexican songs that everyone knows and the music is full of life and spirit. When we walked back to the main room after shooting a game of pool and saw all these couples making out, Javier looked at me and said, “It looks more like Valentine’s Day in here than Halloween.” A Backstreet Boys song came on and they repeat the word “everybody.” Javier sang, “Everybody ... is horny.”

On our way to Chapala, Elena and I sat in the back of their friend’s van and sang the whole way. The lake has dried up considerably in the last few years but it’s still vast. We walked through the stalls and then went to another part of town. It was beautiful and colorful; old cobblestone streets and vendors selling crafts. I thought of Nate and how much he would have loved to take pictures there. We had lunch outside at a beautiful restaurant. Paradise: palm trees, flowers, gargantuan parrots. We went horse-back riding by the lake. I get nervous on a horse when it gallops. I feel like I’m going to fall off. Javier and I rode side by side and held hands. I’m delirious. I’m listening to “Concertina” by Tori Amos. I feel like I’ve been here forever. I think about home, but I love it here. I’m in a trance. My mind and writing are on cruise control. I was overflowing with happiness and peace on our way to Chapala. I had abstract images waving through my mind. I’m ignoring my inevitable departure.

Love, Meghan

Sunday, October 31, 1999

It doesn’t feel like Halloween in this blazing heat. Besides, it’s Sunday. Elena woke me up this morning. I went with her and her mom to get something to eat. We went to church afterwards. My stomach hurts. We met Javier and his dad at the sports bar. Elena bought me Pepto-Bismol.

Javier looks good today in a dark grey t-shirt and jeans. He looks super-hot. I have fun with him. We seize being young, music, dancing, and life. We feel like I've been here forever. I'm happy despite sad aspects. I used to be covered and consumed by a darker sadness.

Love, Meghan

Monday, November 1, 1999

I fell asleep in Javier's bed while we watched TV last night. He slept across from me in Arturo's bed. He looked beautiful as he slept this morning. We played rummy last night and talked in my room. We talked about Europe, seeing each other again, and how we'll welcome each other with open hearts. His dad bought pastries last night for me to have at breakfast this morning. I was touched that he thought of me. We washed the dog this morning. They sold Pinta, the puppy, today. Its mom is sad. I wonder if Pinta is sad.

I'll miss Javier and his family. They are wonderful people. I hope to enjoy my last couple days here and put aside the knowledge that I'm leaving. I want to see Emma. I have fallen in love with this place: the music, colors, and lifestyle. I want to come back and go to Cabo San Lucas and Mazatlan. We set the clocks back last night. I feel sad.

Love, Meghan

(later on) We're back from the gym. I feel good after working out. Javier did aerobics with me. The first half was step and the second was Tae Bo. I feel peaceful about knowing I have to go. Javier may come to Seattle in January if he doesn't sign with a soccer team. A cockroach came out of nowhere and I smashed him on the bricks. Nasty! I don't know what's more disgusting - the roach itself or the stuff that came out of it when I smashed it.

I'm going to miss this time. Javier and I have grown fonder of each other with each passing day. I have to work hard when I get back home and make time for running. I don't feel tied down by commitments. I have love and affection for everyone I know and I don't feel like I have to make any sacrifices right now. I'm allowed to live and enjoy it. I do miss Lucas. I feel fine about Javier having Lisa as part of his past. Maybe she's still part of his life and that's okay, too. I'm learning how unnecessary jealousy and illusions of ownership are. I can't help what's come in his life before me. Jealousy is nonsense. I can accept things now that I previously couldn't. I've stopped building walls around myself and putting everything into one frame. I have a life to look forward to and to be happy about. I often get memories of Sadie's room in Stack 4 at Fairhaven - replete with images of Europe (especially London), new wave music, late 70s British punk, and electronic music. Sadie is the shit. Javier's mom is great. She is strong and smart and beautiful. I hope she knows I want the best for her son. I treat him like a prince and I appreciate her for raising such an awesome person.

Love, Meghan

Tuesday, November 2, 1999

Javier brings me joy. I'm sitting in the blazing sun. We got our third roll of film back today and I can't stop looking at the pictures. I slept in Javier's room again last night. I had coffee with his dad at Sambora's this morning. His dad is a sharp man. We drank coffee, smoked cigs and talked. Javier and I walked to get tacos dorados. We're going to the gym soon.

Hundreds of ants descended on the cockroach I killed and it disappeared inside of a half hour. I tell myself I did a good deed by providing food to all those ants and to comfort myself for killing an innocent (gigantic) roach.

On our walk home, we sang “[Under the Bridge](#)” by Red Hot Chili Peppers and other obnoxious songs. Javier makes me laugh. He talks about people being the “master of disaster.” Whenever I ask him what we’re going to do for the day or night, he says, “Same thing we do every night, Pinky - try to take over the world!” I was laughing last night because his mom’s friend wants me to write out the lyrics to “Mambo No. 5.” I had a pen and paper and Javier was making up lyrics like, “A little bit of Monica in my life ... You can touch me. You want to touch my butt...” and I looked at him and he said, “Write it down, Meghan. This is serious.” I feel comfortable and okay about going home. I know I’ll see him again. I smile when I think of Javier and my time here. I’m thankful for how peaceful, perfect, and beautiful it’s been - so much music and laughing.

I read an email Lisa wrote to him. He asked me to. It was platonic and void of feeling.

I hope I carry this joy home with me. I told Javier that I compare his effect on me to the bricks on my balcony. The sun warms them all day and then goes away. But the bricks stay warm well into the night, left over from the day’s heat. That’s how I feel when he and I part - his warmth stays with me. He yelled up here. We gotta get to the gym.

Love, Meghan

(later on) I took an hour-long aerobics class, then a Tae Bo class for another hour and then I talked to Javier’s friends about New York, the mafia, and drugs while we did the StairMaster. I didn’t see him after class. When I found him, my face had fallen and I was sad and despondent. He asked what was wrong. I said, “Nothing.” He took my hand and asked me to tell him what was wrong. His friends were waiting to play pool with him but he refused to go until I told him why I was down. I was thinking about one night at dinner when Arturo was messing with Elena and she kept telling him to stop. It reminded me of John with Elizabeth and me. I miss my siblings. I don’t want to be a poopy-pants tonight.

People here drive like maniacs. I always think people will get into an accident but they don’t. I looked up and saw a shooting star in this clear Mexico sky. When we drove through Chapala with the van door open, I watched the pavement race by below me. Everyone’s hair was blowing in the wind. It was better than a photograph. The earth is holding me and angels surround me. The world is at my fingertips and everything is possible. Elena knocked on the door so she could shower in here. I told her I was sad. She hugged me for a long time and said, “‘Last’ is for when you die. You’re coming back. This is your house, your room.” She’s an angel. She made me feel a million times better. God puts all these opportune, perfectly-timed moments in my life. I must sound cheesy but it beats the hell out of sadness and negativity. Tonight, I keep my mind and heart open to this awesome life. I keep my wits about me and stay grateful.

Love, Meghan

(later on) I can’t help it. Anywhere I go and anything I do, I’m forming lines in my head to write. So I will, quickly. We’re at a rustic little bar shooting pool and drinking beer. Elena and I danced flamenco. We stood up amid all these people and we were in our own world. When the beer arrived at our table, she and I cheered and chugged one. Javier came up and told her to take it easy or she’d get drunk. She rolled her eyes at me. I smiled and nodded. Then she squinted her eyes and scrunched her face into a sweet little smile. She made me think of what Mom was probably like when she was our age. Mom and Elena are beautiful, graceful, and perfect. Smart and solid, but every now and again they shock you or do something seemingly out of character. But that’s just it - it is their character.

Javier and I are playing pool against these guys and I told him, “I’m going to kick ass in this game. You won’t even believe it’s me.” He said, “Like always - I can’t believe it’s you.” He says

hilarious shit like that and I can't figure out if he's being cute or if it's a translation thing that has other meanings. Like earlier when I was getting ready. I said, "Do you think I know you?" He said, "Sometimes." I gave him a weird look and he said, "Sometimes you know me more." We both said, "Ooh," and he asked if I liked that answer. This is too anti-social. We've got pool to play.

Love, Meghan

(later again) Javier was sitting across from me in this dimly-lit place. A song about Mazatlan came on and he explained it to me. I am lucky to get large glimpses into other people's lives and lifestyles - places, isms, and images unique to them. His mom says, "Estados Unidos - esta dos unidos." The Spanish for United States also breaks down into "it is two [people] united." I feel obsessed with writing. I want to live my life but I'm constantly aching for a pen so I can get it all down. Maybe it's my life's work, my duty.

I keep thinking of Grandma and Grandpa and all their travels. I feel like them, like this is a place they went to. It reminds me of when we still lived on Thornhill and I had a mirror that reflected the houses across the street. It made everything look different than facing it in first person (not through the mirror). The Katz's house looked different and European. I used to look at it through the mirror while brushing my hair and think about Grandma and Grandpa traveling in Yugoslavia. And now I'm here thinking of what it felt like to them when they went to Acapulco. I want to tell Elizabeth about this. She'll feel an affiliation or familiarity with it, or at least she'll understand me better than anyone else on this matter.

Love, Meghan

Wednesday, November 3, 1999

It's my last day here. Javier wanted me to sleep in Arturo's bed last night but I thought it better to sleep in my room. His mom woke me up this morning and I went and lay down next to Javier. We're all going to get coffee. I have mixed emotions. I have to get gifts for Mom and Elizabeth and pack.

Love, Meghan

(later on) I'm on the plane to Houston. I feel upbeat and I keep getting flashes of Javier, his family, and his house. It makes me nervous because it makes me sad. We sat at coffee this morning for a couple hours while their American friend talked to Javier and Elena about getting modeling contracts in New York. It made me think of all the pretty people.

We went to a ceramics and pewter shop so I could buy gifts for my family. We went home and Javier and I lay in my room, kissing and talking. I went out to the veranda and smoked cigs and listened to my Mexico songs. I wrote Javier a letter. He read it on the bed and his lips mouthed the words as he read and he cried. I sat down next to him and cried. We hugged and he said, "Thank you. You write beautifully." We brought my luggage downstairs. His mom gave me a ceramic vase, a tape, and a decoration that says "Viva Mexico." She cried and I started again, too. Elena gave me a letter and a hug. She was crying. I kept saying, "Thank you. I'll see you again. Thank you. Your family is beautiful and kind."

Arturo and Javier drove me to the airport. We got coffee and talked. Man, I had a brilliant time. I keep waiting to freak out but I don't think I will. I feel awed and grateful. Emma's picking me up from the airport. I can't wait to see her and talk. I can't believe I'm going home. I'm ready but I already miss Guadalajara and my great family there.

Love, Meghan

Thursday, November 4, 1999

I'm back at Appassionato. Mom and I talked when I got home. I woke up this morning and ran to Discovery Park. I miss Javier. It's chilly in Seattle now but the sun is out today. My life (mainly my room) is disorganized and I need to straighten it out. I need a nap and to play cards with Cassie. I have people to call and I need to get on the internet and look up schools in England.

Mexico has affected me. I feel different about my lifestyle and how I live here. I'm not as content to sit around drinking coffee and smoking cigs. I want to be active. I feel different about the music I listened to before I left. I need to find a great school for theatre and literature in England, work, run, and keep in regular touch with the people I love. I need to focus. I want to read more, study Spanish, improve my geography knowledge, and learn more about history and the great artists and humanitarians who have lived. I want to sing and play guitar. I need to make the most out of my days. I don't feel mentally organized. Maybe that's bullshit. I need to go home and do a makeover and inventory on my room and my life.

Love, Meghan

(later on) I could purge my mind of thoughts all night. I'm at Allegro. Cass and I played cards. I showed her pictures of Mexico. I have to focus on Europe. I'm getting down. I miss Javier. I need to get on the ball with applications for schools in London. I want to talk to Lucas. Mom said he's going to Australia in the spring. They talk more now than he and I do.

I talked to Elizabeth and Skyler today. I'm worried about Skyler. She's unhappy and drinking too much. But what am I supposed to say to her? She's beautiful and awesome and I don't think she's applying herself or her talents. Cassie and I talked about Aidan and Rita. Rita is bummed that she and him aren't together anymore. I replied to Rita's email today. I'm not sure what her angle is in emailing Cass and me, but I like her and she's struggling right now so I want to be there for her and take it for what it's worth.

I miss Javier. It's real and intense and I didn't expect it. I miss his presence.

Vince is pissed at me. I'm going to work my ass off for his restaurant to make up for it. I need the money and I need to occupy myself. I'm trying to make sense of being back here and rethinking the amazing two weeks I had.

I'm in my head today, not present to other people. That's okay sometimes. Maria and I might go out tonight but I have to keep it mellow. No more boozing. It's not fun to get drunk. It leads to depression and takes me off course.

I want to call Lucas and tell him I love him and he's great. We're at a point where we can talk and listen. We can be happy for each other but feel sadness and curiosity about where our relationship went. I feel connected to him. I have respect and love in my heart for him. I can't believe what we've gone through and how it turned out. But it feels okay.

I spent a year in self-created depression. Coming out of it has been beautiful and powerful. I needed time for pain and searching. Parts of me miss it. I miss it because it's gone now, as it should be.

Mexico was ideal because I feel rested and ready to work hard. I wonder how Javier's doing and what he's thinking about. I miss him and his peace.

I'd like to talk to my brother. I'm excited for Europe and I hope I can see Stella and Jeremy in NYC on my way there. I am fortunate. All the laughing and dancing I do. All the great people I get to be around; all the music that speaks to me; all this writing; my generous parents; and my job. I feel things deep in my spirit. Music reaches me. Every song sounds good and evokes new things in me. Life is too much, overwhelming.

Love, Meghan

Friday, November 5, 1999

I'm at Denny's. I feel like a detective. My journals are the evidence and paperwork and I'm investigating my life. To make sense of where I've been, where I am now, and where I'm headed. Emma was here. We talked about Dwight, Javier, and Lucas. She read from one of my old journals while I went to get cigs. I'm surrounded by old journals and tons of mix tapes. Emma told me that when Dwight is mean to her, she doesn't like him. But when he's kind, it hurts her heart and scares her because it makes her fall harder for him. Odd, but I get it. I got an email from Javier this morning after going running.

My creative energies are up and I'm going to explode. I'm alive. I don't know if I'm bursting with joy but I'm definitely bursting. Music and my mind are propelling me with an intense force.

I talked to Lucas last night. We talked about how strange it is not to be together. He told me a girl is living with him. I didn't get a stomach knot or heart pain when he said it. It's better this way. Now we're openly on our own. If we were still trying for something, we'd just be fighting or sad and I'd be paranoid about him being with other people anyway. It hurts, though.

We're a dynamic couple. We have extreme love, passion, sex, intensity, beauty, and force together. But we put each other through so much.

After reading what I've written, I realize what pain and insecurity existed throughout the entire relationship. I beat myself up and questioned whether or not I was good enough for Lucas even though I knew I was the best person for him. I have stronger feelings for him now than I've had in ages. In the way that I know we can't be together now. I've been thinking about our first year at Western - Fairhaven and all our friends. I've been thinking about Sadie.

I've been thinking about Europe, New York, Britain in the late 70s, my friendship with Aidan, electronic music, clubs, all my associations, being young, getting older and mellower.

I wonder if Lucas is with this girl out of loneliness, missing me, etc. or if it's because as people, that's what we do. It hurts to think of him holding her, her next to him in the mornings. It troubles me to think of it so I try not to. It scares me because I know how intense he can be. I know how school, living on campus, and having someone around 24/7 makes things intense and close. I miss him but I don't think I can ably express to him how I feel.

I love Javier. He treats me well. I know that what I have with him is how love and relationships should be. But I know that Lucas and I have a strong love and connection. We've reached a balance. We know we love each other and we're both living our lives and moving on through.

"A Case of You" is on and I feel consumed by memories, feelings, and images of our times together. I'm hurting about him right now. We were significant to each other. I told Emma my insecurities and my difficulty to let myself go are what ended me and Lucas. She said that it was because he cheated on me. I overlook that now, like I've forgotten (but I haven't forgotten). All I can see now is how in love we were.

Javier complicates it. He is the most decent, respectful person I've ever met. He makes me feel good but right now I'm consumed by my past. My friends are comforting to me.

Everything feels real, colorful, intense, and alive. My body and mind are open and receptive. I'm astounded and awed by life.

I miss being in school. I miss learning. I miss teachers, notebooks, books, young minds coming together to seek and understand. I feel delicate and vulnerable. I love the mystery of life and myself. I keep getting tastes of emotions, ideas, thoughts. I'm overwhelmed by my past and present. I would give anything to hug Lucas right now. Maybe to apologize and tell him I love

him. It seems like I should be struggling right now but I'm not. This is all-consuming. I spent two incredible weeks in Mexico. I have a kind, beautiful boy down there who loves me and who I love and appreciate. I love my friends. So many people are part of my life and my past. We share brilliant experiences, feelings, and understanding. I didn't know I could feel this deeply and widely.

"In the Sun" by Peter Gabriel is playing. It's a sobering song. It evokes winter of freshman year at Western, caught up in the most precious and fierce love with Lucas. "Cuz if I find, if I find my own way, how much will I find? Will I find you?" God has blessed me and brought more to my life than I can fathom. Feeling how I do now, anything is possible and all is right. I can't stop writing. I can't imagine a life without writing. It wouldn't be life, my life, without all these words. Thank God I've found a perfect release for myself. I can't handle it. I want to dance and scream and jump and sit silently and hug all of my friends. Everything is too amazing. I should get going. I have to hostess tonight.

Love, Meghan

P.S. My mind is utterly fall/winter, Lucas and Javier infused right now. I need to see Sadie.

Saturday, November 6, 1999

I'm at Appassionato. I have to work soon but wanted to write. Elizabeth is home. She's not doing well. Emma got a new car, lucky girl. I talked to Margo today. I read her an email I wrote to Lucas last night. I ended up sending it to myself at the last minute instead of him. I forwarded it to him. I can't wait to see Emma. Cora wants us to get together with Cassidy for a night of cards. Tilda's parents sold their house. I called today but she wasn't home. I talked to her dad. It was hard to be back at work last night. I got drinks with Jane and her friend at the bar afterward. I came home, wrote to Lucas, and cried. I have to go in to work early because Vince wants to talk to me. I can only imagine what it's about.

After Denny's yesterday, I came here for more coffee and talked to Stephen. He asked me if I was on mushrooms or something. Of course I wasn't but I felt funny. I felt alive, vulnerable, and crazy. My face looked different. I called Lucas last night but he was moving equipment and couldn't talk. I talked to the girl who's living with him. It didn't bother me.

I went running today but I wasn't into it. I'm alright. I've relaxed considerably in the last few months. It's good to be at home with Mom and Dad. My emotions are on full force and it's good for me to be solo so I can get myself together, think how I think, and feel how I feel. I need to go home and get pretty for work.

Love, Meghan

Sunday, November 7, 1999

John came over for breakfast early this morning. Then Claire and I had brunch at the Mecca on Queen Anne. I had fun with her and it lessened the blow of today's hangover. We went to Fremont and tried on vintage clothes and took pictures in a photo booth.

Maria and I went to The Drink in Eastlake to hear her friends' band last night. Jane and Aly met us. We talked and drank wine for the rest of the night and I didn't get home until 4:30am. I was tired this morning and pissed off with myself for getting drunk and staying out late. What is this drinking nonsense? It's stupid and depressing. I need to chill for my sake and for Javier. He's shown me love and I need to embrace that. I'm too smart to waste my life hitting the bottle. I fool myself into thinking I have it together and then I go pull a stunt like that. Senseless. I know better. I need to take care of myself, use my head. I'm a smart girl.

It's good I'm writing. It keeps me grounded and real. I don't know how I'd get by without it. I'm compelled. I'm grateful for it. I don't know where it's leading or why but I know I don't have a choice but to do it.

I was thinking about how much bullshit exists and I hope I always remember I have choices and freedom and that I'm the one who has to take responsibility for my life. I get scared and sad but I keep on truckin'.

I smoke incessantly. That's one vice I've made peace with for now. Fuck alcohol and drugs but give me my pen, paper, coffee, and cigs. I know it'll have to end but I'm not ready yet. I'll have to make the decision to quit and that sucks. It's the one thing I'm a slave to, my one seemingly insurmountable obstacle. All else, I can take on like a champion.

I want to run my ass off. I want to improve and strive. I have to go to work but I want to get coffee with Emma afterward and talk about it all. I heard "[Time](#)" by Tom Waits today and thought of Aidan. Where is he?

Love, Meghan

Monday, November 8, 1999

It's Lucas's birthday. I ran to Discovery today and as I ran down the trails through the trees, I noticed that as pretty as the park is, it's gloomy and dreary, too.

I'm insanely down today and I don't know what to attribute it to. I miss Lucas. I miss Javier and his uplifting presence. We've been emailing but I want to talk to him. I left a message on Lucas's machine today but I'm going to call back because I don't expect him to call me.

I want to see Margo. She called today. Sometimes it's comforting to talk to her and see her because we've known each other so long and been through a lot together.

I wish I could figure out or write about my sadness and irritation but I don't understand it. I woke up feeling negative and complicated. I'm pissed at myself for not being motivated enough to find a school in Europe.

I'm wondering if I have what it takes to get through a Seattle winter. It can be brutal on your spirits. Constant grey skies. I don't want to give in to this. Today I can be lazy and pessimistic. Then, no more.

Love, Meghan

(later on) "[Blue](#)" by Eiffel 65 is on my headphones. It was my favorite song in Mexico and I haven't been able to get it out of my head.

I worked until 10 tonight. I eased out of the funk that hung over me all day. I talked to Mom and she said Lucas called earlier. I'd called him back a few times today but he wasn't there.

I'll feel listless until I solidify my plans for Europe. I don't like feeling like I'm not working for or toward something. I hate to admit it but I like a Limp Bizkit song called "[Re-Arranged](#)." Counting Crows have a new album out. I've only heard one song but it's good. Their first album was good, their second one sucked, and I think their third will redeem them.

I have to get Fiona Apple's new album. "[Fast As You Can](#)" is a cut. I like "[Little Black Backpack](#)" by Stroke 9.

Everyone, including me, is wondering if my funk is post-vacation letdown. I'm thinking of my room at Javier's house, lying there every night curious, happy, and grateful.

Lately I feel like relationships and love of any kind are okay and good. I can't listen to people when they say it's impossible to love more than one person. I can't get jealous or upset when I think of Lucas or Javier loving other (or at least one other) women. It's okay to be understanding and open and unafraid.

I want to talk to Lucas and tell him how happy and strange I've been. I feel like talking to him for hours. I had a cig in the bar at work earlier and Carolyn, one of the regulars, told me I have no idea how many women came through there and wondered who Javier was when he worked here. It made me feel like, "Awww. I know. Isn't he beautiful and great? I'm lucky." It also came with feelings of jealousy and am-I-good-enough. Maybe not "am I good enough" but it got me thinking. Is there someone better for him? I'm glad I recognize these thoughts because it means I can change them. I can get to the point where I say, "I know. He's exquisite. I deserve to be with him."

I've spent a lot of my life telling myself I'm incapable, "I can't," or that I'm not enough for the people I love. Fuck self-help books and motivational speakers but I am discovering a new way of seeing myself and who I am to other people. It's complex and it goes deep but I feel satisfied with who I am and how I am to others. I feel real in many situations. I shock myself with what I can empathize with in other people.

I have such an appetite for music and all forms of expression. I accept people. I love people. It's deeper and more genuine because I love myself. I can't wax on that too long because it starts to feel not genuine and self-help-y.

The NYT crossword puzzle sucked today. I need to call Lucas.

Love, Meghan

P.S. I'm lucky to have such good friends. Though I could've used their company today, just the thought of them helps me push on. The thought of Margo helped me today. It was great to be with Claire yesterday. I thought about Cassidy, Skyler, and Sadie while I was in Mexico. It's great to have Emma. They reflect myself back to me. I need to tell them all how good they are. Maybe I'll go to Bellingham tomorrow.

Tuesday, November 9, 1999

I'm in Bellingham at the Wagon Wheel. I got stuck in traffic on the way up here but I had my headphones and my own silliness to keep me occupied for shits and giggles.

I left a message for Matt Warner, hoping he could meet me here but he wasn't home. I get to see all my wonderful girls tonight.

Lucas and I talked for a couple hours last night and he called me again this morning. I know I should purge my mind of it all right now but I don't feel like getting into it. I'm losing my grip on my fierce desire to write. I don't know what to say. Mom says some days are going to be lame. I have this idea that every day can be awesome. I get surprised to find myself down or bored. There must be ways to outsmart the blues, even when you can't figure out their root.

I like "I Try" by Macy Gray - her voice and the tune. My darling Miss Skyler is waiting for rum & cokes and my excellent company.

Love, Meghan

Thursday, November 11, 1999

I'm at Denny's for coffee. I've been reading my Australia journal. I'm down and the usual down beat is taking over. I was ecstatic for two and half months and I'm not now. Everything was colorful and fun. Now I see there are ugly and bad things out there. Why do I look? Because when I was happy, I didn't ignore or deny those things but I let them roll past me.

After playing cards with Margo and driving to Bellingham and the Wagon Wheel, I went to Skyler's and had rum & cokes with her and Carla. I left a message on Chase and Rob's machine. Skyler and I went to Casa Que Pasa and saw them there. The guys were happy to see me and we

had drinks. We went dancing and then to Chase's house. We drank wine and read aloud from James Joyce, Arthur Rimbaud, and Henry Miller. We had quasi-intellectual conversations and I found myself frustrated during them. Chase and Skyler did coke all night. I had to go to bed because I was exhausted.

Chase and I hooked up. He's hot and smart but I didn't need to do that. I understand that I get lonely and it's fun to mess around with someone. But I know what I like and what I don't like, when things make sense and when they don't. What is it in me that, despite my wisdom, intelligence and knowledge from past experience, insists on following my wild streak, my desire to do random, unnecessary (but fun in a deviant way) things? Why do I have a couple people that I love and care about and actually want to be intimate with who are far away? It frustrates me. It pisses me off. I'm constantly around good-looking, enjoyable people but I only want their company and friendship. I don't want to hold their hands, kiss them, lay with them, hook up, or have sex. I don't want to share ideas and feelings with them like I do with Lucas or Javier. Why, for the past year (at least), have I only had these special individuals in my life who have to be far away from me? I find a way to have fun, enjoy myself, and progress. But I get anxious for the time when I can be in a long-term relationship with someone I love immensely and crave to be around who is near me and who isn't going to leave any time soon.

But as I write this, I realize: I will leave. If the person I love doesn't decide to move back to California or happen to live in Mexico, it will be me going to Europe or moving to another city.

I don't view relationships like I used to. I put myself first now and I'm trying to figure out how that affects and changes my role in a relationship. It's good but I miss my old willingness. I don't want to be with someone right now.

I need to get out of this down-ness before I'll be able to be in a relationship. I need to go running. I don't want to go to Discovery. Green Lake is a far drive. It's a priority call. My Mom keeps telling me I look down. We talked about me taking an English class at Seattle Central, or at least a dance class. Elizabeth gave me hope that it's not too late to apply to schools in Europe.

Love, Meghan

Friday, November 12, 1999

Last night, Margo and Terrence went to the symphony and then we walked to Il Bistro for a late dinner. I loved seeing them but there were silences and looks exchanged.

It's different with everyone now; it's aging or being wrapped up in our own things.

I woke up late this morning and didn't go running. I talked to Lucas for a couple hours and cried. He wants me to fly down for a party his friends are throwing for him. I'd love to but I can't take time off of work. I talked to Skyler. I'm down but hopeful.

Love, Meghan

(later on) I'm at the bar waiting for Maria. I like waiting tables more than hostessing. There's more to do and I make better money. Maria and I are going out tonight but I'd rather get a glass of wine with Claire or see Nate. I told Jane how lonely and strange I feel and she said it must be in the air.

Love, Meghan

Saturday, November 13, 1999

I watched "[Anywhere but Here](#)" with Mom. Maria and I went to Il Gambero for Saul's birthday and drank champagne.

I talked to Lucas for a long time today. I love him. He frustrates me. Mom thinks it's healthy that Lucas and I are seeing other people and taking it easy. That's true, but it conflicts with my previous idea that if you love someone and want to be with them, don't fuck around about it.

I'm at Allegro. It's cold outside - misty, foggy, and cozy. I feel good. I feel content about Lucas. If only I could make a move on the London situation.

I stopped by Appassionato on our way to the movie earlier and Emma said she may be going out with a new guy tonight. I didn't have time to talk to her but I'm stopping by on my way home to hear about it. That relieves me. The sooner Dwight is out of her life, the better. She's a beautiful, smart girl. I wish we could spend more time together but jobs and school impede.

I miss school. I need to take an acting class. I'm on my way to find out who may be saving Emma from the big freak named Dwight. Another guy (a decent, mentally stable one) may be the ticket to getting her out of Dwight's fucked up, destructive orbit. I hope so.

Love, Meghan

Sunday, November 14, 1999

I met Jane and her roommate Aly at Poor Italian last night. We had a beer at Lava Lounge with their friends. I talked their friend Bryce about Lucas and Javier, his one true love, and traveling.

It's strange to go out with people from work. I always thought it was weird when I'd hear friends were hanging out with people from work but it makes sense. You're around them all the time.

I went to Tilda's parents' old house earlier because it's on the market. No one was home. I wandered through every room in the house and left a note before I left. I climbed up toward the loft but near the top, the ladder slid down and took me halfway to a heart attack. I'm at work now, waiting for Mom. She's taking Elizabeth and me to a show tonight. Nina's in town and I'll see her and Claire later.

Love, Meghan

P.S. It's foggy, misty, and mysterious out all over the city. I love it.

Wednesday, November 17, 1999

I let three days go by without writing. I'm at Appassionato. I worked with Jane earlier. I have to go back to work but I'm going to get new lipstick and find schools in Europe at the downtown library first.

I finished yesterday's crossword puzzle. I'm improving. Today's is tough.

On Sunday night, I worked and then went to Claire's. We looked at old pictures and listened to Fiona Apple's new album. Nina came over and we got glasses of wine at Il Bistro. It's good to see them and talk for hours. There's nothing like sharing a past with great people.

Cassidy and I played cards and got coffee at Minnie's last night after work. That place is yucky and depressing and the coffee is bad. It felt good to avoid alcohol and bars, though. I'm tired of them both.

I'm driving to Bellingham with Margo tomorrow since I have the day off. It's sunny and the sky is bright blue but it's cold.

I haven't talked to Javier since I got back from Mexico. I need a calling card because I'm still paying off a \$200 bill from talking to him for two hours.

Lucas and I haven't talked lately but he left a message today. I left one in return.

On Monday, I went to Alicia and Roman's for a goodbye party for her. She's moving to Alaska today. I drank too much wine and Roman and I got together. I felt silly about it but I'd

had a crush on him and I don't feel like beating myself up about it. The only reason I feel bad is because Emma said she thinks Zoe, their coworker, and Roman were seeing each other. I thought the opposite from what they'd said to me. It sucks because Zoe is rad. I don't ever want to be that girl. The girl who is lame to other girls and does whatever she wants when it comes to guys, regardless of the circumstances. I hope it's okay and she's not upset about it. Emma and I are getting coffee tonight.

Love, Meghan

Thursday, November 18, 1999

I'm back at the Wagon Wheel. Sky might meet me here. Margo and I drove up earlier. We talked and tried to get stations in on the radio. I was excited to come, remembering how home-like it feels. We stopped at campus. I wondered what it would be like to go to school, live up here again and be a happy, high-functioning person.

I talked to Lucas this morning. We love each other. We miss each other. I told Margo that he makes me smile and that feels good because he made me cry for so long. I've changed. We went to Nina and Carla's earlier and we're going to the bars later.

I got an email from Javier last night that hurt my heart. He wants to visit but he has no income right now and his savings are going to his family.

Questions linger about the New Year. Will I be in Mexico or California or Seattle? Maybe I'll come back to Western after Europe. Maybe I'll go to New York.

When am I going to start acting? We're all actors, acting all the time. But you know what I mean.

What would I do without the Wagon Wheel? How many days I've spent here. All these thoughts and all this music. I miss school.

I blow it sometimes. Who doesn't? I need to see Elizabeth tonight. She broke up with Jared today. She cried when I talked to her earlier but at the end of the conversation, she said she didn't care. Nina and Chad broke up, too. At this stage, single and independent is my advice to anyone who wants to listen. I wonder when I'll complete my first novel.

Love, Meghan

Friday, November 19, 1999

Last night, Skyler, Margo and I had Thai food at Busara. We went to Nina and Carla's. Aidan and a few others came over. I went to pick Elizabeth up at the Up & Up and we were going to have a beer but we have the same ID since I'm using her old license. When I got back to Nina's, we puffed and I started thinking too much.

I started my period today. I was in pain this morning. Margo and Nina took good care of me. We cleaned the house and went to IHOP for breakfast. I walked around campus. I miss it here when I do that.

I feel weird about Margo. Sometimes I don't understand her or where she's coming from. I love her dearly but she and I are different. I love my sister. She's pretty and smart. She thinks I have more confidence now. I told her Emma says I'm mean. Elizabeth said Emma says that because I take good care of myself now.

I got an email from the College Consortium today. I want to go in February. I got another email from Javier. He wants me to visit him in December. The New Year looms as a deadline and I have to make choices. I don't like feeling like I have to choose between Lucas and Javier.

Cassie will be 21 soon and she wants me to spend her birthday with her and to hear a band at a pub near her house because one of the guys who works with her is in it and she digs him.

I bought Red Snapper's album "Making Bones" today. I heard one of their tracks on KCMU. I bought "Further Down the Spiral" by Nine Inch Nails. It's dark but I like them. I need to get more Tool, too. I love their song "[H](#)." I'm listening to Peter Gabriel's "In the Sun" right now. It's haunting.

Love, Meghan

Saturday, November 20, 1999

It's a blustery, chilly day and I'm getting my coffee. I'm distracted and I usually feel focused when I write. I talked to Zoe. She told me Roman is wondering if he scared me off or why I haven't called. Roman is cool. I want to hang out with him but friendship is all I can handle. I don't want to spend the winter working, drinking, and drinking coffee while caught up in a boy.

Work sucked last night. I came home and read before I fell asleep. Elizabeth came down from Bellingham today and she's at the Husky game with Dad, John, and Kim.

I got an album by the Meters. Margo and Terrence are coming in for dinner tonight and then we're going out. I hope I don't chicken out and not call Roman.

Love, Meghan

Sunday, November 21, 1999

My thoughts and ideas run rampant. I can't stop listening to "[Spitalfields](#)" by Red Snapper. It's dark and haunting with a good beat.

I went to the Pink Door with Jane and Aly last night and then we met Claire, Trent, and co. for pool at Hoyt's.

I'm tired of feeling vain and trying to figure out who plays what role in my life. I talked to Lucas and I told him how weird it feels to be kind of connected to a lot of people instead of completely connected to one person (aka him). It's not that the connections are small or shallow necessarily.

I'm constructing lines in my head lately but I'm not good about getting them down when they come. I'm afraid that I'm becoming unaffected, unmoved by anything. I want the balance of selflessness and humbleness with self-confidence. I have always known that I'm not an ordinary person, that I can move mountains and come with crazy shit. I have things to do. I have an absorbent spirit and mind. I see things, hear things, and feel things. I have a unique vision and beautiful images. I have an insatiable appetite for music.

I'm outside at Allegro. It's cold out but sunny and gorgeous. All is cast in shadows and light and the leaves are varied colors against the blue of the sky. I can't pinpoint what I have to do. Brilliance wants out of me. I'm prompting it but I don't know what it is. I want it to be a combination of many things. I want my life to be a masterpiece: exposure to lifestyles, paintings, music, sculptures, and theatre. I want to read thousands of books. I want to play guitar and piano. I want to speak Spanish fluently. I want to be in great physical condition. I want to treat my body well. I want to love and forgive and be forgiven.

I notice people everywhere and find comedy and hope in observing them. All the small, seemingly unnoticed moments make life worth living. I get a kick out of it all.

Giuliano, the Italian waiter I work with, said he's hard to amuse and please. I told him I'm easy to entertain. I feel open and alive again and I don't know why I'm fortunate enough for it to

happen. Even on days like these when I'm hung over and thinking too much. Music keeps jumping inside me and stirring me up. I can't wait for tomorrow's crossword puzzle.

Love, Meghan

(later on) I went to see Roman earlier. We talked for a few hours. We listened to music. He makes me laugh. He gets this grin on his face and it makes him look like a little kid. We shared a bottle of wine and smoked cigs and talked. No kisses, just talking. I don't need the seriousness and burden of heavy drinking, drugs, sex. I said to Skyler once, "It's too much for me." She replied, "It's not enough."

I'm having tea on the deck and enjoying that I had a nice time tonight without getting drunk or making out with Roman or doing anything I'm uncomfortable with. I like to make the right choices. It makes me feel full and pure. Not cheesy Pollyanna pure but innocent/clean/refreshed pure.

I'm on my period and I value and respect it. I was in pain with cramps on Friday morning and Nina gave me Advil. I lay in Carla's bed and waited for the relief to kick in. Nina and Margo wandered in now and again to see how I was. Once, when Nina came in, I asked, "Why does it hurt so much?" She said, "Your cervix is contracting and trying to get everything out." It was peaceful and comforting, having her stand above me to explain it.

It's wonderful to be a woman. I love myself and all the females I'm surrounded by. I see beautiful girls around me and for a time, what was jealousy, bitterness, and awkwardness has been replaced with admiration, acceptance, and identification. I see beautiful girls now and I know I'm beautiful, too. There's no threat. I hope all of us beautiful girls make sure that our insides are as well kept up as our outsides.

I find beauty everywhere. I find an increasing number of people and styles attractive. I pay more attention to facial expressions, mannerisms, and people's natures than their clothes or physical attributes. I admire beauty without the evils of jealousy or insecurity interrupting it.

I'm pushing envelopes with my comfort levels. I feel so good in my own skin now that it overwhelms me. I'm absorbent to music and people in new ways. I fear vanity. I want humbleness. I want to love and find solid comfort in myself. I never want to judge a person or think of myself as better. I never want to lack compassion. I want to give.

Love, Meghan

Monday, November 22, 1999

I'm at Appassionato. After writing last night, I cleaned my room and organized. I read Anne Lamott's *Traveling Mercies* and fell asleep. Mom woke me at 8 this morning because Javier was on the phone. It was great to hear his voice and we talked until the damn calling card cut us off. He wants me there for the New Year.

Elizabeth called a few minutes after. She was crying and trippin' about Jared. I told her to take care of herself, relax, and let God worry about it. She sounded better when we got off the phone. She initially wanted to talk to Mom but I'm glad I answered. I'm feeling for her. I know those days too well: waking up and wondering how I'm going to make it through the day. She may be home tomorrow for Thanksgiving. I work most of the week but I have Thursday off. I invited Jane and Aly over since they are far from home and families.

Love, Meghan

(later on) I'm at Allegro because I have little hobbies like knitting and the NYT crossword. I'm drinking green tea. I called Cassidy and told her I'm here if she'd like to join. I brought cards and I hope she comes.

I'm listening to "Running Cuts," a mix I made last year, and I rarely listen to the first half of side A but I am now and there's a Throwing Muses song I forgot about but love. It's pretty and lucid. I don't know the name of it so I wrote "Surfing" on the track list because that's what it sounds like. After this song, I get to torture myself with the Sunny Day Real Estate songs that saw me through Lucas's decisions and self-destruction.

It's weird to have changed. I appreciate people more. I take my relationships and connections for what they are. I used to want to dominate them; or not that, but to hold on too tight, try to own them, stress out that they were going to disappear, or turn to shite. Now I value them without worrying where they are or where they'll be.

When this life change swept over me sometime in September, I thought it was Javier. Now I see it's been myself and that other people have solely been intensifying it and making it more significant.

I don't mind the weather. I like the bitter cold and all the ways we come up with to bring light and warmth to this time of year. Roman and I talked about winter sports and the mountains last night. When I think of a life in the mountains, I am at peace.

Ever since I was little I've loved the mountains and I've had a perfect, blissful feeling being surrounded by them. That's another life I'd like to experience: skiing in the days and evenings; quiet, muted chairlift rides surrounded by people stoked to be there; backcountry trekking; retiring to a cabin at night with a fireplace and hot tub.

One winter I went snowboarding with Erin and her cousin and his friends. We drove through Stevens Pass and listened to the best cuts for winter: "[Enjoy the Silence](#)" by Depeche Mode and anything by The Smiths or The Clash. It was quiet and white. I love the muted softness of snow. The quiet. Since I met Teddy in Australia, I've had a companion. Lucas was in my heart, mind and spirit and I had him for a brief spell in body in Bellingham. Then I met Javier. Roman may only be a friend I see sometimes but he's a good companion. I had a silly crush on him ever since he started at the café.

I have curiosity and respect for guys. Men and women are different. Cheap, shady drama goes on out there. I've met my share of shady weirdoes. I've met extremely disrespectful, fucked up guys. But the ones I think about all the time (Lucas, Javier, Teddy, Roman, Nate, Aidan, Oliver, Matt, etc.) are incredible individuals. They're smart. They're thinking, feeling guys who show respect. Who create, who understand things. I have a place in my heart for all of the wonderful boys, guys, and men I know. Whether it's sisterly, motherly, friendly, or romantic, I tip my hat to all of them (or would that be curtsy?) and thank them for giving me beautiful, male influence. My father, my brother, and my grandfathers have integrity. I'm blessed for that.

I give a shout and all my love to the wonderful women I know: my Mother, sister, and all my friends who may as well be my sisters.

KCMU is playing jolly cuts right now. Roman and I talked about the music we listened to last night. We talked about string instruments. We talked about songs that came on that we described as "pretty" and "nice." We talked about how pretty and nice it is to listen to music that's pretty and nice.

I'm burnt out on work. I'm well in general but I get down about work. I don't mind the work itself but being in the same location and hearing the same music every day can make a girl crazy.

Love, Meghan

Tuesday, November 23, 1999

Lucy came in for her shift as I was leaving earlier. She had to evacuate her apartment because an alcoholic living above her tried to drink himself to death. The guy who lives below him turned on his faucet to take a bath and blood came out of the tap because the dude upstairs was hemorrhaging and it leaked into the pipes. Roto-Rooter, the cops, an ambulance, and a fire truck came. The man refuses to go to the hospital so now his roommates have to deal. What a nightmare.

I played guitar for an hour last night. I worked with Jane today and she puts me in a good mood. Oliver and I went to the Baltic Room. I talk too much. I need to sharpen my silence and listening skills.

This time of year flies. I'm lacking intellectual stimulation and creative outlet. Work rips away at the identity and other areas of life when you do it too much. I'm biding my time here: working, writing as much as I can, dreaming, and surmising. I'm storing myself up for a breakthrough. I feel freedom and opportunity, like taking risks.

Love, Meghan

Wednesday, November 24, 1999

I have time between shifts and I'm getting coffee. I worked with Jane and Giuliano today. I went to the library to find schools in London. I'm getting warmer and I need to make this happen. At work today Jane said, "You're in trouble." I asked her why and she said, "Bryce is mad about you. He said it takes all he has not to go out and buy every Ween album for you." That's sweet. He's a great guy but there's too much going on.

After nervous weirdness, I called Roman when I got home from coffee yesterday. I showered and drove to his house. We walked to Fremont. We sat in the Dubliner and talked for hours. It was open mic night and random funny people sang their hearts out.

I enjoy talking to Roman. He's sweet, smart, and down to earth. We walked to his house and I went home. He's fuzzy and soft. I need to remember to keep my eye on my goal, not this boy. Boys are fun but they can't rule my life or keep me from what I want to do. It's taken me 20 years to realize that.

Love, Meghan

Friday, November 26, 1999

John and Kim came in for dinner on Wednesday. Then I went to 700 Club with Tilda and Leah. It was good to see them, but different as it always is now. We went to Beth's for coffee afterward. It was sketchy and wrong. A nasty leech of a guy stuck in the I-want-to-be-a-hippie stage tried to impress us and lure us to his apartment by saying shit like, "I've got all the records. Um, Pink Floyd and, ooh, uh Jimi Hendrix. Oh, and The Doors. I have The Doors and stuff." He was stoned and stupid. I hate to dog but he was awful.

Thanksgiving was great. Aunt Jane got housed. Grandpa and Uncle Jim went at it with Uncle Steve and Aunt Jane took it personally. We sat around the table and talked for hours. Grandpa, Uncle Jim, Uncle Randall, Uncle Steve, Aunt Jane, John, Kim, Elizabeth, Aunt Frances, and Mom and Dad. I miss my grandmothers and Papa.

Emma and I got coffee. I came home, played guitar, talked to Mom and Elizabeth and read before going to bed. I'm making Roman's mix tape and I need a few more songs to complete it. I talked to Lucas yesterday. He brought a group of friends up to Idyllwild to eat mushrooms and chill at his house because his parents are visiting relatives out of town. He wants me to go down there for New Year's.

Love, Meghan

(back again) I've been checking myself the past few days to make sure I'm not slipping back into sad, downtrodden ways. The holidays fuck with me. I love them but they're emotional and blown up. This time of years slips people into fits of depression and madness because it's light, warm, cloying, and emotional while bitter cold and dark. It makes us realize how much we have and makes us notice the gaping holes in our lives. Buying and consuming skyrocket. It doesn't help.

Love, Meghan

Saturday, November 27, 1999

I don't know what compels me to write considering how tired I am but drinking with mates makes me think.

Roman made me a tape and I can't stop listening to "[Sailor](#)" by Sharks Keep Moving and "[Whenever You See Fit](#)" by Modest Mouse and 764-HERO. It's the song I'd searched for about "Wake up early and you live to regret." Roman's music melds me to him. He brings out forgotten sides of me.

I woke up this morning and brought coffee to him. I want to get into it in detail but I've been out with friends and I can't express it how I want. We went out for Cassidy's 21st birthday. I saw Margo and Holly. I need tomorrow for its coffee and brightness and pen and paper so I can say how it is. I'm sad and torn regarding my loyalties. I feel like I owe people things.

Love, Meghan

Sunday, November 28, 1999

I've been held up at Appassionato talking to Stephen, Pia, and Pia's friend. Emma hooked up with another guy last night. Maybe Dwight is nearing the exit.

I'm listening to Roman's tape. It's beautiful. He listens to my favorite kinds of music - aesthetically pleasing and moving.

I stood in the bathroom with Mom today and told her I'm upset about not mobbing it and finding a school in London. She said, "You are?" It calmed me, the way she asked it. It made me realize I'm a worrier. It gets me nowhere to worry. It paralyzes me.

Bryce came by the restaurant last night. He kissed me on the cheek and said I looked "gorgeous." He wants to take me out to dinner and he says he has a present for me.

Javier called yesterday and said he was going to sit by the phone and wait for my call. I wish he didn't expect so much. I can't go down there for the New Year.

Cassidy likes a guy named Beau. She told me I am the female version of him and she wants me to go see his band.

Pia asked me about Roman. She said it surprised her that we're spending time together. I asked why and she said, "You're light and sunshine. He's dark." Then she said we're both intelligent and maybe that's the connection. He brings out sides to me that haven't been touched or used or lived in lately.

I met up with Cassidy and Margo at Kell's after work. We went to Il Bistro and met more people. Holly was there, up from LA for a few days. She's beautiful and rad as ever. Margo and I stayed for one more drink after everyone else left.

I came up with rules for myself: 1) don't worry 2) don't judge 3) don't be selfish 4) don't be greedy 5) don't be vain 6) don't expect 7) appreciate, respect, value 8) give thanks and remember God's in charge.

Love, Meghan

Monday, November 29, 1999

Appassionato for my daily fix. Roman is here. I have the crossword in front of me. It's raining. The WTO is meeting here and the protestors are coming in droves today. A few of my customers from last night are protesters. How am I going to get to work? They're shutting down the city in the area around Poor Italian. It's going to be intense around here for the next few days. I love this kind of drama. Maybe we'll have to close the restaurant.

My routines and habits are essentially working, coffee, and drinking. It's a strange cycle. I hate waking up, lying in bed, staring at the ceiling and asking myself, "What are you going to do with this day?"

I need to plan for Europe, read, save money, not go out or drink too much, be simple, play guitar, and enjoy my solitude. I like my own company. I like Roman's, too. I like it when Bjork sings "As much as I definitely enjoy solitude, I wouldn't mind perhaps spending a little time with you. Sometimes, sometimes." But as the [song](#) progresses, she gets wrapped up in the boy and falls down again.

Roman and I went to Baltic Room last night. Stephen met us. Roman is soft and pleasant to be around. I feel good. I've felt well consistently so why do I wait for or expect to feel pain and loss? I'm restless as hell. There's a strange feel in the air.

I feel like the girl in "[Jane Says](#)" by Jane's Addiction: "Jane says, 'I've never been in love. I don't know what it is.' She only knows when someone wants her. 'I want them if they want me. I only know they want me.'"

Love, Meghan

Tuesday, November 30, 1999

I'm on the corner of 2nd and Pine and it's crazy down here, like walking around in a dream. Businesses are shut down. Streets are crowded with people holding signs. Certain folks have broken store windows and spray painted chain stores: The Gap, Old Navy, McDonalds, and Starbucks. People are addressing so many issues, it's hard to hear a message. Some are here for the spectacle. Others don't know what the hell they're doing or talking about. And still others have strong feelings and valid reasons to be here. Law enforcement already tear-gassed a crowd today.

I was anxious to finish work because people came through telling me about it all day. I finished at 4 and I've been walking through it, curious and observant as hell. I'm waiting for Dad to pick me up. The WTO couldn't meet at the Convention Center today because it's out of hand. Clinton is coming to town tomorrow. I'm watching history happen in front of me. Parts of the city feel like a ghost town. Other areas are crawling with people. I can physically feel tension in the air, that feeling of not knowing what people are going to do.

Jane and I puffed with Aly last night and went to the 5 Point for beers. 12 US Marshalls wearing neon hats sat at the table next to ours. This is insanity. It's Christmastime and downtown is being mauled. This is big. It's important. I don't know why but I'm going to find out.

Love, Meghan

Wednesday, December 1, 1999

I went to the library earlier to look up schools and as I walked through downtown, it initially looked calmer than yesterday. I walked up 5th Avenue and shit is boarded up all along the street. I got to 5th and Seneca and a National Guardsman told me I couldn't get through. I walked over

to 6th and as I approached the library, I saw a rally of women's rights activists. Hundreds of police and guardsmen swarmed in black fatigues and riot gear.

I'm supposed to work tonight but they put a city-wide curfew into effect last night and we closed at 6 and I hope we'll do that again tonight.

Roman and I had dinner at Asian Wok & Grill in Fremont last night. We got a bottle of wine and a terrible movie called "[Heartbeeps](#)" and went back to his place. We puffed and Stephen came over. Roman is odd. He's silly and intelligent.

Love, Meghan

Thursday, December 2, 1999

Jane and I went to Alibi Room for drinks yesterday. We got tear gassed in two different areas walking from Poor Italian to the Market. We made our way there through throngs of cops, guards, siren sounds, and people running, covering their mouths and noses. Alibi Room was like an army bunker underneath the city and its chaos. The restaurant was closed so I didn't have to work but the bar was open. It was packed. We stayed and then went to Roman's.

We puffed and walked to the Dubliner for a beer. Roman was beat so I lay him down, took off his shoes, gave him a kiss, and went home.

Now we're getting into territory I'd like to avoid but writing is how I deal with myself and how I let things surface. And when they're ugly or wrong, that's part of it. It's scary but here goes: I drink too much. It's been keeping me from getting to Europe. It saps my inspiration and impedes me from realizing goals. It numbs me and life passes me by when I do it too much. It weakens me and disallows me from experiencing things rawly and purely when I do it too much. I'm around people who drink too much and we rationalize it. I don't think there's anything wrong with drinking, just drinking too much. And lately I've exceeded the bounds of that. It hacks away at my sense of self. I see and I recognize it, but will I change it?

I'm listening to Bob Dylan and I wish I had a copy of "[Last Thoughts on Woody Guthrie](#)." I miss getting coffee or tea with Cassidy at Allegro. I miss making plans and being stoked. My body and spirit need a rest. What am I escaping from? What brings me pain or fear or boredom to the point that I drink this much? It makes me down, anxious, depressed, confused, selfish, and not myself. I want to live and write and experience. I can't do that how I want if I drink too much.

Today, I'm going to take care of myself and get my shit together. I got a pain in my heart because "[Talkin' World War III Blues](#)" came on and Dylan said, "It was rock-a-day Johnny singin' 'Tell your Ma, tell your Pa, our love's a-gonna grow, ooh ah ooh ah.'" Reminds me of a boy lost in California.

Love, Meghan

(later on) Roman came out for a cig so I couldn't finish writing. Work sucked. I thought I was only going in for two hours but someone didn't feel like showing up for her shift and Piero bailed. I had a busy, messy restaurant on my hands. I went to buy Dad a birthday present but all the shops were closed. I'm in a foul mood. I thought I could write myself into a better one. Maybe it's thinking of the drink and all that sail in her.

Love, Meghan

Friday, December 3, 1999

I'm meeting Claire at the Mecca for breakfast. I have no appetite. My muscles are tight. I'm uninspired. Where's this coming from? City life: work, the drink, lack of vitamin D. I get a

glimmer of inspiration, like maybe this whole city can feed my creative self. I can't write about people and circumstances, slip into a Dylan state of mind and fill myself with music. It's a bout of depression and it goes like this: everything drops away and becomes fuzzy, dull. Nothing matters too much and I get confused because I'm apathetic but then something touches me and surprises me and I don't want it to mean too much because I'm used to letting go and moving on, even from things that are important to me.

The WTO riots are a backdrop to how I feel: groups and individuals who isolate themselves and alienate each other and get wrapped up so tight in their own shit that they forget we're all humans trying to get on and live as best we can.

I went to Allegro last night and then I visited Roman. He and I are sentimental kids and extremely subject/vulnerable to music. We're both deeply feeling, thinking, knowing people who are over the starry-eyed and rose-colored romanticism that went with being young and trusting. Claire's here.

Love, Meghan

Saturday, December 4, 1999

I'm at my little Wagon Wheel. Claire and I drove to Bellingham after breakfast and shopping on Broadway. We went grocery shopping with Nina, had a couple beers, and took our time getting ready to go out. Chase was bartending at Casa. He's a character from a book. Elizabeth came. My beautiful sister makes me smile. We went to the Royal. I don't like that place.

Nina, Claire, and I sat upstairs to talk. They showered me with compliments and love. They went on about how people love to talk to me and drop shit down when they don't want bullshit but just to tell it and hear it like it is. Claire said the sea of people part in front of me and a beautiful person emerges in my life and I meet amazing individuals. I told her it's not that the sea of people parts and I meet a good one, it's that I meet one person and the seas of their bullshit and shortcomings part and I get to see the caliber of their person. I see their beauty and humanness. Nina told me again that I don't ever judge people. It was kind of them to speak these things aloud to me.

Yesterday, Mom said I'm good to her, that my heart is open. All this feedback is in line with my sense of self. The girls and I talked about seeing things through your own eyes, not everyone else's or at least your concept of everyone else's. I needed to come up here and spend QT with my beautiful girlfriends. We know each other and we reach insights together. I needed to see Elizabeth. She kept telling me I was beautiful inside and out. What do I do with all this kindness? It's good to love and feel loved. Being here gave me a boost. Claire and I have to hit the road.

Love, Meghan

Sunday, December 5, 1999

I worked last night and met Claire at Il Bistro afterward. We had great talks on the drive home from Bellingham. She told me about her struggles with Trent and his family. She got choked up and that made me cry. I haven't cried in a long time. I feel unemotional. Claire is beautiful and she has a good heart.

Roman met up with us last night and we talked about architecture and design. He feels safe and comfortable to me. I feel detached. It brings a balance but it makes me sad. I miss feeling things deeply. Roman's moving to my neighborhood. Maybe we can meet up for walks or a cigarette or a kiss.

Eckerd College sent me application materials. God willing, I'll be there by February. I'm pulling in money, at least paycheck-wise. I can't seem to hold on to my tips.

I want to see Jane tonight. I feel like going to Allegro for tea and writing my essay for Eckerd. There's a flow to my life right now. I'm surrounded by good people and enjoying alone time. I need to get to work. As Modest Mouse [sings](#) "Gotta go to work, gotta go to work, gotta have a jo-o-ob." They're funny bastards. I identify with their music and lyrics. They fit this period of my life.

Love, Meghan

(later on) I'm chillin' like a rock star at Denny's, listening to Roman's cuts. I worked with Piero and Giuliano tonight. I'm procrastinating on writing my essay for Eckerd. I feel these internal nudges to do it. I laughed today, thinking of "[Austin Powers](#)" - the part when he says, "I want my baby back baby back baby back," and then, "Get in my belly." Random but it hits my funny bone.

A table of three came in tonight and one of the guys said, "My friend thinks you're beautiful. She wants your number. She's a lesbian." I said, "Is this for real?" It was for real and the friend was embarrassed. I told her not to be and that I was flattered.

Emma told me Sarah Michaelson died in a car accident last night. That makes me sick. There were three of them in the car. Her boyfriend was driving drunk and she's the only one who died. It made me think that life is precious and it made me glad to be here and I can't believe Sarah isn't anymore. I don't want to think about her mom, her family, her friends and how devastated they are. I could tell myself there's a reason but that's bullshit. She was 16.

The past few days have been high and low, ugly and beautiful, dark and light. I'm in creative, psychic, subconscious mode. I like how Roman is affecting me. I like the images he evokes in me. He's a Gemini.

I'm freaking myself out about this essay business; my old habit of convincing myself that something is too difficult or I'm not adequate for a certain task. Fuck that. I can do it. I just slack off when I know I want something. I want to go home and take a shower. I want to clean my room, go through the new J. Crew catalogue, and talk to Mom.

Love, Meghan

Monday, December 6, 1999

I like Mondays. A clean start and the NYT crossword starts over. I'm writing my essay on [Anna Karenina](#) or "Last Thoughts on Woody Guthrie."

I told my Mom Lucas is the one for me. He and I have been playing phone tag. Being apart makes sense for now but we'll reconnect. Last winter when we were at Aidan's I wrote "As you wrote: 'You are it.' When?" That's the only question. I'm teetering between go go go and procrastination. I told Zoe today that it's been a long time since I've had to think in an academic, intellectual, scholastic way. I miss it but it scares me.

I've been writing like mad these last few months but when I write for myself, I don't take grammar, structure, organization, or coherence into consideration. School intimidates me. I like it, I'm curious about it and I'm dying to be part of it but I'm insecure and shy about it, like a little boy watching someone skateboard. He wants to try it because it captivates him but he gets shy and quiet, not knowing if he can do it. It's like anything you want. You go through thinking you can do it, knowing you can do it, and then the head trips about adequacy and doubts creep in. I like the concept of acting as if. I am suited to do anything. If it's foreign or I'm inexperienced, I can act as if until I can do it. I'm stuck between "You can do it" and some bullshit.

Love, Meghan

Tuesday, December 7, 1999

I'm at Denny's. Emma just left. I miss seeing her more.

Trouble ensued at work today. I was raving mad. I wanted to leave when my shift was over but no one showed up. I yelled in my car and appreciated my livid state. Nothing too probing or deep to wax on today. I'm meeting Jane later. Then I get to work a double shift tomorrow. I am crustin' on work.

Love, Meghan

Wednesday, December 8, 1999

I'm at Von's. I was supposed to meet Jane but she isn't here. I have to go back to work soon and it's been a place of despair for me lately. I work too much and the last couple days, I've been complaining and down. I'm getting screwed on my paychecks. That stresses me out because I practically live there and I work my ass off. I don't have time to live or get things done. It's not worth it, money-wise or otherwise. It's making me crazy that my life has become a cycle of working and getting drinks with mates.

I can't write. It makes me think of Bob Dylan's line, "It's makin' you mad, it's makin' you mean. Like in the middle of *Life* magazine, bouncin' around a pinball machine." Jane's here.

Love, Meghan

Thursday, December 9, 1999

I cried in the bathroom this morning. I started up again when I talked to Mom about Lucas. Roman and I are meeting at the Dubliner later. When will I get London finalized? Elizabeth graduates on Saturday. I met up with Roman and his friend Court at Alibi Room last night. We talked about the insanity of last week's protests. Jane joined us. Roman told me I was stunning. He said he could look at me forever. That's a lot to take in. I'll get to the heart of things later.

Love, Meghan

Saturday, December 11, 1999

I haven't been able to write. Too much brooding. Elizabeth graduated today. The ceremony was boring but I'm proud of her. Hannah and I spent the whole time together drinking coffee and OJ and talking. We had lunch with her, Elizabeth, the Blackburns, Grandpa, and Jared and then we drove back to Seattle. Elizabeth is moving home tomorrow. I woke up at 7 this morning. Today is strange and long. I stopped by the café to see Emma. We need each other right now but we're having a hard time fitting in our coffee and talks. Dwight is living with her.

I'm grumpy about work. Maria smiles and laughs while she works hard. She has little bursts of attitude and messing around, but she takes life in stride. I admire it. I'd like to think I've been like that at times but I've been down the last few days. I'm burnt out.

I went to a party at Michelle Glass's house for Cassidy's mom's (and her twin sister's) 50th birthday. It was great fun until this chick Gina showed up. I had met her in summer '98 at Drew Stoddard's house. After I met her, Cassidy shared with me that Gina had told her when she met me, I was a bitch and very rude. I treat people well and I err on the side of over-polite and respectful so I'm not sure how Gina interpreted me that way. I can't do anything about her insecurities.

So, this Gina girl shows up at Michelle's and says to me, "Yeah, I've met you. The only time I've met you was in Bellingham at a party and you busted in all drunk and, like, jumped on people and fell on the floor. You jumped on Ryan Wright." I stood there thinking, "You've got to be fucking kidding me." I don't recall ever seeing her in Bellingham. Drew's house is in Seattle. She emphasized that the only time she'd ever met me was in Bellingham but I know we met at Drew's because it was right after that that Cassidy told me she'd talked trash. She's an *ism*. I can't figure out why she got to me. It's something to do with Lucas. I remember at Drew's, she was inquisitive about me and him. And tonight, the only thing she asked me, after her heartwarming anecdote that she dreamed up involving me as a wasted twit in Bellingham was, "Are you and Lucas still together?" Then she added, "Yeah, that's the only way I knew who you were." What? Could this chick be more shallow, insecure, or obvious? Obvious about what she wants and obvious about how lame she is; obvious with her weakness and pettiness. I was uncomfortable and wanted to address her bitchiness. I would be stunned if Lucas even knew who she was. I'm sensitive about him and protective of him.

I asked Cassidy what was up with this girl and she dismissed me. She was not feeling me. On saying goodbye, I was as gracious as possible to the little girl called Gina.

I walked to my car and "[Idiot Wind](#)" by Bob Dylan came into my head. Gina sure knew how to blow some idiot wind. I wish it didn't eat at me. I get through conflict with people quickly, especially people who are important to me. So why does this nobody, silly girl trouble me? It's Lucas-based. The feelings around it feel too similar to all the shit I felt after he cheated. I've been rolling along and I forgot the role he plays in my heart.

It bothers me that Cassidy wasn't cool about it. Maybe I'm getting selfish, expecting things. But to say that belittles me and what's going on in me.

I'm listening to "[Visions of Johanna](#)" by Dylan and thinking about Lucas. I want to talk to Roman until it all goes away and I feel better. Like Vonnegut [wrote](#): "Everything was beautiful and nothing hurt."

Teddy emailed me. I'm in turmoil again. Why?

Love, Meghan

P.S. I keep thinking about last night when I tried to tuck Roman in and even though he was exhausted and almost asleep, he kept pulling me back and hugging me when I tried to leave. It's the tenderest thing that's happened in a long time.

Sunday, December 12, 1999

I woke up this morning and debated about getting up. My room was a mess and I considered leaving it and taking off but I cleaned instead. It set the tone for the day. I listened to Fugazi while I cleaned and that upped my mood. I'll write and organize myself after work tonight. Elizabeth's moving home today.

Love, Meghan

Monday, December 13, 1999

I sorted out what Vince owes me. Now comes the fun part - telling him. Work was good. Jane and I met Nina and Claire at Il Bistro after work. Maria met up with us and made us all take tequila shots. Well, she didn't *make* us.

I'm at Appassionato and just saw Dad here on business. I thought about Lucas last night. It's wicked cold and I'm hoping for snow. I feel apathetic and life feels mundane. I need to go Christmas shopping. I bought a new beautiful journal the other day. This one has been strange.

Love, Meghan

Tuesday, December 14, 1999

Roman and I went to the Dubliner last night and I laughed like an idiot because something about him brings out the silly in me. We put ourselves out there and then hold back; put out, hold back. Maybe it's the process of getting to know someone.

Love, Meghan

(later on) Roman came out for a smoke and then I had to work. It was easy and fast. I was a negative Nelly and Jane said, "You know you feel this way because you work too much. You can't figure out what to do or what makes you happy because you're always working." And for what? Money. Who cares? I paid a parking ticket and went to the library.

It's biting outside but not cold enough for snow. The winds are insane. Elizabeth and I aren't getting along already. We're in different places in our lives.

I'm meeting Jane for a pint before I head back to work. I feel like writing but time is against it.

Love, Meghan

(still later) I'm at Von's and Jane isn't here again. Maybe she got stuck at work. I drove home earlier and I put on my headphones. "[Seven Curses](#)" came on and I cried my eyes out.

I have to change. I'm lazy or giving in or not taking responsibility. But some phases are roughhouse and you have to ride them out, not fight or fix them.

There's a drunk guy down the way named Justin Martin. He really wants to be in an entry so here's to you, Justin Martin. You're silly and drunk and that's okay.

I work too much and my subconscious is working overtime to compensate for me not being able to let myself out because I'm just a fucking waitress most of the time. Jane and Aly are here.

Love, Meghan

Wednesday, December 15, 1999

I worked this morning and I have to go back in a couple hours. I kept crying after hearing "Seven Curses" yesterday and I left a message for Lucas. We can't get a hold of each other. I cried on my walk back to work after seeing Jane and Aly. People shuffled along and I viewed them as mindless sheep. I looked at them and thought, "You're all part of a mindless herd. Don't you want to get out?" I felt disturbed and disillusioned. I saw a lady with shopping bags and I cried harder. I couldn't stop.

When I got to the restaurant, Tuesday was working in the bar and she made me tea and talked to me. She's a Cancer, too.

I went home right after work. I told Mom and Elizabeth that I'm stressed, burnt out, overworked. They gave me no lovin'. They said, "Maybe you go out too much." I went to my room and read poems until I fell asleep. Audre Lorde is a badass.

I bought a book of Emily Dickinson's poems. I bought the new Everything But the Girl album because I heard a couple of their songs in the bar the other night. Tomorrow I want to go running, see Claire, pick something up at BCBG, play music with Jane, and see a movie with Pia. I haven't started Christmas shopping. I don't know what anyone wants. I want to write until things reveal themselves to me and until I move out of this zone. I'm a rat on a wheel: work, go out, work, go out.

I miss Lucas. I have skated around that these past months. I was excited to work hard, meet people, have solitude, write like crazy, and make my way to Europe. Now I'm in limbo and losing track of my goals, getting lost in the process. I need to read and be active.

Maybe Elizabeth and Mom are right. Maybe I go out too much. It's that after work, I need time to chill and get my identity back. I need to remember not to get down and look at life like it's shady or fucked up or beneath me.

A woman who lives in an apartment above the restaurant came down into Poor Italian today to get an order to go. She knew Arturo and she's going to Cabo San Lucas for Christmas. She wants to see Javier and his family and she asked if Javier and I are still together. Then she tried to make it sound like she was interested in Arturo so I wouldn't get territorial or something. It was weird.

I felt full in Mexico. I felt joyful and overflowing with life. Javier has been a positive influence on my life. After meeting him, things fell into place for me. I don't want to forget that or who he has been to me. I'd like to see him again. Maybe we're destined to just be friends. His family is wonderful. He contributed to an era of my life when I felt like I could do anything, like everything works out, like there's so much to laugh about and not as much to cry about.

Juxtapose this with when I used to cry with Lucas for hours on end. When I felt like I was crying for every pain, loss, misdeed, loneliness, and despair in the world.

It was positive with Javier. No drinking, just good, happy, dancing, laughing, appreciating. He pulled out and nurtured those sides of me. I'm upset with myself for not keeping up my half of the promises we made to each other in Seattle and Mexico. They involved: be happy, be good to yourself, be good to other people, have fun, make good choices that contribute to your life, remember each other - nothing confining, but liberating and full. Thinking about it now turns me around and out of this funk, to set goals and act on them. To do what I want, take care of myself, use my head, and exert myself. Remember God. Don't take everything seriously but take a few things very seriously. Know what I want and what I don't want. Be good to people but don't take any shit. Choose my battles carefully. Don't place anyone above or below me. Everyone eats, sleeps, shits, laughs, cries, feels on top of it, and feels beaten down. We're catching each other at different intervals.

I smoke too much. How did I go from shouting from the mountains and wanting to conquer the world and exploring every aspect of life to being down, drinking too much, and asking questions?

Elizabeth and I had a tiff yesterday morning after I said something about her and Jared. She said, "Maybe you're jaded and distressed on love." I got defensive but I let it go. Maybe she's right. Maybe I got the happy-go-lucky, I'm-young-and-free-and-nothing-can-get-me-down-because-I-won't-let-you-in attitude in September and I'm feeling the repercussions of it now. I was tired of feeling fucked up and sad and troubled over love and my one major experience with it. I decided I was young and free and unattached and diggin' boys and feeling safe about it because I refused to let myself get torn up again. That may be an aspect of what's going on in me apart from work and going out.

I have desires and ways I want to live and sometimes they conflict. I do want to be young and independent and self-sufficient. I want to travel and experience. But I miss fierce love. Not the pain and suffering but the warmth and beauty. That fucks with me. It's been strange to be with Javier. I haven't known what to expect from him or what boundaries exist or how close and attached I wanted or was allowed to get. I'd feel a pang of really liking him and it scared me. Then there were times when I wondered if my feelings for him were strong enough.

Roman's a puzzle to me. I want to be close to him. I am through music, ideas, and our shared silences. But I wonder how far we're willing to go. We have that in common: we've both been in serious relationships, we've been hurt (or the one doing the hurting), we want love but we need ourselves and our down time and plenty of space and time to create and think.

Love, Meghan

Thursday, December 16, 1999

I'm getting my morning coffee before I drive to Bellevue to visit Claire at work. Work was slow last night so I left early. I tried to Christmas shop but I didn't know what to buy. I met Aly at the restaurant. She, Jane, and I went to the Rendezvous. It was perfectly shady and depressing.

I went home at midnight and put on one of Lucas's noise tapes and bawled. Elizabeth woke up and we talked for a long time. It was kind of her to talk to me when it was so late and I was in a sorry state. I feel stagnant and trapped. Elizabeth said drinking makes it worse. I feel unsteady and fragile and I don't care for it. I keep wondering what I can hold on to. Only myself. I'm too smart and good for this shit. Miles Davis is on my headphones.

I get flashes of fear and then say to myself, "Okay. It's okay." How did I become this unstable? I'm a strong girl.

I think I scared Roman off. I like him but I need to pull it together. I told him I've been crying. He's probably thinking, "Stay away, tripper woman." Who knows.

This day off is salvaging the one bit of sanity I may have. I need total self-reliance. I have writing. I thought about "[Trainspotting](#)" at the end when Ewan MacGregor's character takes the money, walks away, feels free, and decides to get it together.

We got photos back from Amy Thatcher's wedding in August. I look tan and happy. It was days before I met Javier. I've made a mess and I have to clean it up. Elizabeth said we're susceptible to drinking. Why? Isn't everyone?

It's time to go home, listen to Fugazi, and get shit done. I met a Hare Krishna the other night. He's from Africa and I could feel the sun in his warm demeanor and his eyes. He told me he is here to spread peace, joy, and intelligence. That sounds nice. I have to stop covering myself up.

Love, Meghan

Friday, December 17, 1999

Lucas called me at work today. It was crazy to hear his voice. It sounded like home. He went to jail last night for a DUI. When is he going to grow up? I don't say that bitterly, just curiously. He was doing donuts in his car in the middle of campus and then tried to outrun the cops who came after him. Hence jail-bound once they surrounded him. I don't get it. What is it? His parents must be livid. I don't talk to the boy for a month. When I do, he's in trouble again.

It seems like everyone is stressed and unhappy. Seattle winters are the worst. Constant grey and rain can make the sanest person lose it.

I visited Claire at work yesterday. She hooked me up with great clothes for mad cheap. I came home to do laundry and hang Christmas lights.

Javier called and we talked for an hour. He may play soccer for a San Diego team.

Roman called and we went to the Alibi Room for dinner. We went back to his house and I read him a couple poems and he played his music for me. I was impressed. His songs are beautiful and unique. I felt close to him last night. It was warm and close and soft. I can't believe how soon Christmas will be here. It doesn't feel like it. This has been one of the stranger months on record: the WTO riots, working like mad, spending time with Jane, and getting into who-

knows-what with Roman. How do I feel about anything? Crusty, irritated, jaded, and baffled. Not a great combo. Throw alcohol into the mix and you run into nights like Wednesday after our Rendezvous excursion: tears, sadness, fear, exhaustion. Get me out of here. But where can I go? Welcome to apathy. I hate work and I don't know how to change my attitude. I live there and it makes me crazy but at least it takes me out of this bored, what's-the-use rut.

Love, Meghan

Saturday, December 18, 1999

I started my period. You could mark a calendar by me. It must be because I'm a moon maiden.

I met Emma at her apartment last night. While she wrapped Christmas presents, we talked about Dwight, Lucas, Roman, cheating, and relationships. She kept saying she knows Dwight is going to leave her (probably because he always tells her so) and she's been expecting it since he cheated on her.

I didn't like talking about Lucas cheating. Parts of me have dismissed it and put it far back in a recess of my mind that's not easily accessible. I need constant change and movement at this time in my life. I get annoyed when things are stagnant. I don't know what to write when I pick up a pen. What made me alive and excited and what makes me not so now? I'm hanging off the side of the world, dangling on a string. Before, the world was on a string, dangling off of me.

Love, Meghan

(later on) I have 10 minutes before I start work. I am PMSing hard. Everything has managed to irk me in the last hour. I can't stand the city. I can't stand all the people buying shit and being selfish. I can't stand waiting on people. This lifestyle makes no sense to me. There's no purity, no reason, no intelligence. How am I supposed to find virtue in it? Now I have to smile and go be happy to serve all these people I've been driven to despise. This time of year is supposed to be love, hope, and joy. All I see is greed, selfishness, and stress.

Love, Meghan

(later still) All it took was getting to work and starting to move. Every single table I had was kind and pleasant. Not one lame person. Note to self: don't generalize or judge.

We went to an Amazon holiday party with Aly and her co-workers. I didn't enjoy it and I can tell when people aren't being genuine.

We're at a bar now listening to a man sing beautifully in Italian. All I need is good, fierce love and music and movement and progression. I don't want to be numb or silly or stupid or to lack class. Sometimes I see people get caught up in silly, weird shit and I'm perplexed. I want to exclaim, "What the hell are you doing?" But I'm really asking myself. When I look at people, I don't want to hold them at arm's length or act like they're inaccessible and not to be understood. I want to say, "I know. I do it, too. But we don't need to. There's more."

Love, Meghan

Sunday, December 19, 1999

I'm getting coffee before Mom and I drive to the Central District to meet John. He's taking his basketball team to a youth center. I went to sleep early last night. It felt good. We're listening to the Smiths and "[Girlfriend in a Coma](#)" came on. I think of Sadie when I hear this song.

John is the only person I have left to buy a present for. Jane quit Poor Italian and last night was her last night. That ain't right. I'm going to miss her. She's lucky for the freedom but I hope she finds a new job soon for money reasons.

The people we met at the Amazon party last night were out of control, one guy in particular. He took himself uber seriously, told awful stories, and seemed terribly impressed with himself.
Love, Meghan

(later on) I need to buy a calling card, call Javier, shower, get something for Shelby, and stop by her house for her going-to-France party before work. Most of my Christmas shopping is done: perfume for Mom, a golf book and “[Braveheart](#)” for Dad, earrings and an engraved bracelet (“For Sissy”) for Elizabeth, and candle holders for John.

I hope Jane and I still see each other now that her days at Poor Italian are over. I don’t know why I was bitter before work last night. It changed once I got moving and talking to people. I thought about when Roman said that Cole bitches and complains all the time and then says, “It’s not that bad.” I don’t want to be a complainer.

I loved seeing Emma the other night. She’s beautiful. I’ve been enjoying Claire, too. We’re in the same space right now: living at home, working, getting out of our longest and most significant relationships, realizing we’ve got mountains to move, clothes to make, roles to play, masterpieces to write, beauty to share, places to go. She’s a great girl and I’m relating to her.

I got “So How’s Your Girl” by Handsome Boy Modeling School yesterday and I’m not sure what I think of it yet. I dig a few tracks so far. I need to ask Vince for my November paycheck.

I wonder when I’ll talk to Lucas. I hope he stays in school. Why did he blow it? Not my responsibility or shite to deal with but I don’t want to see him doing stupid, unnecessary things. Roman and I are nonchalant when we see each other briefly but we enjoy each other when we’re one on one. Nothing too serious or intense, just feeling our way through.

Love, Meghan

Monday, December 20, 1999

I haven’t written all day and it feels like forever. I’m exhausted and reflective. I went to Alibi Room and I-Spy with Roman and Court last night. I called Mom to have her come pick me up. She said she thinks I drink too much. I cried and talked with her before falling asleep. Roman and I had breakfast at Long Shoreman’s Daughter today. I came home tonight and cleaned and organized my room. It’s cozy but it feels cluttered. Too much stuff for a small space.

Love, Meghan

Tuesday, December 21, 1999

I’m on break between shifts, getting coffee at 2nd Avenue Pizza. It’s gorgeous out. I walked down to the market and the sky is extraordinary blue. It’s near sunset and the sky is all kinds of colors in the west. I can see the mountains. It’s crisp and cold. I ran into Jane earlier after my first shift. She ran errands and got coffee with me. I work tonight and tomorrow during the day. I want to spend tomorrow evening with Roman.

Elizabeth came in for lunch today with Hannah and Sarah. Roman told me he doesn’t want to get too attached to me because I’m leaving. I told him not to worry about that. I’m getting attached but that doesn’t mean clingy. We both like our alone time. He told me I’m opinionated. I am but I hope not in a stiff or close-minded way. I told him my opinions are subject to change and I am open to other views.

I like the music he makes. I don’t like it solely because I like him. I’d listen to it even if I didn’t know him. I didn’t tell him that last part but it’s what I think. Music is important to everyone but I’m glad it’s important to him. I love the music he listens to. And I like that he doesn’t have an ego or attitude about it.

Love, Meghan

Wednesday, December 22, 1999

I'm getting coffee. I talked to Lucas for a couple hours last night and it was good. I don't know what to say. I'm not in the right place to write. It's misty, foggy, cold and dream-like. I love it and I want it to snow. Soon. I'll write soon.

Love, Meghan

(later on) It's 1am. I'm writing with the pen Roman gave me. He gave me a beautiful leather-bound journal and I'm afraid to use it because it's nice and I only want good things to go in it. This pen squeaks. It's great. We went to the Mecca. The more we talk, the more I dig him. I feel like I can never be all he wants. That's alright.

I'm listening to "Talkin' Shit about a Pretty Sunset" by Modest Mouse. I like it when he sings, "Changed my mind so much I can't even trust it. My mind's changed me so much I can't even trust myself." I'm finding new inspiration, new curiosities. People, including myself, are erratic and fickle.

Lucas told me he compares every girl he's with to me. I asked him what happens when he does that. He says he winds up by himself. He told me I have something most people don't have. I said, "I know." I'm not sure what it is. I told Mom about it and she said, "Your spirit. That's what Lucas loves."

When I say I don't know if I could be all Roman wants, I don't know if I mean that. Both of us put ourselves out there and then we say things that will ensure our freedom or safety from being too vulnerable to the other. I wish I could sleep next to him right now. Oh, well. I get to sleep with myself.

Love, Meghan

Thursday, December 23, 1999

I had strange dreams last night. Something about vintage clothing stores in Chicago, a lady with an afro, and a country cabin-style store selling chocolate and beer. Thinking about that, listening to Beth Orton, and scribbling in here make me happy. I might push Europe back until May.

I want to go to Allegro, order green tea and get down and dirty about my innermost ideas and thoughts. I'm listening to that Throwing Muses song and it makes me want to swim in the ocean for several days, underwater the whole time.

Love, Meghan

(later on) I'm getting coffee before I head home. It's been a long day. I got Roman a xylophone. Work was fun because Maria and Piero are silly folks. I went home after work and cleaned my room and bathroom. I forgot how much I like cleaning and organizing. I've been in a good mood today. Piero said he hasn't seen me so energetic in a long time. I called Roman and we drove to Fremont so he could get a couple albums at Sonic Boom. We had a beer while he waited for his take away Thai food. We went to his house and he opened his present. He liked it.

I relaxed today after all the holiday craziness. I'm lucky to have my family. I miss my mates! I miss Skyler, Cassidy, Margo, Emma (though I see her at coffee), Claire, Nina, everyone. I miss Aidan and Terrence. Lucas asked if Eric was back from Europe yet (he is and I want to talk to him) and I got nostalgic for our crew.

The waiter won't refill my coffee and I'm bummed about it. He just did. Why am I stagnating about Europe? Is there a reason or am I off-course? Lucas told me everything is wrong and right with me. I don't agree. I don't see it as that structured. I've been curious about

who I am to him, how I am to him. I wonder that about most people I'm close to but especially with him. There are a myriad of different relationships in one's life. I see it differently now but it's not a secure, solid view like it used to be. I forget how important it is to love and feel loved. How we have to take care of each other. I've been on a kick of taking care of myself and noticing how many ideas and creations and avenues exist. There has to be a balance. How do I hold onto myself and protect myself but let other people feel secure and safe with me? And vice versa? That answers its own question. If I know what I'm about and I love my own company and take care of myself, people are attracted to that. It's like the Marianne Williamson/Nelson Mandela speech Nina wrote out for me when I was struggling about Lucas; something about liberating other people when you're liberated within. I'm checking in with myself, loving myself and feeling what's going on within and around me. I'm a mystery to myself. It's strange when people around you reflect yourself to you.

"[Hell Is Round the Corner](#)" by Tricky is on and it makes me want to see Nina. She put a Willis song on this tape which reminds me that my sister went to their show at the Crocodile tonight. She said I should go but I didn't talk to her today.

I want to go for a long drive and listen to cuts. I wish a good friend could come with me. I want conversation. I remembered a night when Nina and I drove around Bellingham (possibly after puffin) and a reggae song came on with no lyrics. We started singing and free-styling and going off ("I say eh, mon") and it was fun and hilarious. Man, life is good. As stressed as I've been over the last few weeks, life is good: people and experiences constantly flowing through. I give thanks, humbled to be a part of this.

Now Radiohead is on and reminding me of my girls. They're beautiful, smart, and fun. I miss Sadie. "[Walking in LA](#)" by Missing Persons came on the radio on the way to Roman's earlier. He said, "I have to say, I like 80s music," and I was on his wavelength. It got me thinking of Sadie and her effect on my visions and perceptions. "[Fake Plastic Trees](#)" by Radiohead is on now. Such a cut. "[Flamenco](#)" by The Tragically Hip is up next. That's a cut, too. I'm returning to soft Meghan: the dancer and the poet and the mom/child - curious, wise, and peaceful.

Where's Skyler when you need her? I miss Bellingham sometimes. No matter where I go or what I do, that place is in my blood. Music, insight, and thickness surround my images of it. It has a profound effect on me. It's been a big part of my life and important and significant people and experiences have come from there.

It's officially Christmas Eve. "[Suzanne](#)" by Leonard Cohen came on. I want to drive around in the fog and dream. I'm susceptible to music tonight, pulled. I feel safe and soft. I'm having images and visions. It feels delicate and harmonious. It's wonderfully strange. I think of white Christmas lights and candles and fog and people talking softly to each other.

Love, Meghan

Friday, December 24, 1999

I like Christmas because everything's different. It's slow now but Piero and I have a party of 35 coming in later. I woke up earlier, showered, and vacuumed. I got coffee and saw Roman and told him to meet me here at 4 so we can get a Christmas cocktail. I had to pick up a gift certificate for Kim's sister at Nordstrom because John called from Sun Valley and asked me to. He's on his way home and doesn't have time. I smiled as I walked downtown. I saw a little girl bouncing with excitement. And I saw an old couple walking together - hunched over, withered, wrinkled, beautiful, and in love.

I saw Pia earlier and this is her first Christmas without her husband. He left a few months ago and their son is home visiting from college. She said they cried themselves to sleep the other night. I feel strange about Pia now. The other night, Roman told me he likes older women. I brought it up as a joke but I guess it's not. Pia told him that if she were 20 years younger, she'd take him away to an island. He said if he were five years older, he'd let her. In light of this, it bothered me when I heard those two making plans to get together while I was at the coffee shop this morning. I like him and I like myself and I don't want to do anything silly or stupid or get jealous or any of that bullshit that I'm too smart for. Besides, who cares if they have a weird little attraction? It's human. We're all attracted to lots of people. It's figuring out what's alright and what's right. I have to go spread holiday cheer.

Love, Meghan

Saturday, December 25, 1999

Merry Christmas. I'm on the boulevard drinking 7-11 coffee, sitting in brilliant sunshine. The weather has been mystical. The sky has been crazy vibrant. Then at night, it gets misty and cold. It's solid and sharp, then soft.

We woke up at 9 to open presents. Everyone liked what I got them. Elizabeth gave me a satchel and items from the Body Shop. John gave me a beautiful dusty pink silk sweater and gray pinstripe slacks from Banana Republic. Mom and Dad gave me a J. Crew sweater, Issey Miyake parfum, knee high black boots, New Balance running shoes, a silver jewelry box engraved with my initials, and a vegetarian calendar. Aunt Frances gave me stationery. Charles gave me a knit hat, magic 8 ball and beautiful candle holders.

Elizabeth and I are going shopping tomorrow. Mom gave me a silver cigarette case but she didn't know it was for smokes. I love it. Work was chaotic with that large party yesterday. Vince gave me a bottle of Chianti. Roman and I went to the Frontier Room for cocktails. We played songs on the jukebox. We talked about how we've both had our hearts broken, games people play, and how to approach it when you like someone.

We went to Frances's church and back to her house for dinner. Then we opened gifts. It was peaceful to be with everyone. We drove home and I read O. Henry's *The Gift of the Magi* to my family after dinner. It's a beautiful story. I read the *Polar Express* and started Dickens' *A Christmas Carol* but I was too tired to read all of it. After gifts this morning, I showered and we had breakfast.

I love my family. Aunt Frances, Charles, Charles's girlfriend Lana, and Kim are coming over for dinner. I left to pick up wine for tonight and get this shitty coffee. I need to call Roman, Emma, and Lucas. Javier called me at Frances's last night to wish me a merry Christmas and to tell me he's praying for me. It's weird that people get all this material stuff for Christmas. It makes me want to remember what's important. I wanted to go to a soup kitchen today but Elizabeth said they're all filled with other people wanting to help. I called Queen Anne Manor to see if I could visit people there who may be lonely today but I haven't been there in ages and they need to do a new background check on me because no one trusts anybody anymore. Mom gave me a four-disc Bob Dylan set which is right on. I feel blessed. Mom told me I'm fun to shop for because I appreciate things. What fun is anything if you don't? Mom was like a little girl last night as we drove past all these homes with Christmas lights. John said how cheesy and tacky and overdone it was and we all laughed. I told Mom she and I are good as we are, easily pleased and amused. Merry Christmas.

Love, Meghan

(back again) I'm at the Mecca. I was restless at home. Christmas night is sad and lonely. Everyone arrived for dinner soon after I got home from visiting Emma. I went to her apartment and saw Dwight. He was leaving without saying goodbye so she asked him where he was going and what he was doing. He said, "I'm going to get high and then I'm going to get drunk." I sat there thinking, "Way to go for the gold, Emma. *This* guy has aspirations."

The Sugarcubes are playing right now and I want to eat Bjork up with a spoon because she's cute. Now it's back to Rage Against the Machine-type stuff. I was debating about going into the bar here to have a beer but the idea of drinking a beer alone at the Mecca on Christmas night is too much. I took a lucid nap today and woke up when Elizabeth flung the phone at me and said, "It's Lucas." I love him.

After the people got here for dinner, we talked and drank wine and snowboards until dinner was ready. Margo and I talked. She went to New York with Terrence a couple weeks ago so he could work on his film project. I called Roman but he wasn't home.

Elizabeth and I can't figure out why we're so damn tired. I love Aunt Frances. She's hip. I have to work tomorrow and I wonder how everything settles down after holiday madness. But the millennium is changing next week and everybody has to freak out about that first. I hope it snows. It's certainly freezing outside. I'm lonely and tired. I have a wonderful family and a warm bed at home but of course I head straight for the seedy dive on Christmas.

I told Mom I'm pushing the Europe trip back. Maybe take a couple acting classes and chill on work and prepare myself for the excursion. Roman put a song on my tape by the Notwist that I like. The guy talks about numbers. Roman told me that when he was younger, he used to count when he got nervous. I find it endearing and human. It reminds me of weird counting games I used to play with myself when I'd run up the stairs of our house on Thornhill. The mind of a child is insane, beautiful, and brilliant. I have to get the hell out of here.

Love, Meghan

Sunday, December 26, 1999

I'm messed up on my days of the week. Christmas does that. I'm at the Nitelite for a post-work beer. I went home last night and started George Orwell's [*Animal Farm*](#). I don't have any days off this week but my schedule works out so that I may be able to pick Skyler up from the airport and take her to Bellingham on Tuesday night. She called before I fell asleep last night. Jane called last night and I went out to breakfast with her, Aly, Bryce, Jane's mom, and her boyfriend at Queen Anne Café. I saw Carla and all the old kids. Then Elizabeth and I went shopping and I got bummed about the meaninglessness of it. I got a cowboy hat and boots, though. Roman and I are getting stiff drinks with Stephen at the Gim Wah later. That place is a blast from the past. I feel like shit. I'm achy and my throat hurts. I shouldn't go out but I want to see Roman. I'll keep it an early night and sleep in tomorrow. I want to go to Allegro. The Nitelite is shady and smells like bloody marys. It's chilly and I'm hoping for snow. I can't believe how beautiful and sunny it's been. Get me out of here.

Love, Meghan

(later on) I'm outside Roman's and my mind is reeling. We've been having a series of on/off times since we've known each other and tonight reminded me of why I like him; chemistry or energy. Not in a hippie-ish way but in a scientific, this-is-how-things-are way. He played guitar for me and his face and hands are beautiful. His expression conveyed peace and absorption. It's rare to catch that.

I keep thinking of a story I want to write about two people at a stoplight. I also want to write a story about a person who forgets that other people endure shit and seek and another person has to remind her. It parallels a situation in my own life but I'll get into that later. Stephen's here.

Love, Meghan

Monday, December 27, 1999

Not much to say. I'm working every day this week and I'm not happy about it. I had a good talk with Emma about how Pia has been buggin' me out and saying weird things. I'm glad Emma understands. I'll go more in depth later.

Love, Meghan

Thursday, December 30, 1999

I haven't written because I've been sick with a virus. I don't care if you're talking a minor cold or a life-threatening disease; the word "virus" is disgusting. I've decided being sick is mental so aside from my throat, I feel fine. I'm at Allegro. I broke down and got coffee because I've solely been drinking tea, hot water, and regular water for the past couple days. I worked earlier. Jane and I went to the airport to pick Skyler up. Sky dyed her hair black and is as beautiful as ever. Jane and I didn't keep track of where we parked so we walked around for half an hour before she had the good sense to suggest we look on the parking level below. We drove Skyler back to Bellingham and then Jane and I talked our way back to Seattle. We didn't get home until 3:30am which was bad news because I could tell I was coming down with something. I drove to work to tell Maria I was too sick to work, went home to sleep, and woke up at 7:30pm for "Jeopardy!" (the exclamation point is spastic!) and went back to sleep at 10. I woke up at 9:30 this morning and got tea before work.

I saw Roman and want to see him again later. This Pia thing is troubling to me. They went to Jazz Alley together the other night and had a great ol' time. He told me about her Christmas gift to him, some vintage shit. She told me about it last week and added, "That's one of the things Roman and I have in common." He proceeded to tell me they are coming into Poor Italian for a drink. Yeah, I'll be working and *not* loving it when my honey comes in to drink with Mrs. Robinson who fully wants him. Ok. I don't want to sound silly or petty but it rubs me the wrong way. It's odd. Gut instinct. I'm sorry that Pia's husband left her. I'm sorry she's struggling. But is she trying to recapture her youth or live vicariously through us? She's doing weird shit.

Cassie called and she and Skyler are at my house. We're going for Mexican food. I wish I could write more but I can't leave them waiting.

Love, Meghan

(later on) I had dinner with Cassidy, Skyler, and Margo. We talked and played cards. I have to work tomorrow but Maria said I can leave first. Margo said she's been hanging out with Holly (who moved back from LA because she couldn't hang). I haven't seen Roman in a couple days and I'd like to. I miss his company and I wonder what vibes he's getting from me. The Pia situation trips me out. The little bits and pieces trouble me. Like her saying she was surprised we were seeing each other and then she proceeded to ask me, "Are you two intimate?" God, I hope I didn't step in on a fantasy of hers. I'm alright aside from being under the weather and a lady making me check myself over the boy I dig. It's all about work and calculating when I can fly to London.

I miss Javier - his positivity and lovin'. It's crazy to have Elizabeth home. She and Mom are struggling. Margo called and wants to kick with some kids but I'm not up for it.

Love, Meghan

Friday, December 31, 1999

It's the last day of the year, decade, century, and millennium. I didn't go home after writing last night. I called Roman and went over to his house. He keeps late hours for an early riser. I went home and climbed into bed and then climbed out to get water and ibuprofen. I got back into bed with my mug of hot water and sipped it, smiled and gave thanks for the day and all my blessings: people. I need to take better care of my body. I'm taking care of my mind and spirit but I'm hard on my body and it's good to me. I've slipped back into a positive mind state again. I feel peaceful.

New Year's resolutions are bullshit because you should make changes year-round when necessary. But I must take better care of my body. I feel like I've gained five lbs. over the holidays. I don't care but I feel dumpy.

Last night I dreamed of a huge old house filled with bad, scary energy. Jane was in it. I felt uneasy and exposed. I dreamed about the old men who come into Appassionato, I think because Roman and I talked about them last night. I work tonight. Pia, Roman, and Stephen are coming in for dinner. I hope I can leave around 10.

Love, Meghan

Sunday, January 2, 2000

I'm not sure I like the look of the date but what choice do I have? It's 2000 and everything's the same. I haven't written in a long time and something is missing when I don't. I got out of work at 10:30 on New Year's Eve. Roman and co. came for dinner. He came back for me and waited in the bar until I could go. We went to Stephen's friend's place. She was house-sitting for a guy in a gorgeous loft. We had a drink, watched the Space Needle, and floated around. I saw Lance Overton. He's up at Western now and he's not sure if he likes it. He said Robert is painting at Rhode Island School of Design. I need to call Robert. He's home on break.

Roman and I took a cab home and went to bed. He's dear. We took a cab back downtown to get my car in the morning. I hadn't eaten last night and drank so fast. We drove around looking for a place to eat.

I went home and the Blackburns and Hudsons were over to watch the football game. Amber was there and it was great to see her. We talked about what people have been up to and looked at pictures. I had to work at 6 but I was working with Piero and Giuliano and I love those guys. G and I closed and went home at 11. I talked to Mom and Elizabeth and watched TV. They told me how great they think Lucas is. I told them I know. I love him. He's great and I hope we end up together but for now, we're doing the best thing (I think).

I feel soft and sensual.

Vince gave me two days off this week. I'm a lucky, beautiful girl but something has been off the past few days. Maybe it's lack of writing. There's another girl in here (Allegro) writing and drinking coffee like me. I love Skyler. I want to see her. I'm about to listen to "You've Got to Hide Your Love Away" by the Beatles. I want to go to London but I feel ok about waiting. My complexion is a mess and I need to eat better and drink more water and go running and cut down on the ciggies. Elizabeth rearranged our room today and I don't know what to think of it. It will definitely affect my mind. But I'm more comfortable with and accepting of change. I can roll with the punches, no big deal. I don't know how I've been feeling lately. I don't know if I'm out of touch or what. I'm just living.

Love, Meghan

Monday, January 3, 2000

I have the day off. I'm getting coffee and wondering what I can do to make something of myself instead of being a lushy waitress living in the city. What would I do without this pen? It wouldn't be pretty.

Jared is visiting Elizabeth and staying at our house. I'm going to the art museum today. Jane and Aly went yesterday and it sounds good. I need influence. I don't do much and that needs to change. I need to take a pottery or glass class, or a dance or acting class (something good, nothing cheesy), or an English class. How did I get so down? Margo and I want to hang out. I told her we should wake up early, get breakfast and take off for the day, a long drive far away from this city.

Love, Meghan

(back for more) I needed a change of scenery so I'm at the Alibi Room, looking out the window into the grey. I'm here for lunch and a beer before I head to the museum. I like this place, the wood floors and the yummy-smelling lilies. I've been sloppy with my money. I've been thinking about Lucas.

Pia is moving to Santa Barbara. I ran into her at the café before work last night. I told her I love Lucas but it's on with Roman right now and I don't foresee it going sour between us. Her reply: "I can see things going bad when he slips into one of his dark depressions. But maybe you'll keep him up because you're always sunny." She has this idea that I'm constantly happy and up. I like Pia but she's struggling and it's been awkward with us since I've been seeing Roman. I told him she wants him. He agreed. I don't know how much, but it bothers me.

Love, Meghan

P.S. I've been thinking of buying weed and puffing by myself and going on little adventures. "Visions of Johanna" came on and I'm suddenly propelled back to my apartment in Bellingham. How did I get through that time? I'm strong, smart, and beautiful. I forget that sometimes. I like what I like. I like what speaks to me and affects me. I like my music and my own way of taking it in, processing it and putting it out again.

(back again) The art museum is closed on Mondays. I went to the aquarium instead. An octopus scared the hell out of and disturbed me. The sea urchins are pretty. The crabs and starfish reminded me of boat trips in the San Juans every summer when I was growing up. Elizabeth and I used to pick starfish, crabs, and jellyfish out of the water or off the side of the boat. We played with them and then cast them overboard when we got bored with them. Sea otters are cute as hell. I liked the sensation of watching the seals dive around and glide through the water. They're graceful and sleek, but spastic. I feared they were going to slam into the glass or one of the walls headfirst but they didn't. They turned right in time. I love the part where you're under the water, the windows and blueness. I listened to Bjork on my headphones and everything was smooth and peaceful. I lost my keys and I got a parking ticket but I don't care.

Love, Meghan

Tuesday, January 4, 2000

I might have a kidney infection. When am I going to start taking better care of myself? I'm getting far away from what I want and I don't understand why. I used to feel solid about certain things. When I was at Western, I was in school and believing Lucas and I were not going to part ways. I've been excited about my freedom and now it's getting old.

I want more than this. I want more than working. I want more than thinking about but not doing anything about getting to Europe. I want more than giving myself no structure or stimuli. I'm craving something and I need to figure out what it is. I've been pulling away and withdrawing. I feel my whole self shutting down. The kidney infection is an indication of general breakdown. I take care of myself and I value life, people, and experiences. I thought on my way here that as you get older, it's a struggle to maintain intense feelings and thoughts. As the intensity wanes, the things that dull and numb you increase. I need to remain receptive and keep the capacity to feel affected.

This has been a strange phase. To think that it began with Lucas and me in Yosemite. It makes me smile. I started on a new tangent in my life but it started with an ending between Lucas and me. We had to take separate paths. I miss him. I feel like crying. Forget that. But it's strange. I figured we'd get back to each other but will we?

I'm mixed up and I need to write until I figure out what the hell is surfacing. How do I need to change? What do I need to listen to and learn? I need God's help and to take care of myself so I can take care of my people. Maybe I haven't been giving thanks enough. I'm usually good about that but maybe not lately. I give thanks. I appreciate the goodness in my life.

I had a horrible dream last night: I stole \$15 from a book store/library in the country. The lady working there knew I took the money but she thought I was decent and felt bad asking me if I had.

I get to sleep in and go to the doctor tomorrow. I want to fill my hot water bottle and lay down with it and listen to music. I need nurturing. I'm making another tape for Roman. I hope tomorrow I can rejoin the world and stop feeling tossed around.

Love, Meghan

Wednesday, January 5, 2000

I pulled the biggest attitude with Mom. I'm drinking tea because I can't have coffee because of this stupid infection. Thank God it's not a kidney infection, though. I am troubled and afraid. Things have sucked since Monday. That day was all wrong. I didn't have to work and when I woke up, I struggled to make the day count.

First, the art museum was closed. I got a parking ticket. I lost my keys. And these dreams I've been having. They're insane. I dreamed of Lucas last night at an old college-style house. He was with a girl, his new one. I went crazy and ran around the room screaming, crying, and pulling my hair out. I had scratches on my left wrist and I wanted to cut it. It makes me feel like crying right now, recounting it and what it means. I'm consuming things lately. I've been smoking more and I've eaten a lot today. I can't figure out what's trying to speak to me and urging me to change.

All feels sloppy, messy, disorganized, unattainable, and unfixable. I feel stuck. I'm afraid I'm not doing enough. I'm afraid I'll not get to Europe. I won't be an actress. I won't maintain a positive attitude. I don't understand money. I'm afraid and weak and feeling incapable of getting the hell out of here. I had a good attitude and desires. Now I'm afraid and I can't stand it. I'm illogical and my outlook is fucked.

Cole was working at the café earlier. I told him about the dreams I've been having. He shared that he thinks I'm "miserable" and that I've "mastered the art of making people think I'm happy." Thanks, Cole. And look at me, defensive over a comment from a guy who barely knows me. I'm tripping out on myself.

Maybe I fool myself into thinking life flows and I am part of that flow and I remain peaceful and calm and excited and pretty and kind and compassionate. But fuck that. I'm fighting myself. I can't find solace or comfort in anything. People around me seem irritable and gasp-y. And I want to say, "Fuck you. We're all doing the best we can and trying to figure it out."

I know what's inside me but I keep second guessing myself and feeling internal conflict. I can't take a deep breath, sort it out, and get my priorities in order 1-2-3.

Cole mentioned something about Lucas. I don't want to handle that can of worms.

I can't stop listening to "25th December" by Everything But the Girl. It's the only comforting thing that makes any sense right now. I'm grateful for certain songs and music that see me through insanity, fear, and troubled times.

So, Lucas. I miss him. I love him. I forget what it's like to be turned inside out by somebody. I've changed because of him. I have questions, pain, sadness, and fear about whatever the hell happened. I don't understand it so I abandoned it. I've been lucky since I did and now I'm experiencing the bad side to that luck.

When I first walked away, I felt freedom and stability. My eyes were opened to a new wide world of people, places, activities, and ideas. But I left something that wasn't finished yet. I was stoked on the world and I didn't look at the other sides. But why should I pick back up with all the questions and sadness? How do I accept unacceptable shit that goes on in my life, recognize it, deal with it, do my thing and welcome it as part of my collage of life experiences and function and be happy and not partly shut myself off because of the part that experience killed in me?

And fuck Cole. I don't have time to pretend or fake people out or put on a fucking show. What you see is what you get and there's an infinite amount more beneath that with me and he can save his projections of misery for his Psych 101 class.

Then there's Roman. He's good. I want to be close to him but I'm strange now. He took me out to lunch at Bamboo Garden and helped me forget about myself. Then I had to work. I need to take action instead of crying about how nothing happens. I need to cry. I need to take better care of my body with more water, movement, stretching, paying attention to when I need to eat and what I put into my precious temple. I need to play my guitar and read my books. I don't feel better but I need to go home and finish *Animal Farm*.

Love, Meghan

Friday, January 7, 2000

I worked the lunch shift, paid a parking ticket, and I'm getting coffee before I have to go back for act two of work. Mom came in and talked to me this morning. She told me she thinks I'm stuck in a rut and spinning wheels. She's right. It's hard when your mother or other family members or friends tell you that. I'm aware of it. I don't know how I became unmotivated and unfocused. I've lost track of my shit and I don't know how to pull it together. Elizabeth thinks it has to do with Lucas. She said that all this time, I've been seeing people and it's my protection against Lucas. She thinks I should be with him. I feel the same about him. I don't know why I've been escaping. I told Roman what Mom said and that I'm struggling right now. It might've hurt his feelings. It felt good to be honest with him but I hope he doesn't take it to mean that it's a reflection of him.

I want to play cards with Cassie and see Emma. I want to see Claire and Margo. I need my friends right now. I need to take a class and get moving on Europe. I'm at a standstill and it's up to me to get it moving again. I don't like knowing that Mom is concerned and disappointed.

Roman and I went to Alibi Room and met his friends last night. I didn't sleep well but at least I can't remember my dreams.

Lucas flew to Philadelphia and is driving back with some girl now. I wonder how that was. I called him this morning. I cried but that got me nowhere. I have to go back to work at 5:30 and I am not down. I threw a lemon slice at work earlier because I was annoyed with the needy, greedy customers.

Love, Meghan

Saturday, January 8, 2000

Jane and I are going to a pub to find a boy she likes. Then Maria wants me to go to a party at Il Gambero. Roman and I went vintage shopping earlier and got lunch. I felt a pang of vulnerability toward him. I came home last night and lit candles, put on Miles Davis, and finished Animal Farm. I started *Angela's Ashes* and he doesn't use quotes when the characters speak. I want to play cards with Cassidy.

Love, Meghan

Sunday, January 9, 2000

I'm going to Queen Anne to see Margo and Terrence so I don't have much time. I'm at Allegro. Mom, Elizabeth, and I went to see "*The Cider House Rules*" earlier. I went in to work but Maria and Piero sent me home so they could make more money.

Lucas and I had a good talk until the end when I had to go and bring up unsettling situations. No matter how beautiful I am, no matter how smart, talented, good, warm, loving I am, no matter what endeavors I push through, successes I gain, how many friends or boyfriends I have, I will always have pain in my heart over that event. It sucks. I sang along with the Indigo Girls to "*Closer to Fine*" earlier. It felt good to sing.

Love, Meghan

Tuesday, January 11, 2000

I saw Margo and Terrence on Sunday night at their friends' house on Queen Anne. Drew Stoddard was there, home from Boston for the week. A guy named Jeffrey played the organ for us. He's active with theatre and told me if I'm interested in acting I should ring him. Margo and I are going to Zeitgeist today to play cards and I'm stopping by the pottery studio.

The other night, I cried myself to sleep about Lucas. I woke up and realized I can't go to California now because I'll probably spend the whole time crying and asking questions. I know I have to focus on other things. But I hate what happened and it eats at me. I'm going to see Jeffrey tomorrow night and I'm going to see Terrence on Thursday.

I want to see Roman. Silly thing to say when he's three feet away from me reading a magazine. I could eat him with a spoon.

Love, Meghan

Wednesday, January 12, 2000

Rush rush rush. No time, go fast, stress out. I tripped out on Mom today. I feel bad that I'm rarely home anymore. I'm usually out on the town. Likely because I'm working all the time and when I'm not, I'm trying to unwind or relax and live a little.

I signed up for a class at the pottery school in Pioneer Square. It's on Wednesdays from 12-2:30 for eight weeks. I have access to the studio each day from 10-8 so I can practice and improve. It's only \$8 for 25 lbs. of clay. I made a couple bowls today.

I freaked out on Mom because of money. That seems to be all we talk about lately and I hate it. I'm trying to save for Europe or do something with my life and it feels slow coming. I work all the time and where is that money going?

Margo and I visited her friend at Zeitgeist yesterday. We played cards and talked about Terrence and her upcoming trip to Australia. I hope this can be a reflective, solitary, creative and silent time for me. I need that. Margo made me another mix tape and wrote the kindest message on it.

Giuliano and I worked together last night and it was slow. Then Jane, Aly, and I got dinner on Phinney Ridge. I told them about the Lucas/cheating scenario and nutshelled the hell I went through. They said they can't imagine my response and said they'd never react the way I did. They both told me they have cheated on every person they have ever been with. It occurs to me that they are missing out on something necessary.

I want to write for hours but I feel this clock of obligations ticking. I have to work at 4. I want to read and learn about history, architecture, art, and theatre. I need to call Jeffrey and see what he has in store for auditions. Oliver and I are meeting up tonight to hear Matt read poetry at a conference. He's the featured poet and I'm looking forward to it. I saw Stephen at the café earlier. I told him I feel an undercurrent of anger and volatility in myself and I wonder if it's from talking to Lucas the other night.

I'm at Old Timer's Café for coffee and cigs. I don't need to sleep as much as I have been. I'd like to not have stress. I'd like to make a dent in Orwell's [1984](#). I like the classics and older writers most. I get more out of them than I get from modern books. I need to read and understand them, let them influence and improve my own writing. I'm peeved at the time and money I've been wasting. I'm neglecting that God character. It's supposed to snow. It wants to but it won't. I want it to. Think snow.

Love, Meghan

Thursday, January 13, 2000

Something is wrong. I make an enemy of myself. It's a contradiction because if I give into it, address it and think about it, it grows and gets worse. But I can't deny it. I used to think I was a filter for beauty. Now I feel unworthy and apathetic at best. I went into the pottery studio today and threw a couple pots but it wasn't happening. I won't allow myself to be talented or good or strong or disciplined. I've become a slave to convenience but it's all inconvenient.

I went out with Oliver, Matt, and Isaac last night. It was strange. I'm strange. I feel lost and I was basically mentally abusive to myself last night before I went out. I feel neurotic and out of control. I can't stand my own company but as if I'm going to inflict this negativity on anybody else. I feel low. I'm thinking about Lucas.

I told Oliver I feel reduced around Lucas. He called today and I don't know if I should call him back because if I do, I'll drop it all down and is that smart? I feel gross and funky. My eating habits are fucked up. I want this body to wither away. I'm tired of junk.

I feel like lying down and watching a movie with Roman and having him tell me how it is. I thought about him last night - how I wanted to see him and hug him today. I saw him this morning but I didn't hug him. I dreamed of him last night. He'd bleached his hair and wore a bowling shirt and he looked silly and handsome at once. He had a letter from a girl in his hand.

The return address was “Some girl from Tennessee.” I smiled at him while he buttoned his shirt, the bowling shirt. I dreamed of Lucas, too. His mom drove us through the suburbs in a station wagon. We rode in the backseat and he told me to get off of him. Then he jumped out of the car.

Have I subconsciously internalized him fucking Danielle so intensely into myself that I automatically feel abandoned, insecure, fucked over, and fucked up whenever we talk to or see each other?

I thought I went through a major healing/letting go process when really I just ignored it for a few months. I’ve forgotten how important it is to tell myself good things. I need to rely on myself and build myself up. I don’t have time or tolerance for anyone who’s self-impressed, cocky, unaware, and stupid. I have an edge. I’m feisty and ready to knock someone down if they’re getting too high. This conflicts with my “Don’t judge” motto.

I’m listening to Modest Mouse and I’m in love with these boys. I remember a day at the end of August when I began spouting all of these positive ideas in writing. I didn’t know where they came from and I wasn’t convinced they were true. But I kept at it and soon, I felt consistently good and it amazed me how easy and swift it was. It pisses me off. I learn and unlearn. I disregard all the things that could help me.

I hate not being in school. I hate dicking around, working and having it impede all the things I want to do but probably wouldn’t do anyway even if I had the time and the earnings of the chump change I make from serving people. What the hell is my problem? I’m making it a struggle. I’ve been throwing blame even though I’m stuck on an “I take responsibility for my own shit” kick.

I called Emma earlier and she was crying. Probably Dwight. We destroy our relationships through substance or just being dumb. I don’t know what I believe. I told Oliver everything feels temporary. You’ve got yourself for the long haul but people get flaky, restless. I told Jane and Aly I’m the only one in the world I trust not to cheat on someone. I don’t put it past anyone, no matter their background, character, or track record. Is that messed up?

It’s comforts me to have that faith in myself but does it mean I set myself up to be screwed, or at least to expect to be screwed or not feel shock if/when it happens? Is it a matter of, “I was waiting for it to happen,” or “K, I *knew* it. Later”? Mason Lindberg, Tucker Wilcox, and Lucas are the only people I know of who have cheated on me. Mason Lindberg was a blow but it didn’t shatter my world or destroy the foundation of my life by any means. Tucker was a dick anyway. Lucas and I have been with others. I can handle that. But Danielle? Not by far. That got me to my core and robbed me. My sacred, chosen trust was completely violated and shattered. No wonder I can’t stand myself or parts of my past sometimes. What a waste to rehash this.

Love, Meghan

Friday, January 14, 2000

I talked to Skyler after work this afternoon and it struck me as inherently necessary to come see her, my wise woman. To play cards, talk truth, drink. I’m at the Wagon Wheel, collecting my thoughts before we go do so.

I went to Roman’s last night. We were silent and then we broke the wall. We kissed and talked and puffed and sat on his bed. I feel fuzzy for him. I smile about him. I want to lie down, right up against him and talk and sleep.

Terrence called and I picked him up and we went to Charlie’s on Broadway for dessert and coffee. We dove headfirst into the past and talked about our freshman year at Western, all (and I mean all) the kids we chilled with, the good crew we were lucky to be a part of and all the shit

that went down. We discussed Lucas and Margo and the complications and contradictory nature everyone has about love and “the one.” We stirred each other up and he profoundly disturbed me with his philosophy that all guys are shady, think shady shit, and say shady things. It was unsettling. But all the same, it was great to see him and talk. He says I’m too outspoken and Lucas is too unmanageable and that makes us clash.

I feel filled and thick with memories, ideas, emotions, hurt, and the recurring desire to throw up my hands and say it’s too fucking painful and unstable and ever-changing.

I got an email from Lucas today. He said he hopes to see me this month and that he’s gotten hopeful about me again. I told him he doesn’t want to see me because I’ll cry and ask questions. I told him he doesn’t know what he does to me. I told him he doesn’t understand how I feel about him. I feel odd, but stable and safe. There’s enough distance from the painful year I had here. I look back and reevaluate in a different way.

I’m about to spend an evening with my beautiful girlfriends. I’m lucky. I can’t take all this. I dreamed of two scary, inhuman, devil-like creatures last night. I cried myself to sleep, consumed by memories. I cried silent and choked back tears to not wake Elizabeth.

Maria called me at 7am crying, asking if I could pick her up from jail. Accident last night and she was drunk. I had to babysit for the Cochrans at 8am so I couldn’t get her. I need to talk to her. I went into work at 11 and Maria obviously couldn’t come. I had twelve tables on my hands by myself and I was in a bad mood.

Love, Meghan

Saturday, January 15, 2000

I’m at the Wagon Wheel again and I have to hit the road soon. It’s sunny and beautiful. I was driving through the streets here, looking around and asking myself how I lived here. I love it but it’s different now. It seems blah. My first year up here was magical and special and great because of all the people, Lucas, and freedom of living on my own. My second year was defined by reminiscing and being torn apart by it being over and gone. I can’t believe Lucas moved back here for me last spring. I’m listening to Bjork’s “[Scary](#).” It latches onto me and makes me feel filled and happy. It came on last night when I’d been crying at Sadie’s and turned my mood around. It’s short and it involves a harpsichord. I want to play it for Roman.

The other night, I told Terrence that I get nervous for no reason at all. I feel strange and unsettled and there’s nothing to point to. I told him about sitting with Roman before I met up with him and I got a momentary feeling that nothing was alright - scary and gripping and I had to tell myself, “Let it pass.”

Last night, I talked to Sadie and Skyler about my talks with Terrence. I got to feeling that life was too painful and intense and I cried. Skyler was comforting and sweet. And Bjork came on and made me happy. Maybe that’s how it is now.

Cassidy told me that I have a better handle on my emotions than I used to. I don’t know about that but it’s good to know I can cry real quick and recover and not let it set a tone. I avoid getting stuck in a mood or frame for too long. I looked through Skyler’s astrological relationship book that goes through and matches up every birthday combination. It said Roman and I have a spiritual/soul connection and we rebel against authority. I forget the downside. Sky is here and I’m going to play cards with her.

Love, Meghan

Monday, January 17, 2000

I'm at Allegro. I ran into Eric. I saw him yesterday, walking in Fremont with Anna while Roman and I were there. He's dope and I'm glad I got to see him. It's odd to be spending time with people from that era in Bellingham. Lucas is haunting me. He called me on the cell phone on Sunday while I was at the Wagon Wheel but I had to pay, pack up, and say goodbye to Skyler. I told him to call back but he didn't for a long time. I was irrational about it - pissed and hurt and thinking about how he gets me stoked and then lets me down. I was impossible when he called back. He's in Joshua Tree until tonight.

I have the day off and I feel pressed for time. I want to go to the pottery school and throw pots. I feel edgy and amped, like I have a lot to do and little time but they're constructs of my imagining.

I went out with Claire to Hoyt's the other night after work. She was late but Trent was there and we talked. Roman and I had breakfast at Longshoreman's Daughter. He's not doing well and he won't talk to me. I worked last night and made money and took Maria home. Roman called today and asked if I was coming in to the café. I did and he barely talked to me and left without saying goodbye. He's throwing strange signals. I feel nervous, on edge, and in speedy mode. I talked to Zoe and we're going shopping on Thursday. She's engaged and moving to Hollywood. She said to me today, about getting married, "I'm just doing it. I don't know, to see what it's like." Roman thinks she's been using heroin. I hope not. I don't like to see Roman struggling. I wish he'd talk to me.

I need a release of energy. I am on the rag and hating it. I miss Lucas. But can I ever be a complete woman with him around? He reduces and baffles me. Eric says he thinks we'll always haunt each other (Lucas and me).

I keep talking to people about Europe and getting excited for that. I want to see my friends and have sex with Roman and stop feeling like it all has to be fast and crazy-making. I have time. I'm making Lucas a tape.

Love, Meghan

(later on) I told Mom about this loopy energy I've picked up and can't shake. She says it's excess energy and I need to find ways to release it. She recommends a dance class. I miss dancing.

I'm meeting Jane and Aly at Von's. We're going to see "[Girl, Interrupted](#)." I have clashing visions and emotions. On one hand, I have visions of Europe, acting, having awesome relationships with people. On the other, I have curiosity, pain, disappointment, and misery. It's bittersweet but it tastes more bitter lately.

Turns out Zoe *is* on heroin. A couple of Roman's friends might be, too. It makes me sick. Roman can't stand her right now. He said he doesn't care about her or what she does to herself but he doesn't want to be around it. I asked him why he doesn't care because I feel like he should. The insecure parts of me don't want him to care too much but mainly it bums me out that he doesn't. I said, "Weren't you close to her?" He said, "No. Not really. We were physically close a couple times but we weren't mentally close and if that doesn't happen, it doesn't matter anyway." That anecdote encapsulates the ideas and thoughts I've been grappling with lately - all the emotions and complications that go into human relationships. It makes me sad for him to mention their brief physical encounters. Not really, because I get that it happens. But it stings because he's rarely intimate with me. I wish I could explain this purely and logically. I don't understand all these mistakes, downfalls, addictions and the ways we let each other and ourselves down.

I cried on my bed about Lucas before work on Saturday because Mom and I had a brief talk about him. We talked about what Terrence said (all guys are shady) and Mom told me there are people (men included) who live on deeper, higher levels than that; that we're meant to be connected, committed, to help and support each other. So why do we hurt each other? Everyone has hang-ups and bafflement. Mine are as follows: addictions, creation, isolation, connection, rationalizations, the misery we go through when we figure out that shit actually does hurt, haunt and damage us and that we can't rationalize it, whether it's self-inflicted or done to us by someone else. I can't hit the nail on the head here but fuck am I trying.

Dammit, I'm brilliant and I'm asking questions. Everyone seems annoyed with or unaffected by the questions but I want someone to answer them or at least admit they have them, too. They tie me up in knots and make me feel like spewing or screaming. Here I've worked myself into a frenzy and have come to no conclusions and I get to sit here stewing in my own insanity. It makes me want to withdraw. It makes me want to go away from people, the insanity our culture has submitted to. Makes me want to go and hide. But then I want to find beauty and truth in it. I'm too overwhelmed for that now. I've only chipped away at the tip of all this and there's more. I'm going to meet the girls.

Roman's got me baffled. Not in relation to me but in general. It pisses me off. Why is it presumptuous of me to think that he could open up and talk to me if he's going through something? I don't know what role I play in his life. I don't know what matters to him. I don't feel like one of his priorities or concerns.

I feel sick and crazy and sad, like if a satellite zoned in on me from space, it would show me standing all alone on a windy mountaintop with my arms thrown up yelling, "What?!" I feel isolated and solo. It pisses me off because I know people understand but they act like they've got it all together - unaffected, I-know-everything, who-the-fuck-are-you attitudes. Fuck 'em. They don't know like I know.

How could Lucas leave me alone in the world to tear myself apart and struggle and attempt? I have myself and my homies.

Love, Meghan

Tuesday, January 18, 2000

I'm sitting on a wooden bench in Discovery Park with my coffee, taking in the sun, the mountains, the water, and sky. As I walked here, I heard a string version of "[Hyperballad](#)" that I got from Sadie. I've been gawking at the mountains with awe and remembering how necessary it is to see them. They used to be a significant part of my day to day life; all the hours I've lived and had a view of them. They inspire me. They are patient, large, erect, strong, and sculpted. I want to be part of them. They get me thinking of Lucas, winter, what I want to do. They're solid.

I've been getting away from myself, looking outside to other people too much. I feel weird about Roman. He reminds me of that punk song about, "Expectations, expectations. I'll let you down." I don't know what he wants but I'll leave him alone so he can figure it out for himself. I've expected too much and now I'm disappointed.

I miss dance classes. I remember my old classes at Western when I felt utter peace and absorption in them. All of us moving and stretching, gliding and jumping. Fun and perfect. One evening at the end of fall quarter freshman year Holly, Chelsea, a few other girls, and I had to make up missing ballet classes so we went to one of Lauren's modern classes. She played "[Elsewhere](#)" by Sarah McLachlan while we were doing a sequence with our arms and I was content, in the moment. All those mornings of modern classes during other quarters when I was

messy and heartbroken, but I could dance for an hour and a half and be free, easy, and unburdened for that time. That's what I need.

"Girl, Interrupted" was sad. I identified with most of the "crazy" girls in it. There's a fine line and how do people know when they've crossed it? Everyone in the movie cried and I especially got that. I thought about how they're all female and that it's strange and special to be so. I usually think Winona Ryder sucks but she was good. I came home to crash and teared up, thinking of Lucas. I wish I had the room to myself sometimes so I could cry. It's chilly balls out and I have to walk home and go to work at 4.

Love, Meghan

(later on) I'm back at Alibi Room. Bjork's on my headphones and I can't get past this new version of "Hyperballad" or her song "Scary." I worked with Giuliano today, the sexy darlin'. I had a cig in the alley during a break and I sang Edie Brickell's "[Circle](#)." The lyrics make sense to me: "I quit. I give up. Nothing's good enough for anybody else it seems. And being alone is the best way to be. When I'm by myself it's the best way to be. When I'm by myself nobody else can say 'goodbye.' Everything is temporary anyway." It feels good to hear my voice singing.

Giuliano and I talked earlier and he said guys have a hard time expressing themselves, especially when they're feeling down. Roman can say he needs time and space instead of shafting me. When am I going to learn for good that all I have is me, a pen, and paper? I'm fumbling around in a dark room, desperately touching items around me, trying to figure out what they are.

In "Girl, Interrupted," a nurse tells the main character that she's not crazy, but lazy and self-indulgent. It reminded me of myself. I crave discipline, discovery of how to be selfless, stalwart, strong and to have a sense of all that lies outside myself that connects to what's inside me.

I heard "[Forgiven](#)" by Ben Harper and he bugs me now. First of all, his new album is called "Burn to Shine." He refers to his crew as the "Innocent Criminals." His devoted fans put him on a god-like pedestal. Can I puke now? It reminds me of how Oliver and Matt can be. An air of cockiness and "I'm struggling to find the truth and wisdom and be a genius artist and move people" but it feels phony to me. This is the male version of the "lazy self-indulgence" referenced in the movie last night. Where is the fun or virtue in being a whiny drama queen?

Maybe I have too many options and it makes me spoiled, selfish, complex, and (gasp) complicated. Give me a break. Why do we keep ourselves shoved way down inside us and suppress who we are, letting it fester along with using substances and making bad decisions? Which somehow steers me to the topic of sex.

What initially popped into my head was Roman and how he confuses me in this area. I don't understand how he feels about intimacy. I'm getting the idea that guys can only sleep with or have wild sex with strangers or women they don't regard highly, don't respect much, or have a hard time connecting with on other levels. This may be false. And if it's partially true, it's a disgusting disservice to beautiful, smart, kind, talented, perceptive, down-to-earth girls who are sexual beings, too.

Sex is great but it's not to be taken lightly. It seems we - my friends, my boys, myself - find ourselves doing it in strange circumstances. It feels good in a moment of passion and we get carried away and it becomes this hurried, indulgent, shameful occurrence. Sex is powerful and I feel we've come to disrespect it. I see that we are sexual creatures, designed and meant to come together but must it be under so many circumstances?

I'm getting into territory I like to avoid. I can understand that Lucas hadn't had sex for a few weeks that fall and that he had intense hormones, he was drunk, and a female was digging him

and most likely being physically obvious about it. But if he feels for me the way I feel for him and felt for me the way I felt for him (which I believe to be true), why did he sacrifice it? I would have understood (painfully, not liking it, but still) if we had decided together “We’re young. We wind up in situations where we’re drunk and lonely and a warm body is near and it doesn’t have to do with not loving, missing or wanting each other. So let’s set each other and ourselves free for now with no promises except that we love each other and we’ll see if we are meant to be together after time apart.” But instead I got total build-up and total abandonment.

Last night, Jane said that her latest bed buddy’s ex-girlfriend was paranoid about Jane before they ever hooked up. I told her girls need to help each other out, be cool to each other. Jane said she wanted to say to the ex, “Look, I fucked your ex-boyfriend on some random night. We just had good sex once. That’s all. Don’t flip out.” It made me sick. I see both sides. But if Danielle ever said that to me, I’d say, “Fuck you. You suck. You don’t have a clue about love, respect or truth.” Then I’d kick her ass. All that I just wrote are strikingly similar to what I told the stupid bastard who raped me.

This is where I get to the point: if sex is meaningless (in some cases), why does it hurt that Lucas had a one-night stand with a silly girl and no one can attribute it to more than youth, hormones, and alcohol? Why does it tear me up and make me cry? Why does it make sex trouble me? Why do I feel tears coming and a lump in my throat this moment? Why do I want to talk to Roman, to call him right now, knowing I won’t? Why did shit get hard, scary, and messy? I’m getting somewhere with this line of writing and right on the eve of it, I can’t get to it. I’ve asked these questions and I’m wracking my brain for the answers.

I bought yarn today and I’m knitting a scarf for Zoe.

Love, Meghan

Wednesday, January 19, 2000

I’m at Old Timer’s Café in Pioneer Square. I missed my pottery class but I can make it up later this week. I went home after Alibi Room last night and five minutes later, Lucas called. I talked to him in the bathroom and cried. He told me he sees us as friends and it’s over. I asked him why he still calls and he said he likes to hear what I have to say, to hear my perspective. I told him that’s not enough and hung up in a disturbed state.

I lost it, screaming and crying and cussing. Elizabeth woke up and she and Mom talked to me. Lucas drains me and brings me pain and I need to listen to that and not talk to him. I had an urge to go see Roman but I was in a state so I decided against it. I couldn’t bear anything last night.

I went for coffee this morning and Cole said I should go talk to Roman. I went by his house and left a note and started driving to the pottery studio. Then I turned the car around and woke Roman up. We talked and got coffee. I read to him. He said we shouldn’t be intense or serious. We talked about our disillusionment and tendency toward funks. I told him I’m here and I won’t expect him to be here. It seems that men see women and they admire us, want us. But once they get in, they want out. Maybe we’re too much for them - too beautiful, emotional, deeply feeling, talented, wise, smart, comforting, and amazing to handle. That’s what I choose to believe.

No more letting Lucas jerk me around and no more placing too much on another person. I trust Skyler and my Mom and that’s about it. I feel alone. I know I have people I love and who love me. I have God. Well, I’ve forgotten that. Most of the time I’m alone and maybe I’ll go through life like that. Maybe there isn’t another person to connect with and walk through it with because there’s too much pain and too many insecurities and shortcomings and

miscommunication. I remember what Audrey Hepburn said about being scared all the time but pretending she's not. I have to fake it and believe I am disciplined and strong and non-fragile even if it's not true. I've been giving into dread and fears and it hasn't worked. Now I get to be strong but that doesn't mean unaffected. I have to understand what goes on inside me.

What's my path and mission? No one gets to determine things but me and like Mom said, no one should have the power to put a rope around my heart and sink me to the bottom of the sea like Lucas did last night. I need to smile and relax and make pottery and act as if until I'm actually good. I'm too smart for the pain I'm bringing myself. Like Javier said, "Why do you make yourself suffer?" I get to choose my level and my thoughts. I'm not sacrificing myself on behalf of others.

This life is fucking hard. I'm working with it. I want the unbreakable peace and security I had in the fall. I want to be a solo unit. I read Margo's note to me that she wrote on my tape and realized we've known each other for seven years. Nut house.

I want to see Cassidy and Skyler. I should write Skyler a letter and tell her how much I love her. Skyler, Cassidy, Claire, Nina - solid citizens, gentlemen and scholars, beautiful ladies that I trust and love. Tomorrow I'll make pottery, see Cassie, and go to Galactic with Jane and co. For now, I have to work and impress everyone with my skills and wit.

Love, Meghan

Thursday, January 20, 2000

I'm outside the café. Roman is funny. I like his sense of humor but it's mean sometimes. An older man with a vacant look on his face walked up to the counter. Roman asked, "Can I get you something?" and the man didn't hear him so Roman said, "I'm throwin' out clues. Who wants one?"

Work was bullshit last night. I had to train two people and had a 22-top. Ridiculous. And Vince had to leave so he could go have his affairs or whatever he does.

I went to Roman's afterward and we watched "Frasier." We had wine, watched TV, and mushed. I came home and crashed. I get to see Skyler and Cassidy and possibly go to Allegro for cards, chats, coffee, tea and cigs with my two beautiful friends. I'm working on being okay here and now, taking it as it comes. Milking the easy moments and absorbing ones for all they're worth and grinning when it's looking tough.

I can't expect anything from Roman but I'm not one to use terms and rules with people. Well, actually I am and they're pretty simple: don't fuck around on me; don't disrespect me; don't distrust me for no valid reason; don't turn against or isolate me; and don't figure that I don't understand, know, sense, and feel things. You can expect the same from me. I'm not one to say, "Let's not expect anything or be serious or feel too much or get somewhere in this life together." I'm inclined to let it roll and flow and if I feel, all the better. If I'm challenged, moved, and changed? I don't see the point if I'm *not*.

I'll let Roman say what he needs. I'll accept it when he wants to pull away. I'll listen and accept and agree when he makes blanket statements about how it should and shouldn't be. I'll sit in my daily, hourly glorious symphony and keep my mind on all my strengths, abilities, beauty and keep laughing and loving people and letting them love me even though we're all insecure and silly sometimes and we've all got our struggles. Zoe is going to Cole's this weekend to get off heroin and detox. I'm thinking of her. Maybe we can go shopping or have a beer when she gets better.

Love, Meghan

Friday, January 21, 2000

I drove back to see the mountains. I'm on the boulevard in my car. One minute I'm mellow and smiling. The next I'm irritated and wanting to lash out. I'm listening to Roman's tape. He's sensitive and that causes him to ignore things and say shit that will supposedly protect him. I accept it. I do it, too.

Terrence woke me up this morning and told me his friend Jeffrey needs someone to be part of a documentary about the correlation between manic depression and creativity. This is called acting? Shouldn't be too tough for me in my current state. I'll have to act happy, crazy, fucked up, sad, angry, hyper, and despondent. I've wanted to do this for a long time. Maybe recurring thoughts are powerful enough to take you places sometimes.

Sequoia called me last night. She's up from San Fran and wants me to go down to Olympia. If I can manage it time-wise, I'm all about it. Much to do. Everybody wants a taste. I need to make up my pottery class. Margo's family is having a party for her on Sunday. I'm going with my family and then I have to work. When can I go to Olympia?

Cassidy and I went to Allegro. Then I met Roman and his friend Ry at Alibi Room. Ry was strung out and I don't like Roman being around that shite. We dropped Ry off at home and drove to Giggles to meet Stephen, whose friends were doing comedy. Roman hated it and said some bullshit about taking the bus home but I drove him. He was rambling bitter observations and down on everything. I told him my mind works that way sometimes but I'm not as vocal about it. He said he's usually not either. He said music is his only solace. I've felt that way before. All last year, that was my life. Nothing made sense. It was all a cruel, hard blow to me except when I had my headphones on and I could slip off and create visions and masterpieces in my head.

Roman's depressed. I know I am. But I know I have a lot to do and express and I feel energy stewing inside me that needs to get out and take form. I hope Roman and I don't bring each other down. He keeps telling me he doesn't want to hurt me. I keep telling him it's ok if he does and he insists it's not. It's not ok if he hooks up with other girls or does other things that are outright lame. But if he's just living his life and I feel hurt because I like him or because he can't be with me, that's how it goes.

After dropping him off, I met Jane for Galactic at the Showbox. Those guys went off. But there were shady dudes and my heart wasn't in it so I went home.

Roman is beautiful and brilliant. Things have happened to him. I hate how I see greatness and beauty in people and I put myself in the position of observer, a channel. I have this "lil ol' me" attitude instead of recognizing what I offer and can do. I feel fortunate to encounter these people, what they do, what they're about, their fears and insecurities and their ways of covering them up or dealing with them. I hear what people say but I look at what's beneath it. Sometimes I should take it at face value. Who people are will slip out. The rest of the time, I turn it over in my head and look for their motivations and reasons for how they present themselves.

I can hear Roman's down ideas and negative statements, and I do hear them, loud and clear. But I'm questioning it as I take it in. I don't buy or believe what he says but I respect that he expresses himself at all. I'm talking around what I'm getting at but this will have to do. I hope Jeffrey calls and gives me the lowdown on this documentary. Get ready for greatness. Will it work out?

Love, Meghan

(later on) I'm at Allegro prepping for the documentary. Jeffrey called and I'm meeting him on Capitol Hill at 4:30. I feel strange and alive. I'm knitting and turning things over in my head. I'm glad Terrence called and put this little opportunity in my hands.

I'm listening to Tori Amos and I can't get past her song "[Here in My Head](#)." I have to leave the Lucas aspect of myself alone but it's hard. I try not to think of him. Is he a person I dreamed up who doesn't exist and I'm so clouded with delusions I can't see it for what it is? Now I wonder if all those images and visions I've had about him (at least he was interlaced through them) were just me, just the music I heard, the filter of my experiences and I tagged him as part of it, imagining he was part of it, that he understood me and what I was going through, doing, saying, showing. But maybe it was just me and my thoughts and ideas and he was indirectly connected to them and I built him into this fixture and gave him responsibility for my sanity. It's weird to realize he was growing, changing, and morphing in my mind while he was doing his own actual changing. I have no concept of or connection to it. He was becoming a stranger or someone I don't know as well and the whole time, I was molding him into a person in my head and heart who doesn't exist.

Love, Meghan

Sunday, January 23, 2000

I'm out of touch with Mom, Dad, and Elizabeth. I love them but I'm in my head or maybe being selfish. My Walkman broke last night and made me realize what a necessity it's become. I'm getting a new one but I have Mom's until then. She has been closed off to me and I asked what's up. She said she feels disconnected from me and that we should talk but that it might take time.

I wasn't able to visit Sequoia in Olympia because I finished work too late last night but I may visit her in San Francisco soon. She'll be in Europe in May and I'm sure I'll see her there.

Margo and Terrence came by for wine. They waited for me to finish work and we got 22s and went to Terrence's. I'm going to Margo's for her going away party today. She's leaving for Australia on Saturday. Saying goodbye to Terrence is the only thing that makes it hard for her.

I went to do the documentary thing for Jeff on Friday and I was elated when I left. It felt good. I'm nervous about how it will turn out. His friends met me and set up the lights and camera and Jeff directed me. He told me what mindsets to get into.

At first, I was happy, flirty, and confident; then fascinated, wide-eyed and spacey. In the last scene, I smeared my makeup with water. I had to shake and be spastic and look dejected. After I left, I thought of things I could've done to make it better. I want to do it more. I have always wanted to act and there are reasons for these desires and callings.

I went to work after. Pia visited. I went to the Crocodile with Jan last night after Margo and Terrence dropped me off because her husband's band was playing. They were actually good. I saw Dana, the new waitress at PIC and she's sweet. Will, the bartender from PIC was there. I definitely have a crush on him. I'm sure everyone does. Now I need to pick up flowers and go to Margo's.

Love, Meghan

Monday, January 24, 2000

I have two days off in a row. I set my alarm for 9:30 but I keep sleeping till noon. It must stop. I wake up at 6am every morning, wondering what I'm doing with my life. I get up, drink water, and wonder. Then I go back to sleep.

I can't believe Margo is leaving. We talked last night after everyone left her house. It was a beautiful party and in a great spot with the Olympics and the water before us. I have to make her a tape and write my Australia thoughts for her.

I'm wondering when the hell I'll get to Europe. I can't seem to go to the pottery studio for the life of me. I spend too much money. I need to get out of that rut or I'll be a waitress for the rest of my life and that's no life at all.

Love, Meghan

(later on) I'm thinking of Margo intensely because she's going to Australia and leaving her love. I've been through both scenarios. I need to make her tape and play cards with her before she goes. I'm tired lately. I puffed with Roman earlier. When we were out last night, he said he only cares about five people. I said, "Your mom, Court -" I was waiting for him to say some girls' names but he went on to say all the people in his family, Court and me. I want to learn what it's like to have a boyfriend, love him and not be a weepy romantic about it, to keep an eye on everything else going down. I have to go home and chill with my sister. I barely see her anymore. I feel like eating salad, knitting, and talking to her.

Love, Meghan

Tuesday, January 25, 2000

I'm at Alibi Room for wine. It's unfruitful writing-wise because a guy next to me keeps talking to me. He's entertaining. He's gone off on several tangents. He said, "You know you've got a good friend when you've got nothing in common and you love to hang out together." He went on to tell me about his best friend's entire family. They're all doctors and his friend had been pressured to become one. The would-be doctor said, "I really don't like people." He became a mortician instead. That hit my funny bone and I laughed. This guy is endearing but I want to be alone to write.

I saw Roman at the café. Lucas called last night and today. I laughed and thought to myself, "Now what the fuck?" The boy sends me into a nervous breakdown the last time we talked and he's calling to survey the wreckage? He called at work and sounded down. He said he freaked out on Sunday while climbing and camping in the desert. He said he didn't mean what he said but he feels trapped because he loves and misses me but he feels like I am going to hurt him. I love him. What he said last week profoundly disturbed me at the time and put things into perspective for me.

Tonight, a guy named Leo came into the restaurant. We met at the Alibi Room and I've waited on him here. He works at Sub Pop and he invited me to a show at the Crocodile on Thursday. It got me thinking that you meet individuals and you click with one but it's fun to check others out. It's not the me that I'm used to. I'm used to the boy deciding he wants to look elsewhere and do as he pleases. I'm not saying I want to do that but I don't know. I have myself and right now, it's about all I can handle.

Love, Meghan

Wednesday, January 26, 2000

Cassidy and I left for Australia a year ago today. I went to my pottery class. I made a couple bowls and prepared two others for firing. I got my morning coffee and went by Jane's and we puffed and it floored me and I didn't like it. I need water. We went to buy tapes so I can make Margo's tonight. I have to go play waitress. It's been hard to write. I am a smart, functioning person and I need to listen to what's going on for me. I need more yarn to finish Zoe's scarf.

Love, Meghan

Thursday, January 27, 2000

It's a beautiful day and I'm at Allegro. Yesterday was bad news. Puffing with Jane put me in another world and I hated it. I felt un-peaceful and wanted to do all these erratic things that made no sense because I thought they would comfort me. Nothing did.

Pottery class was good. Mom was taking an IQ test online when I got home from work. I took it, too. I got 122 out of 130, highly above average. I knew I was smart.

I walked for morning coffee earlier and saw Roman. I got my goods together to go to Jane's and make Margo's tape. We went to the park and swung. I finished the tape and wrote a silly poem and talked at the end of it. I bought yarn to finish Zoe's scarf. I talked to Leo and we're going for a drink this evening. Smoking pot set me off yesterday. I decided: *no, I don't want to live like this.*

Love, Meghan

Saturday, January 29, 2000

Writing drives me nuts because I don't know how to get it out but it keeps nagging at me. I've been in a weird zone. Leo and I met at Alibi Room and went to the Crocodile on Thursday. I ran into so many randoms - Tilda's friends, Roman's friends, and Jeffrey from the acting thing. He thought they'd scared me off because I didn't call or go out for beers with them later that night. I hadn't realized he'd intended to hang out that same evening. He said I did well but the one thing I need to work on is escaping and getting outside myself. I talked to Leo and he's cool. I don't think I'm going to call him because I have a lot going on and I don't want to give him the wrong impression.

I wanted to see Heather Duby play but she came on late and I had to get to Cora's to see Margo. We hung there and then went back to Terrence's so Margo and I could talk and crash. We puffed and we all got floored and needed to go to bed. I lay down on a sleeping pad and talked to Terrence until I fell asleep. We'd been listening to Air and I was so stoned, I felt like I was being pulled up and down with the music, like it was pulling me through tunnels and passageways. Margo took me to my car the next morning and I stopped at the café for coffee. I went home and listened to "[In a Silent Way](#)" and knitted.

I called Cassidy and met her at Allegro to play cards. We ran into Mason Lindberg and he sat with us to talk. He played 3-13 and May I with us.

We're having a series of beautiful weather. Everyone is out and about. It's cold, crisp, clear, and gorgeous. The nights have been starry and cold. I worked in the back room last night and it was perfect. I had a few big tables and a couple small ones and made money quickly. Eric came by with two of his friends and asked me if I want to be in a movie. We're trying to plan a road trip to San Francisco and Vegas with Terrence and Trent in March.

I went to the Lava Lounge for a beer and was going to write but a shady guy next to me started talking to me and invited me to his apartment to sing for him. Yeah. I think that would happen. People amaze me sometimes.

I went back to the Corner Bar at PIC and waited for Jan to close up. We went to Eileen's for a couple drinks. I talked to her friend Owen. He works there and drinks while he works. He's mellow and subtle but Jan says he has a big mouth and can be obnoxious. Jan says he's always getting his ass kicked.

I got coffee this morning and finished Zoe's scarf. I have to work at 4:30. I want to see Roman but he's been kicking a weird vibe so I'm laying low. I don't like the substitute teacher feeling at all. I talked to Maria today. She's working at Chives and barely at PIC. I miss her.

Love, Meghan

Sunday, January 30, 2000

I feel smart, like I have it together. But lately it's been hard to organize my thoughts. Roman woke me up this morning. I got us coffee and picked him up. We went to Alibi Room for lunch and back to his house. We drank beer and listened to music and played Atari. Then we kissed and fumbled.

I went home and rode to Aunt Frances's with Mom and Dad. We had dinner and went to a play about a nun. Charles and Lana came, too. Lana's pretty but she seems so serious.

Tomorrow, I need to go to the pottery studio, write at Old Timer's, go to the library and continue the straggly search for a school in the UK. Roman and I plan on music, beers, and conversation later. I feel warmth concerning him and I enjoy him. I like to look at him and I like his kisses. I feel good and beautiful, smart and strong but like something is passing me by. Something is missing.

I'm reading *Henry and June* by Anais Nin. Jane let me borrow it. At first, I wondered if it isn't shady and overtly sexual, merely a dramatic saga of steamy affairs, even trashy. But it's not. I'm impressed with her writing, her honesty, and her questions. I feel similar to her in what she explores through her writing: her questions and her desire to live and experience voraciously but her need to be sharp and keen, to seek out and understand all she lives through. I am fascinated by her and her writings. They're her journals. When I read it, I felt like my writing is insignificant, boring, and unimportant. But now I don't feel like that as much. I may dive into Henry Miller next and see what he was writing while living with her. I understand how Nin feels about June. It reminds me how important my female relationships are to me and how I have attractions to women but I don't feel it necessary to act it out sexually. I feel her on the complications, dualities, and conflicts of faithfulness, desire, and how painful it can be to be alive and love and how you know when it's real but it changes.

We closed at 10 and cleaned up. Giuliano, Dana, Miguel, and I went to the bar for a drink. Jan was bartending. Miguel told me if he had his choice, he'd marry me. He said I need to be smart and take advantage of what I have, not spoil it with cigs and the drink. He had valid points but I see him as a brother and I don't find him the least bit attractive. I could never entertain a thought of him and me. He said I'm positive in a way that most women aren't, that I have faith and a devoted quality. He said, "Meghan's up and down but she's always up." He said I am kind, warm, and loving and that I like everyone but if I don't like someone, they know it. He said I have a fierce quality. Giuliano agreed. They said I have an angel face and beautiful eyes.

Dana is down on Seattle. I told her not to pay attention to negative people even though they seem inescapable. She has to find a couple wonderful people who care about her and are there for her.

Giuliano and I talked for a long time. Dana and Miguel went to get cigs and I read Giuliano's fortune while they were gone. He made up a code name for the woman you're attracted to but haven't gotten with. It was me. Out of the four women, I was his best match - lots of love and sex with little fighting or money. According to the fortune, we have the most fun together, we'll get married, and I will bear his children. I'm sure it was me because I asked if I know her and he said yes. I proposed Maria or Jane and he said no. I said he can tell me and I won't tell her. He

smiled and laughed and said, "It's embarrassing and even if I did say, you won't have to tell her," and looked at me. Earlier, he'd pointed to the stack of cards that represented me and said, "This is the girl I want but can't have, right?" So, Mr. Giuliano is diggin' me? I have a crush on him, too. It's cool. We both have mates and it's probably more fun to just be friends. He's sexy and smart. He didn't know I was 20 until last night. He thought I'd lied to him which is weird to me. Why would I have lied about my age?

I'm listening to Ricardo Arjona and remembering Javier and Mexico - what a fun, peaceful time that was. Tosca, his dog, died recently.

Everyone is beautiful. I am projecting and receiving beauty. I feel smart, kind, beautiful, and talented but like I need to use it better. I need to run, take a dance class, take an acting class, see my friends and family more, and finalize my departure to New York and Europe.

I feel good. When will I stop waking up at 6am wondering where I'm headed in life, when I'll stop smoking, where Lucas fits in? I want to move mountains. I want energy and enthusiasm, constant motion, to be putting my ideas out. For the first time in my life, I feel like acting can be a reality and that brings me joy. Things feel possible.

Love, Meghan

Monday, January 31, 2000

I can't read *Henry and June* anymore. It's gotten into my head and makes me sad. It makes me think writers are cursed, emotionally fragile, prone to depression and bad habits because we're always feeling, living hard, and escaping.

I got coffee this morning and saw Roman. I've been working on the crossword puzzle and a scarf for Stephen. I told Roman I'm getting coffee with Oliver tonight and it bugged him. I don't like that. I've known Ollie since I was 12 and he's like a brother. I invited Roman to come with us but he declined. I'm at Old Timer's Café. I went to the pottery school. I'm off to the library. I feel down and lonely. I'm out of words.

Love, Meghan

(later on) I'm at the Dubliner waiting for Roman to get back from an errand. I like talking to Roman, teasing him.

I found 11 schools that interest me while I was at the library. I did a lot today but I don't feel satisfied. I feel down. I read my own fortune today and Giuliano was my destiny card. Maybe I willed it.

Drinking plays too big a role in my life. I have to be honest when I write and sometimes that means being ugly, wrong, bad. I'm saying, "But no" to everything. I felt insane earlier. At Old Timer's, I pictured myself walking down the street, swimming in my own miseries and conceptions of the way things are. I'm not miserable. I don't have "miseries" but I bring myself to strange places. Roman's come back so I have to go.

Love, Meghan

Wednesday, February 2, 2000

I got done with my pottery class and I have some sanity down time before work at 4. I'm going back to the studio tomorrow to glaze pieces and be more dedicated than I have been. After I last wrote, we went back to Roman's. He gently pushed me out the door so he could mellow out by himself. I feel shafted.

I went to Oliver's and talked to Matt. He gave me his newest book of poems. I like a couple of them, especially one that says "Under ceiling-stranded X-mas lights we laugh and make love

and lift the quiet out of each other.” It’s pretty but it makes me sad and sick. Oliver and I went to the Baltic Room for jazz and wine.

I came home at midnight and felt an urge to call Lucas. It was the most peaceful, honest talk we’ve had in ages. We both know the other is the one for us. He told me he still thinks about the Danielle situation when I told him he must think I’m silly for bringing it up. He says he wonders if he’s good enough for me. I asked why he questions that. He says because he cheated on me. He says he knows I’m the best person he could ever have and that I am high above everyone else, in general and for him. I told him that all I expect is for him to treat me accordingly. He asked when he can see me.

I left work early last night and met Jane and Aly at Asian Wok & Grill. We went to Targy’s and met up with Bryce. Roman called on the cell while we were out to dinner and flaked. We were supposed to meet up but he said he wanted to watch a movie alone and go to bed early instead. I was bummed. Bryce made a comment about how I was when he met me and I said, “I was a lot happier then.” We talked about why I might not be now. I told him Roman makes me feel insecure. I don’t know if he took that as a cue to build me up but while we shot pool, he made comments like, “Meghan, you look gorgeous tonight.” It was weird. He said there was no need to be insecure because I have a boy in California who wants to marry me, I’m beautiful and stunning, and he said people probably assume I’m a bitch or stupid because I’m beautiful but I’m smart and kind. It weirded me out to hear him say this. It was flattering but it weirded me out.

I like Bryce but he’s like Ed Hamner Jr. in Stephen King’s short [story](#) “I Know What You Need.” That’s pushing it. That character was cuckoo. But Bryce buys things for everybody and overly compliments them. He’s like a sugar daddy. I mentioned it to Jane and she feels the same way. I feel bad to think all this because he means well.

I’m bummed about Roman. He pushes me away. I’m too confident and I need to realize he doesn’t like me. But that doesn’t sit right with me. Maybe he needs more time to himself. Maybe he feels like I’m shafting him but I don’t think I am. I like him and his company and I don’t understand what his deal is. I should back off and chill. Maybe I need more alone time; time to read, write, run, sculpt, and prepare myself for leaving. I hope he calls.

Love, Meghan

Thursday, February 3, 2000

Not-the-norm shit has gone down in the last 24 hours. I’ve been bored and things have spiced up. I’m waiting for Cassidy at Allegro so we can play cards.

I worked last night and it was mad busy. Leo stopped by and we talked in the bar. We had lunch at the Crocodile. He brought me CDs from Sub Pop. Roman came in last night, too, and we had drinks with Jan. On the drive home, I said, “I’m kind of upset with you.” He took it seriously and felt confronted. We got into it and I couldn’t tell if it was for real or if we were joking. He started on a spiel about how nothing matters or means anything (strikingly similar to the speech Lucas gave me fall quarter freshman year). Before I knew it, a cop was flashing his lights to pull me over. I had all my info ready for him when he got to my window and he let me off with a warning. I ran a stop sign. Roman said he’s nothing, why do I care, nonsense, nonsense. I began to cry. I told him I didn’t want him to leave.

(Cassie came. It’s now February 5, 2000, a beautiful Saturday afternoon and I’ll pick up where I left off). I went into Roman’s house. I went upstairs to pee and he was in the kitchen talking to one of his roommates. I figured he didn’t want me around and intended on staying upstairs. I got

in my car and before I drove away, he came out, opened the car door and asked me to stay so I did. We broke a wall that night.

I got coffee, glazed a couple pots, and had lunch with Leo. I chose a beautiful red glaze for the pots and if they turn out, I want Roman to have one of them. Cassie and I played cards and then drove to the Dubliner to meet Roman for a pint. He actually played cards with us: 3-13 and Crepette, the latter of which I forgot about and it's one of my favorites. I showered and drove to Jane's. We got ready and had dinner and Bryce came over. We went to ARO Space and heard Mark Farina and another DJ. We danced and drank tequila.

Javier has been calling. He wants me to put off Europe so he can move back up here and see me. I told him I have to go to Europe. He's wondering if he should come up to visit for a couple weeks. It's not a good idea. I don't want to hurt him but I can't deal with it right now. He can be manipulative and wants me to feel bad about it. I saw Skyler and Carla at Cassidy's before work yesterday and told them about it. We laughed when I said, "We'll always have Mexico." Right now, I can't do much more than that. Javier is great but we are in different places in our lives. How do I let him know I want to see him again but that I don't know if it can be on romantic terms?

I'm listening to Massive Attack, sitting in my favorite coffee shop on a gorgeous day and I'm stoked. It feels good to like Roman. His roommates threw a party last night. I went after work and got skated. I talked to Stephen and barely talked to Roman. I went to lie down after drinking too much and woke up at 5am to Roman sleeping soundly next to me. I kept laughing and smiling and kissing him and looking at him. I didn't want to leave but I had to go. He and Stephen make me laugh. We were smoking in the laundry room last night and they are hilarious. They started talking in their meathead, white trash, chauvinistic characters. Roman called this morning and we met for coffee. He's going to a Buddhist festival today. I have to work tonight. I went home after coffee and talked to Mom and Dad about work and money. The restaurant owes me money. It makes me crazy.

I got a message from the florist on Thursday. I drove there and got an arrangement of irises from Lucas. He knows they're my favorite. They were mixed with leaves, branches, and other flowers. I called but he's in Joshua Tree until Tuesday. I think we're getting married. He's a good person. He blows it sometimes but who doesn't. He's been good to me, aside from the cheating, an isolated incident that affects him as much as me. I've avoided thinking about him to save myself pain and loneliness but when I picture him, I smile and appreciate who he is. I need to go get a Sea and Cake album and the Kruder and Dorfmeister album with the song "[Useless](#)."

Love, Meghan

Sunday, February 6, 2000

I'm at Allegro with Claire. She's sitting across from me studying and she looks cute and intellectual with her scarf and glasses. I have a cold. I got the new Modest Mouse and I like the first track and "[Baby Blue Sedan](#)." Roman and I are going to see Pharoah Sanders with Stephen and Pia at Jazz Alley tonight.

I have been volatile with Mom lately. She's concerned about me. I'm concerned about me but I'm too apathetic to figure out what to do. I'm not excited about anything. I'm bitter that I've spent what's going on six months as a waitress, pilfering my time away. Vince avoids me when I ask for the money he owes me. I'm wallowing. My period is on its way. That could explain this irritation. Maybe I need a second job and to haul ass so I can get out of this overstayed phase. I like seeing my friends and hanging out with Roman, though. I feel a fuzzy softness for Roman.

I used to lay with Lucas and feel a deep, suffocating sadness; maybe because I loved him deeply. I couldn't breathe. No one has ever overwhelmed me like him. I've been looking at the beautiful flowers he sent me and I feel guilty when I see them, like I don't deserve them. I don't know when I'll see him again and I don't know how it will feel.

Love, Meghan

Monday, February 7, 2000

I woke up late in a foul mood. I have to stop spending money. I feel stuck. I worry too much and it paralyzes me. I slept on the couch last night and watched "Braveheart." I'm irritated. I'm heading to the pottery studio. It's all I have and I'm letting it slip. I thought about running away this morning, which is infantile. My first instinct was California and Lucas. That felt good but then it pissed me off because I can't keep looking to someone else. I'm feeble in body, mind, and spirit. I feel like being alone. I hate that relations are strained with Mom. I don't have the financial means to pick up and leave right now. I used to feel like I could. Now I don't trust that my wits are enough to carry me through. Maybe I'm depressed but it feels like anger. Where are you supposed to pull inspiration and motivation from when you don't have any? I have no purpose. Mom thinks a class would help.

Lucas used to get frustrated with me and tell me that it was up to me to go after things or change things. I listened to him and now I don't know where the hell I am.

Love, Meghan

Tuesday, February 8, 2000

Music takes me anywhere I want to go. I'm at Allegro, reading a journal from last fall, pre-Javier, post-Yosemite with Lucas. I've been stuck, unhappy, and giving up. I have to take a risk. I have to change my attitude and perceptions. Mom came into my room last night before sleep to tell me she saw a man on TV who said that people pray and hope for their circumstances to change when they ought to pray and hope that they themselves change. It's hard to remember it's happening right now, not way high above me or in the distance but here and now if I choose it. "I get caught up and I fall back down. I simplify and come back around." I wrote that a couple summers ago and Aidan loves it. I miss him. I haven't seen him in ages.

I have to fight off my negative tendencies. I have to fool myself until I believe in the good again. I used to feel like everything was speaking to me, that I had my wits about me in any situation, and that I could come to anything at my spontaneous best. I've been struggling with that because I'm not in the now. I gave myself license to pin my pain, insecurity, lack of motivation, and anger on Lucas which is not right at all. Then I got happy and stopped looking at him altogether. Now that I'm down and Lucas is not whom I attribute it to, I see that it's me. It always has been. It's my responsibility to change that. I've been unconscious and half dead. I need to cut the sourpuss act. Margo emailed us from Australia. She sounded stoked. She wrote another message directly to me and said she's trippin' and wants to talk. I sent her two pithy emails in reply, one to both.

I saw Pharoah Sanders on Sunday night with Roman, Stephen, and Pia. I saw Tilda there. She's still with Dorian and he kissed some other girl. Ah, what comfort when things stay the same. I'm going to the pottery studio today. I went yesterday and got down on myself about it. I feel insecure and unwilling. I refuse to think about work. It's not denial. It's redirection of energy. For now, I'll knit and read *1984*.

Love, Meghan

Wednesday, February 9, 2000

I got done with pottery class and I threw my best two pieces yet. I'm at Old Timer's and I finished making Stephen's scarf. I have to work in a half hour.

Claire came by after work last night and we went to Il Bistro for wine. I dropped it all down to her.

I talked to Lucas before work and he wants me to fly down there next week and go to Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young with him. I separated us in the fall, decided to go to Europe, be young and independent, have space and time of my own to figure things out and do what I want. I was headed in the right direction and then I got into something with Javier. He went back to Mexico and I was unsure about going when he invited me but I went. I don't regret that. But my feelings withered when I got back. A few weeks later, Roman and I started seeing each other. We still are.

Guys have been taking an interest in me I've been looking to them to affirm me. They can reflect to me that I am beautiful, smart, talented, and kind. I thought I was doing all this inner work and searching for independence and myself, but I have been in two relationships and have met countless other guys. I thought I was keeping it light and fun, a matter of meeting people and enjoying their company but I've been taking it too far. I've been using people as a safety net against Lucas and repeatedly "getting him back" tenfold for the misery he put me through via Danielle and other girls he's been with.

Now, I'm too dependent on other people, too dependent on cycles, patterns, cigarettes, coffee, and money. I am afraid of Lucas and how he's capable of making me feel. I've been unhappy because I'm not doing what I thought I wanted to do. To complicate it further, I like Roman. He knows I'm leaving. He accepts that. Javier and Lucas don't. I must continue with pottery, call Jeff about acting projects, save money, and jump on getting to London. I can buy a plane ticket and work there until school starts. I need to get a work visa.

Love, Meghan

Thursday, February 10, 2000

Sour grapes: my headphone batteries are dead. Tomorrow is Javier's birthday and I have to call him. I showed Elizabeth the pottery studio and we got steamed almond milk at Zeitgeist. We had lunch at the Thai House on lower Queen Anne and we went to pick up a mirror ball for her work party. I came home and made a tape for Leo. Now I'm at Allegro and I called Cassie to meet me for cards. I told Vince I needed the money he owes me. He got pissed off and almost made me cry. I got it, though.

Roman and Stephen came in after work. Roman was in a funk and was a complete asshole. I drove him home and told him I was worth better treatment. He sarcastically said, "Oh yeah. Your time is so precious." I was like, "Fuck you. That's not what I'm saying." He called at 2am but I was asleep. He wasn't at the café this morning when I stopped for coffee but Stephen and Zoe said he was talking about it. We talked and he's taking me out to dinner tonight. I asked if he was hating on me and he said no, he's hating on himself and he's been struggling for the past couple weeks.

Terrence and I are getting coffee tomorrow morning and I'm getting lunch with Dad. Elizabeth and I talked about Lucas and cheating earlier. It profoundly disturbs me. I told Elizabeth that other guys are a weakness for me. I've always been boy crazy and then I fell in love love love with Lucas. The only one. I keep wounding myself over and over by being with

other people, shoving down my hurt by indulging in the same act that led to my destruction because of Lucas's choices. Elizabeth said cheating is an internal thing for guys. I told her Roman said he won't cheat on me. She said you can't say that because no one plans on or intends to cheat. So here I am, surrounded by a cushion of boys so I don't have to be exposed to the absurdity and power of how much I hurt about Lucas. And he's over it now. He knows he wants to be with me and isn't with anyone else because of it. I know he's who I want to be with but I have to fuck around and be a stranger to myself because I can't accept Lucas's fall. I'll always be beautiful, good, loved - but I'll always be closed off and sad and unaware of my worthiness. I'm being dramatic.

Love, Meghan

(later on) I'm on our deck at 1am drinking Market Spice tea. I dig "[Never Ending Math Equation](#)" by Modest Mouse. I got stuck in traffic on the way home from Allegro and the bridge went up. I got home, changed, and drove to Roman's. He was removed and quiet, saying things like, "I'm empty," and, "There's nothing left." I played pseudo-psychologist and asked him questions and then we had a lovely dinner at Pontevecchio in Fremont. I got a kick out of a sign that read "We reserve the right to refuse service to anyone not in love." Roman said we'd better be careful. He was withdrawn initially and then we started messing with each other and going into characters. He (half jokingly) said he was an alcoholic and thought he might be gay. I told him I was a kleptomaniac and recovering anorexic. We pretended we were a white trash married couple. That loosened us up. We had wine, bruschetta, and ravioli. Good conversations. We held hands, laughed, talked, and got impatient for the check.

We drove to Alibi Room to meet Elizabeth, Jane, and Aly. Different atmosphere, different mood, difficult time talking. The girls showed up and this time, I was the removed, withdrawn, and distant one. I got antsy and weird, thinking Roman was diggin' Jane. I smoked a cig and stood by the window and thought of the lyrics to Joni Mitchell's "[People's Parties](#)." I avoided Roman and retreated further into my shell.

"[Porcelain](#)" by Moby came on and I'm a sucker for strings and piano. I became a phoenix rising out of the ashes. I saw a green lit up exit sign and it was an overt symbol of hope for me. I gawked at it and felt elevated; realizing my exit into something new is on the horizon. I felt beauty, strength, ability, stability, and wisdom. I felt too much of these things to feel jealousy or hurt over a boy, or boys. Too fucking dope for all of it. Not cocky dope, true dope. Roman wondered if I was upset with him. No, I told him, just sad. Something beautiful was playing on KCMU and I felt uplifted as I drove Jane and Aly home. I laughed, dropped Roman off and came home and talked to Mom about the craziness swimming in my head tonight.

Skyler is coming tomorrow. I'm waking up early tomorrow to get coffee with Terrence. Then Dad and I are getting lunch. Jane and I are going to tromp around Discovery Park, too. I felt a rock-like hardness in me tonight, then a strength that gave way to softness and purity.

Love, Meghan

Sunday, February 13, 2000

I'm at Allegro. Roman played me the music that he's been working on. He holds back, he's prone to depression and fits of negativity, he's got fears, insecurities and pet peeves. But he's sweet and gentle with me sometimes.

On Friday, I had coffee and lunch dates. I worked at 6. Cody and Skyler came in. We drove to meet Cassie at U. Village. Skyler and I drove to Roman's and they got to meet. At one point,

they were standing on either side of me and I felt a powerful physical energy. We went to a bad party and back to Roman's.

In the morning, we went to a French bakery in Wallingford. When we got home, Roman's roommate asked me if I wanted to be in a fake infomercial about corn holders. I obliged.

When I got to work later, Vince was in a bad mood and talking smack about everybody. I had to close and finished at 11:30. Mom called and said Sadie called and was at a party on our street. I went over there. It was at Ethan's friend Adam's house: lame DJs in the basement, crazy drunk girls walking around in tank tops (in freezing February), and boobs falling out. This one chick was spazzin' off and it was hard to watch. It was great to see Sadie, Skyler, and Ethan. Ethan kept hugging me and acting like Andy Warhol. Sadie went to get Lola, her dog, out of the car so she could run around. Sadie looked graceful and sweet, running around the yard in the dark. The cops came and people bailed. I couldn't leave because Sadie had my bag. I grilled a cop with a bunch of questions and he didn't appreciate it. Sadie finally crept down the stairs with my stuff.

I woke up for a Valentine's Day breakfast with the family. Mom gave Elizabeth and me candles with holders and chocolates. I got a card with a fairy princess on it. Elizabeth was bummed and said I was the princess of the family. Skyler called and I went back to Adam's. We went out to breakfast with them, Sadie, Ethan, and Adam's friends. I love my girls. We visited Cassie. Skyler wants Roman and me to come up to Bellingham so she can cook dinner for us. I'm listening to the first tape Roman made me. I used to dislike "Memphis Sophisticate" by Duster but it has grown on me. I took a nap this afternoon and woke up disoriented.

I got coffee with Terrence on Friday morning. We went to Bauhaus and talked about our ideas, the future, schools, Lucas, and Margo. He said he talked to Lucas a few weeks ago while Margo stopped in LA on her way to Australia. Lucas said some girl was jockin' him and he told Terrence, "You know, I never should have done anything to mess it up. I should have just married Meghan." He called today and left a message. We talk about painful things or we fight but he still calls. Good. I don't want to lose track of him. I can't wait for coffee, the crossword puzzle, and the pottery studio tomorrow.

Love, Meghan

Monday, February 14, 2000

When I was nine, I read [Anne Frank](#): The Diary of a Young Girl and I thought she was disturbed because she liked having her period. But I understand what she meant. I'm on mine now and I don't mind.

Last night was peaceful. I came home from here (Allegro) and cleaned my room. I lit candles and incense and put music on and went through all my papers and got my paycheck hours organized. I made a list of things to do today. I wanted to wash my car but it's raining. I got coffee from my boy. We're chillin' after I work tonight. I got him a cigarette case and I'd like to get him mesquite incense, candles, and chocolates. I'll make him a card.

I'm almost done with 1984. I'm stuck between feeling content and progressive, then stagnant and strange. I'm going to the pottery studio tomorrow. Roman wants to chill on drinking. That's a good idea. I loved seeing Skyler and Sadie. I love them. I miss Nina. Margo emailed me and wrote that my words were a comfort to her. I wish I could remember what they were because I could use them myself. She's doing well in Australia. I was missing her the other night.

Love, Meghan

Tuesday, February 15, 2000

I went to the pottery studio and I am bummed that I'm not more dedicated and determined to do well. I feel half-assed. I got irritated with Mom when she suggested I go to Europe and get work there. It made me defensive and insecure. I thought about how John and Elizabeth have graduated from college and essentially have careers. I feel like a burnout. Sure, John took an extra year to finish but neither of them took time off like I am. This is opposite of how I want to feel. I want to be brilliant, talented, and together. I've wanted to go to school and do well but I have other aspects to my life. I want to be more physically active. I want to take difficult courses in school and mob them. I want to write and be good at what I do. I want to act and I want instructors who can help me. I want to be colorful and entertaining. I want to be around my peers who are contributing and progressing.

I feel stuck between things again: Mom, Lucas, and Roman, what I'm doing now, what I want to be doing. Mom told me Lucas and I are soul mates. I like to think Lucas doesn't affect me much now but it's not true. He affects me. I told Mom I wasn't going to be a "fucking waitress" for the rest of my life. I feel bad that I cussed. She means well. She understands that I'm trippin'. I sleep in every day. I'm uninspired. There is desire in me somewhere. I crave something and I'm searching for what it is. I don't blame Mom for worrying and questioning me. I respect that. I know she wants to see me happy, productive, and doing what I love. She said I will be a great actress if I can get back to and discover who I was when I was little, like I was when she'd walk into my room and I'd be absorbed, in my own world. She'd call my name and I wouldn't hear her.

Mom said she knows how I can heal and forgive Lucas: have him mail me a picture of himself when he was little and to tape it to a picture of myself as a little girl and write down all the things I love about him and put it in the middle of our photos. I'm not ready. I have to carry around this hurt, anger, sadness, and rejection that I feel in concern to him until we can be together again because those things are partially my fuel and what makes me able to be without him. Once I've forgiven him, there's only going to be room for loving him, taking care of him, and allowing him to take care of me.

Roman made dinner for us last night after work with candles and wine. We puffed and listened to music and talked and stared at each other. Then we watched TV until he fell asleep and I went home. I'm meeting Cassidy at Allegro for cards. I love the song "[Falter](#)" by Heather Duby. My life feels like a series of coffee shops, smoke, and scribbles in here. I have to meet Cass and call Mom to apologize.

Love, Meghan

Wednesday, February 16, 2000

I woke up depressed at noon and got coffee. I ran into Martha and Pia and we talked for a couple hours. Martha is dope. I am impressed by her. She's self-sufficient and motivated and has good energy. I'm making a tape of Bob Dylan cuts for Roman because he doesn't know how good Dylan is. My life feels like my pottery classes: the clay freaks out and I have to center it so it doesn't go wobbling off onto the floor. Sometimes the harder I try and the more strength I put into it, the worse it gets. All the sudden, I relax and go with it and it glides beneath my hands, willing to be centered. But it's hard to get into that one stage and state of working with it. It's difficult to do poorly and easy to do well but all the crap inside my head makes me do it poorly. I make it harder than it is.

I looked in the mirror this morning and said lame things to myself. That's awful. It doesn't help. I get surges of hating myself and then I feel worse for letting myself go there. I consider the

people in my life and how could I be that bad when they care for me and love me? Then I get frustrated because that's merely looking outside for validation. I doubt and question myself and get pissed off. I'm addicted to coffee and cigs and coffee shops and hopes that remain unfulfilled, dreams that go un-attempted. I'm scattered, not getting along with myself.

I taped the new Fiona Apple from Jill yesterday and I love it when she [sings](#) "Nobody sees when you are lying in your bed and I want to crawl in with you but I cry instead." She goes on to sing "I want your warmth but it will only make me colder when it's over." Freshman year at Western, I wrote "Your warmth left me colder than if I'd never felt it" about Lucas. When I stood in the bathroom crying, I realized I can't use my old excuses for sadness: I'm disillusioned, I don't understand life and love and Lucas robbed me. No. I have to be a big kid and take responsibility for feeling shitty. It's a continual series of okay/not-okay and nothing is consistently solid and smooth, but not consistently rough either.

I need to accept that I'm a woman and I'm going to have ridiculous hormones and emotions and shit is going to affect me too profoundly and painfully sometimes. What am I doing? Am I doing enough? I had one obligation outside of work today (pottery class) and I blew it off. It's not acceptable to me to go through life saying, "I don't feel like it." Fuck that. I'm depressed and it always comes back to this: wasting my talent and time. I need to go to London. I need to get [Nine Stories](#) by Salinger. There's a story in it called "Pretty Mouth and Green My Eyes," a lyric from PJ Harvey's song "[Angeline](#)." I'm scared I'll be insignificant and won't do anything and I'll just be one of the numbers who consumes too much and hurts people or myself. Then I'll spawn and die. I can't handle that. I'm tired of fear. My dualities eat me up.

Love, Meghan

Friday, February 18, 2000

I woke up at 8 this morning to babysit Casey and Sylvia. It's amazingly gorgeous today. I called Lucas on Tuesday night when I got home. It was going well and then he said, "Look, I'm not going to lie to you. I still hang out with Danielle. She's my friend." I said, "Okay. Let's look at our priorities here. What's more important to you: me or friendship with a girl who makes me want to kill myself?" I hung up on him and went to bed.

Roman and I went to Alibi Room. I was a silly mess. I spilled a drink and I was embarrassed. Roman must have thought I was on crack. At work after babysitting, I dropped everything in sight and knocked things over. Dana told me it's a sign of stress. I know London is growing near. I can feel it.

Love, Meghan

Sunday, February 20, 2000

I'm at Allegro. I want to write but I'm afraid to. Every time I've wanted to lately, someone has come along and interrupted. I want to write to the point where I don't know where it's coming from, straight from the subconscious. I'm reading *Nine Stories*. They're sad and disturbing. I love Bjork's "[Sweet Intuition](#)." I am attracted to Giuliano. I called Cassie to meet me for cards but she has a soccer game tonight so we're meeting tomorrow. She's bringing Dylan's Bootleg Series. I need "Last Thoughts on Woody Guthrie," "Seven Curses," "[Who Killed Davey Moore?](#)" "Visions of Johanna," and "[Baby](#), Let Me Follow You Down." If Roman doesn't dig Bob Dylan after the tape I'm making for him, he never will. I'm halfway through making a tape for Lucas.

I called Stella before work and she said I am more than welcome to stay with her in NYC on my way to London. I can't wait to see her and Jeremy. I feel empty, like I have nothing to offer and nothing going on upstairs. I miss Aidan and I've been thinking about him. I don't know what matters to me. Lucas troubles me. I don't understand who he is to me. I am angry and irritated with him. I find it near impossible to believe he could feel pain, hurt, or rejection regarding me. He finds ways to hurt me and piss me off. I need to focus on getting to London.

Love, Meghan

Monday, February 21, 2000

I went to Capitol Club with Oliver last night. I woke up at 7 this morning to look at a prospective house for my parents on Bainbridge Island with them and Elizabeth. Dad is not down with it. He and I are similar. We're both resistant to relocating but once we're there, it's fine. I also feel similar to Mom sometimes but it's rarer. A little girl at a park waved at us and I told everyone in the car. Mom said, "Oh no! I didn't wave back," in a disappointed tone. It reminded me of myself, and how easy it is to make fun of us for this quality even though we're just being ourselves.

The sky is an odd color today. I heard "[Somebody](#)" by Depeche Mode on the radio today and I don't think I've heard it since freshman year in high school. I like the lyric "Though things like this make me sick, in a case like this I'll get away with it." When I woke up early this morning, I immediately thought of Lucas having sex with Danielle, going down on her, completely enraptured with her body. That led straight to thoughts of how and why I torture myself. I thought about Dylan's song "Seven Curses" and how Lucas is not too different from the judge in that song. I know it's unfair. I need to get over it. It haunts me. Do I choose it, though? Pia told me I'm trying to resolve it on my own terms but it wasn't done on my own terms so there's too large a discrepancy there. Does my lack of power and control over this drive me to destruction?

I told everyone in the car today that Lucas robbed me of any chance or desire for a long-term, healthy relationship. Mom said not to give him so much power. But he took it of his own free will. It hurts. It occurred to me today that I might as well be dog-ugly because eventually I will get older and my body will wither and even if someone loves me for years on end, they'll love me and kiss me on the cheek and pat me on the back and I'll know they love me for who I am but the whole time, they'll be looking at younger, more physically beautiful women, desiring them. Why is it so much to ask and want for the person you're with to be happy and satisfied with you in certain regards, to the exclusion of other people?

Mom told us that Evelyn Blackburn went to the pharmacist to pick up her cancer meds and the man working behind the counter said, "Can I ask you something? Why are you always so happy when you come in?" Evelyn said she didn't know and asked if any other cancer patients who came in looked happy or upbeat. He said, "No. Not one other person." Evelyn told Mom that she knows a woman with cancer who counted each little white and red blood cell, asked tons of questions, and she and her husband demanded to know every last detail of her disease and its current stage. She died. Evelyn asks her doctor not to provide any information she doesn't need to know. I don't think I could be as strong and peaceful and hopeful as Evelyn is if I had a diagnosis like hers. Everyone has their own kind of cancer - an impediment or obstacle. Some let it kill them, some look at life around them and do their best to overcome it.

My hurt over Lucas feels like my cancer. It rips at my spirit. I feel a deep sense of abandonment and rejection. It's profound and ingrained. I don't know why I hold onto it but I do.

I'm at Allegro waiting for Cassidy. On my way here, I saw a green traffic light in the distance. I assumed it would be red by the time I reached it. But it wasn't. It stayed green for me. It dawned on me how many head trips I put on myself. I say the light won't stay green so as not to disappoint myself if it turns red. There are days when I will the light to stay green. Sometimes it does, sometimes it doesn't. People, myself included, remain negative and expect the bad so as to be faux strong. It's a weak way to live. Who fucking cares if the light turns red? I hate the saying "Expect the worst, hope for the best." It reminds me of George Orwell's concept of "doublethink" in 1984: to believe two contradictory things at once and block out the instinct to question the contradiction.

I've been thinking about Will, the bartender who used to work at PIC. He has a beautiful nature - kind, tender, compassionate. I don't know him well but I like who I think he is. He says, "Of course," in response to any request or someone saying, "Thank you." I find myself saying it a lot now. It makes sense to say "of course." It's saying that it couldn't be another way, it's of due course, how it ought to be. I need to be solo. But I hope when the time comes, someone will come to me and love me deeply and insanely.

In one of Salinger's *Nine Stories*, the characters ask, "What is hell?" Salinger uses Dostoevsky's definition of it and it's the most brilliant idea I've read in ages. "What is hell: it is the suffering of being unable to love." It made me think of a truth I focused on in the fall: no matter whom you are or your condition, you want to feel loved and cared for. If people shun care, love and affection, they're likely in pain and wrought with fear and issues. That helped me put Lucas's decision to mindlessly fuck someone else into perspective. When you love your mate and there's a sanctity of trust, peace and fusion, what is it to destroy it and the other person while you're at it? We don't need someone who puts us down, hits us, violates us, breaks our trust, lies to us (and themselves in the process), and reduces us to the core. No one deserves that. When you love someone, you treat them (and yourself) with dignity, respect, warmth, goodness, and love. Of course we all get angry, irritable, sad, hurt, etc. But to blatantly ruin someone in an intense moment of desire for instant gratification? No fucking way. That's what drives me nuts. What he did spits in the face of what I hold highest and dearest. I have beliefs and values. I don't want to crawl on my belly and be depraved and filthy inside. I hate to end on this note, but the gritty gritty grincess Cassidy just showed up.

Love, Meghan

Tuesday, February 22, 2000

I woke up this morning, put on Rachel's (their music is beautiful) and did the crossword. I slept upside down in my bed last night so I could plug my headphones into my stereo and listen to CDs Roman let me borrow: "C" by Rex and an album by The For Carnation.

I came home from Allegro and finished Roman's Bob Dylan mix last night. I picked Roman up and took him to get a desk set. He wanted to go to Asian Wok and Grill but it was closed. We got Thai food instead. We went to Sonic Boom for music, PCC for beer, and went back to his house. We were stress cases. I started crying and I couldn't stop. Poor Roman tried to comfort me and I was being impossible. I wanted him to understand but I didn't get it myself. He's compassionate. I'm un-fun and weepy. I don't want that. Jane called and we're going to breakfast at the Mecca. I'm at the café. The other patrons seem normal and happy and I feel far from that.

Love, Meghan

(later on) I'm in the bar waiting for Dana. We're going to meet her friend, who's in some sort of distress at Shorty's. She gave me a valium and I feel loose. Murray hooked me up with a stiff Maker's and 7. Leo came in earlier and I'm meeting him at Sit 'n' Spin for Elemental later. I had a strange day. Jane and I went shopping on Broadway after breakfast. On my drive home, I cried over a Smashing Pumpkins song.

I got a long, odd email from Lucas but I didn't write back. Work was lame. Giuliano told me he could see unhappiness on my face. He said I'm the only one who can fix me. We all need to love and be loved but I forget to love myself. I depend on Lucas and now Roman for too much. I don't want to equate, compare or confuse Lucas and Roman. I need to stop focusing on them and my "pain." Why do I lose myself in love?

I'm attracted to things that are bad for me: cigarettes, coffee, alcohol, coffee shops and diners, sex, writing, acting, solitude, emotional intensity, ideas. I told Roman this and I said it was strange. He said it's not strange at all. He broke it down for me like this: solitude leads me to my emotions, thoughts, and ideas and I try to cloud and escape them through cigs, coffee, and alcohol. We also discussed people being addicted to people.

Love, Meghan

Wednesday, February 23, 2000

I got interrupted while I wrote last night by a guy named Isaac. He wanted to know what I was writing. I read him a couple things. He kept telling me I was killing him. Leo said that to me last night, too: "You're killing me." I don't know about that. After a couple stiff drinks, I met Leo. More stiff drinks and brilliant music. I told Leo I dissect each instrument, listening to them individually and then all together and I try to simultaneously hear the parts and the whole. Out of nowhere, he leaned over and kissed me. I told him we had to leave. We went out into the café and I told him about Roman and that I'm in no position to be kissing him. We sat in my car and talked and I said there's nothing wrong with affection and being friends but I can't kiss him. He told me digs me and knows I have to leave. He told me he thinks I'm a mess. I feel bad that he kissed me because I feel strongly about not crossing physical boundaries. It's not okay with me. It's unfair when you're friends with someone and they want to be more than friends and you like their company but you don't want to give them the wrong idea or allow their feelings to grow. But you can't control feelings. I know how I feel. I like Roman. I like who he is and I know it's going to end. And it bugs the shit out of me that guys have issues and shut themselves off and when you're gone, their love, memories, thoughts, visions, and emotions about you leave, too. For me, they stay in my heart and mind and it hurts but that's just part of it.

I ran into Roman at the café before my pottery class today. He's dear to me. No amount of flattery or stolen kisses or a male friend professing his feelings for me is worth getting carried away over if it means foregoing Roman. I'm lifting myself out of depression by relaxing, laughing, smiling, being silly, acting weird, and busting into random characters when I'm by myself. Like Giuliano said last night, I'm the only one who can do anything about my state of being.

I'm at Zeitgeist. I had a great pottery class. It felt safe to get absorbed in it. I was listening to "[Grace Beneath the Pines](#)" by The For Carnation and it intensifies my feelings for Roman. Life is uncertain and scary but it feels good to take risks and face it with courage, to feel safe in it and enjoy the craziness and to push emotional, mental, and physical boundaries. I slept upside down in my bed again last night so I could listen to Rachel's. The music surrounding my days is wonderful and Roman feels woven into it. For a minute, I was trying to turn our time together

into something tragic and ridiculous. I have a handle on myself again. I'm doing well. I'm not empty or shallow or stupid. I just get overly emotional. With Leo, it sucks because I still want to have lunch with him on Thursdays and hear music with him but I don't want to if he wants to be more than friends.

Love, Meghan

Thursday, February 24, 2000

I can't stop listening to "Grace Beneath the Pines." I listened to it while I was falling asleep and I had to wake up and write some of the lyrics down: "Don't go. What's so great about there? It's all damp tunnels, newspapers and skin. And meanwhile, you know I'll be here and you there - with crack heads and assassins and burn victims and millionaires' sons." I fall deeper into Roman through music.

We're going to I-Spy with Stephen tonight. Martha met me at the café today and we went to my pottery studio and shopping downtown. I had a peaceful night last night. I finished work early and went to Jane's restaurant. We puffed and went to Alibi Room, drank wine, and talked. I got a long email from Lucas last night.

I've had too much coffee. I feel manically happy and inspired and tortured and bittersweet. Roman's distant. He's fading on me, knowing I'll leave. I feel open. Small things are breaking my heart and making me smile at the same time. I told Martha that if Roman is detaching, I hope it's because he knows I'm going, not because he's tired of me or because I've become the substitute teacher. I'll tell myself what I need to, see it how I want to, let Roman know how highly I hold him and think of him.

Love, Meghan

Sunday, February 27, 2000

I got a letter from Margo yesterday. I miss her but I know she's doing well. I haven't written lately and it's grating on my nerves. I tried to wake Roman up but his door was locked. I went to the pottery studio and the building was locked. I went to Old Timer's to get coffee and write. It was closed. I'm out of gas and couldn't find a station. Enough with the sob stories.

We went to I-Spy on Thursday. I felt off-kilter with Roman and I told him so. He told me I'm highly intelligent and emotional. We went shopping on Friday and I got a pair of style-y Diesels. We had lunch at Alibi Room. On our way downtown, we complimented each other. We talked about wanting to stay friends even though I'm leaving. I told him I have strong feelings for him and he said he feels the same for me.

I worked on Friday and Skyler and Colleen came to visit. We went to Roman's and then sat on my deck talking, listening to Rachel's and sharing a 40 of Olde English 800. We took Colleen to the Art Institute yesterday because she's interested in their culinary program. We went to the market and had lunch at the Garlic Tree. I worked again last night. Jane and Aly came in and we got beers. I went home and fell asleep to my headphones. Elizabeth scared the hell out of me when she stumbled in three sheets to the wind and woke me up at 4am.

I'm at Allegro and now I'm irritated. Too many things were closed and didn't go my way earlier. I'm supposed to call Roman but I'm too frustrated. I had to write but I put it off too long and now all I've done is filled a couple pages with annoying nonsense from the past few days.

Love, Meghan

(later on) I'm at Old Timer's in Pioneer Square. I met Roman at the Dubliner for a pint. On our way home, I honked at a car that wouldn't move at a green left-turn arrow because I didn't

understand until Roman pointed out an ambulance going by. He makes me feel like an ass sometimes.

I got an email from Lucas. He said my words were soft as silk and warm as a winter fire. He *never* says shit like that. I wonder how he is, what it would be like to be around him.

I bought a Frisbee today and got glum when I remembered Skyler isn't here to play with me. I want to go off by myself to the woods or the desert. It's hard to find my place in the mix of people. I feel emotionally lazy and scattered about my relationships with the males in my life. I don't understand lines or boundaries. Life feels like a pottery class: at times it is structure, precision, tightness; the clay flows and it's delicate and fragile but strong and durable. Other times, all you can come up with is pile of mushy wet clay - utter disorganization, chaos, and frailty. Mom told me I need structure. I do.

Love, Meghan

Monday, February 28, 2000

I'm addicted to places where I can write, drink coffee, smoke, and listen to my headphones. I'm at the café. I feel physically shafted by Roman. I was a bitch when I last talked to him. I don't know if he's gay or isn't attracted to me or what. I watched a movie with him last night and went home feeling like he is shut down. I met Terrence at Bauhaus. We talked about relationships and sex. He gets frustrated with me because I hold onto one night a year and a half ago when Lucas was drunk and horny. He said I have to move on and make a solid decision because when you let things linger, they make you crazy and eat you up. He said I should let go of it. He said I'm not active enough.

I had a dream about Lucas last night. We were at a festival at Poor Italian. We lay down in the back room. My boss gave me a white slip to put on. Lucas wanted me to go away with him and said he'd be waiting in the parking lot for me. One of my coworkers and I went out to find him and tell him I couldn't go with him. I saw his brown moccasins (ones he has in real life) on a concrete slab. He drove away in his car and I knew it was forever. We were desperately sad. In another dream I had about him, we were at a school play. He sat in the corner of the stage wearing white shorts and a white shirt that made him look like a little boy. He was coloring with huge crayons.

Love, Meghan

Tuesday, February 29, 2000

I went to STA Travel to buy my ticket from NYC to London. I leave on April 6th. My ticket from New York to London cost \$236 and I have a free roundtrip ticket to and from New York. I bought needles in the round to knit a hat for Terrence. I'm waiting for Cassie at Allegro so we can play cards and she can show me how to knit a hat. I got an email from Lucas and cried. I wrote him back and said what was going on for me.

Terrence asked me if I've been to the doc for my depression lately. I said that's not my deal. He said he's been on medication and it helps. He told me not to worry that it will stifle my creativity or make me less crafty. He asked if I want to live like this for the next 60 years.

When Skyler visited, she said if she could have someone else's life, she'd want mine. She said my life amazes her. I don't see how but it felt good to hear her say so.

I felt sad when Lucas asked if we could still get married and raise children together and always have something to eat and flowers on the table. He's more mature and together than I am

in the sense of school, career, and the “real world” but he’s less evolved than me in other senses. I need to stop covering up what I have to show the world.

I read Gibran’s *The Prophet* last night and cried over the passage about love. I read *The Artist’s Way* by Julia Cameron. She wrote about when people around you are negative and tell you you’re different or you’ve changed. She said it’s because they feel threatened when they see someone they’re close to happy and free from themselves. It reminded me of the fall when Emma told me I had changed and I was “mean.” Elizabeth and Mom said it was because it was hard for her to see me happy and healthy when she wasn’t. Cass is here.

Love, Meghan

(later on) A night of work and \$80 made quickly. Now I’m at Alibi Room for wine and writing. I feel manic depressed. I hate to say that. I feel inspired, on top the world, my head expands with beautiful images of people, places, music, and art. I want to conquer the world. The lows are worth it and part of it as long as the highs remain. But the lows are awful. I get irritated, sad, feel walls caving in on me. It’s been especially intense lately.

Love, Meghan

P.S. When Lucas sent the irises, he sent 13, my lucky number.

Wednesday, March 1, 2000

Skyler called last night bawling. She and Ethan drove down here at 6:30 this morning. I’ll see her after pottery class. I came home and emailed Lucas again last night. I’m sick of feeling extreme ups and downs. Mom and Terrence want me to go see someone. I have to finish Lucas’s tape. Sometimes I can’t stand anything. I get tired of this town. I’m at battle with myself. It’s strange to be emailing intensely with Lucas. It’s easier to pour ourselves onto the computer screen than to talk on the phone. Will I feel different when I get to London? Will I be exhilarated and stoked? How will it feel to see Teddy, Nigel, and Mark?

These depressions eat me up and drown me out of life. I’m going mad. And no one understands. Sometimes they don’t. Sometimes they do. Sometimes I’m good and sometimes I suck. I suck because I get down and then I get down on myself for being down and saying shit like, “Sometimes I suck.” I imagine a dream-like, music-filled world for Roman and me to inhabit. I turn him into someone he’s not. I’ve felt needy and unsatisfied by him. I feel like a Modest Mouse lyric in regard to him: “Looking kind of anxious in your cross-armed stance, like a bad-tempered prom queen at a homecoming dance.”

Love, Meghan

Thursday, March 2, 2000

I went to Claire’s last night after work for tea and talk. She’s the shit. I woke up, cleaned my room, did the dishes and called the embassy to see about an overseas work visa. I’ll have to find under the table work because the US isn’t part of the commonwealth. Lucas woke me up and asked me to drive and meet him in Northern California for dinner. John said that’s ridiculous and that he’ll buy me a plane ticket to San Fran.

I got coffee, pizza and beer on the Ave with Roman and his roommate. As we rode down the Ave, they yelled out the window at passersby, “Chug it! Tell her that you love her!” It’s from an Upright Citizen’s Brigade sketch about a dead hockey player whose ghost comes back to encourage a college guy to chug beer, grow a pair, and get a girl to sleep with him. It was hilarious to see people’s responses as they yelled out the windows.

I'm at Allegro waiting for Cassidy so we can play cards. I'm restless. I'm numb toward men and realizing alone is best. I'm almost done with Lucas's tape. That took long enough. I'm making a fountain for Roman at the pottery studio. Seasons and time take on odd dimensions when I'm not in school.

I emailed Lucas and wrote about an old woman at work last night. She was rude and spiteful toward me but then she told Vince to tell me how kind I was. I don't feel kind. Maybe I need to be around bitter people once in a while as a reminder of how I don't want to be. Vince is a downer -huffy, stressed, annoyed, and negative. I want to scream in his face and say, "That right there, me screaming in your face, that's your entire *life*."

Love, Meghan

(later on) I feel suffocated in this town, sick of the places, routines, the people, and stagnancy but there are parts of this time I value: hanging out and being silly with Roman; Stephen and our jokes about medieval camp ("Pardon me, m'lady. Would you accompany me to the joust where we'll imbibe in mutton and mead?"), speaking in Cockney and shouting out, "Right, right," or "Good girl," when we see each other; breakfast with Jane or Claire at the Mecca; cards with Cassie at Allegro; flirting with and talking to Giuliano; pouring my heart out in emails to Lucas; pottery classes and spending time in Pioneer Square. When Skyler called the other night, we talked about how there's no one like each other around us right now. We spent all our time together last year and were often alone together. She's the only one who's like that to me, the only one I like to be around when I can't stand to be alone but I don't want to be with people.

Love, Meghan

Friday, March 3, 2000

I'm drinking bad coffee at 2nd Avenue Pizza. I'm hiding. Mom thinks it's because I need a purpose. I need to go to Bellingham and see my friends, talk to them, get perspective. A long drive alone sounds good. I'm afraid I'll age too quickly because of my lifestyle. I'm lonely, sad, lazy and sick of it. I need a new journal. I don't know how I've become so unhappy. I want to see Nina, Skyler, and Sadie. Roman, Stephen, Emma, and I went to Gim Wah last night. Emma said it makes her sad that I'm leaving. I played "[Silver Springs](#)" by Fleetwood Mac on the jukebox. Emma and I kept looking at each other during it. It gave me flashes of summer '97, going to Western, and it made me feel like so much time has passed.

Lucas is on my mind. This era has shown me what I don't want: waitressing, going to bars, staying out late, sleeping late. How much of my lethargy and sadness come from a chemical imbalance in my brain, how much is self-chosen and self-inflicted, and how much is just from being alive? Everyone gets down and thrown off-course.

I know Lucas is the one. Being in other relationships is too complicated and doesn't make sense. Maybe he and I can spend time together before I go away and do what I've wanted to do my whole life: go to Europe.

Love, Meghan

Sunday, March 5, 2000

I'm at Allegro waiting for Cassidy. I bought Henrik Ibsen plays and Walt Whitman's [Leaves of Grass](#). Elizabeth and I drove to Bellingham on Friday. We listened to the radio until it got static-y and then we sang until we got there. Sadie's mom had a heart attack so she wasn't in town. It sounds like her mom is going to be okay. Skyler and I got Thai food and played cards at her

apartment. We got breakfast at the Wagon Wheel and Sis picked me up so we could drive back to Seattle. A few people quit at the restaurant and I'll be working like mad.

I've been losing at cards lately and it means something. I picked up pieces at the pottery studio. John's coming to dinner tonight and then I'm going to see Lionel Hampton at Jazz Alley with Roman, Stephen, Pia, and co. I feel like shit.

Love, Meghan

Monday, March 6, 2000

Roman said we have three weeks left and he wants to have fun. My days here are numbered. How many more mornings will I get my coffee at the café, drive down the road, go to work, see my mates at coffee shops and bars? It makes me think of the inscription on Bruce Lee's grave. Terrence came by the restaurant today with the girl he's been seeing. He and I are going out with Jeff tonight. Tilda and I got coffee at Bauhaus last night. She's beautiful and full of life. We conflict when it comes to Dorian. Jane and I went to Pesos for a beer. I put my two weeks in at work and Vince was amazingly cool about it. I imagined screaming and bloodshed. I'd never seen him in such a good mood.

I had dinner with the family last night. Talk about drama. Elizabeth went off about how PIC is screwing me over financially and she saw that it was getting to me so she kept going. I left. I went for a drive and cried and screamed "Fuck" a few times. I feel like a burnout and like my family thinks I don't have a clue. I thought about all the money the restaurant owes me, Miguel copping cheap feels. I came home and we talked about family issues. As far as I see, Mom and Elizabeth are the ones with issues. I said they think I'm a burnout. They said they don't. They said I'm strong, my route is harder, and they admire that. They said going to school and humming along is easy but I'm listening to my instinct that it's not for me right now. I need to get the hell out of here.

Love, Meghan

P.S. Another part of "Grace Beneath the Pines" that I love: "And in the morning the sun came up and you were there with biscuits and sweet breath and knowing and desire still."

Tuesday, March 7, 2000

I'm at the café between shifts. I went to John's last night and he helped me sort out what the restaurant owes me and he filed my taxes for me. Terrence came over and we went to Jeff's to watch his short films.

Love, Meghan

Wednesday, March 8, 2000

I got coffee and went to the pottery studio this morning but it's closed for a week. I went to Old Timer's and transferred writings and quotes into a sketchbook so I can take a condensed compilation to Europe. I'll work there from April to June, travel until August and go to school in the fall. I went home early from work last night and wanted to see Roman or Emma but both of them flaked. I used to feel like I had a bounty of people in my life and now I feel alone.

Colleen is staying at my house tonight so she can go to her interview at the Art Institute tomorrow. I'm getting weird ideas about Europe. I used to have a classic, warm, rich view of London. Now it seems big and strange. I don't know if I'm strong enough to go out on my own over there but I have to. Emma told me Roman said to her, "She [me] has to go to Europe," and sounded like he didn't care. Great. I care. I gotta fold napkins.

Love, Meghan

Thursday, March 9, 2000

It was the Food Fight Against AIDS at work tonight. I was in a great mood and the customers were cool. This is night three that Roman hasn't called me. What a coward, running away like a scared little bunny.

(continued March 10, 2000) I woke up with horrible cramps this morning and made tea and a hot water bottle. Colleen came to PIC on Wednesday night and wrote and drank wine until I was done. Claire met us at Il Bistro. We talked about religion and morals. Colleen and I went back to my house, sat on the deck, and talked about Lucas and Cody. When we got into bed, we talked about the East Coast, where she grew up.

Jane called and asked if I could take her to the airport for her flight to Colorado. I drove to Sonic Boom and got the Songs:Ohia album with "[Coxcomb Red](#)." I took Colleen to the Greyhound station and drove to Allegro. I transferred more poems into my sketchbook.

Love, Meghan

(later on) I blew up at work. I have cramps from hell and ibuprofen will not pacify them. I'm at Il Bistro for a glass of pinot grigio and my headphones. About this freak out: it severely grates on my nerves that Miguel takes liberties with me that are not okay. It bothers me more than I thought. Cramps, Miguel being an asshole, and my volatile nature made for an awful combustion. I ripped off my apron and stormed out. I drove around the block before my conscience caught up with me and I went back in to help clean up, bussed tables, and then left with everyone's consent. I'm not equipped to deal with work tonight. I don't call in sick and I'm there for every stinkin' shift.

Songs:Ohia is beautiful. "[Coxcomb Red](#)" and "[Lioness](#)" are moving me and filling me up.

I got a haircut and when I got home, the phone rang. Elizabeth called my name and I said, "I'm not home." As I said it, I knew it was Roman. We talked. He said he's been home all week, alone and withdrawn. I understand but he could've called earlier to tell me he didn't feel like talking. I create images in my head about a person and times we have together. I beautify, soften, mute, and shift them even if they weren't that way in reality. I wonder what that is. It's not delusion or lying. It's my spirit and things I can't see but are there.

When we talked about religion the other night, Claire said she's amazed that people are willing to place faith in something they can't see or don't know is there for sure. She and I are different on that. I see what she's saying in that we are logical, scientific beings to an extent. But most of what I rely on or what sees me through is not something I can see or physically feel or necessarily know and trust to be true: music, images, ideas, and feelings.

I'm incredibly nervous to leave. I feel out of time and unprepared but I have faith. If Lucas is the one for me, I want to give him a feeling of agelessness. I want to lessen his stress and worries. I want him to feel special and unbreakable. I want to restore him when he's down and feels beaten. I want to laugh and dance with him when he's happy. I want to hold him and I want him to know I won't leave. I want him to accept these things. I want him to question if he's worthy of me but to know deep down that he is, and for him to treat me accordingly. I want him to accept that I'm a woman who knows her own beauty and strength and warmth and comfort. I want him to understand his role in my life, for him to comfort me and accept my tears. I want him to realize my tears come from depth and strength, not a petty, neurotic place.

I can't get over the part in "Lioness" when Jason Molina sings, "You can't get here fast enough. I will swim to you." I imagine swimming across the Atlantic to Roman. I imagine Lucas swimming up the Pacific to me. That's why my allegiance goes to Lucas.

Love, Meghan

Sunday, March 12, 2000

I'm at Allegro with Claire. She's a dear friend. Roman and I went to brunch at Alibi Room with a bunch of people. He and I talked about Amy (his equivalent of Lucas to me possibly?). He asked if there wasn't someone I think about. I said there is. I asked him if he wanted her back. He said no, that it's the equivalent of pouring salt in the wounds. I asked him who decided to leave and he said she did but that he must have done something to drive her away. I asked what it was and he said he didn't know. I think he did so I asked him again but he didn't want to talk about it anymore. We didn't.

I took him home and cried the second I started my car. I drove through Discovery Park, listening to Songs:Ohia, smoking, and bawling. I'm tired of feeling deeply and intensely and being torn apart by love and its lack. Our conversation about Amy confused me and made me wonder how I feel about Lucas. Roman said that when something is over, it's over. There's no going back. It makes me absurdly sad that I don't affect him to the degree that he affects me. We don't hang out one on one. We hang out on his time clock and if other people are around. He'd rather be with his computer or friends than with me. I talked to Mom in the bathroom earlier and she said I have to realize it's not me, it's him. This further pisses me off because I know I'm good and smart and loving and beautiful and kind and fun and I have all the qualities necessary to make up a dope person. I'm frustrated that he won't talk to me or see me and that he's afraid. I'm tired of cowards. I'm tired of the bullshit people pull. I'm tired of giving and loving and trying and exhausting myself when all I get in return is other people's shaftiness, insecurities, and fears. I gather speed and strength from knowing of my own goodness and willingness.

Bjork sings a beautiful song called "[Sod Off](#)." I thought she kept singing "Shut up," not "Sod off." I liked it better when I thought the former. The lyrics are funny and right-on and how I feel right now. She's basically saying, "Fuck you. You are not going to ruin this because you're too scared and stupid to realize what you have." What can you do when a person becomes a brick wall to you? When will I find the boy who is worthy of my goodness?

In "[I Go Humble](#)," she sings "I should be arrested for my emotional stunts." She's defines my life with that line.

I am extremely attracted to Giuliano and I know it's mutual. When we see each other it's like, "Shit. This is no good." He makes me feel beautiful and special. We'll have to let it be but he's on my mind and I value his friendship.

Is Roman blind? He keeps saying he's tired of people leaving him. I told him he's already left me in his mind and he said, "Yeah." So I get to sit here crying and trying? Fuck that. The worst part is, if I cut off with Roman now because of how he treats me, he'll reciprocate and maybe be secretly thankful to not have to deal with or feel anything. He can suppress it, ignore it, drink and smoke it away and escape into his computer until he doesn't feel anything anymore. I want to tell him that he goes off about people leaving him but I am right here in front of him. Maybe he needs to give people a reason to stay. I want to know if he's running from me because a) he's not feeling it with me b) he won't let himself feel it or c) he does feel it but can't express it. Claire and I had a cig in the rain and she put it into perspective for me.

Love, Meghan

(later on) I wanted to finish but Claire and I talked. I am strong and I have learned too much to get dragged down by somebody. I told her about when I've cried and the guy I'm with tells me to stop. I told her that when I find the boy who says to me, "I know. Isn't it painful and beautiful and strange and great? I understand these tears," and hugs me and comforts me, that will be the one.

I'll be okay because I look at things, feel, endure and regardless of the emotions or experience, I say, "Okay, next?" Well, kind of. Claire and I talked in the street and hugged goodbye.

When I got home, I wanted to leave. I talked to Mom and Elizabeth and they asked about London. I cried, swore, and got ready to leave. But instead I came back and talked to them. We woke Dad up and he came out. I cried and talked about how people doubt me, that I need to do things in my own way and on my own terms and I can't open up when I feel people doubting me. Mom asked if I want to stay in New York, if I feel somehow obligated to go to London.

A woman who came into Poor Italian mailed me info on a cheap, clean place to stay in Manhattan. As of now, I'm going to New York on April 1st and deciding from there if I want to stay or continue to London right away. I feel a weight off of my shoulders and realize I have been making myself feel trapped. I told Mom that the only thing I know for sure is that I can't stay here. I need to be on my own and rely on myself. I have choices and for a while, I thought I didn't. My family offered California and I said no. I can't do the old standbys. I need to make my own way. Maybe it's New York. Maybe it's London. I won't know until I get out of Seattle. I need change. I'm too full of fear and sadness. I don't owe anyone anything. I owe myself staying true to myself. Mom sounded excited about me staying in New York. I need to get there and listen to my instincts.

Thank God for Claire. She told me I help her out and she definitely helps me. We have similar outlooks. Songs: Ohia is moving me, especially when he sings "The world is so pale next to you." I used to sing that to the boy I'm in-loving. I'm independent lady now, loving myself. When I find the boy who sings that to me, who is not a coward, who can look at me and let himself be vulnerable to me, who will not run away, well ... It breaks my heart when Jason Molina sings "Want to feel my heart break, if it must break, in your jaws. Want you to lick my blood off your paws. If you can't get here fast enough, I will swim to you. Whether you save me, whether you savage me, want my last look to be the moon in your eyes."

I don't want any more boundaries in my head. I don't want to give anyone the power to dampen my glow anymore. I don't want anyone who makes me question the things about myself that are good and genuine. I don't want to feel their fear and pain and take it on and let it overflow into the parts of me that I need in order to take care of myself.

Love, Meghan

Monday, March 13, 2000

I finished work and I walked to Alibi Room. I feel sad. I don't know what's in store for me but I know I need to leave. I decided not to stop for coffee this morning and as Claire says, "Switch it up." I'm on my way to glaze pieces at the pottery studio. I've been thinking about New York and I hope I get pointed in the right direction when I get there. I feel defensive, like I need to show people that I follow through on things, that I can be strong and self-sufficient. I hope I don't wind up more lost when I'm far from the familiarity of home. When we were all in the living room last night, I brought up Roman and how he's not caring for me. Mom asked if that made

me sad and I nodded and started crying. Dad put his arms around me and comforted me. I need to spend time with my family before I go.

I'm upset with Cassidy. I've been making mad efforts to see her and all she does is shaft. Mom said I have to do what brings me peace. Staying here won't do that but there are parts of it that are comforting and familiar. I don't feel like this city is offering me anything or that it has what I need right now. It's become claustrophobic. But am I a fool to think going to New York or London or anywhere for that matter is going to bring me out of this sadness and wondering? It's in me. Then again, a change of environment may change my perspective and give me new influence.

I've been smoking too much, feeling nervous and scared. I don't know what will take that away. It felt good to communicate last night. Better than it would have felt to walk out the door like I was going to and run away and withdraw again. I construct cages to confine myself in and I don't take responsibility for doing it. I can't talk to Roman because he's too withdrawn and scared or apathetic (I can't figure out which one). I told Mom I feel alone, like no one is helping me or stoked for me. I need to listen to more uplifting music because what I've been listening to is emotionally exhausting.

Love, Meghan

(later on) I watched "[Eyes Wide Shut](#)" with Aly. I thought it was provocative but too sexually disturbing. It's the first movie I've seen in a while that raises questions and addresses the complexities of commitment, monogamy, and desire.

If I see Roman, I want to say to him, "Look, you're down for me when everything is alright. But I'm struggling now and you've made it abundantly clear that you're not around." Last week, he said he wants to have fun together until I go. Is he having fun? I'm not.

I was going to email Lucas when I got home but I might as well put it in here instead. I'm lonely. No one seems to be around.

I'm rereading "[A Beast in the Jungle](#)" by Henry James. It's been popping into my head. I read it fall quarter of sophomore year. John Marcher senses an impending fate. He doesn't know if it will be awful or marvelous. He runs into May Bartram, an old friend, at a party and she offers to wait and watch with him to see what it will be. They spend decades together talking about it, not knowing what it is. They get old and she gets sick and he realizes he has wasted his whole life gripped by fear of something he couldn't name. He realizes that in and of itself became his doom. He felt like the biggest failure because he never became someone, just spent his life waiting in fear. He says it would have been better if he'd been a robber, a criminal. The worst failure and travesty is doing nothing and allowing fear of the unknown to disable you from doing (or feeling) anything. The beast is his fear. Like Montaigne wrote: "He who fears he shall suffer already suffers what he fears." Marcher realizes that not loving and seizing May was his doom. He wasted his life waiting for his fear to come true (and it did) even though he didn't know what it would be for his whole adult life. Brilliant.

Love, Meghan

Wednesday, March 15, 2000

I'm at Allegro. Work was busy last night, just me and Giuliano. Mom came in with Evelyn, Tammy, Ruth, and Joan. Giuliano and I talked about wanting each other. Before he left, he kissed me on the lips. It sent a quiver of fire shooting through my body.

Tilda and Leah came by and waited for me to finish and it was frustrating because I had so much to do and there were still people there. When we left, it was a zoo. All I wanted was to get

a chill cup of coffee with Tilda and Leah but nobody was receptive to that. We went all over the place and ran into heaps of people. I saw Maria. She has a serious drinking problem. I got a chance to talk to Tilda when I drove her home. We're driving to San Francisco on Saturday and stopping on the Oregon Coast to spend the night. Nate and I have plans tomorrow night.

I saw Roman at the café this morning and while he sat with me, I felt suffocated and trapped. I care about him but he's impossible. I'm tired of sleeping in every morning. I glazed a bowl for Aunt Frances and fired Roman's ceramic fountain today. I got emails from Sequoia and Nigel. Nigel offered to pick me up at the airport when I get to London. It makes me want to go. Earlier, Mom said she knows she's never met Roman but that he seems like a shut-down person.

Love, Meghan

Thursday, March 16, 2000

I had a dentist appointment this morning. I called Claire and we met for breakfast at the Mecca. We talked about Roman and what I'll do in Europe. We went to Les Amis in Fremont and I found a beautiful dress. We stopped by Poor Italian, shopped downtown, went to the market and ate again. We were sitting in the back at Copacabana and I saw the most beautiful guy who works down below at the Greek restaurant.

I picked Elizabeth up and waited in her office until she was finished. Every single person in there was on a cell or regular phone and it creeped me out. I couldn't stand waking up every morning and driving to an office to sit in front of a computer. One of Elizabeth's coworker's had magnetic poetry on her filing cabinet. I constructed lines in my head and made myself laugh with ones like "I'm a big baby."

I've been having weird thoughts all day, feeling subdued and lucid. I'm killing time before I drive down to Olympia and see Nate. I'm babysitting for the Cochrans tomorrow morning and I can't wait to see the bumpkins.

I hustled to get out of work at a decent time last night. Roman had told me to meet him at a bar in Pioneer Square. He wasn't there when I showed up. Hardly anyone was but Martha walked in and we got a drink. Roman's roommate showed up and told me that he was driving to Snoqualmie with Stephen. I felt like "It is so over." Then I ran into his other roommate and he said Roman was on his way. He came in with Stephen shortly after. Roman said he wants to stay in touch with me, which is laughable seeing as how I'm here now and it doesn't mean shit to him.

I came home and cried myself to sleep. I've been giving to a brick wall. He has kicked the vibe that no matter what I do, he's vacant, apathetic, cowardly, and unavailable. I have to walk away instead of blatantly raking myself over the coals. Does he know what he's losing? Does it matter whether he does?

Lucas and I are playing phone tag. Skyler is leaving for Iceland tomorrow, lucky bastard. She's been calling and I have been bad about getting back to her. How typical: I waste my time giving to a boy who doesn't care and I neglect the people who are good to me.

Love, Meghan

P.S. Nigel said it is their pleasure to pick me up at Heathrow when I arrive. I'm listening to "[The Sunshine Underground](#)" by Chemical Brothers. Things are looking up.

Saturday, March 18, 2000

I'm sitting on the Oregon Coast, the moon shining on the ocean in front of me, the sound of waves which I haven't heard in so long, in front of a beautiful little cottage. The past few days I

haven't slept much. I drove to Olympia to see Nate on Thursday. We chilled at his pad and caught up on old stuff. I explained my boy predicament. We talked about old days, liking each other, the desire for a peaceful environment, discipline, drinking, smoking, escaping and how we value everything and it all seems precious when you're away from the city. It's 3am and I have to get up in three hours for coffee, a walk on the beach, and a drive to San Francisco. I'm glad I'm here. The ocean waves are tough competition for my headphones.

Love, Meghan

Sunday, March 19, 2000

I'm in the car, exhausted as hell. We're driving through Northern California. I drove us here from Eugene. When we got into California, I could feel it.

Lucas is in this state and it's strange not to see him. He called this afternoon and hopes to see me. I told him I'd call him back. It's too complicated. Of course I want to see him but the timing doesn't feel right. My instincts say no but I'm curious and I want to see him.

On Thursday, after spending time at Nate's, we went to a bar and came back to his place. We danced and free-styled and talked before going to sleep at 5AM. I had to get up at 7 to hurry to Bellevue and take care of the Cochrans. My eyes kept closing. The kids are rad as ever - funny and smart. I drove home at 2:30 to nap before work at 5:30. I left work at 7:30 and went home to nap again. I met Elizabeth at Kell's later and she was already drunk. We walked to PIC. It was crazy busy. Some nights are a zoo and Friday was for sure. Sis went to the bar and I went down into the restaurant. I was sitting with Giuliano when Court walked by. Fitting: sitting with Giuliano, the boy I'm attracted to and Roman's best friend walks by. Court and I talked and I told him how I feel about Roman. He said Roman has issues (family, etc.) and depression and it sucks because he's talented, brilliant, and beautiful. All the things I think, too, and told him so. Court said he and Jenna have noticed a positive change in Roman that they attribute to me. That surprised me. They say he's more open now. Court said I'm good and I've been good to and for Roman.

At that point, I was stressed and nervous about Giuliano and I was surrounded by craziness. Elizabeth was so drunk, then seeing Court. I felt reflective.

Terrence called at some point and came to PIC with Eric and Jeff. At this point in time, I had decided to walk away from Roman because he's been despondent and I'm tired of crying over him. Not only did Court come in, but Giuliano's girlfriend came by, which she never does. Giuliano and I thought that was strange. We'd talked earlier that evening before I'd gone home. We had a cig and I told him he was making me insane. He said I'm driving him crazy, too, and he doesn't like it because he's grown attached to me and has been thinking about me intensely. He told me that when he was lying with his girlfriend the day before, he was thinking of me. I told him that's not good. I asked him if he loves her. He says he does but that she's too needy and he knows she's not the one and that he's not in love with her.

Once everyone showed up, we walked to Il Gambero. I talked to Giuliano again there. We're aware of our attraction to each other but we both got reminders of why we can't act on it (his girlfriend and running into Court). I told him I don't feel an obligation to Roman and he feels none toward me. Giuliano and I split up to mingle. I talked to Terrence, Jeff, and Eric. They are hilarious. Jeff is awesome. I wish I'd met him sooner because I want to be in his projects but now I'm going away. He said to get in touch when I get back. He gave me an exercise: think of a person I can't stand or don't understand, write five pages about them, become them, and read it

in front of the mirror. He suggested I pour my energy, emotions, and strength into my work and cultivating my creativity and talents instead of focusing on guys.

Mom came to pick Elizabeth up. I stayed and talked to Giuliano, close to him, his hand on my lower back. I felt warm with him. I took him home and we stopped for cigs. We sat in front of his apartment and kissed. He said he didn't feel guilty but that it was possible that his girlfriend was upstairs, asleep in his bed, in which case he would feel guilty which makes me feel sick. We kissed goodnight and I drove home. He told me I represent youth, beauty, and freshness to him. He told me he didn't expect us to hook up.

I am awed by the beauty we are driving through right now during my favorite time of day - dusk. We're surrounded by mountains and lakes. The moon is rising from behind the horizon and it's gigantic. We'll be in Frisco by 9:30 tonight. We'll see Lowden.

Last night, we ran out of gas in Tillamook. We went to seven gas stations and they were all closed or didn't take credit cards. We found the 24-hour Jiffy Mart that the locals had told us about. It was shady as hell. We got gas and beer and cleared out to find Tilda's friend Shiloh's house. She has a rad cottage on the beach. The moon was almost full (it's full tonight). We had a couple beers and went to sleep at 3:30. We woke up at 7, got coffee and breakfast and walked on the beach. We got caught in a hail storm. I am legally delirious and out of control.

Giuliano is coming down here tomorrow to renew his visa. I hope we can have a couple days together and be anonymous and alone and lost in this different city. I wonder if he wants that, too. I feel passionate about him.

Love, Meghan

Monday, March 20, 2000

The rest of the drive was delirium, inability to get comfortable, and trying to relax. I drove us into the city. I talked to Mom and Elizabeth. Lucas called. At one point during the drive, Tilda put on Steve Miller Band and it sounded amazing. We rolled the sunroof back and shared a cigarette under the starry California sky.

We got to Lowden's in the Tenderloin and took off for beers at an Irish pub. We were going to stay at a shady hostel called the Globe but ended up staying on Lowden's floor. Lindsey rode to Cali with Tilda and me and she is rad.

When we got back to Lowden's apartment, Tilda's car had been broken into. All they took were Lindsey's sunglasses and a vest she loved that her mom wore when she was our age. Lindsey cried. She was bummed because the vest had a tube of chapstick that belongs to the boy she loves. I talked to her about sentimentality and how you've got to love the people and times, not the objects. But I understand the attachment.

I felt a friction with Tilda but I love her and I'm glad we're spending time together again. The girls took off early this morning. Lowden and I slept in went to the Castro for food at Welcome Home. We walked around the city.

Giuliano called. We're meeting tonight at Sculla's. He brought a friend. I bought my ticket home for Thursday and checked email: one from Margo and one from Lucas. It's strange not to see him while I'm down here. I took a bus to the Fisherman's Wharf. I have to go back to Lowden's to get dolled up and meet up with the mates. What am I doing here? I'm glad I am. Giuliano. I'm curious about him and me.

Love, Meghan

Tuesday, March 21, 2000

I'm on Powell St. drinking good coffee and having a cig, listening to "Call Me" by Tricky. I feel lonely here, like I'm not sure what I'm doing. I need to get used to traveling and not having the comforts of familiarity. The other night on the coast, Shiloh said she loves living in her shack on the beach because she's doing what she loves (teaching). She said if she was solely there for the scenery and location, and bartending or doing something equally menial, it wouldn't work for her. She doesn't like Tillamook but she loves teaching so she's willing to live there. That helps me realize I need to have a goal and not waver from it.

Giuliano said I'm loving and giving but I don't leave enough for myself. I wear myself out by focusing on other people. Tilda thinks so, too. I feel lost and tossed around, like I'm grabbing onto possible scenarios or directions but none of them fit or feel right.

Being here reminds of traveling in Australia: shops, cafes, business people, skateboarders, homeless people (well, Australia didn't seem to have as many homeless people), foreign sights and smells, a strange sleeping schedule, pubs, and of course, a boy (Giuliano).

Margo wrote that she is homesick in Oz. I wish I could talk to her and tell her I'm homesick, too. We need to keep venturing and find strength.

I wish traveling didn't entail spending money. I need to travel on the cheap. I can't afford my lifestyle.

Giuliano smells like faraway places. He and his friend reminded me of the Brits in the best way this morning. They had to go to the embassy to renew their visas and passports and they were hung over: two Italian boys trying to look presentable for a mission, classic-looking, sexy, and sleepy, Giuliano with his aviators on.

Lowden and I met up with them last night. We shot pool and went to a couple bars. Giuliano bought me roses from a street vendor. I left them outside while we were smoking. He said it was better that way and that he wanted to give them to me, but they and our tryst belong to the city. I told him I don't think we're similar or (gag) "have so much in common!!!" but that we're in different places. He craves and admires my youth and freedom. I desire and enjoy his getting older, becoming more secure and responsible.

We know I'm leaving. We're falling for each other but we know we can have this San Francisco affair and value it when it's gone. It's romantic. He thanked me for helping him realize he shouldn't be in a relationship he doesn't cherish. He puts off breaking up with his girlfriend because he doesn't want to deal with her freaking out about it. He said it keeps getting harder and worse, the more time passes.

"Sweet Intuition" by Bjork is on and she restores me. I admire her grounded-ness. She's genuine and powerful. She knows what her gift is and she uses it.

I feel safe here, writing. Giuliano is on my brain. I feel consumed by him. We were in our own world last night. We can talk for hours. It makes me think of [The Bridges of Madison County](#) and "[The Horse Whisperer](#)." We stayed together last night. I may stay at his hotel tonight.

Love, Meghan

P.S. Giuliano says it makes him happy that we're here together and that he's making me happy because it's been a long time since he's been around a girl who's happy. He feels good, contributing to a girl's happiness. Sequoia called and we're meeting in the Castro. I cannot wait to see her. I feel a million times better after writing.

Tuesday, March 22, 2000

Another café on Powell St. I walked to the Castro yesterday. I had a pint on a patio that felt like *Swiss Family Robinson*. I met a hilarious gay man named Chad who got me stoned. I met Sequoia at Café Flore. We talked about Europe. I walked her back to her place. I walked back to Lowden's and we went to the store for wine, toilet paper, and light bulbs. Lowden and I made dinner and sat in the kitchen with his roommates, listening to music, eating, drinking, smoking, and talking. Giuliano called and told me he was sick and that they didn't go to the Embassy. We made plans to see each other.

Lowden and I went to Cassidy's, the bar we went to the night we got to town. We shot pool and drank beer. I cabbled to Giuliano's hotel and felt like a clown because he wasn't feeling well and was quiet. I stayed a while and walked back to Cassidy's. I got lost and had to call Lowden. We stayed late and had after-hours beers with the bartender and an English bloke. We took a cab home and crashed. I'm meeting Giuliano in a half hour at Union Square. It's another beautiful day here.

Love, Meghan

P.S. Yesterday lifted me out of feeling lonely and strange. I forgot that being away from home teaches me. I can't wait to be in a European city, worry- and boy-free.

Thursday, March 23, 2000

I'm on the plane home. I'm glad I went to San Francisco. I feel mellow and contained. Lowden and I talked in his kitchen earlier and decided Giuliano is a player. It bums me out and puts the past few days in perspective.

Giuliano met me in Union Square yesterday and we walked down Market St. to the Haight in each other's arms. We sat outside on the back patio of a traveler's café for tea, coffee, and food. We walked back to Union Square and went to Lowden's to get my stuff but he wasn't home. We cabbled it to the hotel. We went to an Italian restaurant off Broadway for pizza and wine. I took a cab to Cassidy's to meet Lowden and get my stuff. Lowden and I took a cab to get Giuliano and went to the Crowbar for a drink. Then we all went back to the hotel. We sat around drinking Bacardi and talking until the wee hours. I played music for Giuliano and it felt peaceful sitting next to him while we all talked.

We went to sleep at 4. I woke up to an alarm at 8 and everyone was comatose. Giuliano was gentle and warm. We all got up and began frantically packing. We walked through Chinatown to Market St. Giuliano said he'd like to keep me forever. I told him he doesn't mean it but he can say it anyway. I feel attached to him. He's beautiful and I like his company but I get the sense he's a player and that he thinks he can snag any lady. I also think there are genuine, sweet sides to him. He asked me if I'd ever be with someone like him. I think so. His kisses are good. We had a clandestine getaway affair. Giuliano sounded iffy about us seeing each other before I leave for New York. Give me a break. I can't expect anything but I'll miss him.

Lowden is hilarious. He has been hospitable to me. I don't know what I'd have done without his comic relief the past few days. He loves to talk in a British homosexual accent, flailing his arms and telling people they're "simply mad." Giuliano went to get us coffee while Lowden and I looked at tiny pastries in a glass case. In his accent, pointing at macaroons, Lowden said, "Oh God, kill me now. Give me fifteen of those little cuties." Then he looked at gigantic cinnamon rolls, turned to me and said, "Put a *knife* through my *heart*. Will you look at those." He bought a Tool album and I taped it from him before I left. We had a cig on his roof and he waited with me until my bus came.

No one is able to pick me up from the airport (Emma, Cassidy, Jane, et al.). That's lame. I help people out and do shit like that for them all the time. Then I thought of Terrence and he can do it, which is kind of him. We're descending.

Flying is annoying: loud, obnoxious voices over the intercom, it's drafty, it smells stale, there's always an attendant running rampant and hating life, and it's crowded and confined.

Upon thinking, Giuliano is cocky. He thinks all the women who work at the restaurant want him. He thought my friends came by to check him out. My friends come by because they're my friends and they want to see me, not gaze longingly upon Giuliano. Does he think I'm 16? It bothers me. He's strange. I'm ready to go through all the closures and goodbyes before I leave for good.

Love, Meghan

Saturday, March 25, 2000

I'm at Allegro. Roman and I got coffee and had breakfast at Longshoreman's Daughter yesterday. We talked and acted silly and it wasn't weird or sad. I didn't have time to write at Allegro yesterday because Cassidy came and we played cards. I'd put my notice in at work but when I called yesterday to see if they needed me to come in, Vince said we are finished for good. He hung up on me and I thought, "Forget it." I've done a lot for his restaurant and I don't need to be a victim of his bad moods. I'm going in for all of my back pay and final paycheck on Monday and I'd like to leave on good terms. If not, oh fucking well. I'm thinking about leaving and Giuliano constantly. I don't know if it's him as much as what he represents to me. He told me I get everything I want. In ways, I do, but not always. He said he thinks we're similar in certain ways after I said we're different. I don't know if we'll see each other before I go but I want to. I'm sure he's going to stay with his girlfriend even though he's not in love with her.

Lowden and I mused that he's a player and I was a girl in passing to him. But I have to look at it through my own filter and believe I had an effect on him. I wonder if he thinks of me. He enriches my desire to travel and be happy and un-tortured by my attachments to people. It's strange not to have to work anymore. Giuliano told me he wants to open an art gallery in New York. I'll have to keep track of him.

I need to see people, finish mix tapes, organize my room, and figure out how to pack simply. I bought Henry Miller's *Tropic of Capricorn* today. I saw him in a documentary at Roman's. Writers have similar ideas, desires, and quests.

Love, Meghan

Sunday, March 26, 2000

Spring has sprung and it's having a drug-like effect on me. I woke up at 8 this morning to watch the Kingdome implode on TV with Mom and Elizabeth and went back to sleep. I'm exhilarated and bewildered.

I saw "[Erin Brockovich](#)" at Guild 45th with the family and despite my repulsion for Julia Roberts, I enjoyed it.

When we got back, Elizabeth and I got coffee and played Frisbee at Discovery Park. It was beautiful out with weak sunlight and surreal clouds. We laughed and made a mission to rally for at least 20 tosses. We did it. We came home and had dinner with Mom, Dad, and Aunt Frances. I gave Frances the bowl I made for her. We watched the Academy Awards and Giuliano called. I met him at the market and we walked through Pioneer Square. Then we drove to West Seattle,

along Alki, and back across the 99 bridge with that brilliant city skyline against perfect blue on a spring night. I dropped him off and now I'm at a café on Broadway waiting for Kristi.

I just killed a sailor (lit my smoke from a candle). I'm reminded of sitting in that Italian restaurant in San Francisco when Giuliano's friend gave us theories for why people cheers: 1) back in the day, people had to worry about being poisoned by each other and by clinking glasses, a splash of your own drink went into the other's glass and vice versa as an assurance that you weren't poisoning each other 2) you can see, smell and taste alcohol but you can't hear it. By clinking glasses, you bring it to all 5 senses. I heard once that in certain cultures, you're not supposed to let the glasses touch. During that conversation, Giuliano brought up how you have to look people in the eye when you toast. Aidan taught me that when he got back from Europe and I was adamant about it after he told me, to the point that my friends make fun of me and widen their eyes, getting up in my face whenever we toast.

I'm listening to Rachel's. It's consuming me and representing how I feel: smooth and light and dark and haunting and rich and peaceful and vulnerable and open and alive and spring-like. The weather, awareness of leaving, Giuliano, and Roman are swimming in my head.

Last night, Elizabeth and I went bowling with her friends. Her friend Steve went off to me, saying, "I don't remember you being so hot. I can't even look at you right now." Puh-leeze. Nothing turns me on like cheesy lines, especially when bro's girlfriend is five feet away from us. Certain guys may be shady but must they display it so shamelessly?

I took Sis home and drove to Poor Italian. I got a drink in the bar. Giuliano asked why I was ignoring him and why I haven't called. He said he'd tried to call the day before. This surprised me because I figured he was over it when we left our San Francisco union. I told him that far in the future, we'll sit in our home in Italy, entertaining friends for dinner, and look across a candlelit table at each other. He'll own an art gallery in New York. I'll act on Broadway. He groaned and said, "Ah, don't tell me all this."

Love, Meghan

Monday, March 27, 2000

I got coffee and picked up my paychecks from work. I told Vince that I appreciate having worked there and that I hope there are no hard feelings. He had the gall to say, "I like you, too, but you need to grow up." This, from a 40-something-year-old man with braces on his teeth who throws temper tantrums. What a bastard. He conducts himself and his business the way he does and I'm the one who needs to grow up? It's over now.

I picked Skyler up from the airport and we got coffee and visited Roman. We drove up to Bellingham. I've been at her house, looking at Trivial Pursuit cards. I love this game. Now I'm at the Wagon Wheel. I'm thinking of Giuliano. Not sexually or desperately. I liked walking around the city and driving with him last night. He said he'll marry me if he finds me in five years.

I put on Sinéad O'Connor and I can't get over "[Feel So Different](#)." I'm excited and curious about my upcoming adventures. Money is my only worry. I can get a job and work it out.

I want to get in better shape. I feel mushy. I had a dream about Europe last night: staircases in a pale green color with ornate iron rails. You could get on a subway and walk up and down hundreds of these staircases and each one led you into a different country. I walked by shady flats on narrow brick streets.

I'm glad I'm in Bellingham tonight. School sounds appealing. I want to go back. I'm too smart to mope around. School is not a restraint. I love Bellingham but I get a feeling of suffocation and impending panic attacks here. Sitting in the Wagon reminds me of when I used

to sit here, slowly dying over Lucas. Too much. I'm an ally to myself. I may mosey into the bar and have my first beer in here. A Budweiser.

Love, Meghan

Wednesday, March 29, 2000

I fell asleep at Roman's and woke up to go home at 6. I called Alaska Airlines to book my reservation since the phone lines are busy later in the day. I fell asleep while waiting and woke up to a woman asking, "Hello?" I'm flying to New York for free. I talked to Stella and she's excited for me to come and said I am more than welcome to stay with her. She'll be house-sitting for a couple days and said I can have her apartment to myself. I'm blessed. She talked to Jeremy and he wants to hang out for a night.

Jane and I got lunch at Still Life and drove to the Arboretum. It was gorgeous and sunny. We played Frisbee, walked through the trails, and lay in the sun. I took her home, read, talked to Stella, and drove to the U District to get my ticket to London. I was elated. I'm flying to New York and London for a grand total of \$135. Holy shit. I have people to see in NYC and the Brits are picking me up in London.

I want to go watch Chris Farley with John. I can't stop listening to "Feel So Different." Roman, Stephen, and I went to the Rendezvous last night to see Cole and some other kids play in their punk rock bands. Roman and I were pleasantly sarcastic and short with each other, pushing each other away one minute, pulling close the next.

Faith, honor, and stability are growing in me. I'm walking around in a dream-state. I feel alive and good and strange and I'm leaving so soon.

Love, Meghan

Saturday, April 1, 2000

I've needed to write but I've been busy. Roman has been opening up to me and it means a lot. On Wednesday, I met Claire at Il Bistro for wine and conversation. We talked about Europe, NYC, and Roman. The days are running together for me.

Claire and I got breakfast at the Mecca on Thursday. Roman met us there and came back to my house afterward. He was depressed and it was difficult. I took him home. I was irritated and hurt that he didn't want to hang out. He called later and we talked for an hour. He did most of the talking which is unusual and was welcome. He talked about his depression and feeling like he's lost his drive. He said he sees this energy and life force in me and it makes him angrier that he's lost his. He said he's hurt that I'm leaving, that he thinks and speaks highly of me and that everyone else he knows who knows me does as well. It was good to hear him speak truth about us. Jane and I went to the Lava Lounge and played shuffleboard.

Yesterday I got coffee, colored my hair and walked through downtown. Roman and I went to the Dubliner. It was sunny so we sat on the deck. We got dinner at Asian Wok & Grill. We talked about my departure. He said he's working at the café on Sunday and Monday mornings. I said I was coming in on Monday. He said, "You are?" like he was unsure. He said, "I don't want there to be tears." I said, "On my part?" and he said, "No, on mine." It made me feel like crying. We went to his house and took a nap. We woke up and he said, "You have obligations and there's a whole city out there calling to you." I said I know but I want to stay with him. He said, "Thank you." I cried, hugged him, and left.

I talked to Claire and Terrence. We met up with Jeff and Eric at Alibi Room. We performed a couple of Jeff's "experiments" where you walk up to a stranger and ask them personal questions.

Jeff told me there's something about me. He said I draw people in but I need to find a way of doing it without having it turn into a romantic situation. He said he's pissed that I'm leaving and that he had a great role for me in his newest project. I drove Terrence home and we puffed and got silly.

Today I drove to Bellevue to visit Claire at work and buy clothes. We got lunch and had a smoke. She keeps asking me what she's going to do when I go. We'll always be friends. She's not fond of Roman and she thinks I deserve more than what he's given. It doesn't piss me off. I can see where she's coming from and I know it's because she cares about me. But I feel close to Roman now.

I cried on the drive home when "Coxcomb Red" came on, the part where Molina sings "Every love is your last love and every love is your best love and every kiss is a goodbye." *Ruins* me.

I'm anxious and emotional. I talked to Mom and Elizabeth when I got home. I have people I want to see and little time before I go. Nigel emailed. Hell yes. I'm sad but I'm embarking on a journey. I want to keep writing but I'm crunched for time. Cassidy and I are getting a pint later.

Love, Meghan

Sunday, April 2, 2000

I'm exhausted and looking at getting 4 hours of sleep. It's my last night in Seattle and I'm in disbelief. I'm nervous and afraid and aware of my need to do this. I'm delirious from lack of sleep, excess in coffee, cigs, and alcohol. I saw Roman earlier and we sat on his floor, staring at each other while I periodically cried. It could have been ugly. He was tired and sad and didn't know how to deal with goodbye. Who does? He said, "I'm sad," cried, and hugged me. I'll see him at the café tomorrow for a final farewell. I'm tired and tripped out and Damien Jurado's song "[Ohio](#)" is making me cry. It doesn't feel real.

Love, Meghan

Monday, April 3, 2000

I'm on the plane to New York. Seattle to Minneapolis wasn't bad. I slept. The clouds look fat and puffy.

I went to sleep at 3:30am and woke at 7 to shower. The whole family went to breakfast at the Bay Café. I hurried home to get my luggage together in time to see Roman at the café. He looked cute with his tan skin. I waited until he could take a break and come out back. We talked in an upbeat fashion. He was on edge, though. We kissed and had a cig before he walked me to the car. We kissed and hugged. I thanked him and watched him walk away and got in the car and cried. Mom and Dad took me to the airport. I'm curious about New York and thinking of Roman. I got coffee with Giuliano on Pike St. last night.

Claire and I got coffee at midnight. True to old times, we went to the Mecca. I'm taking a cab from La Guardia to Brooklyn when I land. New York strikes me as big, crazy, and busy with all you could want in the way of art, music, culture, diversity, fashion, architecture, and design. But it's not Seattle. It's larger and maybe less safe.

I can't wait to mob around town. I'm staying for seven days and I hope that's enough to get a surface taste of what it's about. I want to sleep my way to the city and I hope it's not going to be an ordeal to get to Stella's.

Love, Meghan

Thank you for reading. If you enjoyed it, please leave a review at your favorite site.

About the Author

Meghan McDonnell lives in Walla Walla with the man she loves. When she's not writing or reading, she spends time outdoors, solves crossword puzzles, and pretends to garden.

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Dramamine - Modest Mouse

Breakable - Fisher

A Case of You - Joni Mitchell

This Must Be the Place (Naïve Melody) - Talking Heads

Private Emotion - Ricky Martin

Mistress - Red House Painters

Teeth Like God's Shoeshine - Modest Mouse

Livin' La Vida Loca - Ricky Martin

Mambo No. 5 - Lou Bega

Con Te Partiro - Andrea Bocelli

Grow Old with You - Adam Sandler

Somebody Kill Me - Adam Sandler

1,000 Oceans - Tori Amos

Chelsea Hotel No. 2 - Leonard Cohen

The End - The Doors

Halfway House - Willis

Cooling - Tori Amos

Concertina - Tori Amos

Carey - Joni Mitchell

California - Joni Mitchell

Desnuda - Ricardo Arjona

Tu - Shakira

Under the Bridge - Red Hot Chili Peppers

In the Sun - Peter Gabriel

Time - Tom Waits

Blue - Eiffel 65

Re-Arranged - Limp Bizkit

Fast As You Can - Fiona Apple
Little Black Backpack - Stroke 9
I Try - Macy Gray
H - Tool
Spitalfields - Red Snapper
Enjoy the Silence - Depeche Mode
Sailor - Sharks Keep Moving
Whenever You See Fit - Modest Mouse and 764-HERO
Possibly Maybe - Bjork
Jane Says - Jane's Addiction
Last Thoughts on Woody Guthrie - Bob Dylan
Talkin' World War III Blues - Bob Dylan
Custom Concern - Modest Mouse
Idiot Wind - Bob Dylan
Visions of Johanna - Bob Dylan
Seven Curses - Bob Dylan
Girlfriend in a Coma - The Smiths
Talkin' Shit About a Pretty Sunset - Modest Mouse
Hell is Round the Corner - Tricky
Walking in LA - Missing Persons
Fake Plastic Trees - Radiohead
Flamenco - The Tragically Hip
Suzanne - Leonard Cohen
You've Got to Hide Your Love Away - The Beatles
25th December - Everything But the Girl
Closer to Fine - Indigo Girls
Scary - Bjork
Hyperballad - Bjork
Elsewhere - Sarah McLachlan
Circle - Edie Brickell
Forgiven - Ben Harper
Here in My Head - Tori Amos
In a Silent Way - Miles Davis
Useless - Kruder & Dorfmeister
Baby Blue Sedan - Modest Mouse
Never Ending Math Equation - Modest Mouse
People's Parties - Joni Mitchell
Porcelain - Moby
Memphis Sophisticate - Duster
Falter - Heather Duby
Love Ridden - Fiona Apple
Angeline - PJ Harvey
Sweet Intuition - Bjork
Who Killed Davey Moore? - Bob Dylan
Baby, Let Me Follow You Down - Bob Dylan
Somebody - Depeche Mode

Grace Beneath the Pines - The For Carnation
Silver Springs - Fleetwood Mac
Coxcomb Red - Songs:Ohia
Lioness - Songs:Ohia
Sod Off - Bjork
I Go Humble - Bjork
The Sunshine Underground - Chemical Brothers
Call Me - Tricky
Feel So Different - Sinead O'Connor
Ohio - Damien Jurado