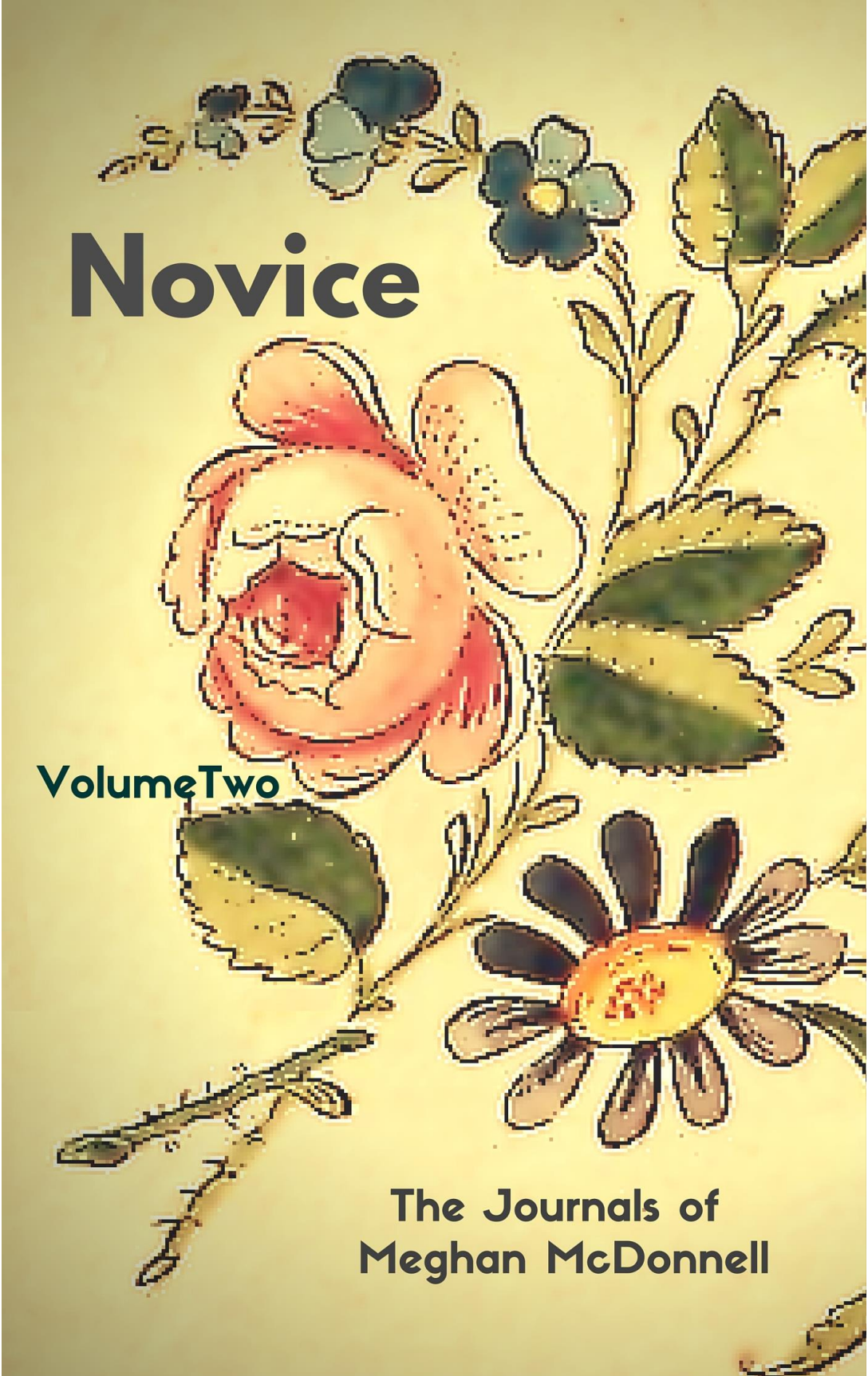




Novice

Volume Two

The Journals of
Meghan McDonnell

Novice: The Journals of Meghan McDonnell
Volume Two

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 two expands on my development as a 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, September 23, 1997

Dear Diary,

I have not written in a month because I was bored, apathetic, and ready for change. I rarely saw my friends who weren't leaving the state and said goodbye to the ones who were. I went to Denny's with Emma and spent time at home.

I'm at Western. I've been here since Sunday. I am having a good time but it's weird to know so many people here. Emma is madly homesick. I haven't met too many people yet but I am hopeful. Classes start tomorrow. It's time for my mind to wake up.

Elizabeth is depressed and I don't know what I can do. I feel useless right now. I came here to be myself and become whoever that is but it's hard. Everyone wants to be liked and meet people and be different but not too different. I'm aware of all the people and wonder how they see me and how I see them. I want to be open and unbiased. I feel weird about my appearance and the way I am.

When I heard Shelby and Margo laughing and being silly today and calling each other "bitch," all I could do was wear a sullen face. I am constantly thinking and feeling and if people will give me the time of day, I'll tell them what's going on for me. I don't want to think heavy

thoughts all the time but I can't help the way I perceive life and think about things. I want to laugh and have a good time, too, but I don't know how to incorporate that side.

I found Jude's number in the directory and I want to talk to him. I hope classes aren't too tough and that I learn to stop telling myself I'm stupid and incapable.

Love, Meghan

Tuesday, September 30, 1997

Dear Diary,

On the night I last wrote, I went to Fairhaven. Dale drove Aidan, Cassidy, Margo, Lucas and me to Troy Mullins's place on Lake Whatcom. I was attracted to Lucas after meeting him and talking to him outside Fairhaven before we left. I sat with him on the car ride and we chilled on the dock together. He is intelligent and odd. I cannot describe it. I couldn't stop thinking about him after that night.

The next night, I went to Nina's to hang out with the girls. On Thursday, while I was at Fairhaven, Aidan told me Lucas digs me. We kicked it in Margo and Cassidy's room. Lucas and I stared at each other and walked near each other. I have a mental and physical attraction to him that I have never felt so intensely. We instantly connected and became inseparable. I spent the night at his place that night and he was so gentle. We kissed and held each other and talked. I went to class the next day at noon and he called me soon after so I went to see him. We hung out all day. He has the Bob Dylan Bootleg Series with "[Who Killed Davey Moore?](#)" and I am afraid that it will remind me of him. I had dinner with him. We got cases of 40 oz.'s. Wayne and Frieda came to visit and we kicked it in Stack 2 at Fairhaven in Aidan and Lucas's rooms. We had a crazy fun time drinking and talking and smoking. Lucas disappeared for a few minutes and I got nervous and went for a smoke. When I got back, he looked concerned and said, "I didn't know where you were," and I said, "I know. I was looking for you." That indicated that things were getting intense. He got sick from all the beer so I put him to bed. I got him water and a garbage can in case he puked and I stayed with him to rub his back and make sure he was okay. I fell asleep there. In the morning, we kissed and went to breakfast. We said goodbye because he went to Canada that night.

I waited to hear from him on Sunday evening. I didn't and I knew something was up. I spent most of the day at Fairhaven yesterday, hoping to see him. I went to Aidan's room and told him I was out of sorts. He made me tea and listened. I got the balls to go see Lucas when the power went out and Shelby, Nina, Margo, and I couldn't go to dinner. I walked into his room and he looked up at me surprised and asked me how my classes are and about the power outage. Something wasn't right.

I said half of what I should have said. He said a few things that made me stoked and a few things that made me sad. The conclusion was that we needed to stop seeing each other. He made it all, "If you ever need anything, call me." I felt like, "Fuck you. Don't give me that." I told him that a letter was on the way to him and to rip it up. I said goodbye and I walked out. I cried all the way home.

I have been miserable and depressed. I hung out with Sheila and Rita and they are dope. They chilled me out last night. I've been down the last couple days, feeling good one minute, and feeling like I want to die the next.

I went to rugby today and I'm on the team. I saw Lucas at Fairhaven tonight and I said hello so he'd know I don't hate him and that I am not angry. I'm at Malin's right now. It's her birthday

and we're drinking wine. I have so much in my head and heart; I don't know where to go with it. I'm alright for now.

Love, Meghan

Thursday, October 2, 1997

Dear Diary,

I'm doing better. I talked to Claire and Tilda on the phone yesterday and they helped me put things into perspective. Lucas sat with Cassidy, Margo, and me at dinner last night. We didn't talk. What am I to think of all this? Or is "all this" nothing and I'm just being silly me? We went to Nina's last night for "Beverly Hills 90210" and "Party of Five."

Classes are getting better and the worst of my fears and anxieties are over. I had a great talk with Emma last night and we are back to normal. I am glad to be hanging out with and talking to Shelby again.

I look to people for my happiness. If they end up leaving or things get messed up, then I at least look to my thoughts and images of them to make me happy. I can't be content with myself. I can but I don't. I'm going to have a cig and do homework.

Love, Meghan

P.S. I need to learn to not be so damn serious.

Sunday, October 12, 1997

Dear Diary,

The Friday before this past one, we went to a party at Malin's. The cops stood outside and waited to bust us. I gave a fake name to the officer who tried to give me an MIP.

I went to Seattle on Saturday and had coffee with Oliver. I figured I'd forget about Lucas and my life up here but he followed my mind and heart home. Tilda came up on Monday. We kicked it in Margo and Cassidy's room. On Tuesday, Mason came over with Jim Beam and Coke. We chilled in my room and he spent the night. Not a great decision. Throughout the days, I've seen Lucas periodically. We bullshitted and I was distant because I didn't know what I could reveal.

Wednesday was Shelby's 19th birthday and we drank Carlo Rossi in Sheila and Rita's room. On Thursday, I had dinner with Max and we talked for three hours. I came home and Emma's friend Dale had passed out there. She and I talked for three hours and it was good for us. I went to a loud, silly party at Martin's on Friday and got another fake MIP. When I went back to Fairhaven, Aidan was incredibly inebriated and was being a dick. He apologized.

I helped Shelby move into Fairhaven last night. Her mom took us and Nina out to dinner. Tonight I had dinner with Aidan, Cassidy, Terrence, and Lucas. Lucas and I are talking again and he's been saying things that confuse me. I'm going to Shelby's with Sheila and Rita to drink wine. Lucas might be there.

When I was dealing with the cops on Friday night, Lucas reached out for my hand and I fumbled like an idiot. His behavior made me wonder.

(continued Monday) Last night I came to Fairhaven to have dinner with the ladies. Aidan, Terrence, and Lucas ate with us. Lucas and I walked out at the same time and had an a.d.s. (after dinner smoke). It was the first real talk we've had since shit went down. He spoke in broad terms about being influenced by and making a decision about something and regretting it but feeling like he couldn't go back to set it straight. He was talking about us. I went to Shelby's for Carlo Rossi and companionship and went to Lucas's. We went for a walk and wound up at my place. Emma stormed out.

Today was eternal. Margo, Cassidy, Aidan, and I went for coffee and homework. Emma and I got in a wicked fight today. Elizabeth is on her side and it sucks a whole lot. I don't have class until two tomorrow and a good night's sleep is in order.

While I was lying with Lucas last night, my eyes welled up with tears. I was overwhelmed. I hope I didn't scare him. I don't think I did. I saw him in a different light last night.

Love, Meghan

Tuesday, October 28, 1997

Dear Diary,

I am apprehensive about writing because I don't know what it will bring up in me. I am in the library, the only place of quiet around here. Lucas and I have seen each other a lot in the last couple weeks and last night, we had another talk like the one we had almost a month ago. I'm willing to change and move through and he's willing to end it. He thinks that we are unhealthy together.

On Tuesday night, he ate mushrooms and we talked for hours, kissed and went to sleep. On Wednesday, I woke him up at 3am and we had sex. That ruined more shit than he and I knew at the time. I am hurt but the strength that is showing through in me is surprising and scary. I'm through with hating myself. I hear praises from my friends but it doesn't matter how great others think I am if I don't know it myself. I feel instable. If I don't love myself, how can I love others and have them love me?

I skipped my Native American Lit. class today. Nina, Shelby, and I took the bus to buy hair dye. We sat at IHOP for hours, talking and drinking coffee. I love those girls with all my heart. We went back to Mathes Hall and dyed our hair and had dinner. I have to read tonight and then the girls are coming over.

I'm going to open my mind and my heart, especially to myself, and do well in my endeavors. Carpe diem - words to live by. How will this turn out? I need to find God.

Love, Meghan

Saturday, November 8, 1997

Dear Diary,

I've become more stable and happier since I last wrote. I just got through my busiest week here academically and I didn't do as well as I wanted to. The week before last, I spent time on my own and got smarter about Lucas.

I went home for Halloween. On the drive to Seattle, Sheila told us she is dating a girl. If college is the time for experimenting, the people I know are ahead of the game. Shelby, Nina and I went to a party at Alpha Deltas. I went as a fairy. I drank recklessly and my thoughts soon wandered to that silly boy. Nina, Paul, and I slept in Paul's single bed on the sleeping porch.

Mom drove me back to school on Saturday and I saw *A Taste of Honey* for my theatre arts class. On Monday, I was going to study but I went to "Face/Off" and drank 40s with my friends instead. I wrote my Native American Lit. paper and was up till 4am. Shelby and Nina helped me and spent the night. Thursday is where it gets scandalous.

Margo's friend Cheyenne from Maine came up to visit. We went to Old Fairhaven so I could get Lucas a birthday gift. I went by his room to record "Who Killed Davy Moore?" and "Seven Curses," a beautiful song that will forever remind me of him. When I returned the box set, we talked for a couple hours about where we are going as individuals and what we want.

I went to Margo's and studied for geology. Later we got 40s with Aidan, Amber, and Dale. We hiked up Sehome Hill in the misty darkness. That night was enchanting, weather-wise. I led the way and part way up, I imagined myself as one of the Native Americans I'm studying and how strong and able they must have been and felt. We got to the tower and chilled.

I love Aidan. He is a brother to me. Amber and I sang our way back down to Aidan's. I bummed a cig and prepared for my walk across campus to my dorm but once I got outside, I heard the door open and turned around to see Lucas. He asked me for a cig. We split the one I had and he said, "You don't really want to walk home." I ended up with him again. I was late for my geology test at noon.

Claire came up to visit on a break from school. She picked us up and we drove to Seattle and got stuck in three hours of traffic. She is trippin' on the dynamics of our current lives. She and Trent are still together and we went to his place on lower Queen Anne.

It's Lucas's birthday and I wanted to see him but I had no way back to Bellingham. I got him a plant. Is that lame? I'm at Denny's now, trying to figure it out. "Seven Curses" gives me the feeling I get when I hear "[Londontown](#)," "[Codine](#)" and "[Catch the Wind](#)" by Donavan. I want to write those images as they are to me at some point because I love them.

I hope I'm not blowing it in school and that I figure out what I want to do. Lucas may be bad for me, but for now, I can handle this and I care for him. There is a magnetic force between us and I hope that more than lust brings him to me. His drug addictions sadden me. I wish I could care for and see in myself what I see in others and continue to care for people but learn to let go when it's out of my hands and issues get in the way.

Love, Meghan

Tuesday, November 18, 1997

Dear Diary,

The days escape me up here. It's 8:30am, usually not my best hour. It's been high time to write. Mom took me back to school the 9th after an eventful weekend. After unpacking, I went to Lucas's to give him his plant. It was a Sunday. If you haven't figured it out yet from our cycle, Sundays we either don't talk at all or we end it again. But usually it's a Monday when we end it. I write that condescendingly but it's fucking true and I don't know if I should laugh or cry about it.

We sat there tongue-tied for two hours and decided that our talks about "us not working out" (our 3rd - or 4th?) weren't working out. We chose to be together. I made tea while he did homework and then we went to bed. We drank 40s on Wednesday and now Aidan and Terrence are being evicted for various indictments.

On Thursday, I studied at Aidan's. Lucas kept coming in and out of Aidan's room. We had a cig and talked. I listened to his speech about how you can't care about anything because it's all bullshit anyway and how there are so many walls around him. I was going to stay at Aidan's because it didn't feel right going to Lucas's after he left. But he came back and gave me a weird look and left so I went to his room and stayed. We woke up at 3am and went for a walk to the train tracks in Old Fairhaven and ended up back at my room after two hours. He told me about his summer and experiences and girls.

On Friday, I went to the Rick Mandyck Jazz Quartet at the PAC. Lucas wondered why I didn't sit by him but I did for the second half. After that, I went to Max's for beers. He and I walked down to the dock on the bay.

I walked downtown with Malin, Shelby, and Cassidy on Saturday. Lucas made me feel weird. He was going to a couple parties with a bunch of people and acted like I was trippin' when I wasn't. He was being stupid.

I drank with Cassidy and Nina at my place. We listened to "[A Case of You](#)" by Joni Mitchell over and over. I walked to IHOP with Shelby and Cassidy before dinner yesterday. It wasn't as fun as when I went with Shelby and Nina that day. I went to Aidan's for Echinacea after dinner and no one was there. Lucas came in and sat down and asked if we could make a deal not to get together anymore because it fucks us up. He said I am the only person here who is better than and shouldn't have to deal with his bullshit. Or at least I am the only one who recognizes that it is bullshit. He said he loves me and loves hanging out with me but we just mess ourselves up. I don't know what to believe. What do I have to tell myself to move beyond this?

I went to the lounge to study and then I had a couple brews with Cassidy. I love that girl. Lucas was in Stack 4 with Holly Goodwin. They've been around each other lately and I wonder if last night's talk was to ease his conscience while he's fucking her and finding meaning in me. I went half mad on my walk home - and the one thing that saved me? A letter from Nate. Short and simple but it saved my sanity. I wrote him back.

I use guys to fill a deep, dark, pained part of me. I look to the ones that I can see are trying to fill a void, too.

I'm going to feel pain here. I'm going to be alright because I am strong and good and beyond all this. I have a beauty and strength no one's seen yet. I'm not going back to stupid ways.

I love Lucas. I care for Lucas. I cannot be with Lucas. It exceeds the bounds of other girls and our shortcomings. I would have given him the world but he'll take cheap sex and drugs instead. I hope he finds truth and peace.

Love, Meghan

Thursday, November 20, 1997

Dear Diary,

The last couple of days have been a series of highs and lows. Waking up in the morning and the night time have been hardest but I'm making it. Last night was stormy. I drove Sadie's car along Chuckanut Drive and stopped at Elizabeth's. On Tuesday night, I learned how to knit. Upon walking home, "[A Case of You](#)" came into my head and I cried uncontrollably and called Mom. She made me feel much better.

I wonder what Lucas is thinking and feeling. I know we cannot be together. I get lonely at night and it's hard not to have someone to lie with or come home to after the day's activities. But Lucas and I had nothing substantial underneath us to hold us up. All we did for each other was ease the loneliness for a bit.

Sometimes I feel like I'm over him and see the truth. I love myself and enjoy things because he's not this weight around my heart. Like tonight. I walked home from Sehome Village by myself and I felt light, like the wind was pushing me as I walked fast. It smelled like the country in fall and I looked up and the sky was clear and I was content. But as my feet touched the bricks of Fairhaven, old thoughts came rushing in.

I went to Aidan's room after dinner. I thought of how little I wanted to be with Lucas because I could only think of the times we had trouble talking and the uncertainty I felt. I could see how wrong it was. But then I remember the night I met him and those brief days we had after that. If it could have remained that way; if we could talk about anything and walk hand in hand

and enjoy others' company but check in on each other and meet eyes amidst the craziness, I would love that. But so much has changed.

Classes are ending, Aidan and Terrence have been kicked out, the excitement and confusion of change and beginnings are fading and basically, dorm life is hard on everyone. Mason called on Tuesday and we discussed that.

It's hard having a new emotion every five seconds. What is wrong about me and Lucas? So many things and I wish I could name them. I'm going home tomorrow. Tilda and Dorian moved back to Seattle and got their own place. I don't know what to think anymore.

Love, Meghan

Saturday, November 22, 1997

Dear Diary,

I am scared. I am going to have to work through pain before I am alright again. I'm at Mom and Dad's. I took a nap at 6:30, woke up at midnight and woke up for good at 10 this morning.

Emma and I got coffee at Denny's this morning. I went to the market and listened to Western Cuts, my newest mix tape, on Mom's Walkman and dreamed as I walked. I was in my head the whole time with my images reeling. Lucas was in my mind. I went to Tilda's later on. We climbed into her loft at her folks' house and I have never felt so old. We talked for a couple of hours and I am sad.

Oliver and I got coffee at Minnie's. He made me a tape of his favorite songs. "[Dark State of Mind](#)" by Tuatara just inspired me to write. It's nothing like its title - it's beautiful. "She Says" by Mark Olson is great, too.

It's back to Western tomorrow, where all my biggest fears and root of pain are in my face. Walking home from Sehome Village on Thursday night, I thought I was on the road to strengthening myself and seeing through Lucas and his bullshit. But the second my feet touched those damn bricks of Fairhaven? It's been downhill from there.

Why do I think I need Lucas? Did we connect or is it bullshit? I choose to believe there are times when it isn't bullshit but who's to say when it comes to him? It will change fast: new classes, Aidan will be gone, Lucas and I are over. When the hell does this pain end? I can't be on the up and down for much longer.

Love, Meghan

Friday, November 28, 1997

Dear Diary,

I got back to Western on Sunday, called Aidan and walked to Fairhaven. Lucas is of course the first person I see. We bullshit for a sec and he wonders where I've been. Forrest came up with us so I walked home later and talked with him and Emma all night. Grant, Neal, Ryan, and Kyle came up to visit. We chilled in Shelby's room, waiting for Clark to call. We went to his new place with people. I kicked ass in a game of quarters, took a toke, and then Nina and I went to Dale's to find Ryan and Lucas. My boy was gone by the time we got there.

Lucas and I had talked after dinner and he told me all this shady shit about him and Amber, Aidan, Billy and whoever the hell else was involved in their shady games.

On Tuesday, I had two rides back to Seattle but I stayed because Forrest and I ran into Lucas that afternoon and he was failing two classes, feeling like shit, and exploring the idea of not coming back after Christmas. I went over to his place and we talked for hours. We laughed and

he told me things I'd needed to hear. He said if only he could express half of what he felt concerning us over the last two months.

I brought up a hypothetical situation and he looked at me and said, "What if you think you've found the person you want to spend the rest of your life with? I think you know what I'm talking about, Meghan."

I went to drink beers with Aidan, Billy, Terrence, and Nina and went back to Lucas's and we talked more and went to bed. We woke up at 7:30 and I washed dishes and took out the garbage while he packed for Spokane to visit relatives for Thanksgiving. I took a nap while he showered. He woke me up and stood looking down at me, rubbing my arm and I can't stop thinking about that. We got breakfast, had a cig, and said goodbye. I'm going mad without him around.

I took the Greyhound home. Mom talked my ear off about why it's wrong to be with him and some of what she said is valid but I love him. I'm at Allegro with Elizabeth and she wants to go soon so I can't write like I want to. I can't describe what I'm going through and thinking anyway.

Thanksgiving was good. Lots of food and beer. Emma and I got coffee and watched "[Mallrats](#)." It's good to have the family home but Mom seems down. Colin is having people over tonight. I hope Nate is there. I'll write soon and try to figure it out.

Love, Meghan

Sunday, December 7, 1997

Dear Diary,

I got back on Sunday evening – restless and anxious to see Lucas. We spent the entire week together. I like him and I love spending time with him. Laying, watching TV, talking, laughing, I don't care.

On Friday, I went to Shelby's cousin's with her and Nina. We drank Franzia and I got more tooted than I bargained for. We went to Iron St. later, intending to go to Malin's but we got sidetracked by another party and ran into our friends.

Later, I walked down the street to crash at Malin's. My girls found me and we went back to Stack 4 at Fairhaven. After a scary, packed car ride home, we chilled with more people, crazy drunken fools and I was one of them. At 3, I went to Lucas's. We stayed up all night talking. I fell asleep at 9am and woke up at 11:30 so we could go to breakfast. Lucas left at 5:30 last night for California to go home for Christmas break. He called at 8 last night and a few hours ago tonight but our phone is messed up. I want to talk to him.

An entire month apart. It will be an eternity. I love him. I hope things don't change too much between us. I get to fail a stupid theatre arts test tomorrow. I blew it with that class. I'm at Nina's with Shelby, drinking beers and thinking. My first quarter of college is over. I keep thinking of Troy Mullins's house, our third night up here and going there with Lucas. I purely like this person. I'm going crazy.

Love, Meghan

Thursday, December 11, 1997

Dear Diary,

I'm bummed about being apart from Lucas but there's more to it. Emma and I woke up at 7:30 this morning to take our finals. I did well in Native American Lit. We came back and changed the room around because she's moving to an apartment after Christmas break.

I thought I was over the emotional bullshit I go through but I'm not. I don't recognize myself. I've changed up here. Though we all thought we were miserable, I'm going to miss walking those brick paths to Fairhaven and seeing Lucas or hoping to, or at least finding Cassidy and Aidan when things weren't going well and chillin' in their rooms. I'm going to miss seeing Shelby and Nina over there.

People have changed. Their ideas and attitudes and what they want have changed. My classes are over, the fall is over. Winter sucks. I don't know where I'm going, who I'm going with or what the fuck we'll be doing on the way.

I don't have the mind for college but maybe that's a lazy cop out. I miss Luke but it's frustrating that he's two states away. I hope he changes during this time but that he remains strong with me. I get to go home after this eternal week, tomorrow after my geology test. A new phase is starting, I can feel it.

I thought about when we moved last spring. I hold onto things I think are so important but I don't realize that what will remain with me through all the changes is much greater than what I think I'm losing with the changes. An example: I'll miss coming home to our dorm room with Emma studying and me all heartbroken over Lucas. But I have Lucas with me now and I have my music and my friends and all I need so I can chill on the other stuff. I could have been clearer with what I mean but why do a thing like that?

I'm sad. I thought this would help. I was wrong. Seattle. I'll see you there.

Love, Meghan

Thursday, December 18, 1997

Dear Diary,

Emma and I drove home last Friday. Since then I've been running around getting Christmas presents and finishing projects. I started over on the scarf I'm making. I'm sending it to Lucas for Christmas along with the words to "Blue" by Joni Mitchell and a carved sculpture of two people. I'm going to be a knitting fool to get it done in time. I've talked to him and I miss him. It's almost two weeks since I've seen him. Might as well be two months.

I got my job back at Queen Anne Café and I'm working for the next three days. I've seen Tilda. I got coffee with Oliver on Tuesday night. I came out to the deck to have a nog and listen to "Dark State of Mind" and my mind started passing over the last three months. I subconsciously thought certain things would stay the same but they're going to change so fast and I'm still my change-hating self.

Lucas, Terrence, Margo, and Eric are getting a house together. That's great but I can't help but trip on how different things will be. They and Aidan are all leaving campus. Emma won't be in our room anymore and I'll be lonely. I walked that path to Lucas's door every day for months. I don't easily forget my patterns.

I should move to Sadie's room in Stack 4. I know I wasn't in my room all that much, but I'll miss stopping by Aidan and Terrence's room for a cup of tea while they play Super Contra and Aidan gives me wisdom. I can't go to Margo's for a nog and brew and conversation. And lastly, this is a hard one, I can't stare up at the bottom of Eric's bed while I lay with Lucas, thinking my silly thoughts about love and forever. Shit went down with me and him in there. What's important will remain but I see the details and I notice when they're gone. I don't need the rooms we used to occupy when I have the people in my life who were in them with me but it's hard.

Love, Meghan

Thursday, January 8, 1998

Dear Diary,

Leave it to me to find the most obscure times to write. It's been too long. No excuse but laziness and staying away from what's best for me. I'm in Lucas's hallway at 12:34am as he sleeps, better off without me by his side.

I'm sad and lonely. I've lost myself. The rest of break was working, shopping, and knitting until my fingers about bled to get Lucas's scarf done. He gave me a beautiful sweater and a sweet letter.

Christmas was weird. It didn't feel like Christmas. I got nice gifts but I wasn't in the spirit. I saw Tilda and got coffee with Oliver a few times. I saw "[Titanic](#)" (beautiful) and "[Jackie Brown](#)" (long and not what I expected).

Claire had a party for New Year's. I saw everyone I wanted to see and everyone I was supposed to want to see. I picked Lucas up on New Year's Day. God. Eight days ago and it feels like so long. We drove around for hours looking for an Indian restaurant he'd been to and wanted me to try. We relaxed at my house, went out to eat, and shopped. Things went well with him and the family. Dad drove us up here on Sunday.

New classes, a new year. Everyone's moving. Shelby's moving back to Seattle. I've got the blues and I'm sick of being confused, tired, sad, and lonely. Lucas is sick of it, too, and I can't blame him. I went to China Beach in Canada to kick it last night. I started my period.

I want to go outside and scream and run and cry but it's too fucking cold for that. I want to die but not really. I should've written at another time. You're seeing my pathetic, silly side tonight and I want to wash it all away.

Love, Meghan

Friday, January 16, 1998

Dear Diary,

I don't have classes today and I'm at the new house in Old Fairhaven. I've been invested in schoolwork.

I started a pottery class last Sunday. I have met dope people while I've been here. On Saturday, I chilled in Lucas's room at Fairhaven for one of the last times. I'm sad about Lucas. I pull him near and push him away and it's not right. I have an instinct to go somewhere and figure myself out but I don't want to do that now. I want to figure it out right where I am. Lucas is being so good through all this.

I think about those turbulent months we had and all those girls and all that pain but I don't regret it because I loved that time, as hurt as I was.

Shelby went home for good on Wednesday. That's a symbol to me of how being here lost its newness and how easy it is to lose sight of what keeps us here.

I was on the front porch having a nog and I realized how much I miss Emma. I haven't been to her new place. I need to relax and smile. I'm off to do homework and chores. I'll write when my thoughts are moving more freely.

Love, Meghan

Saturday, January 17, 1998

Dear Diary,

I have a fear that other people may read this, especially people I am wary about knowing me and who I am. I looked into the mirror tonight, into my bloodshot, heartbroken eyes. I can't stop

crying. I want to write the details about how I ended up here but it's not important to me right now (though you know it is). I have not cared for myself all these years and it is kicking my ass. Even tonight, as I look down upon myself, I know I am beautiful and worlds away from the shit I put myself through.

I was introduced to a side of Lucas tonight that makes me question and wonder. I understand why I feel the way I do. I understand why I went through what I've gone through while I've been here. I understand why he did all he did. But I don't understand why he came back to me or where he is or why he's there and what he thinks.

I love him so deeply and I know he loves me the same way. So why do I feel alone? Why do I feel like I will never give anyone, including myself, what they or I want? It's a bittersweet paradox. Why am I aware of all these things and feeling like everyone else is, too? Sometimes I see my beauty but I always see everyone else's. My soul is pierced and my heart is broken, for no reason.

Love, Meghan

P.S. He only loves me because she doesn't love him.

Friday, January 23, 1998

Dear Diary,

Lucas is going to University of Redlands next year. I want to move to California and he's hoping I'll go there. I've lost my sparkle.

I met Lucas in Old Fairhaven at two in the morning and we talked about next year. I have a deep fear and I need to listen to what is right for me. I am scared of loving Lucas. I'm scared of things falling apart with us.

I talked to Emma today. I went to see "Kerouac" with everyone on Wednesday. It reinforced my desire to write and to act. I've got to stop sitting on the sidelines, watching people follow their hearts. I need to follow mine. My insecurities and bullshit self-talk are creeping in and it's unhealthy.

Lucas told me he and Sheila split a 40, smoked cigs, and talked all night on Tuesday. What does he want me to do about that? Give him a high five and tell him I'm happy for them? I know he needs female friends. It's healthy and natural. But he was odd and confusing about it.

I'm tired of crying. I know I'm young and there's a whole world out there, and millions of people. But I love him and I want him in my life. I want to fulfill him and I want him to fulfill me. I met him at an intense point in our lives. I helped him through serious shit. But when are we going to learn that there are good times and laughter to be had with each other, too?

You hear about people flaking when things are bad so I find it strange that he and I have a hard time when things are good, or supposed to be.

It makes me sick that a game-playing girl like Sheila can make me feel like this. It's typical of her to move in on my boyfriend and show him what a "cool, individualistic, deep" girl she is. Give me a motherfucking break. And what's up with Lucas? It reminds me of when Mason and Emma were flirting with each other and I wrote "and you, sitting here, drinking it up; like his life's mission was to fill your cup." Why do I allow assholes to pull shady shit on me? I answered my own question. They do it because I allow it. But Lucas is not an asshole.

I don't trust him. He has told me I can but everyone else has betrayed that before. Lucas is different from anyone I've ever known. We're different from anything I've ever had. He's used to long, meaningful relationships from what he's told me. I'm used to putting my heart in the wrong people's hands and getting hurt.

Love, Meghan

Tuesday, February 3, 1998

Dear Diary,

I am in love with Lucas. Margo and I went to a party last night and she told me she doesn't think we'll get married. It's premature for that talk. He gave me a painting last night.

Lucas and I went to Seattle on the Greyhound this weekend. We went out to dinner and drove around for hours. On Saturday, we hung out with his friends Rose and Gwen and watched the sun set at Alki. He stayed with them to make dinner and I went to Allegro to do homework and stopped to visit Tilda. She and Dorian had people over. I saw Leah. She looks great and seems happy. The engine in the Honda blew up and it's the end of that car.

Uncle Jim and Aunt Linda are separated. She has become a total lush and it's messed up.

Love, Meghan

Wednesday, February 11, 1998

Dear Diary,

I'm moving into Stack 4 with Cassidy this week. If I can get over my change issues, it will be the best thing for me. I've been a weepy mess lately, crying all the time over the oddest things.

Lucas may be starting at Redlands in April. It breaks my heart. I don't know if his future includes me but I can't imagine being without him. He says he loves me and wants to be together but he said something about things not needing to be so intense. He's right but I want to be with him.

I have severe anxiety and I need to ride this roller coaster out. I need a job and to keep doing well in school. I need to relax. When I need Lucas, he pulls away.

I'm listening to Dorian and Pete's tape. When I first heard it, I thought it was cheesy but right now, it's the only music that doesn't make me feel like crying. Time is moving fast and it scares me shitless. I hope living in Stack 4 will help me out of this funk. I have too much time to think in my lonely place.

Love, Meghan

Thursday, February 19, 1998

Dear Diary,

Last Saturday, everyone kicked it at the Fairhaven house and got silly drunk. I sat in Lucas's room with him for hours, talking about my anxieties. We watched "[Casino](#)." I got Lucas goldfish for Valentine's Day. He gave me three books. We went to Vancouver with Eric and Anna. When they came to pick me up, Lucas brought me irises, my favorite flower. We drove up to Canada and stayed at a bed and breakfast. We walked down Robson and got dinner at an Indian restaurant and got drinks at the bar next to our hotel. I had a good time with my darling. He was sweet and wonderful. We shopped on Sunday and saw Edvard Munch's paintings at the art museum. There were raver kids outside at a show with DJs. We got stuck in line at the border for two hours but I didn't mind.

Monday sucked because I'd had a great weekend with Lucas and we had to get back to business and go our own ways. I moved into Fairhaven with Cassidy that night. I'll like it. She stayed down the hall at Sadie's so Lucas could spend my first night there with me. We talked and lay together. I am so in love. I don't want to say that too much but it's true. He wonders if he

should go back to California after spring break. I will be beside myself without him here. His roommates are having a cocktail party on Saturday and he doesn't want to be there for it.

Love, Meghan

Friday, February 20, 1998

Dear Diary,

I'm changing. I wear myself out by missing the past. I know those days will not return. I'm tired of being here but I also love it. I feel strength and a letting go welling up in me. I need to keep my mind fertile and alive.

I spent last night at Lucas's. He hurt my feelings a couple times but I need to get over it. I feel self-centered. I need to get out of my head and find purpose. I love Lucas.

There is a back and forth of me wanting him to stay up here and him wanting to and then not wanting to. Then me wanting to go to California and him wanting that, too, but me not wanting him to feel responsible for me but also kind of wanting that.

I need to get Tori Amos's "[Siren](#)" from the "[Great Expectations](#)" soundtrack. I've got to rest up for the cocktail party tomorrow. I hope I'm doing alright in school. That's why I'm here, right?

Love, Meghan

P.S. I don't want to lose my romantic idealism.

Tuesday, February 24, 1998

Dear Diary,

I wanted to run away but that is tough without a car and more cash. Instead, I've been walking for hours and now I'm drinking jasmine tea. There's drama here. It sucks away from our souls. We keep fucking up our lives and laughing it off. I feel like I've been at summer camp too long and it's time to go home but my home in Seattle isn't where I belong now. Lucas is probably wondering why I am so petty. To tell the truth, I'm not sure he's thinking of me at all. This little outburst of mine to run away was inspired by a stupid conversation we had. He's too busy with school to deal with me.

I'm sick of all the kid shit that goes on around here. Everyone gets drunk and stoned and has sex with random people and treats it like we're in grade school. Maybe I am just as silly as all the girls Lucas used to hang out with. I feel hurt and powerless. Lucas was my refuge from all this bullshit and now I've made him a part of it. I don't know what to do with my life. I can't handle the big picture but I'm disgusted by the details. I need to change my perspective.

That's the frustrating aspect of writing: if you write too much, you end up trapping whatever was in your head onto paper instead of materializing it or making it an action. I'm thinking more clearly after writing. I am inspired to go see Lucas or go back to the dorms to relax but that's only because this pen gives me release. But the minute I stop writing and get back in my head or try to turn inspiration into action, it comes rushing back in. Why?

I want to talk to Cassidy. She is wonderful. I had visions of sleeping in a park and shit about an hour ago. Now I want to laugh at myself for being a dramatic weirdo. I've changed within the last hour. I've walked and thought and written. Everyone else is likely feeling and thinking the same shit they were when I left so where do I go with this?

I want to wake up and live. I want to be joyful simply because I'm breathing and interacting with other living beings. This shop is closing up and I don't know where to go.

Love, Meghan

Saturday, February 28, 1998

Dear Diary,

I kicked it at Lucas's on Thursday night and had a good time with him. I'm nervous about all I have to do before the quarter ends. I feel like I'm at a different school. It's weird to live in Stack 4. It's not bad. I'm not lonely anymore but it's hard to find quiet and space to do homework or thinking. I love Cassidy and Skyler dearly and I am glad Nina lives so close.

Even when I feel unhappy, I don't want this school year to end. The other night, Lucas told me that the more I want things to be the way they used to, the more I'm going to hate right now.

I want to act. Is it going to happen? Yes. I'm going to California over spring break to stay with Lucas's family.

Love, Meghan

Thursday, March 5, 1998

Dear Diary,

Cassidy's going to Seattle and I wish I were, too. Lucas is staying at my place tonight to study for his psych test. I just got back from dinner. I made a stupid joke and everyone isolated me. I guess I'm not allowed to be silly or stupid.

On Tuesday, Lucas and I went music shopping and he took me to dinner for Indian food. Why can't I look Skyler, Nina or Lucas in the eye right now? What the hell is wrong with all of us?

Love, Meghan

Wednesday, March 18, 1998

Dear Diary,

Elizabeth is going to London tomorrow. I'm going to miss her. Second quarter is over and this week has been hectic. Lucas is going to Seattle tomorrow and flying home on Friday. Elizabeth and I drove home today. We had a dinner for her tonight. I'm flying to Cali on Sunday for seven days to chill with Lucas's family. I'm stoked and nervous. It's been beautiful all week and I am content. I have wonderful friends and a great boyfriend and though I stress, I'm happy.

I lost my Western Cuts a couple weeks ago and I had to make a new one. Spring quarter will fly and then this incredible year will come to an end. This summer is a big question mark. I don't want to be without Lucas but I don't know how I'm going to pack up and move to So Cal with no direction even though it's where I want to be.

Mom and Dad are moving on May 1st and that makes me sad. I know I was bummed about moving last spring but this is a beautiful house and I'll miss the views of the water and mountains. I've loved coming here when visiting from Western.

Love, Meghan

Monday, March 23, 1998

Dear Diary,

I'm in Idyllwild on the corner of a street by Lucas's house. He picked me up last night and we drove three and a half hours to Joshua Tree and camped under a million stars. The sunrise was exquisite this morning and included the deepest shades of red I've ever seen. Lucas locked his keys in the car but we met two people who gave us a ride to where his dad and brother were camping. We rock climbed and sat in the desert sun all day. I got sunburned.

His dad and brother are cool. I haven't met his mom yet but we're going out to dinner with her tonight. Lucas and I drove up here earlier on windy mountain roads. He took me through town. Mom would love this place. I didn't know what to expect. His house is wonderful, filled with pottery and paintings he's done. I'm overwhelmed. I wonder about the people here and the experiences he had here that he has told me about. I know Lucas inside out and now I'm seeing where he comes from and what has shaped him. I love him so much it hurts. I felt like crying while we drove up here.

Love, Meghan

Saturday, March 28, 1998

Dear Diary,

On Monday night, we went out to dinner in town with his parents. His mom is a doll. We came home and watched TV. On Tuesday, Lucas took me to campus. We went into the studios he has worked in and then went to a point above the grotto. It was crazy to see the places he's told me about. They were different than I imagined but isn't everything. We went into town and bought groceries to make dinner and came home. We watched a talk by Beck Weathers, one of the climbers on Mt. Everest. Rebecca came over and I got to meet her.

On Wednesday, we went to Laguna Beach to visit Lucas's grandparents. We made long stops at REI and Borders and went out to dinner. When we got to their house, we watched "[The Gods Must Be Crazy II](#)" and then we drove home. The next day, Lucas and I drove to the Indian Canyons. We attempted to go swimming but snogged on the rocks instead. We drove to Palm Springs.

I met his friend Joey, a character with fucked up stories. Lucas says he exaggerates. We picked up their friend Andre and drove by Lucas's old house. We got Italian for dinner and then walked to a street fair. Elizabeth's ID works so I bought us beer and vodka. I felt out of sorts and angry and went to have a beer at a coffeehouse. A woman bit my head off for 15 minutes for smoking. We drove to a hilltop and Lucas's friends played guitar. I got fucked up and puked three times. Lucas and Andre puked, too. I felt sick all day yesterday and last night. We came home and Rebecca came over. She and Lucas went to campus. We had dinner. Lucas and I went to bed at 12 and woke up at 3. He woke up every few minutes and threw up and then lay there in pain. The poor darling didn't take medicine until 9 this morning.

His grandparents and aunt and uncle are coming up today. It rained all yesterday and turned to snow. Seven inches and it keeps coming down.

I need to grow and toughen my shell. I have a knot in my throat and a pit in my stomach and they don't need to be there.

Love, Meghan

Sunday, March 28, 1998

Dear Diary,

I'm on the plane home. I'm going to miss Idyllwild but how could I stay away from my home and friends? I'm scared. It's that simple. I'm scared because I love Lucas and I want to be with him. I want to be somewhere I love and that I feel comfortable in. I want to be doing, working, living, creating, and being what I love. How this all falls into place is where it gets complicated.

I've been lucky this year. I met my true love and I am in the safety, security, and happiness of my friends and near my family and my home.

I understand what Lucas left behind and what he went through by coming up to Western. I'm scared of losing him and of him finding it easy to walk away and get back to California and all he could do and be there. I'll just be a memory to him, another girl he once cared for but had to leave. I see new sides to him after this week. How will it be when we get back to Bellingham? How will it be when this wonderful, fucked up, confusing, beautiful year is over? My same old predicament: missing the past and discomfort with the present because of fear of the future.

Love, Meghan

Monday, April 6, 1998

Dear Diary,

It's spring. Lucas and I had a falling out on Friday morning and didn't talk all weekend but I went to his house last night. We spend too much time together. It's funny, though. Even if we drive each other crazy when we're together, we miss each other when we are apart. Like *Taxi Driver Wisdom* says: "On one great love: It's 'when you're with me, you're killing me; when you're not, I'm dying'." I won't enjoy third quarter if I'm caught up in that all this will end. Lucas was accepted to Redlands this weekend. My future is a question mark. I want to be an art major with a dance minor.

I'm listening to summer '97 cuts and I am tying it all together: last summer, the fall and winter, and now, spring. This year made me love autumn and I didn't mind the winter. This era of our lives is defined by temporary phases and upheavals. At least until we all find the places where we're happiest.

Love, Meghan

Monday, April 13, 1998

Dear Diary,

I went to the Wagon Wheel downtown with Skyler and Cassidy and it was great to sit and smoke cigs and talk with two dope girls. Now I'm at Lucas's drinking a 40. I want to go to the California College of the Arts near San Francisco next fall and I definitely want to visit Cassidy in Australia for a month.

Lucas and I went to my house for Easter this weekend. We went to Paradiso to hear his friend Austin spin and we saw Rose and Gwen (darlings) again. It was good to be home with Lucas.

My folks are moving to a condo and I am not looking forward to it. I will miss this house and I have images of it that I hope will remain. There is a smell to it, for starters. I'll miss waking up to the beautiful Olympic Mountains.

I only know the Olympics are west and the Cascades are east because west is my favorite direction and "Olympics" sounds majestic. I'm excited about the prospect of San Francisco.

I love Western and it's become a major part of my life. Lucas surrounds all my images but I have many different ones, most of which he's directly a part of and the rest because he was on my mind and heart throughout them.

Love, Meghan

Saturday, April 18, 1998

Dear Diary,

I've had the car up here this week and it has made life more convenient. Yesterday, I drove along Chuckanut and walked down a trail to find Fragrance Lake. I went the wrong way and didn't find it but it was good to be in the trees by myself.

I met Margo, Skyler, and Holly. Dunya just got back from New Zealand and she came up to visit. She is beautiful and a source of peace and comfort. We went to Fairhaven Park where the guys were having a bbq. We drank and swung on swings. We went to a couple parties and went to Sara's, a hippie-fest with lesbians and leg hair abounding. We went to Margo's and things were messed up with Lucas.

On Thursday night, I came back hours after I said I would and Lucas was a jerk to me so I left without saying goodbye. As I stood outside at one of the parties, Lucas walked by, covered in mud, drunk. He had run from the cops at a party on Lake Whatcom. I drove him home and shit came crashing down.

We yelled at each other and said hurtful things. I ripped the print of Hieronymus Bosch's "Garden of Earthly Delights" off his wall and ripped up the lyrics to "Blue" that I had given him. Later on, he ripped the print in half as an added "fuck you." We were cruel. I am in awe of it. I hit him and kicked him and it makes me sick to my stomach. All the roommates and tons of people came home. I flipped out in front of them. I was a mess. Lucas told me to leave. He downed half a bottle of codeine and became more subdued. I left and came back. I spent the night and I shouldn't have. I cried all morning.

I went to breakfast at the Wagon Wheel with Margo, Dunya, Skyler, and Holly. I love and appreciate those girls. We went to Holly's place and talked and smoked cigs and listened to music. Dunya cut Margo's hair and I'm going to cut mine. I felt peaceful while I was with them.

Lucas asked me to come back after breakfast so we could talk. We broke up and sat there, confused and hurt and curious about what had gone on between us the night before. He held me. We talked more and I cried. We had a cig on the porch and said goodbye.

I came home and showered and talked to Carla. Sadie and I got dinner. Then we went to pick up Margo. As we pulled out of the driveway, Lucas was getting back from a walk. He had called me earlier and sounded miserable. I rolled down the window and we talked and then he walked away. Sadie had to wash her hands so she went back inside. When she came back out, she dropped an envelope in my lap that Lucas had given her for me. He'd written: "I sip on smoke. Used to take a toke or two. I don't know what to do with my life. I thought *you* would be my wife." It hit my heart. Sadie pulled away and told me not to cry and asked if I wanted her to turn around. I kept crying and said no.

We went to Dale's and drank beers. Lucas showed up and asked if we could talk. We drove along Chuckanut and dropped it down. We discussed that his fault is being mean and my fault is allowing it (bad word choices but I'm tired). I want us to be forever.

I have anxiety about the end of this school year. Moving, Lucas being in California, feeling directionless. We're back together. As much as we wanted me to spend the night, I told him it will be better to wake up tomorrow morning knowing we communicated well and didn't take it to a physical level. It feels good but I wish he were next to me.

I am taking the car home and celebrating Papa's birthday tomorrow. I have bronchitis and possibly sinusitis.

My awesome roommate took me to the ER and waited with me on Wednesday night. After that, I picked up Lucas and other drunk boys at the gas station because the cops busted his house (a whole 'nother story).

I had fun at the Wagon Wheel with Cassidy and Skyler on Monday night. Margo's sister came up to visit. What a week. It feels like longer than that.

Love, Meghan

Monday, April 27, 1998

Dear Diary,

My parents moved to a condo on the Locks yesterday. That was stressful. I'm going to miss the house. The condo is nice. I hate my room but whatever.

Lucas and I went camping on Friday at Mt. Baker. It rained and we made a fire. Yesterday, we went to a party but left and got a pizza and turned in early. Emma came over yesterday. I miss her.

The Goo Dolls have a new song, "[Iris](#)," that reminds me of Emma and Lucas. It's beautiful. I played it for Lucas on our drive and he liked it. It makes me feel bittersweet. Every spring a song or two does that to me. They make me happy and overwhelmed and make me want to get something beautiful and unique out of life. They make me see beauty in people and feel wonder that I am alive. I want to listen to "Iris" over and over but I want to keep it fresh. Every spring, I get this recurring feeling inside me - a mixture of sadness and excitement. I've attempted to describe or explain it but I can't. It's wonderful. I'm at the Wagon Wheel and I need to study.

Love, Meghan

Saturday, May 9, 1998

Dear Diary,

A couple weeks ago, I was drinking too much. It had to do with my parents moving. Lucas and I have been spending time together. We went kayaking on Lake Whatcom. I got my application for California College and I haven't sent it in yet. Skyler cut my hair up to my chin and I'm already tired of it.

On Saturday, Lucas's friend Paul came up from Seattle. He used to go to camp with Frieda and she'd told me about him freshman year of high school. Cassidy, the boys, and I drove around on mad missions for beer and went to the co-op. We had a bbq and a great time in the sun all day. The weather has been gorgeous until a couple days ago.

At a party, I saw the son of a bitch who raped me last spring. When Margo told me he was there, my instinct was to flee. Then I turned around and came back in. I made a beeline for him out on the deck and went straight up to him and gave him a piece of my mind. I told him he was a rapist bastard and that he didn't know shit about life, love or respect. I slugged him and kneed him in the balls. I yelled and cried and everyone formed around to see what was going on. Margo took me out of there and Lucas threw a beer bottle at her and took me away. We went on a drive and I cried.

I went home on Sunday and had lunch with Mom and watched John coach his baseball team.

Lucas and I chilled all week. I had a mid-term evaluation with my modern dance teacher, Lauren, and we talked for two hours. It started when I cried and told her about Saturday night. We're both Cancers. She is beautiful and rad.

Lucas and I went camping last night. Cassidy, Nina and I kicked it in Stack 4 with Skyler. I'm going home for Mother's Day.

Lucas knew I wanted a pink sweater from the ballet shop and he surprised me with it on Tuesday. I want to get him an art book that he wants.

I love “[Hyperballad](#)” by Bjork. I got the new Tori Amos and I am not too impressed aside from “[Playboy Mommy](#).”

Love, Meghan

P.S. I am going to miss being up here and everything about it.

P.P.S. We’re going to see Dave Matthews and Bob Dylan next weekend.

Wednesday, May 20, 1998

Dear Diary,

I feel mediocre and irritable. I don’t do anything besides things you can’t see (feel, think, etc.). I don’t create or produce anything.

We drove to the Gorge on Friday in Margo’s car with Cassidy, Lucas, Aidan, and Max and met up with everyone else at Vantage. Lucas, Max, and I walked up to the point overlooking the Columbia River. Margo and I ate smurf berries and walked to the show. I saw so many people I hadn’t seen in ages. I was smiling and giddy and on my own plane. We made our way down to the front of the amphitheater and halfway through the show, an unsettling feeling came over me and I walked away from my friends. I found Aidan and sat at the campsite with him until everyone came back.

At 7, Lucas, Aidan, Max, and I walked to the amphitheater and snuck into the Bob Dylan show. Joni Mitchell played “[Big Yellow Taxi](#)” and “[Woodstock](#)” and mostly newer stuff. Bob Dylan played mostly old stuff. I thought the boys were all in there seeing the show, too, but Aidan and Lucas didn’t come back to the campsite that night. The next morning, I went to the office and had them call the sheriff’s department. They were arrested and put in Grant County jail in Ephrata.

We drove out there and tried to find \$1,500 for their bail but no dice. We drove back to Bellingham and I felt sick knowing my baby was locked up. We chilled in Stack 4 that night.

I didn’t hear from Lucas all Sunday or Monday and I was bummed. He told me later that it would have torn him up if he’d called me from jail. He called at 7:30 last night. Stasia and I drove to Seattle to pick him up at the Greyhound station. She wanted to see her boyfriend so we drove to Auburn for coffee with him and got back to Bellingham at 4am and Lucas and I went to sleep at 6. We had lunch and took a nap in the park all day yesterday.

Love, Meghan

Monday, May 25, 1998

Dear Diary,

I spent the weekend in Seattle with Lucas. We got home later than expected on Friday and watched TV. We wanted to see “[Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas](#)” but it was sold out. On Saturday, we picked up Gary and Paul and went to a park to drink wine before walking down to Folklife. We stayed late and went back to the condo.

Lucas and I have been grating on each other’s nerves. Maybe we’ve been spending too much time together. At any rate, we’ve been childish to each other the last couple days.

It’s been the best year of my life. I was never into high school. Most people I know loved high school and they can’t wait for this summer so they can go relive it. High school wasn’t my thing.

Lucas wants me to drive to California with him in a U-Haul on June 11th. I want to. I definitely don’t want to spend my whole summer in Seattle. I love Bellingham and I love my

friends and I love Lucas. I didn't realize how difficult the school year's end would be. My parents are going to trip if I live in Idyllwild this summer.

I want to see Elizabeth. I miss her. This is our last week of school.

Love, Meghan

(later on) I turned on Bob Dylan's "[Gates of Eden](#)." I am sad and scared. I think about Aidan, who realizes life is a bittersweet journey and nothing is certain. I am weakest when I need to be strong. I complain and then I become sad when I realize what I've been complaining about will end. I have memories of the first two quarters up here. This has been a wonderful year and I will never have a time like this again.

I want to be with Lucas and now all those "realistic" things people have said to me are surfacing and I question if we can make it work. I want to cry and get all this bullshit out. I feel lucky to be with Lucas. I didn't think this time would come. I have enjoyed taking it for granted - this perfection of my love and my friends all in one place. I've become used to it. Thoughts of summer, old friends, and that damn condo make me sad.

I wish I hadn't let Lucas think I am an unhappy person with a negative perspective. He knows me well enough to know how deeply I love and feel life. Are we going to make it through this? This has been my longest relationship and I don't want to lose him. I have never felt so many things for one person and I am content to continue only knowing just him inside and out. I have never felt such love and such hurt concerning someone else. I want to be with him for the rest of my life. I want it to be sacred for us, to have a closeness that surpasses all the nonsense in this fucked up world. I don't think it's impossible even though everyone everywhere is telling me otherwise. I have this fear - and that will only mess it up.

Love, Meghan

Wednesday, June 10, 1998

Dear Diary,

Lucas and I went out to dinner at the India Grill the Monday before this one and Mom and Dad tracked us down there. It was great to see them. We got coffee with Aidan at the Wagon Wheel earlier that day. I went to the pottery studio to glaze and color the dishes I made. Sandy put them in the fire last night so they won't be ready until Friday but I was able to bring one of my bowls home to give it to Mom.

Lucas and I had a few awkward days and anxiety over this year ending and us having to part. On Wednesday, we went to listen to Terence McKenna, a writer who believes culture sucks away from individuality and that psychedelics bring us to a good place. We kicked it at Lucas's on Saturday for a bbq and Paul came up. We drank lots of Boundary Bay beer. I smoked a j with Lucas, Nina, and Aidan and that was enough to put me to sleep.

Skyler, Sadie, Cassidy, and I are getting t-shirts made today for our fake band, Flaming Sperm. I'm a replacement bassist for Butch, the mysterious dyke plumber who disappeared. I also play the accordion and a mean oboe (ha ha).

Cassidy and I switched our beds around and she is leaving today. I woke up and cried this morning, looking at my dear - what a wonderful sight to wake up to every morning! It's over now. He's leaving at three in the morning and I only have a few hours left with him. Jeremy is flying up to Seattle and Paul is bringing him to Bellingham tonight. They're driving down to California in a U-Haul tonight after we all kick it and say goodbye. I'm dreading summer. Never thought I'd say that. It's been a beautiful year.

I don't like who and how I am lately. Maybe being alone will be good for me. Elizabeth gets home from Europe on the 17th and I can't wait.

I can cry at a moment's notice. I keep judging myself harshly and comparing myself to other people. It's stupid. I shouldn't waste ink on this but I've known who Lucas digs and sometimes it makes me sick. One of these people is Rebecca. Another is Holly. I have to accept it and also that he loves me and wants to be with me but it's a shitty feeling when I let myself think about it.

Lucas is my true love. I don't want to be with anyone else. There are four guys in my life that I love dearly and think the world of: Lucas Holt, Aidan Wray, Max Reardon, and Nate O'Rourke. I hope that when I go to Idyllwild this summer, I let myself be content. I have to work my ass off first, though.

Love, Meghan

Sunday, June 14, 1998

Dear Diary,

Lucas skipped town on Wednesday afternoon in the U-Haul without telling anyone or saying goodbye to me. We tried to track each other down all day. I drove to his house with Nina. Margo and Eric looked at me strangely when I got there and I knew something was up. I ran into Lucas's room and yelled "No." It was so movie-like, it's lame. His room was empty but a picture was hanging on the wall with a note that read "I love you too much to say goodbye." I went AWOL but there was something in me that understood.

That night, I went back to Stack 4 and packed up. We all drank and Skyler and I had an awesome talk on the wall. As different as we are, she and I have similarities and a lot to learn from each other. She's on the Olympic Peninsula with her dad now and we'll likely see her before she goes back to Ohio.

On Thursday, I got coffee with Cassie at the Wagon Wheel. She left for Seattle after dinner and the rest of us chilled and drank beers. Sadie and I got into a fight that night. We made up. I don't have any bitter feelings but I feel bad because I think she might. Dad picked me up. I said my goodbyes and we drove home.

I had an overwhelming amount of stuff and unpacking was a nightmare. I threw out all unnecessary crap.

Lucas called me yesterday morning crying. It's been hard. I saw him last on Wednesday afternoon and it feels like forever. It's only a month but I love him and miss him.

I re-learned how to drive a stick shift yesterday with Dad. Emma and I did Denny's on Friday and tonight. I met Kristi at Bauhaus last night. I got my job back at Queen Anne Café and Vera's.

One minute I'm okay and then I miss Lucas. I talked to him earlier and cried when we were getting off the phone. I took a nap until 8 and I felt sick and sad when I woke up. I made dinner and plans to go to Allegro but Dad came outside after me and said Lucas was on the phone. This time, he was the sad one.

Emma and I went to Denny's. I came home and played guitar. I get down on myself every time I try to write a song.

The tentative plan for my life is to work until I see Lucas around my birthday in July. I want to stay for at least a month and I hope that's chill with all of our parents. Then I'll either stay in Seattle, work and take classes at the community college or I'll go back to Western for a quarter. January is all about Australia with Cassidy. All this time, I'm hoping I'll find a good acting program in California to go to in spring of '99. Elizabeth gets home on Wednesday.

Love, Meghan

P.S. Getting older is weird.

Tuesday, June 16, 1998

Dear Diary,

I think I'm on top of my life and then I get proven wrong. I just got to Allegro and realized I forgot my Walkman. It's not a big deal but it feels like one right now. I rear-ended a car on my way here. I didn't see the guy's brake lights because of the reflection of the sun. When I finally noticed, I tried to find the brake and slammed on the clutch instead.

I talked to Lucas earlier and I am homesick for him.

Sometimes I am disconnected and don't care about anything but then it all kicks my ass. Cassidy called today. I miss her. She's in Seattle but I miss her anyway. I miss Aidan, too, and everyone. Lucas wants me to write short stories that I can read over noise (the electronic music he's creating). That makes me nervous. I spent most of last night comforting Tilda because Dorian is a dick. Girl needs to get some self-respect and esteem and dump him. I felt bad and related to her but there's not much one can do in these circumstances except listen. I started reading *Journey to the East* by Herman Hesse. He is a great writer. I wish I were.

Love, Meghan

P.S. Elizabeth gets home tomorrow.

Wednesday, June 17, 1998

Dear Diary,

I don't know what makes me gravitate toward coffee shops. Emma wasn't home. I felt like going to Denny's for coffee so I picked up my bag of goods (journal, Walkman, book) and went by myself.

Elizabeth came home from Europe today. She went ballistic when I told her about the fender bender and now she thinks her car is fouled up. I feel bad. She let me borrow it to come here. I'm applying for a job at the Space Needle tomorrow and I'm confident I'll get it. I'll be making better tips there. I miss Lucas. He feels so far away.

I don't go out. I should feel like a loser but I don't. I don't enjoy the way people that I know kick it around here. I wrote a story to read over Lucas's music. I'm sending it to him and I hope he won't be disappointed. Crystal is pregnant and keeping the baby. It's great. Maybe this will be her chance to have a good family considering her own family is so sketchy. I'm babysitting for the LaFrans on Friday and Saturday nights and I can't wait to see the bumpkins. Time is moving slow. I'm reading *She's Come Undone*. The tone is sad but it's written beautifully. I thought about Western intensely tonight. I miss it.

Love, Meghan

Saturday, June 20, 1998

Dear Diary,

Lucas called me while I was at the LaFrans. He's tired of California. He said he doesn't feel supported by his parents concerning me and he wants to fly up here with no set time for going back down there. He's uncertain about Redlands, too. He drops shit down with me but it's weird. Every time a friend comes in the room when we're on the phone, he gets a different tone of voice, like he's distancing himself from me. He told me what he was doing (watching a movie at

a friend's house) and he sounded sketchy, like he was hiding something. I don't mean to be paranoid. It was just weird.

Mom and Dad are going to cut me off financially if I go down there for a month as opposed to a week. They say if I'm going for a month, I'm going on my own for good. I have to choose between Lucas and my family? I hate being here. I miss Lucas. I miss my friends. I don't go out. I work when I can (not nearly enough). I'm not making as much money as I'd like. I don't feel victimized or like no one understands, but I have people to answer to and cater to. I can't figure out what the hell I want - for the summer, the coming fall, the rest of my life. It's silly to have it all figured out because things change and nothing is ever solid. I'm holding onto Australia because it's the one thing I'm planning on.

How about someone for once says, "Meghan, I think it's great that you're in love." Aidan is the only one who has fully supported me and Lucas. I can't sit face to face with my love for five minutes. Just to look at him and talk.

Love, Meghan

Tuesday, June 23, 1998

Dear Diary,

I walked to Denny's. I walked through my cracked-out fisherman neighborhood and got a few honks from shady men. It's funny how dimwits assume a woman wants to get with them if she's walking alone at night. I carried my Swiss army knife. I've been feuding with Mom and talking with Dad all night. Mom flipped because I wore my Flaming Sperm t-shirt yesterday and she's been bitter ever since. We had a talk in my room and she said that if I'm so miserable, I have to do what I have to do even if it means leaving. I want to but I have to stick this out. I *am* miserable. I don't know what I want anymore because I am strategically trying to please everyone else. Ricky Nelson said it [best](#): "Well, it's alright now. I learned my lesson well. You can't please everyone so you've got to please yourself."

I got coffee with Tilda today at Sit 'n' Spin. I saw a palm reader at Tenzing Momo at the market. She said my left hand, which is what I've been given in life, is crazy, mixed up and confusing. But my right hand, which is what I've done with it, is clear and solid. She said I'll marry when I'm 20 and stay married. I'll have three kids. I'll have an active life in my older years. She says I understand people well and I have compassion - that I should be a doctor or a healer. She said I'll be a traveler. She said I have a powerful mind and I'll succeed at anything I want but that self-doubt and mind talk are the only things that will hold me back. She said I take on unnecessary guilt and responsibility. She reminded me of a raven.

I miss being around my girls and in arm's reach of Lucas. I miss the dorms. Everyone hated the dorms but we created a home in them. I miss going to random parties and the Wagon Wheel. I miss making coffee and smoking cigs in Sadie's room and playing cards. I miss lying next to Lucas and the way he smells and the way his room smelled.

I am lonely and frustrated and I have to deal with my parents in the confines of our condo. Dad is rad. We had a good talk tonight. I'm sad that Mom and I are not doing so well. I don't have access to a car. Mom got a new one today. There's something about even numbered summers ('94, '96, '98) that suck.

Before I left tonight, Elizabeth called me a victimized, manipulative 18-year-old. Fuck that. Sorry, little Miss I-just-went-to-Europe. I know Lucas would comfort me. I called him all choked up tonight but he wasn't home. His mom must think I'm a tripper.

Love, Meghan

Saturday, June 27, 1998

Dear Diary,

I haven't had much sleep but I've started eating like a normal human being again. I went to a silly frat party at Phi Delt's on Wednesday night. I saw my homies, though. I got my ticket to Cali. Absence does make the heart grow fonder but it also dulls the senses to what exactly is absent. If I were to do a self-inventory, I don't know what conclusions I'd draw. I want to work my ass off, get coffee with Emma, go to Australia, and start my life in California with Lucas.

Cassie sent me a letter today. I'd love to see her. I love to work. When I'm at home, I feel like working. It occupies my time and thoughts like nothing else lately. It's productive, it keeps me busy, and I earn money from it - what a deal. I can't keep writing what I'm in the thick of. I'll drive myself crazy from beating this dead horse. I'm going to Appassionato for a cup of joe and Emma's dear company.

Love, Meghan

Thursday, July 9, 1998

Dear Diary,

I'm outside in the sun at Allegro and I'm glad to be doing this so I can relax, if only for an hour. I've been running myself ragged with work, babysitting, and errands. Yesterday, I babysat for the Cochrans. I visited Aidan at work. He is so smart and his mind is working. He has ideas for inventions he wants to patent. He understands people so well that he knows what they want and need and he creates those things.

I got my haircut and ran errands. I went to Claire's. She and Nina took Margo and me out to dinner at Machiavelli's on Pike St. for our birthdays. I had a great time with those women. We will always be friends. Terrence had a keg so we went to Interlaaken. He was a belligerent, erratic asshole. Margo said she's done with him and all his shit but it's hard to say. She cried so hard last night and I felt her pain but I didn't know how to express that. And anyway, when someone is mad and sad, sometimes it doesn't help even if your friends feel you because it hurts so much. Margo's parents are gone and I'm going to her place after I get coffee with Oliver.

I leave for California on Tuesday and time is going so slow. On Tuesday, Cassie and I went to Port Orchard to see Sadie. She cut her hair boy-short and bleached it back to blonde. We got coffee and met her friends. We played Uno, read our horoscopes, and then we went bowling. I bowled a strike on my first go and got so high and mighty that I blew the rest of the game and lost. We went to Jimmy D's Steakhouse for more coffee. Our waitress had rotten and missing teeth and it disturbed me. Every time she came by, I pulled my lips over my teeth in physical reaction. I hope she didn't notice.

On Fourth of July, I got loaded with Margo and Terrence and saw everyone and the fireworks at a party on Lake Union. It was great to see Mary Lohrmann. She is a doll. I had a great talk with Shelby, too.

I've been working and talking to Lucas. I visit Emma at Appassionato every day. She always hooks me up with a short, non-fat vanilla latte. She didn't get into UW and is considering going to Arizona in the fall. I saw Crystal at her house a few days ago. She is three months pregnant.

These girls came out on the deck I'm sitting on right now. One of them, who is my age and trying to act older, is talking about her 30 year old brother who's behind in life because he spent time screwing around. I hope that if I take time off from school to travel that it won't look like

screwing around in other people's eyes. To a certain extent, fuck other people. But it's hard. I hope people don't think that if you're not in school, then you're automatically fucking around.

Tori Amos tickets are on sale. I want to meet her and talk to her. I started my period last night and I am stoked. It will be over by Tuesday. Oh, to take my lover in my arms. It will be beautiful. I wish I could write forever, listen to music, and fill up this book.

Love, Meghan

P.S. I bought "[In Spite of Me](#)" by Morphine.

P.P.S. I've almost made it through this month and will be with my darling shortly.

Saturday, July 11, 1998

Dear Diary,

I'm back at Allegro. It's cloudy so I'm inside today. On Thursday, I took the bus downtown and went to Victoria's Secret. I took the wrong bus home and ended up at Discovery Park. It was hot and I was tired and I walked down all these dead end streets (story of my life?). I found my way out of the maze and was so hot, crampy, and miserable. Then I stepped on my headphones and broke them.

Mom and I watched "[Copland](#)" and I went to bed early. I'm nervous about seeing Lucas. Emma says I shouldn't be.

Lucas sent me a package for my birthday: beautiful wind chimes with an angel and textured fern imprints and green tea. I am excited for my birthday and California. I hope we feel that spark when I get off the plane. I've pictured it in my mind so many times.

"In Spite of Me" by Morphine gives me the chills. It reminds me of a night last fall when Aidan and I took a nap on his futon in his old comforting room in Fairhaven. It was right after Lucas and I came together for good. It's a beautiful song that captures the feeling of that era of our lives.

I drove by our old house today. I wish we still lived there because it would link last summer, my year at Western, and this time in my life together. I loved last summer and I love it more in hindsight, knowing I was soon to meet Lucas. I hope my memories of it never fade.

I'm going out to dinner with the fam, having coffee with Emma, and packing on Monday. As Bjork [sings](#), "While you are away, my heart comes undone."

Love, Meghan

P.S. I talked to Lucas for a few minutes while babysitting. It reassured me and reinforced my excitement.

Wednesday, July 15, 1998

Dear Diary,

I'm in Idyllwild and glad to be back. Lucas is at work and he dropped me off in town. I'm sitting on a handmade wooden swing set. I love the city but I prefer a peaceful place in the mountains.

On my birthday, I got coffee at Appassionato and talked with Emma, opened gifts, went shopping, had dinner at Cucina with everyone, and got coffee with Emma at Denny's. She left for Hawaii this morning. I got in at 8:30 last night and it was so good to see Lucas. We stayed in a motel last night. I cried and it pisses me off because I haven't cried this past month and I rarely cry when I'm alone but I gush when I see Lucas.

I met Jeremy today. I miss Emma already. I over-packed. I got a Tori Amos single with B-sides and "[Upside Down](#)" is crazy beautiful. Mom gave me two tickets to her show in September.

My future is a big blank. I wish I could slip away in a town like this and write for the rest of my life - and travel and maybe have a studio in NYC. I've had a hard time letting the creative juices flow writing-wise.

I got coffee with Oliver the night before my birthday and he taught me how to play my favorite part of a song he wrote on the piano. He played it for me in the chapel at Redlands a couple years ago and all the connections are kicking my ass: Oliver at Redlands, playing that song before I knew Lucas, teaching it to me before I came to see Lucas, who's going to Redlands in the fall. Music is enough in and of itself but there are times when I want to jump off mountains and express it all and go fucking mad when I hear such moving songs. "God, I love to turn my little blue world upside down ..."

Love, Meghan

P.S. I'm overwhelmed with goodness. I don't know what to do with myself when I feel this full of life and this content. I want to do something with it but I don't know how to express it.

Thursday, July 16, 1998

Dear Diary,

I'm at the wooden swing again. Lucas is working. I have a bladder infection or I'm dehydrated or both. There was blood in my pee this morning. I ate vitamins without eating anything and I feel sick.

Lucas came home at 9 last night and spun records. Jeremy came over. It was so warm; I had a hard time sleeping. I'm an outsider here. Lucas is stressed about his family and work. I wish I could help him not worry. I wish he were happier for the simple fact that I'm here.

Love, Meghan

P.S. Everywhere I go, I smell wood in California summer.

Friday, July 17, 1998

Dear Diary,

I'm at Lucas's work at the ceramics studio. This town is shrouded in mystery for me. We went to campus yesterday and I cried while Lucas drove me home. They were doing a wood firing in a kiln and I got a bad feeling.

This town is small and the people here thrive in the arts and music. I feel like an outsider with no skills or redeeming qualities. Lucas needs someone who is more talented and understanding of what he creates, someone who can take his shit without being so sensitive. There's a wall around him that's always been there. The difference is I can't get inside it like I used to.

I can't stop listening to "Upside Down." I miss Emma. I don't know who to talk to or how to stop thinking and feeling and Lucas gets irritated when I bring anything up. I feel in the way. I know that's bullshit. It would be good to have female companionship here and I hope to see Rebecca soon.

Lucas and I are going to Carlsbad to stay at his aunt and uncle's tonight. Everyone here is kind and they do the things I want to do. I want to disappear by myself to a far-away town or city where I can plunge into what I want to do. I have talent somewhere in me but I feel unable to do and be what and who I want around a group of people who will support me while I do the same for them. I feel bittersweet. I feel sad but safe and content.

Love, Meghan

P.S. Bjork's song "[Headphones](#)" rules my world.

Monday, July 20, 1998

Dear Diary,

I'm back at my swing. Lucas and I stayed in Carlsbad and went hot tubbing. Jeremy came to join us at 6 on Saturday morning. We slept in and went record shopping and got Mexican food. I bootlegged 40s and we went back to the house. We went to Denny's late night and came home to crash.

We saw "[Armageddon](#)" yesterday. His grandparents took us out to dinner and we drove back up the mountain.

I had a dream last night that I was pregnant - a full nine months and I didn't want to have a baby. Everyone knew and I wasn't concerned about that. I was worried because I myself knew I wasn't ready for a baby.

I'm not getting what I need from Lucas. I don't know if it's paranoia and sensitivity or if there is good reason for it. I feel lost. I miss Skyler. I bought mesquite incense and it reminds me of her. This sucks because I can see it now: me sitting in Seattle in 12 days wishing I were here with Lucas but all I can do while I'm here is feel like I'm going to lose him.

I don't belong anywhere and the place I could belong (Seattle) doesn't fit the bill anymore. I wish we were all going back to Western or at least that John still lived in LA. It makes me sad to think about Western because I love it but Lucas goes hand in hand with it and he won't be there.

Love, Meghan

Thursday, July 30, 1998

Dear Diary,

I could be going home tomorrow but I'm not. Mom is pissed.

This swing is the only place I can write in this town and I wish I'd written sooner. Lucas got me a job at his ceramics studio last week. I assemble wind chimes and stain pieces. I love it and I work with cool people. It's good that I'm making money while I'm here. We had a potluck at the studio yesterday and they took a picture of all of us to put on their website.

Two Mondays ago, we chilled with Jeremy and I met Stella. She's dope and I want to visit her in New York. She goes to NYU Tisch and wants to be a director. On that Tuesday, Rose and others came over. We went to Jeremy's on Wednesday night to see the rehearsal for Stella's play for the camp students on campus. On Thursday, Lucas and I went to Rose's to make dinner with her. Jeremy came over and we watched "[Half Baked](#)." On Friday, we saw Stella's play and watched "[U-Turn](#)" with her and Katie.

On Saturday, Lucas, Jeremy, and I drove to San Francisco. We met up with Rose in San Jose and went into San Francisco to see their friends Dave and Fumie, who have a huge studio apartment. We drank and talked. We went to Haight St. for breakfast with a big group. Then we began our hellish ride home. We told Fumie we could drop her friend off in LA because she was flying back to Tokyo. We sat in front of a Mexican restaurant in the ghetto for hours after driving for seven hours because this girl and her friends hadn't made concrete meeting plans. We made it back to Idyllwild at 2:30am and we all had to work in the morning.

We went to campus the next night to see paintings and ceramics at the gallery. Jeremy spun records and then we went back to Lucas's. Tuesday was Rose's birthday so we went to Jeremy's. Stella cooked dinner so she could prove her cooking skills to the guys.

Last night, Rebecca called and we drove to Pine Cove to get her. We went to the point and back to Lucas's. They watched "The X-Files" while I chilled in his room. Stella and Katie are taking me bowling tomorrow night. We are driving to LA on Saturday to see art galleries.

I like Rebecca. She's beautiful and talented but I can't carry on a coherent conversation with her. She has a lot going for her but she is cracked out and has fucked herself up on too many drugs.

I've been thinking about Western. I miss it and I am excited to get back there. Lucas told me he wishes he were going back there last night. I wonder if he meant it. I don't know how to live in Bellingham without him. He's going to change. What if he falls in love with Redlands, or worse, another girl?

He's coming up to Seattle at the end of August. Where will he and I end up? I feel safe here and I'm glad I'm not going home tomorrow. I get back on the 10th and Emma wants me to go to Lake Chelan with her for a few days on the 13th. As long as I'm here, I can ignore the inevitable.

I love Western but Lucas is deeply rooted in that. I think about the first time we ever saw each other. What an insanely wonderful person he was in that instant. I knew I was in love with him like no one else before or after. I wonder if he too felt those things or if I was just some girl he thought was cute and seemed cool. I hope it's not the latter.

A couple days ago, he ran into a girl in town who is friends with one of his exes. He got her phone number and I wonder if he wants to see her (like I'd want to see an old friend or boyfriend) or if he's in the mood to be single or find someone new. I don't feel paranoid, just curious about whether he wants to be with me right now. I get that "substitute teacher" feeling. Like I've become the nagging housewife. And last night, he and Jeremy were falling all over Rebecca. She's one of their best friends whom they love and haven't seen for a while but I don't want to feel like a lump in the corner while they all kick it together. I told Lucas I think he's in love with her while we were in San Francisco. He denied it but I think he has feelings for her. Maybe the way I feel about Nate O'Rourke.

I'm going to claim an art major in the fall. It's taken me five years to reach this decision. Lucas and Jeremy want me to sing for Stella's next play.

Love, Meghan

Wednesday, August 5, 1998

Dear Diary,

I'm at my swing with coffee. I talked to Emma before coming here and we're going to Lake Chelan a week from today.

I was enraged with Lucas. He went to campus with Jeremy and despite what he said, I felt unwelcome and burdensome. I cried last night and Lucas refused to talk to me. I started my period and that may be why. On my walk here, I thought that separation between us is necessary considering we are together 24 hours a day.

I just looked up and saw him through the fence. He's come to find me. I'm still pissed and needing solitude.

Stella and Katie took me bowling in Hemet on Friday night. It was a blast. We took a whole roll of photos. Jeremy drove us to LA on Saturday. We went to Bergamot Station in Santa Monica. Then we drove to Beverly Hills and spent the night at their friend Ana's house. We drank 40s and talked all night and Lucas was weird. We went to the LACMA and drove home. We're going back to Carlsbad for his uncle's birthday on Saturday and I leave on Monday. I'm a ball of emotions.

Love, Meghan

Monday, August 10, 1998

Dear Diary,

I'm on the plane. I'm not letting myself think.

We drove to Carlsbad on Saturday for the birthday party. Lucas and I had about five cranberry and vodkas an hour. We smoked cigars. Lucas drank too much and he cried. We went to the car and talked for a long time. He cried because he's weirded out about next year. We walked back to the party and people were belligerent. An asshole called Fast Eddie told an inappropriate story about Sharon, Lucas's mom, in front of her sons and me and it bothered me. Sharon drove us to Laguna Beach to stay at his grandparents for the night. They're in Russia.

Lucas took me to Disneyland. We got there at 4pm and went on tons of rides. It was a trip to go on It's a Small World with my love. That ride is a dream-like memory from when I was three years old. We wore ourselves out walking around and waiting in lines. We drove to a Motel 6 at 1am. We slept in, had breakfast, and went shopping. He bought me so much stuff that I feel bad. Then he took me to the airport and I cried. I'll see him in two weeks but I hate being away from him. He got teary as I boarded the plane. We're about to land. I can't wait to see my family and Emma.

Love, Meghan

Wednesday, August 12, 1998

Dear Diary,

I'm in Chelan with Emma. We've been boating and sunning and we're on our way to have margaritas. I listened to "[Have a Little Faith in Me](#)" and stared out at the mountains and I'm overwhelmed by the year that went by since I was last in this house.

(continued 8.15.98) I'm at Allegro having tea. I worked all day after two hours of sleep. When we came back from Chelan, I went to Shelby's for a keg and to Drew Stoddard's for Terrence's goodbye party. He leaves for Spain on Wednesday. Aidan's girlfriend from Italy, Martina, had her first chew with me. We sat in the living room knitting, crocheting and spitting, talking in Spanish and listening to Irish music. Heaven.

Lucas comes a week from tomorrow. I wish I had stayed in California. I am depressed. I'm not going to drink for a while. Mom and Dad are out of town. I wish Lucas were here.

Love, Meghan

Monday, August 17, 1998

Dear Diary,

I came to the Ave to pick up a Pharoah Sanders CD and made an unplanned stop at Allegro. I picked up my tips at work and talked to Carla about my confusion over Lucas. She reinforced my thoughts not to fuck up or throw away true love. I talked to Margo about Terrence and that is going to be rough on her. I want to live alone this fall. I feel lost when Lucas isn't around. I can't believe he's going to Redlands. I picture the campus there and it's not better than Western.

Lucas is beautiful and I know he's going to do well but we can't fade on each other. I'm tired of thinking about our predicament.

Love, Meghan

Wednesday, August 19, 1998

Dear Diary,

John is bringing his girlfriend Kim over for dinner tonight to introduce us. I've been bitchy and distant with Lucas and I feel unable to talk to him. I am torn. I love him with my whole being. I also love Western, Bellingham, and all my friends there. This is tearing me apart because they are worlds apart. I told Lucas that I am going to miss last year and I think I'm the only one. His response: "Well, someone has to miss it." Not what I was looking for.

He gets here on Monday and I'm slumping into my moody, bitchy, irritated, sad side. If the Creator has a master plan, how am I supposed to live? Where do I go and what do I do? I am pulled in two directions and I need to go where I flow. Last year was ideal and now karma is kicking my ass, expecting me to feel pain and difficulty. Bellingham is calling my name, beckoning me - a safe place where I feel at home. But how can I feel at home without Lucas? What sacrifices do I have to make? Then the issues of financial and emotional support.

I have to go to Australia with Cassidy. I have to go back to Western and get my foot in the door of the art department. I have to be strong without Lucas. Then I need to marry him, go to school, travel, and hold off on getting pregnant for about eight more years. This doesn't feel like my life.

Love, Meghan

(later on) I'm at Denny's with my bag of goods. I talked to Skyler, Dunya, Nina, and Michelle Glass tonight.

I am plunging into my old, past-loving self. "Bob Dylan's Dream" just came on. How will I turn this mush of emotions, thoughts, and ideas into something productive? I look to my friends to calm my fears and tell me it will be alright but often they make me feel more afraid. Until I can come to terms with things in my own way and perspective, the anxiety will remain.

The problem with me missing the past is that I cut myself off from it and fragment it from my current life. It's like that Native American saying that Margo gave me about the past being circular, not linear, and still going on right now. I am crazy with sadness. I am sick to my stomach. Walking through that campus and down Bellingham's streets will bring me pain. It will become a new place to me. As much as I love it, maybe it won't work because I'm too preoccupied with the way it was. I am tired of my thoughts. A constant cycle of: Lucas, Western, Redlands, change. Instead of moving inward or toward booze and cigs, I need to move outward with expression - besides writing and talking. If I am fearful and unwilling, that is what will return to me. I am too smart to let my emotions rule me the way they have been. I must keep writing but I don't know what to say.

Love, Meghan

Sunday, August 23, 1998

Dear Diary,

Allegro again. Lucas gets here in 12 hours. I went to Bellingham to look for a place with Aidan and Martina on Thursday. I was depressed. Cassidy is coming up to Western for the fall. I am thrilled and we may live together.

I had a great talk with Lucas. I haven't talked to Emma in days so whatever. I get down about her sometimes because she can treat me like shit and I am a good friend to her.

Margo and I hung out on Friday night. She's blue about Terrence. She and I are going to be serious mush heads together this fall. The grand list of everyone not coming back: Lucas, Terrence, Holly, Max, Eric - must I go on? But the homies (Skyler, Sadie, Carla) and my girls from Seattle will be there.

I don't want to be sad but I'm afraid that if I become too happy with my life, Lucas and I will grow apart.

I went to our family reunion last night and talked to Susan. She said true love never goes away. Cousin Gary was ecstatic that I'm in love. He's the only adult I've talked to who has been supportive about it aside from Carla at the café. Maybe because Gary and Susan are in love with each other and Carla is in love with a man in prison. What's wrong with everyone else? Every time I am about to see Lucas again after a separation, no matter how I have been feeling, I become levelheaded and peaceful and my fears and anxieties recede.

Love, Meghan

Tuesday, September 1, 1998

Dear Diary,

Yesterday was one of the worst on record for me. Lucas and I woke up exhausted, hung over, and sad at 6am. I cried the instant I woke up and didn't stop until I went to sleep last night. I cried while babysitting for the LaFrans. Lucas called me there from a payphone at Redlands. I cried today.

Emma and I got coffee. Being a mushy mess is useless. It's a waste of precious time. "[Swan Dive](#)" and "[Independence Day](#)" by Ani DiFranco are saving me.

I want to coherently lay out what causes me pain about now and the near future. I'm nostalgic for last year and the summer that preceded it. I miss our house. People envision perfect scenarios for their lives and mine was reality last year. Our group from Bellingham has deteriorated and other couples are in similar straits to me and Lucas: Margo and Terrence (he's in Spain), Eric and Anna (she's in France). And Martina goes back to Italy today so Aidan is becoming another member of this shitty conspiracy.

Lucas and I can't be miserable without each other because that's no fun and we have to be apart right now. But does learning to enjoy independence go hand in hand with drifting apart? I want Lucas to get absorbed in Redlands. I am homesick for him when I picture him on that campus. He'll probably feel more at home there than he did at Western. But after spending time in Idyllwild, I can see why he was drawn to Bellingham and I can't see his connection to Redlands. Mountains and trees vs. dry brown desert. I guess he chose it because it's close to his family and his folks went to college there.

I don't want him to become so comfortable in a place I know nothing about. He is in new surroundings with new people and I have two more weeks before I go back to school. Is this going to be harder for me than for him because his presence will be so obviously gone?

While I was falling asleep last night, I felt his whiskers brush against my face and I could physically feel him on top of me, feel his skin. I should take comfort in the deep bond we've formed over the last 11 months. Classes start for me on the one year anniversary of our meeting.

I am in love. I need to have faith and smile at my good fortune rather than frown at these changes and our temporary separation.

Our week together: he got here on the 24th. We had breakfast and went record shopping. We had dinner at A Taste of India and had coffee with Oliver and his friend Laney, who goes to Redlands. We had a heyday physically all week. The following days, we slept in, got coffee at Appassionato, and shopped.

Jeremy came up on Thursday and on Friday we drove to Vancouver, B.C. with Rose. Rose and I sat in pubs all day and had Indian food on Robson St. On Sunday, we drank 40s at

Discovery Park with Paul. We spent our last night together at a Motel 6 by the airport. The tears came right away. I love him. We'll find a way. Writing is the best release.

Love, Meghan

Wednesday, September 2, 1998

Dear Diary,

I'm at the Wagon Wheel in Bellingham. Old habits die hard. I can almost pretend Lucas is in town. I talked to him today. He went back to Idyllwild to get some things. I have pain and strength in me.

Last night was peaceful after crying. Mom and I talked and I got coffee at Beth's with Kristie. Mom gave me *The Prophet* by Kahlil Gibran. His writing about love is painful and sad but true and good. When you live your life on an honest and accepting level, you don't hide or run away or ignore or look to substances to escape. You have to be strong. Pain is rawer and deeper but the joy intermingled with it is all the more ecstatic and beautiful because of the pain. I want to live this way but I also want to relax and feel freedom from fear and pain sometimes. I want to get sucked inside a memory once in a while and let it fill me with euphoric nostalgia.

Lucas and I have to be apart for now and it is a constant weight on my heart. My love for him is unconditional, fearless, and unceasing. I am seeing Carla and Skyler tonight and I hope to drink and talk all night. Lucas is part of this place and I don't expect that to change even though he's gone. Sights, sounds, and smells bring him to me. I am going to smile upon the past year, love the present, and not trouble myself with fear of the future. Mom said this is character-building. I am blessed but I wish in vain that once in a while, I can slip back into memories and be weak and messy and lean on others. I resent feeling mature and accepting.

Love, Meghan

Saturday, September 5, 1998

Dear Diary,

Cassidy and I went to "54" about an NYC dance club. Mike Myers's character was disturbing. I cried when I woke up and again at work. I haven't talked to Lucas since Thursday. He called earlier and I called him back but left no message because it's Saturday night and how cool am I leaving a message at 10pm?

I went to Bellingham on Wednesday. I stopped by Elizabeth's and the Wagon Wheel. Carla got me stoned and we went to Skyler's. It was weird to be back, stoned as hell, missing Lucas, and seeing familiar sights. Skyler's mom took us out to dinner and then we sat around Carla's fire pit in the backyard. I drove to campus by myself at 2:30am and walked to Fairhaven. Stack 2 was open so I walked in to Lucas's old room but a guy was sleeping in there so I left. Skyler and I went to the Wagon Wheel for coffee and drove home at dawn. I ran errands with Elizabeth and looked for places to live the next day. I'm in Seattle and I'm going to be working like mad until I get back to Bellingham. I'm getting nervous surges in my stomach. I miss my love.

Love, Meghan

P.S. Emma flaked on me again tonight. I'm tired of that.

Sunday, September 6, 1998

Dear Diary,

Emma didn't flake. She called me back and we talked. I cry when I wake up. My throat is sore because I smoke too much and I do that because I feel incomplete. I can't eat. I know this isn't

healthy. I miss Lucas. I am not a codependent loser. I'm human and life is keeping me from my mate and it breaks my heart. It's only been a week since he's been gone and we have a ways to go. I'm afraid he'll become such a part of Redlands that there won't be room for me.

Love, Meghan

Monday, September 7, 1998

Dear Diary,

I worked all Labor Day. I'm at Allegro and on my way here, I wondered why. I started a compilation of my poems for a book I want to publish. I felt good but I went back down after talking to Lucas. He's unhappy. I joked with him to lighten the mood but it backfired.

I talked to Stella. She's back in New York. I want to go to Western for a quarter, go to Australia, and visit her in NYC. I want to travel and then move to California. I'm getting a plane ticket to see Lucas in mid-October. When I talked to him last night, he was down and despondent and acted like he didn't care if we see each other. He sounded different today, though and said, "You know we'll see each other soon."

I have the privilege of going to school and the power to work and earn money for traveling. And I have a person that I love and know loves me. I go through ups and downs each day. I'm sky high and then low in a hole.

There's a guy here who looks like Doug. It's been four years since I've seen him. I wonder if he'd recognize me. I wonder if he has changed and if he still does drugs. I think it's him but I looked at his hands and his fingers are too short. Do I actually remember Doug's hands?

Love, Meghan

Thursday, September 10, 1998

Dear Diary,

I babysat today and I'm working at the café tonight. Emma and I got coffee on Tuesday. I cleaned and weeded out that night, too. Yesterday was my first day off in ages. I sold clothes and music on Broadway and the Ave. It makes me sad to get off the phone with Lucas when we talk.

I like being busy, working all the time with a little time left over to get coffee and organize. I am proud of myself for saving money. Lucas is coming up on October 8th for a long weekend. Time is moving fast but it'll be 28 days before I see him.

I have to set money aside to see Lucas for his birthday and for my trip to Australia. It's weird to be away from the love of your life. I won't be interested in any other guys this year and I enjoy my independence and solitude.

It's stressful to be unwillingly kept from Lucas. We'll make it. My predominant thoughts, feelings, and ideas concerning him are nothing but love and admiration.

I went to Emma's grandparents for her birthday dinner last night. Then I went to Oliver's. We watched "[Breaking the Waves](#)" at his mom's. It was so sad and good and reminded me of Lucas. It has stayed with me. I cried when the main character walks into a church, shredded up in her hooker garb, hair messy, mascara below her eyes, and the preacher says he hopes he and everyone else will love the law. Bess says, "How can you love a word? How can you love words? You can love another human being. That is perfection." The part she played reminds me of myself. People thought she was stupid and silly and off in the head, but she was wonderful and full of love.

Love, Meghan

Wednesday, September 16, 1998

Dear Diary,

I got a place in Bellingham at 911 High St. What an address. It's on the main floor and has a bay window. I went there on Sunday after work and got trashed with Sadie and Skyler. I could barely function and I thought I was going crazy. I felt uncomfortable around them so I went to see Elizabeth. I house and job hunted all day Monday.

At 5:30, I went back to the girls' place for happy hour: gin and tonics. We went to Margo's for dinner and wine. Carla came, too. We sat on the floor of Margo's unfurnished new place. We went back to Sadie and Skyler's. Mike and his friend Joe came over. I talked to Joe all night. He's a Cancer, too, and he's awesome. I passed out and woke up at 6:30 to drive back to Seattle to babysit the LaFrans.

I was exhausted, hung over, and depressed. I took a nap and talked to Lucas about how I was feeling but I don't think he wanted to hear it. He said he'd call me tonight before his roommate throws a party. How polite of him to make time for lil old me. He didn't call.

When I think of him on a broad level and who he is, I am happy. But when I think of our predicament, I get down. I don't know if he wants to deal with this anymore.

I heard an interview with Lenny Kravitz on the radio this morning. He and Lisa Bonet used to be together and are just friends now. The interviewer asked him if he thought she was his soul mate and Kravitz is positive that she is but they aren't together. What does that mean?

Why don't I feel a connected bond with Lucas right now and why does he run from me when I tell him of my sadness? I see this era of my life in many lights. I feel many ways throughout a given day and I need to get over telling people where I'm at because it is contradictory and ever-changing. Why do I get sad instead of happy when I talk to Lucas?

I found the Leonard Cohen song from "Breaking the Waves:" "[Suzanne](#)." It's pretty and sad. Emma had it and I bought a copy today.

I saw Tori Amos on the 11th with Oliver. It was amazing. I cried and I smiled and I actually danced. I will always listen to her.

I am growing up, changing, and taking responsibility for my choices and not doing so bad. It's hard to find peace and rhythm in your life when part of it isn't in your daily doings. Pieces of me are in So Cal. How will our coming together in October be? Lucas doesn't understand me right now.

Love, Meghan

P.S. I need to expand my writing to things outside of my life and my little world. I haven't written about the predicament with President Clinton, a major event going down right now. That can wait.

Saturday, September 19, 1998

Dear Diary,

Cool Meghan is sitting at Denny's by herself on a Saturday night. Fuck it. Emma's exhausted because she's been rushing to join a sorority all week.

It's my last night in Seattle. I move back to Bellingham for good tomorrow. Classes start on the 23rd, Lucas's and my one year anniversary. We've had good talks the last few days. I went to Bellingham yesterday and I love my pad.

I spent my summer (besides Cali) alone and working and every time I've been in Bellingham, I've had a hard time around people. I ramble about weird shit and I'm hyper-

sensitive to what my friends say to me. I need to get used to being around people all the time again.

I miss Lucas. 26 days from tomorrow. He's the only one I want to see. It's going to suck having my own place when he's not there to share it with.

I found my new favorite song: "[Chelsea Hotel No. 2](#)" by Leonard Cohen. I played it for Carla last night. I have a feeling there may be drama among all the girls this year - a mixture of so many energies - and I don't want to deal with that. I don't like the sense I get of how some of them see me. I need to rise above and forget about it. I rarely drink anymore and I have every time I've gone up there.

Love, Meghan

Monday, September 21, 1998

Dear Diary,

I'm at the Wagon Wheel. A minute ago, I felt like Drew Barrymore in "[Mad Love](#)" when she freaks out and starts seeing things all weird. I love my new place and I wish Lucas were here. I miss him. I'm a stranger around my friends and I feel lonely. My life is a mess right now and I need one person to sit down and talk to and have them listen and speak back to me, unbiasedly. I have to remember to keep quiet about how I feel because my friends think I'm a drama queen. Skyler and Sadie said so and Margo mentioned it.

I need to register for classes and get a job. This is not the time to be lazy, unmotivated, and become a lush. I am in a familiar town with familiar people but it's changed, they've changed, I've changed.

I think about Lucas and I dreamed about him last night. I think of seeing him in October and I won't let him leave that following Monday. I've gone a while without seeing him. I'm at the half way point and it's getting hard again.

Am I supposed to be in Bellingham right now? I'm disconnected from the people here and I feel judged by them. After I figure out school and work, it's time to get in shape and read more.

Love, Meghan

Saturday, September 26, 1998

Dear Diary,

I'm at the Wagon Wheel. I got all the classes I wanted: American Lit., Enviro Studies, jazz dance, and acting.

I got 40s with Margo, Cora, and Skyler yesterday. After kicking it at Skyler's and then Chad's, I went home because I was too drunk and sad. I talked to Chad about Lucas last night and cried.

I read [Mutant Message Down Under](#) by Marlo Morgan. I've been keeping myself busy with school and errands and I'm on top of shit. I've been having fun but it's weird. I have a hard time enjoying myself at parties because it isn't the same. I see my friends interested in all these guys. I'm glad I don't have to deal with that shit. I wish my man were here.

I looked at my American Lit. syllabus and I realized Lucas will be here soon. I hate being away from him but I'm also afraid of awkwardness when he comes.

Classes mean more to me than they ever have. I'm going to see more of Elizabeth. I feel so close to Mom right now. I wish I could write better. I've had no inspiration and I haven't felt like writing lately. I have to go read [The Scarlet Letter](#) for English. I need a job.

Love, Meghan

Saturday, October 3, 1998

Dear Diary,

I broke up with Lucas last night. He called me at 2 in the morning last Sunday and told me he kissed a girl and that she had left the room 10 minutes before. He flew up here and I picked him up at 9am. We talked all day and slept. We went to dinner with Aidan, Cassidy, and Rita for Indian food. Then we got beer from Boundary Bay and went to Margo's and the girls'. We drove to Seattle the next day at 4 and I took him to his 9pm flight. I spent the past week not drinking (thank God), doing homework, and getting absorbed in my classes. He called me last night when I got back from Seattle.

We got onto the topic of what happened. I got it out of him: they had sex. And it didn't happen on Sunday. It happened the Thursday before. He's a fucking liar. We talked that Friday and he told me a girl tried to kiss him. He spent \$400 to fly up here and lie to me. What character. He slept in *my* bed, he looked me in the eye, and he told me, "I love you." His *actions* tell me, "I have no respect for you. You are not worth waiting for or telling the truth to." He is my soul mate and it's over. We had a few conversations last night. Elizabeth came over and our last one ended with me saying, "Don't tell me you're going to kill yourself." Elizabeth said, "Oh God," and rolled her eyes. He hung up on me and hasn't called since.

I can't stand it. I got drunk and talked to Cassidy and Skyler all night. My world has shattered. This was not just some relationship. This was a union that two people rarely find and he fucked it up. I told him he lost me and he said, "I can't." I said, "You have," and he repeated, "I can't." Well, what the fuck does he think? That I can pick up, move on and forget about him? That won't happen. I love him. I love him so deeply I don't know where to go or what to do.

I'm at the Wagon Wheel listening to summer '97 cuts. It's all I listened to right before I met Lucas and I want to remember where I came from and who I was before I met him because it changed me forever when I did.

Will I become a shriveled old lady on the street, smoking cigarettes until I turn black, twitching and screaming about the destruction of love? How do I live without him? I'm angry. I don't like this anger, rage, and bitterness. I don't like that I have no control or choice over what he did. If we're apart, I'll forever feel like my other half is lost. If we stay together, I'll have pain, anger, and insecurity to work through. He'll have to go through so much either way, too. This is not someone cheating, Lucas losing a girlfriend and me losing a guy. Lucas knew full well that more, something rare, was at stake. He carried it out anyway. I hope he didn't do anything stupid last night or today. I'm afraid to think about what he is capable of.

Music is my only strength. It's pulling me through. I feel a strange comfort right now. Good coffee, smokes, a pen and paper, music - most importantly though, *myself*. I love myself. I am beautiful, loving, and smart and I can go on no matter what happens. It's beyond me that Lucas blatantly put himself at risk of losing me. I thought we were stronger than that. I don't know what to believe. Has this happened before? I feel naïve but like I *knew*. It reminds me of the night Claire found out that Ken cheated on her. She cried all night and wondered if anyone is good anymore, if anyone is honest and faithful. Or have we each become part of this fucked up world, willing to jeopardize anything sacred that comes into our paths? Is anyone decent? I don't have answers.

I thought I'd come so far. And U2 [lyrics](#) in my head: "You left me with nothing; now it's all I've got." But he has left me with so many things. The last of them: a confused mind, a broken heart, and a bruised soul.

Much love, Meghan

Sunday, October 4, 1998

Dear Diary,

I'm on a trail along Chuckanut. I've kept my cool and I knew I was going to freak the fuck out if I didn't leave. Screw the Wagon Wheel, my lonely apartment, and all the other people and silly places I could go to. I lost it when I called Mom.

I did homework at Skyler's after going to the Wagon Wheel yesterday. Elizabeth and I went to a party. As we drove, she put on a live Bare Naked Ladies CD I'd given her for her birthday. "What a Good Boy" played and I cried my eyes out. The lyrics to that song state what Lucas and I go through. He sings about when he and his girl were born and it's what I picture about me and Lucas: angels smiled at each other and me and Lucas when we were born. Angels said, "These two are going to come together on earth and have a beautiful union." I put on a smile for the party.

I had a dip on the porch with Elizabeth's friends. I heard "Angel" by Pearl Jam. Reminders of Lucas are everywhere. This won't go away. I won't get over Lucas. I will live a different life, full of new experiences and people, but I will never be over him. My heart changed. As Peter Gabriel sings: "If I find my own way, how much will I find? Will I find you?" Lucas is the only person who knows me inside and out. I will never allow that to anyone again. He has to grow up and that takes time. I will survive but will I rise above?

Love, Meghan

Tuesday, October 6, 1998

Dear Diary,

Wagon Wheel. I have never felt so lonely. I was eating dinner by myself and a guy sat in the booth across from me, facing me, eating alone, too. It was so depressing. I listen to my Walkman constantly. I am into school and I am on top of it. It keeps me moving. I feel alive.

I walked through campus and to the lookout on my way home from class. "A Case of You" played on my Walkman and as I walked by Mathes and the Viking Union, there were people everywhere. I thought of last fall and I miss Lucas. I can't be concerned with that bullshit because of what he's done but I miss him so fucking much.

I feel empty but I want to learn and experience more fiercely than ever. I'm opening up, aware, and accepting. I feel sick about Lucas. We've talked and I haven't flipped out or broken down. I am flowing with this. Each day I feel comfort. Maybe you have to experience fierce pain before you can have peace and comfort. My life's direction is out of my hands. I have no control over my situations, only how I deal with them. I feel stupid for thinking I ever did. I feel open and moved. My senses are heightened.

Holly has been in town and I've kicked it with her the past couple nights. I'm homesick but it's not homesickness. It's all the feelings that go with it and a whole shitload more. I'm out of my comfort zone. Why can't I deal? But that's the thing: I'm fine. But I'm not fine. I'm pissed and hurt. I wanna go AWOL.

Love, Meghan

Saturday, October 10, 1998

Dear Diary,

I told Nina my gut instincts tell me to leave Lucas for good. We talked about last year and how special it was. That is the word for what Lucas and I found together for exactly one year: September 23, 1997 to September 23, 1998. It's behind us.

On Tuesday, I broke down. I freaked out at Skyler and Sadie's and bailed. Matt Warner picked me up and we drove up near the Canadian border. We pulled off for coffee at a Denny's. It was a relief to talk to someone unrelated to my situation.

Wednesday was Nina's birthday and we got tossed at the girls' place. Chad and I had a smoke in the garage and talked about Lucas. I bawled and went inside. Regardless of the pain I was feeling, I felt comfort and relief when I saw my friends. Skyler, Sadie, Cassidy, Margo, and Aidan hugged me and talked to me. No one told me to stop crying or what to feel.

John took Elizabeth and me out to dinner on Thursday. He and I talked about Lucas and me. I went to Skyler's and we watched "ER" and "The X-Files." I skipped Enviro Studies yesterday and slept till noon. I went downtown and bought the new Sunny Day Real Estate album. I love "[Every Shining Time You Arrive](#)." We went to Trevor, Dale, and Kyle's and went home at 1am. Nina and Skyler knocked on my window to tell me Lucas had been calling but I hadn't woken up. He called again and I answered. He's coming to visit me on Thursday.

Lucas plays games with me. He expects me to put up with his shit and I refuse to. He's lost me. I wish it weren't this way but he blew it beyond belief. He hasn't come to terms with how wrong he was. Someone else can deal with his messes. I'm done. As for me, guys make me sick. I am finished with them for the foreseeable future. Love is wicked.

Love, Meghan

Tuesday, October 13, 1998

Dear Diary,

Yesterday I went to Enviro Studies at 8am, took a nap, and ran around Lake Padden with Elizabeth. A girl was murdered at the lake recently. I showered and went to my class. Then I went to the laundromat and grocery store. I stopped by Skyler's and we went to Stuart's Coffeehouse. I saw Matt Warner, whom I feel connected to but not necessarily sexually. I read two of my poems and it wasn't as bad as I thought it would be. A couple of talented writers read their work. I don't think I'll do it again but it was a good experience.

Skyler and Cass came. So did Elizabeth and Sarah. Skyler and I drove to Gary and Owen's for a 20 sack but Bill didn't have any to sell and asked if we wanted to puff. We smoked two bowls and watched a horrible movie called "[The Devil's Advocate](#)." I did not want to end the night on that note. I hate it when you wind up in situations you don't want to be in that you could get out of but you don't. Laziness or fear of being rude.

We went to Skyler's. Sadie and Neighbor Stan were fucked up on GHB. Drugs are lame. I watched "[The Wedding Singer](#)" and walked home. I talked to Lucas and got paranoid and got off the phone crying. I called Skyler and walked back to her place. I did homework and went to sleep at 5 even though I had an acting class at 8:30.

I napped today and went to class. Then I went to Cassidy and Aidan's. Aidan wrote a poem for me. We ordered pizza and watched "Wheel of Fortune" and "Jeopardy!" I got insanely sad because they were listening to Bob Dylan's bootleg series.

Lucas comes in two days. I'm anxious and nauseated. I'm afraid of what will happen when he goes away again. He's talked about staying for good but my instincts tell me it's just talk. This is the first time I'll see him after finding out the truth. Shit has gone down since he was last here. I have grief and confusion on my hands.

I miss the way Lucas and I were. It's important to recognize what's changed and gone on since we both lived here last year. This town makes me sad. I'm more stressed out knowing he'll be here soon than when it was in the distance.

Will shit come into focus for us when we're together? I feel dumb for picking him up at the airport. I'm going to but what the fuck? Skyler and I joked that we should pick him up in a limo, have a tickertape parade in his honor, maybe get a "Congratulations, Lucas" cake. The jokes feel morbid now.

Love, Meghan

Wednesday, October 21, 1998

Dear Diary,

Papa passed away on Thursday. It didn't hit me until Monday night. I cried and talked to Lucas about it. Elizabeth and I are driving to Seattle tonight and the funeral is tomorrow.

Lucas came on Thursday. I took him to the airport yesterday. We stayed in the night he got here. We grocery shopped and watched a movie on Friday. We went to parties on Saturday night and he spun records. We drank at Aidan's on Sunday night. Lucas threw up and freaked out. I was pissed off. We cooked dinner at Aidan and Cassidy's on Monday.

I don't know where Lucas and I stand but I am in love with him and I always will be. He wants me to fly down for his birthday. It isn't right. I need to chill out and get into things up here. I'm not calling him because it isn't healthy right now.

I had coffee with Emma in Seattle last night. She thinks I need to move on and get over Lucas. I understand.

I can't wait around for him but I love him dearly. He's the only one I have meaningful intimacy with and he's blown that. I'm disconnected from him in that aspect. I could puke from thinking about the nights, mornings, and days we spent talking and holding each other. I miss Papa. I miss Lucas.

Love, Meghan

Thursday, October 22, 1998

Dear Diary,

I'm sitting in front of my heater. My body temperature is more important than anything else for the time being. I'm listening to "[In a Silent Way](#)" by Miles Davis. I can't tell when I'm drunk anymore. I'm dehydrated. I've been afraid to listen to this album.

I am hurt by Lucas. In pain since he's been here. And since he's gone, I think about what he did more vividly than ever.

Papa's funeral was today. I teared up a couple times but didn't cry. I have felt peaceful about his death because of who he was. He must be in heaven now and how can we not be joyful about the life he had? I'm having images, thoughts, and feelings about life, death, and how we are supposed to live.

At Chad's, I cried on the back porch with Nina and Margo. I went off. Lucas is my mate. I recognize what he's done. I can't help him restore our relationship if he doesn't recognize it himself.

I am in the same place, without him. He's in a new place, without me. He's in Southern California, where he was born and raised. I'm in Washington, where I was born and raised. I'm here and I've been faithful. He's there and has been unfaithful. Even if we had decided to see other people, I wouldn't have *slept* with someone. And had I hooked up with another person, it

would only reinforce that Lucas is the one for me. He did what he did and it breaks my heart. That sacred something we created needs to be rebuilt. I love him. I hurt.

Love, Meghan

Saturday, October 24, 1998

Dear Diary,

I went to a keg and then to Carla's last night. We played drinking games, sat at the fire pit, and got into heated discussions.

I haven't talked to Lucas since I hung up on him on Thursday evening. He can't call long distance because he's exceeded his limit.

I'm lonely but I'm getting by. I concentrate on Lucas and our love. Then I feel sick and vividly consider what he did. To the point where I don't think we'll stay together and I never want to fall in love again.

I bought a plane ticket to see him for his birthday. He doesn't know. It's refundable and changeable and I'll play it by ear.

I need to be quiet when I get around other people. This life is a mystery. My creativity is squashed. I love this town but it's a sad place.

Halloween is coming up. I'm going as a beauty queen from the 1920s, not a flapper. I want to dance. I want to put on an endless CD and dance till kingdom come.

Love, Meghan

Tuesday, October 27, 1998

Dear Diary,

I called Lucas. I told him I need to forgive him and move on from being a head case because it's getting us nowhere. This could be a new phase for us. I need to open my heart and become a bigger person by forgiving him and living that out in my daily thoughts and actions. If we can repair this and grow stronger together through it, we'll be better off and learn if it's what we want.

I will see him a week from Thursday. I felt like myself again after our talk last night. Bitter, angry, jealous Meghan is not who I am or who I want to be.

Sunny Day Real Estate is playing here on Friday. I have a six-page paper due in lit class and I have to memorize my lines for a scene in my acting class.

Are my love and hope regarding Lucas just me missing the past? I am listening to "[Guitar and Video Games](#)" on my headphones and it's not making me ragingly sad, but hopeful. If Lucas and I were able to be what we were, we can be better than that. Time will tell.

Love, Meghan

Wednesday, October 28, 1998

Dear Diary,

I had an unsettling talk with Mom about money. It's an object of stress and worry. I feel trapped - akin to how I felt last summer. I feel bad about freaking out on Mom. She means well and she's kind. I can be ungrateful.

I'm in the old mind trap of having no money, smoking too much, wondering if I'm slacking in school.

Is there one thing besides myself that I can count on? The only real traps are mental. That can be comforting and frustrating and it feels more like the latter lately. How should I be living? Why do I have to seek and reflect so much? It drives me crazy. I want to be good and pure.

Love, Meghan

Sunday, November 1, 1998

Dear Diary,

I saw Sunny Day Real Estate on Friday. Oliver was up here for the show and visiting Matt. I let a month go by without calling him because I didn't want to hash out the Lucas scenario. I should have realized Oliver would understand, not think I'm a sucker.

Emma came up for Halloween last night but didn't feel well so she stayed in. We went to a party on Lake Whatcom.

I've been talking to Lucas. I'm going down there on Thursday. I have anxiety about it. I'm apprehensive to trust Lucas yet what is a relationship without trust? I get sad when I talk to him. I wish we hadn't been apart. But more, since we chose to be, I wish he had been faithful.

If I stay with him, it could happen again. If we break up, I'll want to be with him, love him, and wonder where he is. That we're apart geographically is fucked, too. But what can I do? Have Mom and Dad cut me off if I move down there? He won't move here. It's impossible.

I can't come to a point of understanding, conclusion, and peace. Lucas isn't full of shit. I am too sensitive and messed up for him and the way people are. It's neurotic but it drives me fucking crazy knowing he sees attractive girls every day and God knows if he wants to bang them, too. When I think like this, everything I see is shady. Lucas fucking Holt - the one person I thought was true to the game, including myself - pulled the shadiest shit. Is it the act of what he did or all that lies behind it? We're 19. I'm aware of our age. So why did he make me believe we were wise beyond our years in terms of finding a mate and learning how to love?

He said we're stronger than the fights we get in. I have questions and I pray they won't eat me up until I die. It's not just that he cheated. It's the distance, the changes we experience on our own. This threw a wrench in the plan. Like shit wasn't hard enough before he did it.

Why can't I be stronger, wiser, more loving? Why can't I see through clear lenses? I don't want to be a freak activist, trippin' on the injustices of life and the world but people are messed up. It's too much junk for me to wade through.

I hear songs, see movies, read books filled with people who love someone. I think of Lucas and I want to kick myself because it's tainted. It's filled with guilt, doubt, evil, and wrong. I'm letting that win. I'm giving something inherently shitty more power by reacting negatively to it.

I'm tired of crying and contemplating. I'm tired of being confused on the inside and being more confused when I look in the mirror and see my outside. I see a beautiful, amazing, sad girl looking back, trying to let something out but feeling restrained.

Terrence sent me a letter from Spain and he is on my level with the importance of imagination vs. reality. Why don't we all make our masterpieces and quit fucking up? I fuck up, too, and at some point I have to stop pointing fingers. What is this life? What am I to do?

Love, Meghan

P.S. I forget that I'm human and have a body, flesh. Most days I walk around feeling like a nebula of thoughts, feelings, ideas, and images - a big soul with no body that people can see.

Tuesday, November 3, 1998

Dear Diary,

I'm at Skyler and Sadie's tonight with a 40 oz. My worst fears came true: Lucas fell in love with Redlands and he got with two girls.

I talked to Oliver and told him the story. He said that Lucas and I *had* a special connection but that us being apart in geographical distance allowed him to lose connection with me and sleep with other people because of it. I asked Oliver why Lucas is trying so hard to work it out with me. He said Lucas is insecure about how he feels so he is trying to keep strong ground with something by trying so hard for us to stay together. He thinks Lucas felt disconnected from me when he got to Redlands and was too scared to admit that he wanted to see other people.

I'll be there in two days. Lucas and I had something and now we don't have anything. His actions proved that. Are he and I a crock of shit? This weekend will show me if I look.

Love, Meghan

Thursday, November 5, 1998

Dear Diary,

I got seated next to a weirdo on the plane. I'm uncomfortable with his conversation topics and have spent the last hour squirming. Emma took me to the airport and it's always good to see her. I have a layover in San Francisco and I'm anxious to get there so I can have a smoke and get myself together. I get irritated and anxious on planes. What's going to happen on my 20 hour flight to Australia with Cassidy? Booze and sedatives, that's what.

I got a letter from Stella and I want to visit her in New York and see Jeremy. He lives there now, too.

Elizabeth is sick and I feel bad for her because Dave Matthews plays tonight in Vancouver and she's going with John, Tim, and Hannah. It sucks to be sick when something fun is going on.

I'm more emotionally stable than I have been. Let's hope it's preparation for seeing Lucas's life at Redlands. I may cry or puke. Let the plane land already. I can't stand sitting next to this man anymore. I want to see Lucas and not feel so creeped out. I'm going to repair what I can with him.

Love, Meghan

Sunday, November 8, 1998

Dear Diary,

I'm in Idyllwild. I always feel strange here. Lucas picked me up at the airport on Thursday night and locked the keys in the car. We hung out with AAA and drove to Redlands.

We drove to Joshua Tree on Friday and have spent the last couple days camping and rock climbing. It's been beautiful and freezing cold. Lucas led a great climb yesterday. We climbed all day and got drunk with our neighbors at their campfire. We woke up at sunrise and it began to rain.

While at Redlands, I freaked out on the roof of his dorm. I was overwhelmed, seeing his room. I met his roommate, Tony, and his friends and Danielle, the girl he slept with. It made it real and that was simultaneously comforting and dreadful. We went to the painting and ceramics studios to check out Lucas's work. I'm a stranger here.

It's peaceful in Idyllwild and I've had a good time with him in the desert. I'm afraid to go back to Washington. It's okay between me and Lucas but after tomorrow, who knows?

I stepped outside to listen to "Upside Down" and have a nog. I am in love with Lucas and all he is to me. He loves me but he can take me or leave me. It's cool for him to have me around but

life is good enough and there's plenty to do so it doesn't matter if I'm in the picture or not. I don't feel that way about him at all.

I like it better down here. I need to keep a higher ground. I want to live in the moment but not be aware that I'm living in the moment. I have to keep moving in school, keep at music and writing, and not let shit grow in size inside my head until it brings me down and makes me feel insane (seriously, like ward-bound).

Love, Meghan

Monday, November 9, 1998

Dear Diary,

I'm on the plane home and close to Seattle. It was the easiest goodbye I've ever had with Lucas. Everything I feel and have felt for him was restored.

Last night was peaceful. We sat in his living room with his family, listening to old jazz with a fire and candles lit. We talked and talked and ate and ate. After his grandparents and brother left, we went to a hotel room. We watched a new episode of "The X-Files" and slept in each other's arms, pressed against each other all night. I love that. I love California. I felt good in Joshua Tree and Idyllwild.

I'm going to Grandma and Papa's to get Grandma's paints and easel. I am absurdly in love with Lucas. I get sick when I think of him at Redlands and around certain people (I'm not naming names) but the reality was not as horrific as my imagination.

The images I have of Lucas and me - places, music, art, expression, dreams, and passion - are powerful and I love him deeply. I need to enjoy Bellingham knowing he's down there and soon we can stop saying goodbye. I blindly trust him. After seeing what I saw, I can.

He is never going to find a beautiful, good woman who loves him as I do. No one compares. That's why the Danielle thing gets to me. Lucas has access to what he needs at Redlands but I can't say a whole lot about the people. I don't want to pass judgment, but I will: they aren't friendly. They sat around getting stoned and unable to talk to each other. They're awkward. Lucas has said the people are lame, that everyone in Bellingham is better. I agree. That's what I'll miss if I'm California-bound: all my great friends and my family. I feel a new phase coming on and it is welcome. I am elated that Lucas is part of it. I am in love. Life is too short to do stupid shit and to be mean, angry, or depressed. We'll see how long this smile lasts.

Love, Meghan

Wednesday, November 11, 1998

Dear Diary,

After watching "90210" at Elizabeth's, my inspiration is zapped. I talked to Lucas today and I was bummed. I miss him. Dad picked me up from the airport on Monday night and we went to Grandma and Papa's to prepare for the estate sale tomorrow. I got Grandma's easel and paints. I painted last night. I felt the energy from the paints and easel and it freaked me out. I told Skyler about it and she made the point that they were very personal objects to my Grandma. Sadie said that they were a big part of her life and they mused that that's what I was picking up on. I got a fishing sweater and flannel coat of Papa's, too.

I had coffee with Aidan yesterday and he read to me from his book about jail. He has a lot to say. Sometimes I get confident and inspired and feel like anything is possible. Then I feel a sense of "What's the point?" I want to make music, write, paint, dance, learn, and give all my love to Lucas, my friends and my family. I want to absorb knowledge and ideas from everywhere.

I learned the sequence in my dance class right away yesterday without struggling which is unusual for me. In another class, a guy told me he liked my insights and said I should be an English major. Neighbor Stan asked me to be a dancer at one of his club parties but it sounds shady. I got my dreaded Enviro Studies paper done and went to the library. I had coffee with Aidan. I was filled with love, awe, and wonder about Lucas. Then I got creeped out when I went home late last night.

I want to move to Cali and be a waitress and work at a coffee shop. I want to buy nice clothes and plunge into an artist's life and see Lucas when possible. I got a bloody speeding ticket on Monday night. I need to read for English and memorize my monologue.

Love, Meghan

Sunday, November 15, 1998

Dear Diary,

I'm at Allegro doing homework before heading back to Western. I came home Friday to babysit the LaFrans. Lucas and I broke up for good yesterday. It's too close to home to write about right now, too in my face. I am doing well but I know a couple breakdowns are waiting in the wings. I'm not issuing any ultimatums or making bold statements. I have to take it moment by moment. He says he needs to get his foot in the door of the music industry, which to me means drugs and sex with whomever he pleases. He said, "No regrets. I love you," over and over. I didn't tell him the same.

I'm not staying in Bellingham for second quarter. My main priority is getting to New York to see Stella. Now is the time to love, live, and be who I am. I need to dance, write, act, sing, paint, and keep living even when it's painful.

I'm too skinny. I tried on clothes at Urban Outfitters today and I'm too damn skinny. I do not want to be in a romantic relationship for a long time. I want to enjoy the company of myself and my friends. Now is my time to focus on myself, the ones I love and to love people in a humanity way, not romantically or sexually. I have my music, pen and paper, and my peoples. This shit with Lucas was inevitable. But it's strange - as we change, we live out the same old cycles. Let the floodgates open in the way of writing. Once again, I find that there's no foundation but yourself and things you can't see or touch.

Love, Meghan

Monday, November 16, 1998

Dear Diary,

I got "[Mirrorball](#)" by Everything But the Girl from Nina and it's all I can listen to. I heard it for the first time while she and I were falling asleep on Chad's hide-a-bed on Thursday night. We talked our way to sleep.

I need to be by myself, to write, listen to music, and play guitar. I feel myself softening, allowing my vulnerability, needing solitude. I don't want to withdraw. I have to discover my talents. It's hard to be around my friends. I feel indifferent. I'm aware of how sad I am but I can't indulge in that. Some moments aren't bad and others are unbearable. I'm overrun with images of my life right now, flashes of my past, and unsettling images of my future.

Cassidy got into Monash University in Australia today. I will go with her. Nothing is stopping me. I don't know how to let go of Meghan-in-love. It's back to Meghan living life and having nothing to pour her mad inspiration, love, and creativity into. It's time to find my passion for something, not someone.

I talked to Stella last night and I want to visit to her soon. I feel 19 and confused. I'm alone. I've got friends and family. But I don't have a mate or my other half. I don't like feeling this way and I hate it more knowing it's "normal" and everybody goes through this shit. My only comfort is what's inside me. I have a strong, smart, absorbent mind. I have a good spirit. My emotions are deep and rich. My body is withering away. I'm not thinking about what Lucas is thinking or feeling. That's futile. I'm surrounded by people who ask about him and me.

I need to go to Australia. It will give me a new perspective. I want to meet new people that I can enjoy because I won't know about all their baggage. Life is funny. I wish I could stop feeling like Mikey from "[Swingers](#)."

I met a guy at the airport on my way to see Lucas. He was on a layover on his way to New Zealand and he was going to see a girl in LA for a couple hours. He said they were together when he was 19 and 20 (he lived in Washington, she in California) and he broke it off because he wanted to be young and sow his oats. He's 24 and says he's in love with her, that she tugs on his heart strings.

Why do people have to fuck up? Then realize it and regret it? Why do people sometimes fuck up, knowing in the moment they'll regret it? I can't believe I was naïve enough to think it would last. How will I ever know if love is real or will last?

I don't write about all the things I think or the realizations I have. I write in here and write a small part of it in my sketchbook through poems (which Lucas took and it's in California right now). I've got words in me that ache to get out and I don't know how to do it.

I have to read and write for my English class and I wish I could take a more intellectual approach to writing in here. I want to incorporate history, English, and politics into what I write.

I'm thinking about Ernest Hemingway. I recently read [The Sun Also Rises](#). He's a genius, austere writer. He can tell a story but I don't feel any emotion in what he writes. He writes of young, lost, and indifferent people. I relate to that but where is his beauty, pain, misery, passion, and intensity? I need and crave these things. If you're going to be crazy and young and you're going to travel, laugh until you ache and bawl your eyes out. Scream bloody murder and dance. Pour your heart into it. It's exhausting; but like being half-assed or attempting to be conventional isn't exhausting?

I need to quit glorifying my past and seeing my present with dirty lenses. I'm an American girl in the 1990s. My experiences may be limited but I have pain and passion and wisdom. Bob Dylan is the master when it comes to wise rhyme but I've got some shit in me. I want to be with people who are hungry for life, who want to experience voraciously. That's all I'm after. I get distracted by sadness and unanswerable questions.

Until college, I didn't give a rat's ass about myself. Now, I see my own beauty as much as I see it in others. I'm breaking free of old notions about myself. We have ideas about the people we know and the faces we see in the crowd every day. We have them with ourselves, too. And though we get grouped and labeled, by ourselves and others, we're each universal. I'm a mother, child, dancer, watcher, singer, and listener. I can exceed the bounds of expectations and not be caged by liking, doing or being certain things. I'm my own genius and I wonder how what's-his-name let it all go.

Love, Meghan

Saturday, November 21, 1998

Dear Diary,

After classes on Tuesday, Skyler and I ran errands and then Cora and Nina came over. We played hockey and I got faded. I didn't like being drunk. Nina and I talked in the alley for an hour before I went home to sleep. I woke up late on Wednesday and ran to my enviro class for a quiz. I went to a flamenco class and loved it.

I drove to Seattle to get my passport yesterday. Mom and I hung out. I read a letter that my great-grandfather wrote to Papa on his eighth birthday and I was moved by it. I felt like crying but Mom was sitting right there. A few tears slipped out anyway. My great-grandfather was a traveling salesman and was away from home all the time. He was crazy in love with his wife, Papa's mom (my great-grandmother), who died days after Aunt Rebecca was born when Papa was 4 years old. His letters reveal him to be a gentle and kind man. He died from alcohol. Parts of my family history are tragic.

I came back to Bellingham last night and watched "Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas" with Skyler. She wrote me a poem on Thursday night. I was locked out of my apartment so I stayed at the girls'.

I had a dream that I injected speed between my ring finger and pinky. I feel fragile from drinking all week. I need a break.

Love, Meghan

Sunday, November 22, 1998

Dear Diary,

French toast sounded good and I'm sick of the Wagon Wheel so I'm at Denny's. Should I feel lame? I like coffee, cigs, and solitude.

I felt like an ass yesterday. Elizabeth called me and we had wine and went to a keg. I walked up to a guy and said, "I think you're hot," and we kissed in the hallway and then on the front lawn. Then Elizabeth and I left. She took me home and I went to Chad's. Ryan Wright and Joe were visiting. I talked to Ryan and Aidan on the front porch. People went inside and then Aidan and I kissed. I think I instigated it. Incest! He's like a brother. I do not need to become a solicitous lush; this kissing boys thing.

Still thinking about Lucas and going to Australia. I feel peaceful here with my music and the coffee tastes good. I feel soft and gentle and like all that's around me is soft. My images and ideas of love and people are changing.

I hold Lucas and me high and I always will. We have something rare. But right now we need to enjoy all kinds of people and be independent. I'm dealing with shit and not taking it or myself so seriously. Is this me talking? I have more to say but it's not coming.

Love, Meghan

Friday, November 27, 1998

Dear Diary,

Thanksgiving was last night. I'm lucky for my family. Dad brought up Clinton and politics and Elizabeth got embarrassed. I'm going to a party at Shelby's apartment tonight. I saw Emma at Appassionato. She said Tucker Wilcox is in town and wants to see me. That made me smile.

I went downtown today and was tripped out by the capitalistic, corporate consumerism going down. I get that I'm a college girl with a head full of ideas about how fucked up society is but I don't want to become an excited, glassy-eyed shopper who can't get enough of *things* and consuming. People petitioned to stop the clear-cutting of old growth forests and others boycotted buying anything the day after Thanksgiving. I saw people begging for change, asking for warm

clothes, Salvation Army door holders and bell ringers. I saw myself ignoring them or at least passing them by like the hundreds of others who wanted to delve deeper into debt in the name of Christmas spirit. I love Christmas but this shit is crazy.

Elizabeth was crying when she picked me up at the market. A news break on the radio told of a guy who shot a bus driver. The bus went across several lanes and fell 30 feet from the Aurora Bridge. The driver and a passenger died and 20 people were injured.

I need Lucas to send my sketchbook back to me. It frustrates me. He knows how important it is to me and he's being lazy about returning it to me.

I have changed. I may be eating my words soon but I'm more mature and mellow. I don't let my emotions run my life anymore. I'm comfortable in my own skin. I'm fortunate. Despite my tendency to dwell on the bad, I'm getting over it.

I am lucky for my family and friends. I get to go to college and Australia. I'm blessed. I don't think of myself as a Catholic girl but I know there's a God or some power (whatever term one wants to use) that's been good to me. It's refreshing to count my blessings when I lose someone (Papa, Lucas ...). I talked with Nina about that on Thursday night. Skyler is my darling. I am lucky to know her. I have spent the last two weeks drinking. I started my period last night. World War III down south.

Love, Meghan

Sunday, November 29, 1998

Dear Diary,

Wagon Wheel. Do I live here? I went to Shelby's new apartment on Friday night. Tons of people from high school days. We went to Joe's after that and then Margo took me home. I slept most of yesterday and got back up here last night. Skyler and I went to the girls' house at Happy Court.

When I was in the kitchen with Margo and Aidan last night, I said I'm drinking too much. Aidan said, "So what's up, Meghan? Are you just escaping?" It got to me.

I have been escaping and it doesn't work for me to do that. I've been lonely and gingerly thinking about Lucas. I've been subconsciously dissecting our relationship. They say hindsight is 20/20 but who are they and how do they know if hindsight is even accurate?

I look forward to living in Seattle, reading, and not drinking. Australia will be good for me. I need my sketch book back. It drives me crazy. I thought I could be a happy drunk who wakes up early and has a productive day and has fun with friends at evening time.

I want to drink tea and water at night instead of beer and coffee. It's time to detoxify. I'm lonely. Getting out of a serious relationship is rough. I've been trying to find reasons to tell myself that it's not hard but it is. Does he think about me?

I want to slip into a silent, sober, observant state of solitude. Just write and listen to music. Mom is saving our piano for me and I can't wait to play it. If I continue kicking it like I have, I am repressing necessary thoughts, feelings, ideas, and movement. I can't risk that

I need to find a young Bob Dylan and keep my independence while we fall in love with each other. "Ain't it just like the night to play tricks when you're trying to be so quiet? We sit here stranded though we all do our best to deny it."

Love, Meghan

Monday, November 30, 1998

Dear Diary,

Yes, Wagon Wheel. I can't wait to break this habit. I got my ticket to Australia today. I'll miss it here but it's better to move on and miss it than to continue here. I have felt that way about other things. Do I dare write his name?

I broke down on the phone with Mom last night. We're talking hyperventilation, the nerve endings of my entire body on edge, where everything looks and feels weird and like you're temporarily on drugs. I walked around the block and thought of Bob Dylan's lyric "and your heart feels sick like fish when they're frying."

I went to Skyler's for "The X-Files." I am mad lonely. I'm drinking. I've got too much to deal with. I wish I felt more stable. Part of me denies and ignores and another part realizes but doesn't want to go through this stuff or become unhealthily sad. I'm lonely and I don't want anyone here.

I can't talk to Lucas right now. Elizabeth is calling him to tell him to send my sketch book back and I can barely stand that. I need to be alone and go a little crazy. I need movement and creation. Australia can't come soon enough. My head is far from school. Let the quarter be over already.

Love, Meghan

Saturday, December 5, 1998

Dear Diary,

It's 11:30 pm and I drove to the Canadian border for coffee and eats at Denny's. Lucas called on Tuesday and we talked about what we've been up to and that we miss each other. He called me back twice and we talked more.

I drank a bottle of wine at Skyler's on Wednesday. I called Matt twice and left drunk messages. He called on Thursday and it's cool.

We went to a keg last night and Skyler came over at 2am and we listened to Joni Mitchell and Bob Dylan. I love her dearly and she is a good friend to me.

Lucas and I talked for a couple hours earlier. Margo got me stoned before we went to buy her a hamster. It made me tired.

A mob of high schoolers sit to my left and thank God for headphones because the Michael Bolton on the sound system isn't doing it for me. I read an old journal earlier and I'd forgotten how much I cared for Nate. He's the only person I ever cared about like that besides Lucas. I wonder when he's coming home from Peru.

I love my life and I value my experiences, past and present. I wish Lucas and I could reestablish something sacred and unique. I hope I won't feel pain when we're together again because of all that's gone down.

Love, Meghan

Monday, December 7, 1998

Dear Diary,

I'm at IHOP for coffee with Cassie and Skyler. I had dinner with John and Elizabeth. They gave me a serious piece of their minds about Lucas and what I should do. I don't want to get depressed and consumed by it again. He's coming up here on Monday.

For the last time, and then I refuse to rehash it for the millionth time, it confuses me and upsets me that I distinctly gave Lucas the option of seeing other people and he was adamantly against it. He didn't want us to say it's okay to see other people to make sure that I wouldn't but then he went ahead and did it anyway. That is fascist, fucked up, manipulative, possessive, and

jealous. That is not care and love. That's insecurity and games. Does he want to keep talking to me until I join him down where he is (metaphorically, not geographically)? I could not care less about the two girls he's seen in the last few weeks but I cannot get over him fucking Danielle while he was committed to me.

Everywhere I go, I hear, "Once a cheater, always a cheater." Am I setting myself up for further and unnecessary pain? He was a manipulative game player. He cheated on me after strongly saying he didn't want to see other people. He slept with her. He lied to me. Now *he's* jealous and paranoid. Why? Because he knows he's shady, unfaithful and untrustworthy so he assumes everyone, even me, must be, too. It's beyond him that certain people are honest and faithful.

I'm a fool for love, images, and delusions. Footloose and fancy free is the life for me.

Love, Meghan

(later) These times of year are strange for me (ends of quarters, seasons, and phases). You can't ride the fence between what's right and what's easy, what you feel and what you know, etc. when they conflict. You have to go balls out with one or else you tear yourself up with contradictions. I've gotten stronger and wiser these past few months. I'll miss my routines here but I'm ready for home. Ready to work and go to Australia. In ways, Bellingham is my home now and I'll always feel at home here. I gotta get out. Knowing I can come back is enough for me. That's true of all the places I fall in love with.

Love, Meghan

Wednesday, December 9, 1998

Dear Diary,

I'm done with the quarter. I have to turn in my English journal tomorrow and then I'm off to Seattle. I got my job back at Queen Anne Café. I am reading *Naked Lunch* by William S. Burroughs. This is my last stop at the Wagon Wheel for a spell. It will feel good to have Lucas here. Aidan and I had beers at Boundary Bay last night. It was peaceful and made me dozy and ready for a long, cozy sleep.

Love, Meghan

Sunday, December 13, 1998

Dear Diary,

I'm at Denny's in Ballard. I've been having a hell of a time trying to write. I'm tapped out. Lucas called and woke me up from a nap earlier and I was a bitch. I feel bad. Work has me stressed. I went to Tilda's with Leah on Friday. It's not the same between us and I had a hard time talking and relating to them.

Naked Lunch is having a negative effect on me but I need to finish it. I get cranky when I'm not living on my own and with friends. It's hard to come home. I'm picking Lucas up tomorrow and we're going straight to Bellingham. We've got a lot to talk about. I'm anxious and apprehensive. He called me at 1:30 this morning. His dorm was having a "Kiss-mas" party where everyone gets shit-faced and kisses random people. He was sober, irritated, and down.

Love, Meghan

P.S. Maybe the pain and joy we experience are all that reminds us we're alive.

Thursday, December 17, 1998

Dear Diary,

It doesn't feel like winter or like it's a week from Christmas. Lucas is asleep. He's not feeling well. I wasn't ready for him to go to sleep. All we have is physical attraction and memories and it breaks my heart. We went to Vancouver, B.C. today and watched a movie tonight. We drove to Mt. Baker to chill with Aidan. I drove to Seattle yesterday for dinner and "The Messiah" with my family.

Elizabeth and I drove up here last night and I went back to Aidan's cabin to get Lucas. He leaves on Saturday. It's hard to know what you want from people when you don't know what you're willing to give.

A scary lady moved in upstairs from me. I feel unsteady no matter how much understanding and peace I previously reach. I feel isolated and alone. I don't trust people. I'm afraid and unsettled.

Love, Meghan

Saturday, January 2, 1999

Dear Diary,

Not writing has taken a toll on me. I hate it when this happens. When I'm home, I'm lethargic, bored and lonely. It's all about working, spending money (turning me into a shallow zombie, stressed about money and buying stupid shit I don't need), watching TV, eating too much. I got sick the day Lucas left (the 20th) and I am just getting over that. I had laryngitis and couldn't speak for three days. I had to whisper.

Christmas was dope. John had a party on the 26th that was mad fun. I've been babysitting and mushing out. I babysat at the LaFrans new house in Bellevue last night. They are angels. I've seen Emma. She's seeing a guy named Dwight that she works with. She smoked pot for the first time in years and is making strange decisions. I don't know about this guy. We're supposed to get breakfast tomorrow but people are flaky when they get a new boyfriend or girlfriend.

Elizabeth and I went out to dinner and to listen to the monks chant at the cathedral with her friends. I ran into Donald Ganz. He came out of the closet. I haven't talked to Oliver.

Cassie and I drove up to Bellingham for New Years. We are excited for Australia. Sadie got kicked out of Western and is going to get a job. She got in a car accident recently, too, so she's carless and out of school. Lame.

I didn't smoke while I was sick and I liked the break from it. I started again. Lucas has been in Hawaii all week. We've talked but he's been down and distant. I want to see him before I go down under. He and I got stuck in eight hours of traffic because it snowed on our way from Bellingham. I cried for about six of those hours. I hyperventilated when we got into Seattle and pulled over. He stayed at my parents' for one more night and we needed it.

Love, Meghan

P.S. I saw Margo and Dunya and they are wonderful.

Sunday, January 3, 1999

Dear Diary,

I'm at Allegro, drinking tea instead of coffee; green tea to detoxify and beautify. While driving today, I thought that my one vice (smoking) keeps me from two things: singing and running. Writing is what I must do and I've grown to associate it with smoking. Or would it be the other way around? When you don't smoke, you realize how stupid and unnecessary it is. But if you do smoke, you enjoy it and romanticize it. Aidan said he can't imagine why someone would smoke if they're not a romantic.

I want to travel and live in New York. I have images of living in LA, partying, clubbing, and shopping. Then living in New York and going on wine-drinking bouts and writing into the night, getting lost in musty used book stores for hours, listening to jazz pour out of windows.

I need to write and save my money for traveling and New York. I haven't talked to Lucas for a few days but I finished his mix tape and wrote him a letter last night. I'm off to read *How to Think Like Leonardo Da Vinci*. I finished *In the Skin of a Lion* by Michael Ondaatje last night. Quite a book.

Love, Meghan

(later on) It's late and I can't sleep. You'd think situations become more clear the farther you get from them, that distance between two people gets easier as you get used to it, that when things get dull and monotonous they are easier to let go of. I don't find this true right now.

I'm thinking about Lucas, where we're headed, if we'll stay a part of each other. He was unhappy all week in Hawaii when I talked to him. I spent all quarter focused on our distance and him cheating on me. Now I am consumed by images and memories of what we were. We were like children together but practical when necessary. And we were like an old couple. We were best friends and companions with a soft, warm, crazy closeness that at the time we thought was unbreakable and unchangeable. I can't make sense of how it has unfolded.

He really doesn't want me to go to Australia and I can understand that. I miss him. Not the Lucas that I have to warm up to every visit because we've been apart. Not the Lucas who was capable of what I considered unimaginable. But the Lucas that gave to me and willingly received what I had to give. It's a package deal. I used to gaze into him and get so lost that I couldn't discern the difference between the two of us. We were interwoven. I sit with awe and indifference about how we've become. I feel trapped.

Love, Meghan

Monday, January 4, 1999

Dear Diary,

I worked all day and all I can do in my spare time is write, read, smoke, and dream. I keep thinking of Lucas and Australia. I'm at Denny's and every damn time I go out to coffee alone, there's a seedy, nasty guy staring at me. Don't worry. I don't flatter myself. It's creepy. I keep experiencing unbearable moments. It's a gray transition time. I'm unmotivated and listless.

Love, Meghan

(a few minutes later) I don't want to stop writing because when I do, I have to deal with shit and think instead of flowing. I miss Skyler. I miss bounding down the back steps of my apartment, walking across the alley, and down the steps into her and Sadie's apartment, greeted by cig smoke, the smell of coffee and, "Meghan?" or, "Hey, bitch." I miss "90210" reruns and playing cards with her.

I had a memory of the day after Lucas and I got together. We walked to the cafeteria holding hands. I felt exhilarated, nervous, strange, and complete. He was mysterious and odd to me but I didn't want to figure him out.

When he was up here last, I told him I miss being spontaneous: midnight walks, hours of conversation, instant decisions to get a bottle of wine and wax philosophical or be nostalgic.

I love heightened senses and enduring and absorbing thought, emotion, and knowledge. But it wells up in me and I need a more universal mode of expression. Writing can be selfish and lazy. All the other modes of expression I'm interested in feel foreign to me. I don't know how to

make music. I suck at dancing. I don't know what to paint or draw and if I do, it doesn't turn out how I want it to. I hope Australia breaks my chains.

Love, Meghan

Tuesday, January 5, 1999

Dear Diary,

Back at Denny's and lonely as hell. Being in Seattle is too reminiscent of last summer when I was lonesome for Lucas. Looking back on September is too much. I was crazy depressed and what did I have to look forward to? My greatest fears becoming my reality.

I'm hurt and confused concerning love. I feel powerless. I'm feeling sorry for myself. My life is on hold until Australia while everyone around me continues on with theirs. That's bullshit, though. Just because I'm in limbo doesn't mean I'm not alive. There aren't any influences pouring into me. I'm dulled by lack of activity and experience. But being alive and having five working senses should be enough.

I talked to Skyler today and worked tonight. I went to Trent's and got drunk with Claire last night. I miss Nina. I have too much time on my hands to analyze. I can't sit in coffee shops writing, smoking, and drinking coffee for the rest of my life. Maybe I'll go to LA for a few days and practice being a traveler.

Love, Meghan

Wednesday, January 6, 1999

Dear Diary,

I'm at Allegro. I cried last night and told Mom I'm depressed. I feel better today. I am keeping myself busy and I want to go running and hot tubbing when I get home. Lucas called this morning but I was babysitting. I'm glad he did. I don't like feeling like I've been forgotten. I don't know who does.

Love, Meghan

Thursday, January 7, 1999

Dear Diary,

I'm at Appassionato. It makes me sick how much I love Lucas and how I poured my essential being into him and it was obliterated. He toys with my mind and heart. I don't need or deserve that. He is confused. I allow him to drag me through it. I repeat the same patterns and stay the same. It could easily be last September, the way I'm feeling and acting. Lonely and sad, thinking and smoking too much, on Lucas's roller coaster. I get frustrated without school or friends around. Elizabeth thinks I need to take time off of work and visit her and my friends. She's supportive.

I'm trying to put God in my life, trying to draw, trying to open my senses and learn new perspectives. I need to use this time to my advantage and keep my mind active. I don't want to be perfect. I just want to keep my flaws, complications, and issues to a minimum. It's all about a higher power. I'm sad to see this journal end. It's got energy and insight. It's seen me through. With this book ending, maybe a new chapter is beginning in my life. All I can say is thank you.

Love, Meghan

Saturday, January 9, 1999

Dear Diary,

Wagon Wheel. I got into Bellingham at 11 last night after working. I don't need Lucas in my life but we had something special for a year. He's too scattered and fucked up. I haven't talked to him. I'm going to Vancouver with Cassidy and Skyler today. I hope I meet a good-looking boy to chat and drink with, maybe a barroom kiss. PJ Harvey's new album "Is This Desire?" is the best. I gotta go shower and get pretty.

Love, Meghan

Monday, January 11, 1999

Dear Diary,

I'm back at the Wagon Wheel and will head back to Seattle tonight. Sadie and I drank Kokanee last night. We watched "The X-Files" and went to Aidan's. Lucas called and left a few messages this morning. I eventually picked up the phone and we talked. He wants me to go down there before I fly to Sydney and I need to call my travel agent. I was at Elizabeth's doing laundry and she brought up a valid point that I have considered: Lucas and I won't talk for several days and then right when I am starting to feel okay on my own and can deal with knowing he's not in my life, he calls and puts himself back in my head. What are his intentions? What does he want and what is he willing to do? He messes with me. He knows I love him deeply, that I care about him and I enjoy taking care of him. He knows I've put up with the shit he's done. I know he loves me but I don't think that's enough to inspire him to treat me right. I don't know if he is ready and willing to be mature and responsible, not only with me but in many areas in his life. I feel damned if I do, damned if I don't. I want him and I want to be with him for the rest of my life but if I do that, I'm setting myself up to get fucked over. Being available to him shows him I'll take the bullshit. It makes no sense to surrender myself to him when I don't trust him.

I am aware of how beautiful, loving, smart, fun and amazing I am. I am aware of how much I love others and of the wonderful things I see in people. I can feel the difference in our interactions and energy flow when I am happy, excited for life, and good to myself rather than when I am down, hurt, bored, and depressed. The one I want to put all this goodness into and the one that I want to look at me with love and admiration is the very person who hasn't valued and respected these things. I told Tilda that the person I love more than anyone on this earth and have been good to is the same person that has hurt me and messed with me more than anyone ever has.

Love, Meghan

Saturday, January 16, 1999

Dear Diary,

I came home from Bellingham on Monday night and babysat for the LaFrans on Tuesday. I got a fever that night and have been sick. I've slept and had crazy dreams. Between TV, reality, and dreams, I haven't been able to tell what from what this past week. I was in an incredible mood all day. I woke up and went to see Emma at work and went tanning. I'm tanning so I won't burn in Australia, not to be a fake tan girl.

Elizabeth came home today. Mom and I went to REI to get stuff for Australia. I didn't smoke all week but here I am at Denny's at it again. I'm not going to California to see Lucas before I go.

It's been nice being at home with Mom and Dad. I'm scared and nervous but excited and free. I feel alone and in the middle of the world and it's incredible but I get freaked out. Australia doesn't seem real yet. I have to talk to Cassidy.

Love, Meghan

Tuesday, January 19, 1999

Dear Diary,

I'm at Denny's for coffee, food, and thought. I'm thinking of Lucas intensely. I miss him but I miss the Lucas I knew in Bellingham. That was our time in Eden and it can't be that way again. Thank you, God, for that beautiful time but it has undoubtedly passed.

This loose-leaf paper I've been writing on lately is a good metaphor for me - floating around free and unattached, in limbo until my next journal. Australia is so near. One week from today. Cassie and I got coffee at Allegro on Sunday night. We talked, made lists, laughed, and tried to contain ourselves. We stood by my car yelling, laughing, jumping, and hugging each other.

Last night, I had beers at Emma's apartment and went home to lay out stuff for Australia while listening to music. I'm babysitting for the Cochrans tonight.

I slept like a baby last night. I am excited and nervous for Australia. I feel sad and homesick about Lucas. We haven't talked for a long time. I am consumed by thoughts, images, and memories of him. My dreams are wild and vivid. I dreamed of Oliver last night. Mom said my subconscious is working overtime in preparation for Australia and to cope with my feelings about Lucas. I'm babysitting, working, and running errands until I go. Cassidy is having a going away party on Sunday. Skyler's coming down and Holly will be there. Life is beautiful.

Love, Meghan

Wednesday, January 20, 1999

Dear Diary,

I leave in six days and don't know what's going on with me. I feel sad today and I was a brat to Mom earlier. As cheesy as it sounds, I need to get a hard-core attitude. I need to get excited for this journey and mob it. I can't stop thinking about Lucas. I don't think I'll call him before I leave. I need to think about life and the world instead of pigeon-holing myself into dead-end thoughts about the past and my fear and anxieties about love, relationships, and my life's path. That shit is for the birds.

I talked to Stella in New York. I love that girl and hope I can visit her in the spring. I went to the 700 Club with Tilda and Leah last night and listened to Crack Sabbath. At the end of the night, Leah and I sang Joni Mitchell songs and a woman came up to us and sang to us. She was beautiful and comforting. Leah played us a song called "[Strange Rivers](#)" by Joan Baez at her place before we went home. I don't know why I'm sad and anxiety-stricken.

I printed out a copy of Bob Dylan's "[Last Thoughts on Woody Guthrie](#)" from the internet so I'm going to give it a read. I miss Skyler. Certain friends are necessary for your overall well-being.

Love, Meghan

Saturday, January 23, 1999

Dear Diary,

I am tearing up here and I don't want to be. Australia is three days away and I can hardly wait. I'm going swimming and taking kids to the pool tonight for Laura Cochran's birthday. Skyler will be in town so I'll see her later on, thank God. I miss and love her. I went to Bamboo Garden for dinner with Oliver last night. I saw Matt at their house afterward and I dig him. I want to write him while I'm in Australia. I've been chillin' with Tilda and she is a dear soul.

I went to Leah's on Wednesday and she is wonderful, too. I got "Strange Rivers" from her. I had an unsettling dream about Lucas last night. I read Matt's poem "Pictures Could Not Speak of This," that he wrote about me and Lucas. It's in my memory bag with all of Lucas's letters from this year. It hit me that Lucas is just a child. He wants but he doesn't know how to get. He's full of shit. I'm growing up and I have an infinite strength that I forget about. When it's been unbearable (and it still is sometimes), I've kept it together and pushed through. I realize how many beautiful people fill my life and how good they are to me. They know me, love me, and respect me. They see who I am and appreciate it. Lucas left me behind. I am beyond what he deserves and I am above how he has done me. Maybe that's why we don't work. He's mixed up and fucked up and he's not being real, so how could he communicate with or accept someone like me?

I've been blind but that's alright. I was in love and willing. I don't need to be hurting and sad anymore. It's safe to say it's over. It's safe to say I love Lucas deep inside my soul and *I always will*. It didn't work out and that is hard. But I have a lot to do and give. I can't be consumed by unanswerable questions and I can't allow one person to hurt and rule me. Thinking of Lucas now is strange. He is different than I thought. I have fear, anxiety and confusion concerning love, sex, romance, and relationships and that makes me sad, too. I wish I could have left this relationship with hope, joy, and thankfulness but I haven't. I have to forgive him. I haven't yet. I know that. I also know that at some point, I have to let go of this pain, anger, and fear. John and Elizabeth are coming for brunch tomorrow with Charles and Aunt Frances.

Love, Meghan

Friday, January 29, 1999

Dear Diary,

I'm in Australia at a coffee shop called Has Beans with Cassidy. I've never been so content. We suffered through the plane ride and met a great guy on it. We stayed in a hotel the first night after two cab rides (the first guy took us to the wrong one). We took a bus into the city and found a hostel across town, the YHA Summer Hostel. We got a couple beers and dinner. We took a nap before going out. We fell asleep for good and woke up at 7:45 this morning and got a start on our day. We met three Scots who are staying across the hall.

I was born to travel. I love these accents. I've seen so many beautiful people. I've seen couples, a painful reminder of how alone I am but I don't mind right now. Yesterday, our cab driver told us that men are chauvinistic here. I've heard whistles directed towards Cass and me which I don't hear in Seattle. It's amazing to be here and Cassidy is a great travel mate. On Sunday, we're going to stay in a hostel downtown for a few days. I hope we don't come across as ignorant American wankers. Everyone has been kind so far. I got eaten alive by mosquitoes last night but the bites have all more or less disappeared. I'm so glad to be here. Will I ever go home?

Love, Meghan

(a few minutes later) Whatever I had to go through to be here seems worth it. I'm making up for the loneliness, lethargy, laziness, and sadness that I've gone through since September. I must have known how much I needed this.

Love, Meghan

Saturday, January 30, 1999

Dear Diary,

We slept till noon today and now we're sitting in Corelli's Café for breakfast and coffee. It's hot out and my energy was low this morning. Cassie and I went swimming yesterday. We walked mad far last night to Oxford St. We had drinks at a few places but we got shafted from a stupid nightclub because we were wearing Birkenstocks and flip flops. We went to Planet Hollywood for whatever reason. I talked to a sweetie from Denmark and then Cass and I took a cab back to our hostel. I have a bladder infection.

Cass and I played pool yesterday and the pool balls here are smaller than ours. I feel like the rest of the world is laughing at America. I think about Lucas intensely. I had an impulse to send him a postcard with, "I miss you," written on it but I haven't done that. I want to write to Matt.

Women are oppressed here and there are signs of that everywhere. They have hundreds of adult bookstores and porn theatres. Prostitution is legal and so is sunbathing topless. There are a couple sides to the latter two. On one hand, women should be able to do whatever they want but on the other hand, it's at the expense of being objectified.

I talked to Mom yesterday and I miss her. She's dope and I've grown so close to both of my parents this year. I get wisps of homesickness. If you can't be happy wherever you are, it is something inside you, not outer forces, circumstances, or environments.

It's too bad that club dogged us last night because now we're anti-Oxford St. Who wants to kick it somewhere where people are judgmental and high maintenance? I hate bladder infections. I miss Sissy. It's strange to think of her and Skyler and all my people doing the same old stuff back home while I'm here. Traveling is insane.

Love, Meghan

P.S. I'll minor in dance when I get back to school.

Sunday, January 31, 1999

Dear Diary,

We're in the heart of the city now and we've moved to another hostel. We're in a coffee lounge drinking lemonade. Bob Dylan's on my headphones. We walked around King St. all yesterday. We got dinner and drinks and then walked to the liquor store for six packs. When we got back, the Scots from across the hall came over with wine and a beat box. We talked and listened to the Beatles and the Pogues. I was diggin' one of them, Patrick Lennox. He's an angel. He's 22 and his birthday is June 21. A song came on about, "I might fall in love with you tonight," and he said it was his song to me. We sat out on our balcony and talked and then he leaned over and kissed me. We went for a walk and it was cute because he was concerned about funnel webs (spiders, the deadliest on earth, so we hear). We kissed goodbye and exchanged addresses. His accent is priceless. I'll go to Scotland someday.

Cassie and I loaded up our heavy packs and walked across town. We want to check out an Irish pub tonight. My body aches and I could use a shower.

We bought Capri pants and halter tops to fit in here better fashion-wise. We head out of Sydney in a few days to hit up the outback and quit spending so much money in the blamed city.

Love, Meghan

P.S. At times, this doesn't feel like my life. All is unfamiliar, the faces and buildings. Thoughts of home and people I love are warped and dream-like. I've had strange dreams here.

Monday, February 1, 1999

Dear Diary,

We're at another café for breakfast. We barely ate yesterday. We went to an Irish pub, Bridie O'Reilly's and it was much fun but after a few pints and not eating, we were drunk and headed back to the hostel. We changed and went to another bar. I was too drunk to finish my Guinness. Cassidy and I are going to an internet café to email kids back home. I love traveling; all the people and accents, beers and music.

I'm doing laundry today and I should take it easy on drinking because of my bladder infection. I feel myself changing here - my views about life, the world, the US, myself, and people. I can't think about issues from back home because I'm too far removed from them. I don't have issues, just Lucas. Same old shite. I haven't been thinking about him too much. I talked to guy at the pub for hours yesterday about travel, music, and literature. I am supposed to be here. I don't know myself right now. I'm a stranger, as foreign as what I'm taking in around me. Yet maybe I'm more myself. I miss Elizabeth.

Love, Meghan

Tuesday, February 2, 1999

Dear Diary,

The scandals continue. Cassie and I walked around all day and got Italian food for dinner. We ran into three of the Scots minus Patrick while they were using the phones in the hostel lobby. They'll be here tonight and I hope to see Patrick. I got pictures developed today. We got a pitcher at Scubar and then walked to Scruffy Murphy's, a pub a few blocks away. We met a couple Aussies and a guy played acoustic guitar, covers of the Pogues, U2, and "[Wonderwall](#)" by Oasis. He played "[Tuesday Morning](#)" by the Pogues and I love that song.

A guy named Paul and I talked each other's ears off. We wrote shitty poetry in the back of this journal and on bar coasters. We kissed outside the pub and spent the evening together. He left a hickey on my neck and karma-wise, it serves me right. I had no business being with him. I don't owe anyone anything but I shouldn't be doing things I'm not comfortable with. Paul's a businessman but has more depth than I thought he would. He's a Virgo and way too old for me. We are headed to Collaroy Beach tomorrow, north of here. After that, we head south.

Love, Meghan

Wednesday, February 3, 1999

Dear Diary,

We're off to Collaroy Beach. I'm getting joe and a croissant. I'm listening to the soundtrack for "The Secret of Roan Inish" and what I wouldn't give to see Skyler. I got a beer at O'Reilly's and wrote to people back home. As Cassie and I were walking back to the hostel after coffee yesterday, I was singing a song and I felt a tap on my shoulder. I turned around to see Patrick. He and his mates don't like it here and are going back to the summer hostel. They found a flat in Coogee Bay and he said I should email him if we're in the area.

I am stoked for the beach. I met a guy named Tom from England last night. He's a Cancer and animated as hell. I wrote Patrick a silly poem yesterday but I won't be able to give it to him and it's better that way. I can't get tied down by emotions, especially not here.

This hickey is plain as day on my neck and it can drive a girl mad. I need to call Emma and Elizabeth. The phone cards are complicated and I got frustrated yesterday after trying for an hour. I've gotten used to certain things while I've been here. I cried my eyes out in front of Paul the other night and told him about Lucas. He's in my subconscious but hasn't weighed too heavily on my brain lately.

I had disturbing dreams last night and I should finish *American Psycho* as soon as possible because it is disturbing.

Should I bury my head in the sand over the silly things I've done? I feel cursed or diseased with this thing on my neck. I swear I'm on crack or something. I don't understand my thought patterns. I'll write at the beach.

Love, Meghan

Thursday, February 4, 1999

Dear Diary,

Cassidy and I are in the most beautiful, mellow surf town at Collaroy Beach. We lay on the beach and by the pool yesterday sipping West Coasts. We found a place with pizza. We're getting coffee at a place across the street from the beach and they have vanilla flavor for coffee that has been nowhere to be found before here. We met Sequoia, who's our age, last night. She's from San Francisco and goes to Evergreen in Olympia. She's dope and we all had beers at the Surf Rock last night.

We're going to extend our trip here for a few days. Everyone is kind and chill. Lots of beautiful, tan boys. I talked to Elizabeth and Emma today.

The morning Cassidy and I went to get coffee after our drunk night at Scruffy Murphy's, she wasn't feeling so hot and all the sudden she started throwing up into her hands and all over the table. She was wearing a sports bra and took her shirt off to mop up the table with it. She went to the restroom to clean up. There were a lot of people in the café and no one acted like they noticed. Were they being polite and discreet or did they really not see it? We couldn't stop laughing because it was like, "Did that just happen?" The expression on her face was priceless: utter confusion and lack of control. She'd been lethargic and still before she barfed. I asked her, "Do you want coffee?" She'd barely shake her head and quietly say, "Uh-uh." "Water?" No. "Juice?" Nope. "Food?" Nay. After puking, she came back to life and was able to hydrate and eat.

I hope we meet more people that we click with like the Scots and Sequoia. Cassidy and I got too much sun yesterday. I need to finish *American Psycho*. It's gotten into my head. It scares me because I can relate to some of it even though I recognize how fucked up it is. It's a commentary on greed, vanity, and indifference leading to shallow, de-humanizing behavior and I don't want the world to be like that.

Sequoia and I talked about ex-boyfriends and that one significant person last night. It makes me sad that I've been able to let go of Lucas for now. That, in turn, has allowed me to be with other people. Sequoia said she can't even look at other guys or fathom being with any because of this one guy back in the States. I once felt that way strongly for Lucas but he fucked my head up. I learned to be less caring and willing to believe things can be sacred and unbreakable with another person. I hate that and I hope I don't let too many experiences make me hard.

Love, Meghan

Friday, February 5, 1999

Dear Diary,

Last night we had dinner by the pool with everyone from the hostel. Cassidy, Sequoia and I played cards. We walked to the beach with a group of people and brought guitars, shakers, and a harmonica. We sang Beatles and Janis Joplin songs. The moon was out. Cass and I ran down the beach, spun in circles, and swam in the ocean.

We talked to Aidan and Rita last night. I was drunk and I'm afraid I talked their ears off. I dreamed of New York: I was with Dad and Elizabeth and they wouldn't let me call Stella or Jeremy.

Love, Meghan

Saturday, February 6, 1999

Dear Diary,

We went to the pool yesterday and ran into Sequoia. A group of us hiked to a beautiful waterfall. A surfer from Japan, Naoki, is funny as hell. After swimming and rock-jumping, we had dinner with everyone again. Sequoia and I walked to Liquor Land and got wine. After talking with her for hours after dinner, we went to the Surf Rock. A guy I've thought was cute since we got here sat down near us and I walked up to him and to say hello. His name is William Christian Hughes but everyone calls him Teddy. He's 19 and beautiful and has great eyes. He lives in England and used to be into drugs. I've had fun chillin' with him and we're going for drinks tonight. He's charismatic but I don't think he's a womanizer. I get a kick out of him.

Love, Meghan

Monday, February 8, 1999

Dear Diary,

We're still at Collaroy. This place is Hotel California; you can't get out. The beach is beautiful. Chillin' by the pool is dope. The atmosphere and the people keep us here. It's overcast and misty today.

I've been spending time with Teddy and I like him. I want to live in London - go clubbing with mates, go out dancing and play hard and then retire to a cottage in the countryside. Teddy's friends Nigel and Mark are great, too.

On Saturday, we went to the beach and the pool and for drinks in the afternoon. Then we went to Surf Rock. Teddy, Mark, and I talked. After cocktails, Teddy and I went to the beach. He took me to the golf course and we walked back and went to sleep in my room.

Yesterday we sat at the pool for hours. I walked to Liquor Land with Teddy and Mark to get champagne and wine. I went to Surf Rock with Cassie for a schooner. Teddy came over and we lay together and talked all night. He is wonderful and I am going to miss him when I go. But we're traveling women and we don't let boys make the rules.

Teddy is fun and smart and beautiful. The past few days have been a glorious, drunken blur. I'm letting go of things and not as needy. Goodbyes are hard and they hurt no matter how strong you are or how often they happen. I'm fortunate to have met the English boys, Sequoia, Liam, and Peter (from Seattle and San Diego), Naoki and the rest of the people here. I fall in love with any place I go.

Love, Meghan

Wednesday, February 10, 1999

Dear Diary,

We're back in the city at a café and we take off for Bega, south of here, tomorrow. We checked out of Hotel California at Collaroy. I'm down and I can't get Teddy off my mind. We clicked. I smile when I think of him and I want to go to England. I am better for knowing him. He's going back to England with Nigel and Mark tomorrow because they're broke. I had a wonderful time at Collaroy and Teddy is fun. He bursts into characters when he speaks. He'll be in mafia mode

with a serious face and then bust into a beautiful grin. I got a kick out of it when Nigel turned into “Kevin Waginsky,” an American character he made up who only comes out in Nigel when he’s drunk. I regret that I spent time there drunk as a skunk. Teddy and I were bad influences on each other.

We went to Surf Rock at noon yesterday and drank all day. I went for a dip in the ocean. “[The Sweetest Thing](#)” by U2 and songs by The Verve remind me of those guys. I’ll miss Nigel saying to me, “You’re just toying with my emotions. That’s all you do, play with people’s emotions,” in his funny accent, being mock coy.

On Monday, Teddy and I walked in circles around each other all day. He told me he walked down the hall to use the bathroom even though he didn’t have to pee. He washed his hands and walked out several times hoping to run into me. He poked his head in my room every now and again, asking for unneeded things and caught me dancing or singing or spazzin’ off. I did the same thing, hoping to see him. He said he walked up to my door and chickened out several times. I did that once at his door, too. He eyes and lips and hair and body are beautiful. I need to stop writing about this but I can’t help it. That’s what he said to me over and over every day: “I can’t help it,” or “I don’t think you realize,” or “Do you know what I mean?”

Collaroy was perfect. Drinks at any hour of the day; beautiful, kind people wearing practically nothing by the pool or the ocean; hot days in a mellow surf town with coffee shops, a pub, and a liquor store; walking around barefoot to go swimming or grab a beer; playing cards and guitar and talking all day and night; learning about this world and all kinds of lifestyles. It’s silly to think it but life could be wonderful with Teddy. He’s similar to me. We’re both eclectic in our styles and tastes. Meeting him has given me hope that the world hasn’t gone to shite and that Lucas hasn’t taken away my desire to care about people. I’m in awe of how great it has been but it was time to go. I wish I’d had a chance to say bye to Sequoia. She’s a doll and I’ll call her when I get back to Washington.

Love, Meghan

Thursday, February 11, 1999

Dear Diary,

We’re on the Greyhound headed to Bega. We ran into Naoki on his way to Melbourne. He’s sitting across from us right now. It was a great surprise to see him. We got coffee and strawberry milk before boarding the bus.

The hostel last night, Nomads, was shady and it grossed me out. Cassie and I saw “[Rounders](#)” after a couple drinks at Bridie O’Reilly’s. I am exhausted and I keep thinking about Teddy, having random thoughts and memories of conversations. Sequoia told me about her mom. Her mom drinks and smokes every night and she doesn’t like to listen to music because it’s too emotional for her. Teddy told me about his parents. He said his mom is cool and tells it like it is. He said his dad is brilliant and Teddy respects him because of how hard he has worked and how smart he is. I haven’t been listening to music enough. I need inspiration. I should start producing something inside myself instead of looking to booze and boys.

I need to take good care of myself. I hope I can get my mental, emotional, and physical strength back up in Bega. I need to stop tripping about goodbyes, moving on and getting too hung up on one individual. Why can’t I smile about Teddy, accept that I like him and that he left a mark on me and move on and think about travel and life instead of letting that one thing take over?

I want to talk to Elizabeth. My life is in another dimension right now. I can't relate to home but it's hard to make sense of all that's around me here. I should be happy with that and I am but it's disorienting. I'm too tired to write but we have six more hours on this bus so I'll be back.

Love, Meghan

P.S. I had insane dreams last night. In one, I swam in the ocean among hundreds of bald men through the waves far out from shore. In the next one, I was on "Donahue," the talk show, at the beach. I modeled a J. Crew cardigan and I interviewed a little kid. In the next dream, I ran into a girl from one of my English classes. She wore scary makeup with facial piercings and had turned into a punk rocker. I had another dream about Nina.

(later on) It's 6pm and we'll be in Bega in an hour. This ride hasn't been too bad. There are huge windows in here and the scenery is beautiful and pastoral. All trees, fields, and rivers. It's peaceful but settings like these make me sad. I love the ocean, the desert, and the mountains but there's something nostalgic or like I have lived other lives before whenever I'm in sleepy, beautiful down-home places like the ones we've been riding through. I relate to them. It makes me sad, like I'm homesick or I've been away from this land too long, this kind of setting. I'm thinking of Teddy. I enjoyed smoking a spliff with him while we walked on the beach in the rain, and eating leftover Indian food with him. He made tea for us English style, with milk and sugar in it.

Love, Meghan

Friday, February 12, 1999

Dear Diary,

We made it to Bega, a one-horse town with pretty scenery and a highway running through it. We're getting food and then heading out to explore. After we got to the hostel, we walked 2km into town and stopped at a pub for a couple drinks. Then we went grocery shopping and got a six pack and walked back. We made dinner and played pool with people we met from Israel - Idan (who Cassidy hooked up with), Marco, and Emil. Anita from Sweden has been traveling with them.

We sat on the deck last night and puffed hash. We sang songs and told stories. Idan and Emil sang a song to us about a drug dealer in Israel who went to prison and missed the ocean and surfing. They sang it in Hebrew and Marco translated it into English for us while they sang. You could hear the song getting more intense during tense parts of the story. Cassidy and I sang "My Backyard" for them.

They told us about the Full Moon party they went to in Thailand. Idan imitated the "conductor" of the electronic music and his friends said, "Seamstress," and he'd pretend to conduct and dance like he had needles and thread in his hands. Then they'd say, "Fishing," or, "Pull the rope," and he'd act it out, charades-style.

We're staying here for one more night and going to Lakes Entrance tomorrow. I have to head back north next week.

I went to sleep with my headphones on last night and thought of Teddy. I had another crazy dream: my family owned Disneyland but parts of it were under construction. I was crying and yelling at Mom in a bathroom and telling her that no one listens to me. I saw my reflection in a mirror and I had long hair down to my ass. I rarely see or hear myself in dreams but I did last night.

On our way to town today, I told Cassidy about when Teddy and I were outside of Surf Rock and he said he wanted to go for a surf. He told me Nigel has a fear of water and waves but can

talk to girls easily. Teddy said he can go out surfing and mob it but when it comes to girls, he has a fear just like Nigel's about the water. It's funny to me that he thinks he has a hard time talking to girls. He spoke just fine with me. He has a wild streak in him, and a genuine shyness and sweetness, too.

Time is strange. We always want to speed it up or slow it down. We don't realize it goes fast enough (sometimes too fast) and slow enough (sometimes too slow). But there can be comfort in it because if it's going too fast, you know it has to pass and it takes its time in doing so. But if it's going too slow, you suddenly realize how fast it went, when you're coming out of a slow period. Being in Australia has changed and shaped my mind.

There is time for all of it: school, work, relaxation, travel, love, kickin' with your mates, and spending time alone. The best will come to me. Not my idea of the best but the real best, the whole picture. I must continue to travel, to meet people, and I must find Teddy again.

Love, Meghan

Saturday, February 13, 1999

Dear Diary,

We're getting coffee at a bakery in Lakes Entrance. We got here last night. The drive was beautiful. I put on my headphones and leaned against the window to watch the stars. The sky was liquid last night and every star was out. I got inspired for all that is to come. I felt like a real traveler last night, sitting with Cassidy in the grass at dusk with our packs, waiting for the bus. We're surrounded by lakes and rivers and beaches. We'll be here for two nights and then continue south. I got down last night and felt homesick for Sequoia and the Brits.

Cassie and I aren't feeling well. We're exhausted and have sore throats and congestion. We're stopping at the chemist for cold medicine and picking up a roll of pictures from Collaroy. I have letters to write. I've been bad about that. I have to get gifts for my family and Skylar.

The Princes Highway between Sydney and Melbourne is gorgeous and has made our rides endurable. I see subtle differences between here and farther north: the land, the beer, and how people live. I hear that Sydney and Melbourne are rival cities.

Cassidy and I need to get our strength back. You can live hard and fast for as long as you want, but the minute you slow down, your body catches up to what you've been doing and shuts down. We've been popping natural cold and flu pills like candy.

I talked to Mom and Dad yesterday. I feel different, like I've changed when I talk to people back home, like I can't relate. But I don't know myself here. When traveling, you don't have the stabilities and comforts that you do when you're home. You have to create those for yourself when you travel. I hope I haven't turned this into one big escape for myself, from all that is in me and all that goes on back home.

I listened to "Chelsea Hotel No. 2" by Leonard Cohen on the bus last night and I had an image of my apartment last fall. I had an intense memory of being in utter pain and misery over Lucas. That was the worst time in my life and I don't ever want to live through a phase like that again. It's a waste. I go through pain and experience it but I don't remain in it. I deserve the joy and fun I've experienced here after all I went through in the fall. Part of me is removed from that time and part of me can't be. It's an aspect of who I am now and has shaped me. We got the photos back and they're breakin' my heart with a smile on my face. I went to the bathroom a minute ago and had to go through the back of a bakery. It reminded me of Raymond Carver's story "[A Small, Good Thing](#)." "[Mozambique](#)" by Bob Dylan reminds me of our time at Collaroy.

Love, Meghan

Monday, February 15, 1999

Dear Diary,

We made it to Melbourne and are sitting at Traveler's Café where we ate and got vanilla-flavored coffee. Yesterday, Cassidy and I took a boat ride to Wyanga Park Winery. We drank wine on the boat and a bus picked us up on the other side and drove us up a dirt road to the winery itself. We tasted wines recklessly and had lunch. We bought bottles and took the boat back. The day before that we did laundry and wrote home. We went out to dinner that night and had cocktails. We made dinner, drank wine, and played cards last night until the bus came to take us to Melbourne at midnight. We had a five hour ride and at first we were wide awake, stoked and silly, but a few hours later I was worn out.

We got in at 5:30 this morning and walked around town with our packs until we found a hostel. Check-in wasn't until noon so we slept in the lounge. We got to our room and showered and came here. We're going to email and send letters and check out the town today. We met a great couple at the winery and the woman is from Melbourne. She told us about places to check out. I ran into a girl named Helena at the hostel this morning and she was at Collaroy when we were there. She ran into Naoki at a festival yesterday. I saw a German guy here who stayed at Sydney Central. Small world, I tell you.

Cassidy is under the weather. It's hard to slow down and catch up with your health when you're on the move. Sometimes life seems like nothing but a series of consuming things. If people don't eat too much, they smoke too much. If they don't smoke too much, they drink too much. If they don't drink too much, they do drugs or they're obsessed with sex or something else. Teddy is on my mind. Music has been inspiring me. The more I spend time with Cassidy, the funnier she gets.

A few more stories from Collaroy: on our second night there, we went to the beach with that group of people (before we met Teddy and co.) and some drunk freak thought that Sequoia and Peter had gone swimming in the ocean and never came out. That wasn't the case but a guy had the cops come out to the beach house and they sent out helicopters (what?!) to look for them. Sequoia didn't know anything about it until the next morning when someone looked shocked to see her.

I am remembering the second night I knew Teddy. Cassie and I ran into him and his friends at Liquor Land buying champagne because they'd won a seafood platter. That night, he leaned over to me at the pub and said, "I thought I was going to be eating budget butter and cheap bread but I ended up eating fine food and drinking champagne."

I like Melbourne and we'll get to know it better than Sydney. I don't want to go home but I don't have much choice.

Love, Meghan

Tuesday, February 16, 1999

Dear Diary,

We went to Lygon St. yesterday. We had dinner at an Italian restaurant and had wine, bruschetta, pasta, tiramisu, and coffee. We sat there for two hours. We walked to Swanston St. and heard good ambient at a place called the Lounge. Then we went to an Irish pub and played trashy slot machines. We were heading home and found a bumpin' club with tons of people and the guys from Israel that we'd met in Bega were there. We had a drink and on our way home, we stopped

at a shady bar for a night cap after asking each other, "Do we dare?" We dared, unfortunately, but we made it home.

We sent letters home and waited in the hot sun for a tram to take us to St. Kilda, an area across town. Cassidy owes me a pint because I called it when the tram came, a silly game we were playing because we were bored.

I can feel this journey winding down and I'm not ready for that. I'm not ready for home at all. I've gotten used to waking up in hostels and this lifestyle. I don't want to deal with going back to the way it is in Seattle. My life has taken a turn here that I didn't expect. I need to plan a trip to Europe when I get back. I need to fill my life with images and art and stories and people.

This trip is a time warp in my life. It's summer here and winter back home. I'm not in school. We made a home for ourselves with our little family at Collaroy and we've had a ball wherever we've been. I love all these accents and places and people and the freedom we have here. I've been passing through it in a dream state. I'm different here. I'm happy and so are most of the people we meet. How could we not be happy? We're *young*, it's summer, and we're far from home and doing and seeing new things. There are other young people around us, we have money for food, drinks and cigs, and we have the world at our fingertips and infinite freedom and possibility. If that's not the life, I don't know what is.

Love, Meghan

Wednesday, February 17, 1999

Dear Diary,

I'm sitting on the rooftop deck of the hostel. It's windy and beautiful today. Cassidy and I got something to eat and ran into a guy named Ed whom I met last night. We're calling him later for suggestions on where to go in Melbourne.

Yesterday was out of control. After we took the tram to St. Kilda and wrote in a café, we got a pint next door at a British pub. Cassie and I made reservations at the hostel next to it. We met people and got on a bus to go to a club where it was all you can drink for \$6. We drank beer out of buckets and then we had to get out of there. After we left, we went to Public Bar, the place where we'd run into the Israelis. A punk band was playing.

I woke up feeling depressed today. Cassidy and I had a talk about drinking and how I am escaping right now. I thought about Lucas and my life back home. The whole Lucas thing is hard. He took something from me that won't ever be a part of me again but I don't know what it is.

"[I'll Back You Up](#)" by Dave Matthews Band came on and I had a memory of Sadie's roommate and me picking Lucas up from the Greyhound station after he got out of jail. It was May and the end the school year loomed. Lucas and I lay in his bed as it got light outside and I tried to tell him the words to this song and I couldn't get through it because I kept choking up. Thinking of being without him then was unbearable. What happened?

Now "[One Sweet World](#)" is on and I want to laugh and dance and celebrate. I don't want to be an alcoholic. I miss Skyler. We move to St. Kilda tomorrow.

Love, Meghan

Thursday, February 18, 1999

Dear Diary,

Last night, Cassie and I met Ed at Public Bar. We puffed a joint and Cass got too stoned so she went home. Ed and I went to the Lounge to hear music and then he walked me back to the hostel.

Cassie and I came to St. Kilda today. I'm having a Stella Artois and thinking of the Brits. I emailed Nigel and Patrick today. I have to write later when my head is clearer, with a better pen and in a calmer atmosphere.

Love, Meghan

Saturday, February 20, 1999

Dear Diary,

Last night, Cassie and I played cards with two Brits, Colleen and David, who are staying in the flat we checked out of. We taught them 3-13, Idiot and Casino and they taught us a game they call Black Jack. We talked, played cards, smoked cigs, and listened to music. Then we went downstairs to the Elephant and Wheelbarrow for a night cap. Colleen and David told us about their secondary school, Steiner school. When we got back, everyone else was asleep but Colleen and I sat at the table and talked. I played "Strange Rivers" for her on my headphones. Then she got a tape from her room and played a song for me by her band that she plays guitar for. They play in and around London and I hope I can see one of their shows when I get over there.

Cassidy and I walked down Chapel St. and shopped yesterday. The night before, we went to the Elephant and Wheelbarrow for drinks. We went to another bar and met girls named Joanna and Cate. Cassie was tired so she walked home. I went to a wine bar with the girls and then we went to a place called Mink. We went back to Joanna's flat and talked all night.

She had cancer when she was younger and her parents were told that she only had a few months to live but she recovered. Then she got into drugs but recovered from that, too. She's from a wealthy family in Sydney. She was hospitable to me. I spent the night there and she made me breakfast in the morning. I tried Vegemite, the foulest creation. She made me Echinacea tea. I showered and we drove to find Cassidy and get coffee. Joanna took us to Chapel St. and we had an afternoon beer and chips and then she took off. I had a great time with her and I can't believe how much we talked about.

Cass and I had a big dinner last night. We went to Victoria Market and got tons of vegetables. I was wierded out and depressed last night. I have a lot on my mind and don't know how to deal with it. I had insane dreams last night. In one, there was a cliff you could jump off of and you'd land on a waterfall that you could slide down. I jumped the wrong way and hurt my collarbone but tried it again anyway. I dreamed I lived on the ocean in these cliffs and Lucas called me and my whole family picked up phones all over the house at the same time and adamantly told Lucas that he was never to call me again and that we'd never see each other again. I was angry but I had no control over it.

Cassidy and I are leaving St. Kilda today. We're taking the train to a place near Monash, the university she's going to here. I'm taking the Greyhound to Sydney tomorrow. An 18 hour ride and I don't know if I can hang with that. Time has flown. I've changed and I wonder how it will all come together back home. Being here has given me a new perspective and I hope it keeps me happy on those not so great days. I have questions and confusion about certain things back home but I'm on holiday for five more days so I'll deal with them when I get home.

Love, Meghan

Monday, February 22, 1999

Dear Diary,

I'm rambling down the road on the Greyhound. It's 7am and I've been on it since 10 last night. On Saturday, Cassie and I took the tram to Flinder's Station and rode the train through the

suburbs to Glen Waverly. Dan and Carol, relatives of Cassidy's relatives, picked us up and took us to their house. They have three boys - Colin, a little Gemini cutie of 7 years (and a new good friend of mine), John, who's 15 and Luke who's 17. We went to the shopping center and checked out Monash. We had bbq and stir fry for dinner. We played cards and studied maps of Australia.

Yesterday we slept until half past noon and then we all got coffee and food and drove an hour away to a park and zoo. We saw kangaroos, platypuses, koalas (my favorite), and all kinds of other Aussie wildlife. When we got back, Carol drove us to a restaurant, pokies and bar. We had a couple beers and went over the month we've had. We got dinner and Carol picked us up and drove us home. Dan and Cassie took me to the Greyhound station in Melbourne and I didn't expect to feel so sad and alone when I said goodbye to Cassidy in that station. I felt like crying. We hugged three times and talked in our joking walkie talkie characters and said, "See you tomorrow." I am going to miss her and I already feel strange without her here.

I haven't slept yet but I feel fine. I get into Sydney at 3 today and I'll go to the Rocks. I'm going to ask Tom to join me. He's the "weird" English boy I met at Sydney Central hostel and he's been emailing me. It will be entertaining. I'm on the Princes Highway again and making all the same stops but we're going the other way and Cassidy isn't here. I thought about Teddy this morning. And home and Lucas.

I keep thinking of when Joanna and I were walking down Fitzroy in Melbourne and we saw a dog wearing a muzzle. Joanna couldn't stand it and said, "All anyone wants is a little love." She said if someone gave the dog love and attention, it wouldn't need a muzzle. That was observant of her and revealed an aspect of her character. When we talked in her room, she told me about seeing an ex-boyfriend who had cheated on her. She said to him, "Give me a hug and a kiss," and he looked shocked. We talked about how life is too short to waste time on being angry, jealous, bitter, or unforgiving. We think you should forgive but not necessarily forget. We agreed there are a few things you can't let slide or forgive easily but you have to choose those wisely. While we were falling asleep, we discussed making choices and how you can go down two roads and sometimes you regret the one you choose. She asked me how Lucas fits into that and I don't know if it was the wine or me talking, but I said I could wake up next to Lucas in 20 years and be confident in the choice I made. I said that the way I feel about Lucas, we could go down infinite roads together. It's strange to have someone like Teddy on my mind because he is the first person I fell in deep like with post-Lucas.

I'm going to miss Australia. I wish I'd been better about writing while I've been here. I've been active and it's been hard to write. Action and doing are the nemeses of writing. I'm afraid to write about things because words do these experiences no justice. Cassidy has impressed me with her writing.

It gets foggy and misty out here and I love it. I've been on this bus for ten hours and it's not been bad. Talk to me in seven more and we'll see if that's still true.

I keep getting memories and images of my life and my past. I've been having a good life since I was born. The only part that unsettles me is last summer and this past fall. It disturbs me how sad I was. It wasn't depression. It was despair. That's why Bellingham and my apartment and my mates' places and that campus and those streets make me sad. It reminds me of how wrong shit went. Maybe that's why I eased into traveling so readily. Nothing in new surroundings can remind you of home because it has the similarity of being unfamiliar. We stopped to get lunch and I've been talking to a Swedish guy. See you in Sydney.

Love, Meghan

(later on) I'm staying at Sydney Central and taking the bus to Collaroy tomorrow morning. I got an email from Tom with his phone number. Right now I'm chillin' like Dylan at Bridie O'Reilly's. I'm having a pint of Newcastle and raising my glass to Cassidy.

I can't believe this month has gone so fast but more, that Cassidy isn't with me. I feel like she's back at the hostel right now. I've only slept for 20 minutes since yesterday morning but I feel fine. I miss Teddy but I feel silly about that. This month feels like it happened in the span of a week. I feel more at home in Sydney than I did in Melbourne. Probably because it was the first place we came to and we got to know this area well. I'm out of words.

Love, Meghan

Tuesday, February 23, 1999

Dear Diary,

I'm at Spice Bar in the seat Cassidy was sitting in when she tossed her cookies that one morning. I'm headed off to Collaroy and I can't wait to soak up sun.

I didn't get a hold of Tom yesterday. I went to the Rocks and got a book about Australia for Mom and a didgeridoo for Elizabeth. I need to get gifts for Dad and John.

It's weird to be doing the morning ritual without Cassidy. I miss her. After dinner at the Rocks, I walked back to the hostel. I felt mad lonely and didn't know what to do with myself. I walked to Oxford St. and had a drink at the Lizard Lounge. Then I went to Scruffy Murphy's and talked to a guy who was a freak. That's rude of me but he could not hold a conversation for the life of him. I met people from Ireland.

Love, Meghan

Wednesday, February 24, 1999

Dear Diary,

It's my last day in Australia. I've been ignoring what's going on inside me. I'm at Surf Beach Café at Collaroy Beach, the place Cassie and I went in the mornings while we were here and where I sat with Teddy on my last day with him. I'm sitting where he did. I did that at Spice Bar yesterday with where Cassidy had sat. Maybe I'm trying to see things from their angles.

I felt like I was coming home, getting back to Collaroy. I saw Liam and Peter at the beach with a new crowd of travelers playing volleyball. I met two girls, Krista and Lisa, and they live in Seattle and Vancouver respectively. Krista knows Tilda and I've met her before at Dorian's parties.

I've been thinking about Teddy and Sequoia and all the great people I've met here. I'm not ready to go home but I must. I have to go to Europe.

I got down on the bus yesterday, thinking about decisions I've made concerning guys while I've been here. I'm not happy about it. I lose a part of myself every time I do that. I wish I'd only hooked up with Teddy. I can't blame Lucas for my behavior and I take full responsibility but he did a number on me. I'm fucked up in the way of guys, romance, sex, and love. I'm able to emotionally detach from guys for the first time in my life and that is lame. I use the excuse that I've been travelling but that's nonsense.

Have I been like this because I need acceptance and love however I can get it since Lucas shafted me? I have to be comfortable in my own skin, make peace with my demons, and accept my losses. It will be strange to get home and realize how much I've changed.

Love, Meghan

(later on) I'm at Surf Rock for a beer. I need to get happier on my own terms. I have forgotten how to enjoy my own company. I don't understand myself or anything around me.

Will I call Lucas when I get to LA? I'd like to see him but I don't want to slip back into my old patterns and start worrying and thinking about him again.

What I would give to see Cassie, Sequoia, and the Brits walk through the door here. I saw Kyle (the one Cassie hooked up with) and gave him copies of pictures. Jane, the woman from the States that he's crazy in love with, is coming tomorrow and I'll miss meeting her by a few hours. Kyle talked Cassidy's ear off about her and wouldn't that be a story to tell if I met her. I hope Cass has found a place to live and that's she's alright. It must be hard for her to be in those suburbs alone with nothing to do and Monash University closed down. But orientation starts tomorrow and she'll meet people.

I miss Teddy and I want to see him again. Traveling makes me realize that the world isn't so big, that there are connections between people and places spanning thousands of miles.

I've worked myself into a place where I'm numb. I remember one night when Skyler and I were writing in Owen's garage and I had a minor epiphany: that myself and all that's inside me and writing are all that I need, that writing is my solace and it makes me safe. It gives me release and helps me make sense of things.

I'm unclear on what's important. People are all that matter to me but it feels like a game. I have my friends and my family who know, love, and understand me. When it came to guys, I used to solely want to talk and relate. Now I've turned it into a messed up, vain situation where I see who I'm attracted to and I make it so that they are attracted to me. That's not who I am. Jude said you always want to know that people are looking at you or digging you, but is that important? I don't know what I want, what other people want, what is real and what is right.

I just went to the bathroom and the Surf Rock is undergoing renovations and it makes me sad. Elements to me remain the same: my nostalgia and lack of acceptance for certain kinds of change. Improvement is great but if it ain't broke, don't fix it.

I get an image, or I guess it's a memory: sitting on Lucas's bed in Bellingham (another fucking lifetime ago) during a party at his house. We were all drunk, listening to Bob Dylan's Bootleg Series. Nina, Aidan, Lucas, and I smoked a j and smoked cigs out the window and before I knew it, "Last Thoughts on Woody Guthrie" came on, and sitting in that room under blue light with three of the most beautiful, brilliant, amazing people that I've ever been blessed to know, it all came together for me. It's a comforting but sad image to think of. Like the warmth I felt when Lucas and I had just gotten together for good and when Aidan and I took a nap in his room in Fairhaven and listened to "In Spite of Me" by Morphine.

There's a faint worry in me that I will drink too much. Everyone is either escaping or realizing that life is too extraordinary to escape from. I go through intervals of both and I hope I never get too caught up in the escaping.

There's a song on right now saying, "[Am I ever gonna](#) to see your face again?" I wonder this about Teddy. He found me at the end of his journey. I found him at the beginning of mine. He made me feel beautiful; definitely not in the way I look, but in who I am. That's what it's about - when someone shows you, reflects to you or reminds you that you have so much inside yourself.

Traveling has overwhelmed me. It's all about the people. There are billions of people, each unique and complex. Because there are so many people and each has intricacies, complexities, beauty and quirks and fucked up-ness, I have to weed through and figure out what is sacred, what works and what makes sense for me. Everyone has drama, bullshit, and goodness at the same time. I learn from humans about every aspect of life. People are all that teach and in a way

that I don't realize I'm learning. Like that quote from *Taxi Driver Wisdom*: "The things you love are as silly as the things you hate and are easily interchangeable." I miss Emma. She's someone who teaches me without either of us knowing the depth of it at the time.

Portishead is playing now. Beth Gibbons is the ultimate woman. She knows what she's saying and she has a way about her. She reminds me of myself.

It's pouring rain outside and rain is funny to me. It sucks and everyone hates it but it makes a place clean, fresh, and new. It reminds us that we don't have power and control over things.

I hope I don't get stuck here for hours, drinking beer, and writing my life away. I need to find people who will help make my last night memorable. I can't be too sad about going home because thinking of Emma, Skyler, and Aidan, it's worth it. We've got stories to exchange. Before you know it, I'll be back at the Wagon Wheel with a cup of watery coffee, Dave's cigarettes, and more writing.

I love life more than I did before I came here. I feel grateful, like saying, "Yes," and, "This is how it should be," and, "This is where I am supposed to be." I don't want to stop writing but I need to read. I'm a word faucet that won't turn off. This entry is for Aidan. He'll understand and I hope he has the patience for this.

Love, Meghan

Saturday, February 27, 1999

Dear Diary,

I'm back in Bellingham and back to West Coast time. My last night at Collaroy, we drank wine and had a bbq and then went to Surf Rock. I ran into Kyle after a few drinks and we went swimming in the pool. I got locked out of my room. He let me borrow clothes and I stayed in Cara and Sandy's room. I said goodbye to everyone and took the bus to Sydney. I met a great girl from Brazil at the airport and loaded up on duty free stuff. The plane ride wasn't bad but I couldn't sleep.

After customs at LAX, I wheeled my luggage outside and someone clutched me around the waist. I turned to see Lucas. We hugged and kissed.

I called Mom to tell her I was going to stay in California for a few days and she freaked out. I got back in the car and told Lucas I had to go home that night on a later flight. We cried and he told me how much he misses me all the time and that he misses talking to me. He misses last year. He kept saying he should have stayed in Bellingham and that he's tried to fill up his schedule but he thinks about me constantly. He's taking 22 credits, spinning records, and rock climbing. We got a hotel room and had dinner at Hermosa Beach before he took me to the airport and we said goodbye.

I got home and slept until 3pm before driving up to Bellingham. I went to Elizabeth's, to Skyler's, and then to a party where I saw all the mates minus Aidan.

Love, Meghan

Wednesday, March 3, 1999

Dear Diary,

The only thing I can think about lately is my need to get healthy. I'm not sick but I'm out of shape and I've gotten lazy - eating, drinking, and smoking too much. It's senseless. I'm burnt out and I need restoration. I need water, a regular sleeping cycle, no more alcohol, and no more processed food. I need to take better care of myself in all ways. It has to change today.

I drank loads of wine with Skyler and Margo on Sunday evening. I went to campus and had lunch with Elizabeth on Monday. I ran into Rita and we drove to Kendall to see Aidan.

Aidan and I drank 22s of Australian ale and rolled Drum, which I'd brought for him from Australia and it sucks because he had quit smoking. We put on the Pogues and danced outside. We read to each other and he had tears in his eyes while I read an entry to him.

I drove home yesterday morning and got breakfast at Denny's. I ran into Sheila and Greg and it was good to see them. Makes me want to laugh that I was concerned about Sheila and Lucas last year.

Skyler and I met at Cellophane Square and I got Finley Quaye and The Verve albums - oh, my Brits! We got coffee and played cards at her place. Sadie rented "[Muriel's Wedding](#)" and we drank vodka and POG.

I went to Happy Court to visit Margo. Terrence told her he's seeing other people and is being a dick. I can relate all too well but I'm removed. Lucas and I have been playing phone tag.

Love, Meghan

Friday, March 5, 1999

Dear Diary,

Writing is the only form of discipline I have. I haven't been drinking but I'm still smoking and eating to excess. I got my job back at Queen Anne Café yesterday and I'm happy to be productive.

I applied to schools in Europe. I'm going to summer school at Western and Lucas is moving to Bellingham for the summer. That stresses me out. I'm visiting him in a couple weeks.

I tracked down "[Anything, Anything](#)" by Dramarama. I'm inspired and I love being alone right now. I'm on my own plane and it's hard to be on anyone else's level. I don't feel like drinking. I'm internally amped with too much bottled up mental and physical energy.

My emotions are on the backburner for the first time ever. I'm impatient. I can't keep up with myself right now and I don't want anyone to catch up with me. Not even Lucas. I don't have time for romantic love. I don't have time to give my heart to him again. That was my priority since we met and it isn't anymore. It has nothing to do with escaping or alcohol or drugs. It's life itself and all the things I want to see and do. I don't want to burn any bridges or cut myself off. We all need each other. I can't drop out of the scene altogether. But he broke my heart and I want my own life back.

Love, Meghan

Monday, March 8, 1999

Dear Diary,

I register for classes tomorrow. I've chosen Romantic and Modern Lit., an art history class, Art 109 (visual dialogue), and modern dance.

I'm thinking about Teddy. It's cheaper to fly to England to see him than it is to fly to California because of an airline special. Part of me wants to do that. I could see Terrence in Madrid while I'm at it.

Lucas is back on the brain but not in a desperate or intense way. I can't make sense of this past September through December with him. I can't allow myself to fall back into it right now. We talk about our future together and keep holding on. But all meaning and desires concerning us flew out the window when he decided to get some action elsewhere. He's still in the doghouse with me and I'm not inclined to trust him.

My friends think I'm delusional for getting back into it with him and they don't think I should go down there. I am having doubts, too, but right now, I want to. How are he and I going to figure out if this is what we want otherwise?

Love, Meghan

Wednesday, March 10, 1999

Dear Diary,

Tilda and I went climbing at Stone Gardens on Monday. My arms are still sore. I don't know what's up with Lucas and me. I wish I could get myself to read, write, and run more. I wish I could take a pottery class. I only got one class (psych 201) because the rest were filled so I'll have to blue-slip them.

Lucas is coming to Bellingham for the summer. Aidan, Skyler, and Elizabeth will be up there, too. I look forward to school and work during the days and cook-outs in the evenings, and going camping, swimming, and climbing on the weekends.

Love, Meghan

Friday, March 12, 1999

Dear Diary,

A boy gave me a flower tonight and I feel like I owe him something but like I owe myself more.

I had stressful conversations with Lucas at Skyler and Sadie's earlier. I told him how excruciating last fall was and that I'm not too eager to ever feel like that again. He was immature and impossible. He left a loving message later that night. I fly to see him on Thursday.

Love, Meghan

Saturday, March 13, 1999

Dear Diary,

I'm nervous about visiting Lucas at Redlands. I hope I don't freak out like last time. Did he make me lose faith and trust in myself? That's a cop-out but he wrecked me.

I'm reading *Midwives* by Chris Bohjalian. I just finished *James and the Giant Peach* for the umpteenth time. I feel like buying a tin of chewing tobacco and watching movies with Emma.

Love, Meghan

Monday, March 15, 1999

Dear Diary,

I got tanked a couple nights ago when Mom and Dad had people over and Emma and I went to her aunt's 40th birthday party. I leave for Cali on Thursday.

When Lucas and I talk, I get angry, sad, or vulnerable. I'm not ready to abandon my thoughts and feelings concerning last fall. I feel like, "What's the point?"

Midwives has me scared to death about having a child and while we're at it, do I want to perpetuate the confusion of existence by creating a whole new human being?

I've tuned out. Do the arrows point to Lucas? I'm not ready to answer that. I just hope I don't flip when I get to Cali.

Love, Meghan

Thursday, March 18, 1999

Dear Diary,

I'm at Redlands with Lucas, having a dip on the roof and trying to sort things out. I'm making excuses and thinking I've become a not so great person. It's confusion with Lucas. It won't ever make sense and I have to stop waiting for that moment, that point, that conversation that will spell it out for me. Life doesn't work that way. I am struggling with it. I want to be aware and smart enough to not fight or ignore what's in front of me.

I made up an analogy about how I'm feeling: I'm like a cup with depth, beauty, emotion, aesthetic openness, strength, and vulnerability but over time, I've built up a layer of plastic wrap or thin wax over the top of it and I'm gingerly walking around on the surface, partly relieved to not have access to all that's in the cup but also knowing what the surface is made of: insecurity, fear, anxiety, negativity, laziness, vanity, and clinging, and I don't know how to dissolve it. I'll make an art project out of it. I need to relax until I get to a clearing, out of these dense woods of thought. It's become "that thing that happened in the fall." I ignore and skate around it.

A seed of evil containing anger and bitterness was planted in me in the wake of Lucas's indiscretion. But not jealousy. How can I be jealous of shallow, wrongful sex?

How do you go about loving yourself unconditionally, forgiving someone who hurt you to the core of your being, coming to terms with the downfalls of human beings and letting go, but still remember the depth of something devastating that moved you, changed you, ripped through you?

I don't know how to forgive Lucas and accept the emptiness inside me that came partly from what he did. It scares me because it's necessary to forgive him. I've changed and my perspectives scare me. I need to remember grace, peacefulness, warmth, strength, wisdom, and humor. Now I have to get my game face on and go face this life.

Love, Meghan

Sunday, March 21, 1999

Dear Diary,

I'm in Lucas's room, listening to a tape I made for him. We spent Thursday through Saturday rock climbing and camping at Joshua Tree. We did a 5-pitch climb on Saturday. During our last climb of the day, I tensed up and cursed my way to the top.

We drove up to Idyllwild to see his parents. Lucas made dinner and we watched "[In the Name of the Father](#)." We drove back to Redlands today. I made three pots at the ceramics studio. I felt peaceful after realizing it doesn't do me any good to freak out.

Lucas and his life here are disconnected from me and when it gets down to it, that's how it should be. Then there's the whole Danielle thing. Do I even want to refer to her by name? It doesn't matter that it happened because everything is casual.

I don't feel casual about anything and yet Lucas and the world have taught me that I must if I want to survive emotionally.

Traveling is the only thing that doesn't get me down but I can't spend the rest of my life running away - afraid of getting settled or attached, afraid of getting shafted again. Why do I always get scared? Audrey Hepburn said, "Oh, I'm afraid all the time. I just pretend I'm not."

I'm too child-like and unsure to be with Lucas. I'm erratic and the strangest things get to me. When he cheated on me, he abandoned his previous life and the big picture. He did it to settle and immerse himself into Redlands.

He made a definitive statement.

Lucas doesn't want to deal with it and he might as well run screaming from me if I take a conversation in that direction. It hurts to be in love with him and to know he loves me because our lives are too different and set apart. I feel inferior.

Do we have to wait until our life paths are more in sync? I can't deal with that. In Bjork's song "[Possibly Maybe](#)," she says she's exhausted by love. I'm exhausted. I'm sad and I need to go away by myself for a long time. I cried on my way to get coffee earlier, thinking of Tori Amos's "[Doughnut Song](#)."

I want to go far away and get lost in music and writing and get as far as I can from these sad days. I'm happy to be alive to experience this misery and joy. I'm still too fucking sensitive. I want to write until I die. That way, I don't have to ever deal with anyone again. I can't handle people. They're too much for me.

I want to be alone. I want to drift in and out and absorb life on my own terms. I want to hide away. I'm the only one I can count on and comfort and understand. It's lazy and lame and weak, but I'm afraid. Life and love are too much for a girl.

I wish I could stop writing but it's like I wrote last October, "When the pen stops, the pain begins." I don't have anything sensible to say but I might cry or do something drastic or stupid if I don't continue.

Lucas is embedded in me. I breathe him in. He's in music I hear, what I look at. He's ingrained in my entire being. I can't shake it. It's the way it is and I have no way of changing it no matter where I go or what I do. That's why I don't understand our recent past.

Love, Meghan

Tuesday, March 23, 1999

Dear Diary,

I've known Lucas for a year and a half today. I went to classes with him yesterday. Yoga was great and music was boring. I took his friend Rachel to the airport to pick up her sister and came back to drink vodka with John while Lucas spun records. I saw that sorry excuse for a girl (Danielle) when I dropped Rachel off. She's her roommate.

I need closure. I need to know what Lucas thinks, or thought, but all I get are, "I don't know"s and, "I don't know what you want me to say"s. Part of me wants him to say he had a deep connection with her, anything that will make more sense of it. It's more frustrating that she's just some trick he hung out with and his ego or vanity took over. All these girlies got him thinking in new directions when they'd stop by to flirt and bat their eyes at him until he just had to give in to at least one of them. She must've been something special or unique. I have to tell myself that. Otherwise, I don't know why he did it.

Sometimes when I sit in the hall here having a cig, I look at his door and I think about that night. How one action transpired into another. When I go to the bathroom down the hall, I wonder what Lucas thought that night, getting up from his bed with Danielle in it, walking to the bathroom after the deed was done. Did he feel sick to his stomach? Did he want to cry or yell or get down on his knees? Was he in denial? Or was it just another night, another silly girl and no big deal?

He has a superiority complex and I wish he didn't feel the need to subject me to it. He has other people to dish that out to, people who don't know the real him. He has created a dome of invincibility around himself so he can excuse, justify, or get over anything he does, no matter who it involves or affects.

Love, Meghan

Wednesday, March 24, 1999

Dear Diary,

We went record shopping and then to Lucas's grandparents' for dinner. They are wonderful. Lucas and I drove and drove last night and talked about serious shit. When we got back, he spun records and people came over to drink. I was bored and felt caged in so I took off but where was I supposed to go? I came back and sat in the hall talking to randoms. I took a few shots of tequila. I was irritated. Lucas and I went to bed and talked. I cried before he left this morning. I'm mixed up hard but "[Baby, Let Me Follow You Down](#)" by Bob Dylan is good.

We're going to Santa Barbara tomorrow. I'm depressed. I'm depressed and I am in So Cal with Lucas. There's a link between the two.

A wonderful girl who lives on Lucas's floor, Lily, is making a tape of Tori Amos bootlegs and B-sides for me.

When will things fall into place? I'm out of sorts. I need to take care of myself and look out for myself before anything else but it feels futile. I've regressed. I'm trying to make sense of the senseless and find answers to things that can't be answered. Again, I don't know what to say but I don't want to stop writing.

If it's going to work out with Lucas, we have to stay close. Even though we have to move through difficult things, we have to stop creating tension and distance. We need to become closer instead of pushing each other away.

Love, Meghan

Sunday, March 28, 1999

Dear Diary,

I'm back at the Wagon Wheel in Bellingham. I kicked it with Skyler last night and got faded. I spent the night at her place and threw up this morning.

Emma rode up here with me. She and Dwight broke up and she's a mess. I feel bad for her but I don't know what to do because she has to go through pain on her own and no one can fix that. He is a prick. He told her that he cheated on her and then he said that he was lying and didn't cheat on her. That's a switch. Boys are messed up in the head. I hope I haven't become a male basher.

Lucas and I talked yesterday. I miss him like crazy. I had a good time with John's girlfriend Jill while I was down there. I loved being in Santa Barbara with Lucas but I shut myself off from him on our drive to Ontario before my flight.

I get disturbed when I think of last fall and all the little details. Am I ever going to drop it? I cried at the airport.

School starts in a couple days and I want to get a job. I miss Lucas and I don't know what to do for this summer and next fall. My crazy neighbor lady has been on the scene and I can't deal with her all quarter.

It's clear to me right now: I love Lucas and I can't wait to see him again. I need to get in shape. Elizabeth and I have to get on a running schedule. I'm going to reread [The Great Gatsby](#).

Love, Meghan

Tuesday, March 30, 1999

Dear Diary,

Classes started today. I didn't get into Art 109 and screw the art program here. I can't get into a simple drawing class. Romantic and Modern Lit. is great. Psychology should be interesting. Philosophy 102 (logic) starts tomorrow.

Skyler and I puffed last night and played cards after a full day. We reminisced about Cassidy and all those nights last year in the dorms, playing cards, and drinking cheap beer and thick coffee.

It snowed last night and campus looked beautiful this morning, the buildings tucked in cozy and quaint beneath the trees looming above.

I miss Lucas. We haven't been able to talk because his long distance doesn't work and I don't know when he'll be in his room.

I walked to Skyler's on N. Garden St. yesterday, listening to Euro Cuts (a mixtape I made for Elizabeth last spring) and "[Joga](#)" by Bjork came on and filled me up. It's on again now at the part with the violins going as it shifts into the beats.

It's unhealthy to get all jacked up over last year but it was perfect. Images of Bellingham, campus, phases and seasons, music, smells and plain old feelings. The kind of memories where, if you think about them long enough, details come back to the point that you're overtaken by the overall feeling of every aspect of what that time was like. I miss my relationships with people and how connected and together we were for that time.

Summer school or Seattle? Europe or Southern California? Smoking and drinking or running and water and embracing life? This level down here or that level up there? Love, passion, and vitality or apathy and fear? I'm inspired and motivated, then restless throughout the days. The spring longing has kicked in.

I've been zapped back into last year in my memories. I got sad yesterday while standing in Sadie and Skyler's empty apartment and thought of my first few visits there last fall. Then all the visits that followed: miserable, heartache-y days and nights but my girls made it better by being with me.

Everything was set for me last year: best friends in the world, my dearest love of my life, a good atmosphere. Now everything I want is all over the map.

Love, Meghan

Tuesday, April 5, 1999

Dear Diary,

I've been reading my journal from sophomore year in high school. The hope was to reread about the peaceful spring I had that year and find clues to what it was made up of. It's too much for me to look into the past that far.

Carla, Sadie, Margo, and I kicked it at Skyler's new pad on Wednesday. I drank too much wine and puffed. On Thursday, Skyler and I saw "[The Matrix](#)."

Humboldt house threw a party on Friday and it went off. I had a ball and got my ass kicked in Kings. The cops came and we got to play war games. Margo and I scaled a fence and ran to the safety of Carla's house.

I drove home with Elizabeth on Saturday and hung out with Emma. Dwight is an asshole. I'm worried about her. She's a different person right now. On Easter, we went to church and had brunch with the fam and Aunt Frances and Charles.

I talked to Lucas last night. He wants to move up here this summer but I need to figure that out. I either want to go to Europe or California in the fall. I have the spring restlessness. I'm gripped by pain and disgust concerning Lucas's beautiful decision last fall. Will it ever stop?

I miss God. I miss Jesus. I cried my eyes out last night, realizing their absence in my life. I need spirituality. I miss Papa. He prayed for us every day and we'd be in a sorry state if he hadn't. I prayed for Emma and my family and myself last night. I cry when I get that kind of comfort. I thanked God for Skyler, my queen. Gratitude is underrated.

Love, Meghan

P.S. I'm at the Wagon Wheel, listening to "Strange Rivers." I stopped writing for a minute and listened and realized I run around like an anxious rat, getting caught up in pettiness instead of enjoying the moment.

Saturday, April 10, 1999

Dear Diary,

Sequoia was in town and we got coffee at the Wagon Wheel. That night, Elizabeth and I went to Craig Maynard's to play Mafia. I have a crush on Craig. He's a doll.

I went to a party in Sudden Valley last night. I had fun until Trevor Rand approached me. The son of a bitch who raped me was there and Trevor asked me to either leave or promise not to make a scene. It upset me. I had seen the asshole earlier that night and decided to put it behind me. Then Trevor had to stir it up in me.

I saw Trevor on the street today and said hi because I don't want him to think I've got a vendetta against him. I talked to Malin about it and she listened. Elizabeth and I got into a fight about it. I am irate. Something inexcusable happened and everyone pats my head and dismisses it when I call out the bullshit of it. I want to be alone. I'm doing homework today and I hope I'm not too distracted. I've been smoking too much. College is bad for my health. I feel bitter, like saying, "Fuck everyone."

Love, Meghan

Sunday, April 11, 1999

Dear Diary,

Marlena's mom passed away nine years ago today. I remember that every year. I wonder if today is especially hard for Marlena or if every day she feels a dull ache. I thought about my parents tonight and how much I love them.

Skyler and I watched "The X-Files" at Carla's and then we talked about the dysfunctions of families, last year, and how shitty it is that Bellingham doesn't have a Dunkin' Doughnuts.

I went to parties with Elizabeth last night. I called Nigel at 2:30am and I'm an arse because I was too drunk to talk and got tripped up on his accent.

I love Bellingham. Skyler and I went to Larrabee State Park and played Frisbee and tried to do homework.

Lucas is dedicated and good to me. He calls all the time and always tells me he loves me. He can tell I'm withdrawn. The fall burnt me out and I don't feel this intense, warm, mushy love that enveloped me last year. Maybe that feeling will return when he does. He'll be here on Memorial Day weekend. Mom and Dad got us tickets to see Bob Dylan and Paul Simon at the Gorge.

I am behind in English. I've been concentrating on psychology but that shit is the myth of Sisyphus. I write and read, read and write and there's always heaps more to do for that class.

Love, Meghan

Tuesday, April 13, 1999

Dear Diary,

Cassidy called me last night and we talked for an hour. Margo tore her ACL during a rugby game so she'll be in Seattle all week. I went to classes and chilled with Skyler today. We got Thai food at Poor Siamese. I saw Matt Warner when I dropped her off but we failed to communicate. I drove home at dusk and was stoked to be alive. Beautiful weather, happy people, fun and beautiful boys. Oh, man.

I put too much sugar in this coffee, dammit. Not that it's good stuff anyway. I'm reading [Anna Karenina](#). One story line hits too close to home - Oblonsky cheating on Dolly and her reactions.

I'm no longer a romantic. I'm afraid to feel passion and vulnerability and closeness with Lucas. Last time I felt it turned out to be WWII on my heart. Which reminds me: Kosovo is a mess. We're making peace through a war. What a fucking joke. I'm no hippie chick but even I see that it's senseless. Our president is a joke. Maybe Mom and Dad have influenced that opinion.

It's spring and I'm alive again. I have to get to work so I can get by in this insane world.

Love, Meghan

Monday, April 19, 1999

Dear Diary,

Don't ask why it's been so long. Avoidance, drink, and companionship. The weather has been exquisite until today. Sky and I have been hanging out in parks. I've seen Matt periodically and feel attraction stirring in me. Sky and I drank 40s in the park, swinging and stargazing on Wednesday night. I went to the Factory with Carla and her friends on Thursday night (Elizabeth gave me her ID). We went to Downtown Johnny's and can someone say meat market. It was disgusting.

Skyler and I met after class on Friday and went to Boulevard Park. We went to Cody's for 40s, Frisbee with the boys and rooftop talks. She and I did homework yesterday and I talked to Matt on the lawn in front of their apartment building. He interests me. I've been missing Lucas and I thought about him all day. I went to classes and watched "[The Terminal Man](#)" tonight for psych class. I'm with Skyler at IHOP, wishing I could write better. I'm numb or avoiding but what?

In English today, we talked about how when some people go through something painful, they withdraw entirely and avoid anything that will bring them future pain. I don't want to do that. It's strange to see the continuation of the aftermath of last fall. So much has happened and time has passed, but only from a certain perspective. I trip on what's happened and the emotional cycles and stages I've survived. From one evening near the end of September, everything changed. All the conversations, writings, people, Australia. It has revolved around Lucas, or at least he's been interlaced throughout it. So has Skyler.

It's strange to get older, go through shit, to age and to change. I looked up at all the young college kids in here, puffin their cigs, drinking their coffee, surmising about the world, being caught up in the brilliance of it. But that's it: I don't feel the brilliance as I once did. I'm stuck in a mental rut, asking what the point is. My alcohol/cig rate has increased and while it no doubt contributes to my mindset, it does not entirely make it up. I need exposure to music I haven't heard. I need to stop being mindless about my body (smoking, not running, eating shite on an erratic schedule).

It's raining. It's the beginning of a new week. Guys are showing interest in me. It's flattering but it detracts from what is most important and sacred to me. I mean that for myself, not in

regard to Lucas. But as long as we're here, Lucas is the only person I care about like that. I have been talking to incredible people, male and female, and I want their persons and their friendships. Lucas is the only one I love in all ways, or at least in the ways that constitute that one rare love: romantically, sexually, and friend-wise. He's my darlin'. He always has been. He always will be.

I'm afraid of him. I use other people as my safety net from him. I struggle to stay close to him. In my own thoughts and insides, I am vulnerable toward him and I hold him in a warm, tender pocket of myself. In quiet times and in the truth of it, it's the same. But I find it hard to allow that on the outer layers. The geographical distance doesn't help. Time is flying and he'll be here on May 25th. I must go. Psychology calls. That class is messing with my head.

Love, Meghan

Wednesday, April 21, 1999

Dear Diary,

It was gray today but the sun came out and now it's beautiful. I went to Boulevard Park with Margo and Skyler yesterday to do homework and then I went to Sadie's for gin & tonics. Sky and I went to the Quarterback for a pitcher and a game of pool. I bailed after a couple beers.

When you're young, drinking is fun and new and makes you feel crazy and all sorts of ways. But the more you do it, the more it dulls you and makes you numb. Noticing this is my signal to chill out on alcohol.

I borrowed Margo's Gangstarr CD, the one with "[Robbin Hood Theory](#)." I had lunch with Elizabeth between classes today and applied for a job. I'm watching "90210" and doing laundry at her house later. I'm going to Lauren's dance class tomorrow.

I want to quit smoking with a passion. I'm worried about Skyler. She's unhappy and doing shit that aggravates it.

Two kids near Denver went into their high school and open-fired, killing 15 people, including themselves. It's unreal. They were "goths" and intended to go in and kill the "jocks." It's sick. High school is hard and people can be lame to each other but I am amazed by what people are capable of.

I miss Lucas like crazy. I think about him incessantly and I feel myself softening up inside over him. The title track on Gangstarr's album, "[Moment of Truth](#)" came on while I sat on my window seat at sunset and I dig it. I'm going to call Lucas and do homework.

Love, Meghan

(later on) I need to stop reading magazines. They give me shady ideas about men and women. I get lost and disconnected when I don't write. I feel upset with Lucas. Maybe it's not the cheating that upsets me. He and I talked the other night and I brought up that he refused to talk about the coming fall last summer. He dodged the topic. That made it easy for him in general and it definitely made it easier for him to cheat. Maybe I resent Lucas for more than cheating on me. Maybe I subconsciously resent him for leaving me and going to Redlands to begin with. But what am I supposed to do about it? What was I supposed to do then? I'm tired of drinking and smoking and feeling lonely. I'm tired of thinking about the fall and all that goes on in me concerning it.

Love, Meghan

(still later) I talked to Oliver tonight and called Lucas back. Our conversations bring me down. I can't cry anymore. It makes me sick. I hate Redlands with a passion. I hate knowing he's there. I know it's immature of me but it's true. I hate it. All of it. I'm angry. Still see an image of me

shaking my fists and saying, "Why?" When does this shit end? I'm all fucked up about it. I want to go outside and destroy something.

I hate Redlands. I hate all the people who go there. I hate the town. I hate the campus. I hate the neurosis inside me that allows me to write this. I'm lost. I hate people. I'm raging. Such a waste of ink and thought and energy. I'm not pulling a victim act. I just think people are lame and I don't see any point to anything: school, consumption, money needed for said consumption, and to surround ourselves with *things* and distract ourselves. I don't understand my addictions and my contradictory, bittersweet feeling of wanting to be alone for a long time even though I love Lucas. I'm sick of attempting to find meaning or at least peace. I'm sick of pretending that all is mellow when I could gag or scream or say something fucked up or have nothing to say, which people are afraid of and uncomfortable with.

I don't want to stand around with my head up my ass, talking about classes, the weather, how fucked up we're going to get this weekend. Fuck Lucas. I can't take it. I wish I could be a little girl again. I miss thinking things were amazing. I miss the infinite and safe faith I had in my folks that they have never proven to be hopeless. It's not that I don't have faith in them. If anything, they're the only ones I do have faith in. Everyone else can go to hell. I don't trust people for shit. It's too bad, too, because I know I am choosing this. You can only blame someone else for so long. So, yes, I blamed Lucas. Now I know it's all me. Fuck him. I keep getting physical surges of anger.

Love, Meghan

Saturday, April 24, 1999

Dear Diary,

It's beautiful today. I got coffee and studied at Boulevard Park. I got a job as a waitress at Little Tokyo House. Oh gosh. At least I have a job.

I got in on Thursday night and Carla and I went to Boundary Bay and the Factory. I talked to Nina for hours and laughed. It's hard for me to talk to Lucas. I get sad and it sucks. I miss him intensely and I've been slowly looking at things I should have looked at months ago. I feel bad that he has to put up with my emotions but not really.

It's spring and I want something but I don't know what. It's going to be a Wagon Wheel night. Fuck alcohol.

Love, Meghan

Sunday, April 25, 1999

Dear Diary,

I'm at IHOP for breakfast. It's busy and loud. Work sucked last night. It wasn't that bad but the tip situation blows. I got a bottle of wine and went to Skyler's. We played cards and talked about Seattle, the mountains, and love.

I talked to Lucas. I miss him something awful. I've been doing school work and it feels good. I appreciate having a job and being in school and knowing I'm not mushing out and being lazy.

I'm going to dinner with people from class to discuss *Anna Karenina* tonight. I am struggling without Lucas here. I'm busy and doing my thing but I miss him.

I don't know why I do this to myself. Breakfast food sounds good and then I eat it and then I feel gnarly. I need to get out of here, take a shower, and do school work. What do I do with this deep loneliness? I gotta check my email.

Love, Meghan

Monday, April 26, 1999

Dear Diary,

I'm studying at the Wagon Wheel. I can't tell if time is going fast or dragging. It's dragging from Lucas's absence but it's flying otherwise. Sarah McLachlan's song "[Shelter](#)" is beautiful and is moving me. I planted strawberries at Aidan's after class today.

I drove out on Mt. Baker highway last night with a girl named Lindsay from my English class to talk about *Anna Karenina* at our classmate Frank's house. He and his wife live in a peaceful spot in a beautiful home. We talked for hours and had dinner. Frank's wife Maryann is rad. They are from New Orleans and are sweet and hospitable.

Spring is awesome and odd. I am loving school. Work is another story and I have to figure out the fascist tip situation.

I struggle with pen and paper. It's in there somewhere; I just have to find it. Spring is inspiring me but it comes in wisps that go as soon as they arrive. "Shelter" is mad beautiful. I miss my Lucas.

Love, Meghan

Tuesday, April 27, 1999

Dear Diary,

I'm lonely. I can't stop listening to Sarah Mc's oldest album. I need Lucas more than ever right now. I don't understand where this desperation comes from. I talked to him for two hours last night and freaked out. I cried and rambled. I wrote him a depressing email today. I don't understand what's wrong with me. I hung out with Margo and Elizabeth today. We played Frisbee at Fairhaven Park. I'm lonely and I can't get over shit.

John is coming to town tomorrow and we're going out to lunch with Elizabeth. I have two tests on Friday and I want to do well but I'm depressed. I don't like my job already. Talking to Lucas doesn't help because he is far away. I want to be healthy and in shape and work at an uplifting place where I make good tips. "Shelter" came on and I'm driving myself crazy but I have to hear it. I thought I'd evolved. Well, I didn't really think that.

I've been lost and sad since fall. I regret it all. I regret Lucas leaving even though I know he needed to. I don't know if I'll be good when he gets here. It's a series of pain and confusion I can't break.

I need new music in my life. Psychology class is driving me crazy. I need Lucas here. Why is life about waiting? I know we fill our time while we're waiting but it sucks. I've been away from true writing for too long. I scare Lucas right now because I am messy and I have no one to talk to and Skyler's been with her mom all week. I'm driving to Seattle with her tomorrow to see my folks.

Love, Meghan

P.S. "I'm so hard to handle. I'm selfish and I'm sad. Now I've gone and lost the best baby that I ever had." (from "[River](#)" by Joni Mitchell)

Tuesday, May 4, 1999

Dear Diary,

Wagon Wheel. Skyler and I went to the tutorial center earlier so I could attempt to explain logic concepts to her. We're studying drugs and altered consciousness in psych class - woo hoo! Just kidding. I got an A on my test. Sky and I went grocery shopping and had a heyday elsewhere

before tearing my credit card to shreds. Those things are the devil's work. She made me dinner. I got tulips today. I'm keeping up in school. Tokyo House is getting better. I get to spend time with my friends. I feel on top of it, but emotionally and spiritually, I've felt ignorant and blah. I've had intense talks with Lucas lately. What was suppressed is surfacing.

I cried last night, recounting the past fall and my devotion and love for Lucas. My spirit was crushed. I'm in pain. It's still inconceivable to me. I don't want to be jaded and indifferent but I've become so. It moves me to a point I've never been before: walking away from Lucas for good. That feels impossible. We always come back to each other with mutual admiration, desire, and love.

I keep listening to Sarah McLachlan and Beth Orton's "[Central Reservation](#)." I've made an ever-growing list of songs to play for Lucas when I have him in my arms. We've entirely switched places since last fall, previous to the cheating. He's pursuing me and I evade him. I'm going to write him a letter tonight.

I've been placed in a box and my choices seem dire. It's back to the same old junk: my true mate severed us. I told him that when two people form a union, they battle the outside forces together and that, in my opinion, only a third party can destroy that union. Nothing desecrates a bond like a third person. I have images that tie my stomach in knots, turn my heart to coal, and poison my spirit. They "break my siren," as Tori Amos puts it.

Are there any options besides 1) leaving Lucas, moving on, seeking out a new path different from the one I've envisioned, being lonely and unable to love someone so deeply for years, possibly forever, or 2) staying with him and growing closer than we've ever been, letting my guard down, letting go of my fears, being hit with excruciating agony every now and again at the prospect of something that's already happened that I have no control over, being consumed by unanswerable questions and unalleviated pain until my dying day?

Something has been sucked out of my spirit and it limits me from feeling and experiencing as deeply as I used to. Gone are the days when I was emotionally adventurous, seeking out anything that moved me in any way, bad or good.

I want to make music and write and write and write and read and love and experience. Something keeps me from it. I don't think it's Lucas. It's something inside me.

As I drove around with Skyler today, I tried to imagine a life without Lucas. It felt futile and strange. I love how he has affected my images and moved me and synergized into me. But he fucked it all up.

I need the truth. Through music, poetry, hip hop, art, people and shit that makes sense and shit that is inherently right and real. I must write. I can't access it all until I get rid of this bullshit inside me that I have created in response to upsetting experiences. I must find God. He is truth. He is peace. He is wisdom. He will give me these things if I ask.

Love, Meghan

Friday, May 7, 1999

Dear Diary,

I worked all evening and decided to stay in tonight to organize myself but I'm having a hard time with that. It feels strange sometimes: working, going to school and getting As, deadlines, obligations, debts, errands, chores. Usually it feels good to be filling my days and making use of myself but there's more underneath that I'm out of touch with.

Anna Karenina has been affecting me. I see couples at work and on the street and where I would've looked at them and smiled with hope months ago, now I look at them and wonder what

kind of bullshit they put up with, who's cheating on who, how they let each other and themselves down.

I feel like Anna Karenina sometimes, suffering and trapped because of my own choices and thoughts. I've let Lucas rock me right to the core. I feel pent up every time I talk to him. I am down about people and relationships. Bad outweighs good. No one can help me but myself. I can't be without Lucas. But where does that take me? It has nothing to do with other people in any respect. I am worn out. Our talks have become habit. For the first time in my life, I see every relationship and connection as temporary.

In *Anna Karenina*, Kitty and Levin break my heart. They are just as Lucas and I were – all purity and innocence. Now he and I have turned into Anna and Vronsky, all fucked up.

I can't bear thinking about the fall. That's when Lucas and I ended. It was over the moment he detached from me. It starts with detachment and then comes cheating, secrets, and lies - the three most detrimental things to a relationship.

I'm happy for Sadie and Ethan. They're in love and they're good together. They remind me of Lucas and me, or the way we were. Love is a risk but there's no fun or exhilaration anymore. I say it's a risk because maybe I can never find happiness with or without Lucas. But maybe I could find happiness with him. Maybe I could find it without him.

Beth Orton's "Central Reservation" came on; the words, "Everything is sacred here. Well, nothing is as sacred as we want it to be. It's like living in the middle of the ocean with no future, no past. Everything that's good about now might just glide right past," are hurting and reaching me.

Nothing makes sense about love and growing up. Everyone starts out fresh and rosy-eyed and then life beats them down. You begin to forgive the downfalls of yourself and others more easily. That's fucked up. I want to wear rose-colored glasses but Lucas stepped on them. I'm lonely for him but if he were here, I'd feel bitter. As much as he hurt me, it's not right to give him the hell that I do. I feel an inability to be with him because I won't be able to treat him like he needs. I'll end up driving him as crazy and unhappy as I've driven myself.

I love him so much that I'd rather he get away from me so as to not suffocate and live in misery. I know how great he is and I want him to experience life and be happy with the possibility of finding true love that we almost had. He needs to live his life and when the time is right, find someone he can be good to, someone he won't cheat on. I know the love he is capable of. If he can give it to someone who makes him want to be good and strong and faithful, I know it will be amazing. I wanted to be her but I don't see how it can happen. I'm too fucked up as an individual for that to happen.

Love, Meghan

Monday, May 10, 1999

Dear Diary,

Oliver was in town and we went to Stuart's Coffeehouse to hear Matt read poetry. Matt printed a book of his work and gave me a copy. I like going there sometimes because it lets me know that people are still thinking, feeling, knowing, and expressing; presenting ideas and illustrating the movement, details, and the universality of life.

I didn't get enough sleep last night. Lucas and I talked until late and I had logic class at 9am. Saturday evening shifted me into a new point of view. I didn't bring anything bad up while talking to Lucas last night. I've got to get to the point where that becomes second nature. I had a

double tall coffee and I hope it keeps me up to prepare for my *Anna Karenina* essay test tomorrow.

I went to Seattle and had dinner with the family and got coffee with Emma last night. I love her and I wish she wasn't wasting her time with Dwight. I did laundry and washed my car.

I sat in my window seat and finished *Anna Karenina* tonight. I looked up outside at the trees and water and sun and realized how much I love Washington in spring. I thought of last spring here: cards with the ladies and drinking coffee in Sadie's room, writing and studying at the Wagon Wheel, going tanning, chillin' with Lucas. Then even further back to all those springs spent leaning out the second story window at Nob Hill.

Lucas and I have changed while we've been apart from each other. But we spent eighteen years apart, from completely different places and lives and it didn't hinder us from coming together the first time, so why does nine months hinder us now? Maybe that's improperly weighted but I thought I'd give it a shot. I don't know what's in store for us.

My body aches, especially my calves, but it's nice in an odd way. I'm out of words and I've got a lot to do.

Love, Meghan

Wednesday, May 12, 1999

Dear Diary,

I feel anxiety and irritation whenever I talk to Lucas. I stayed at Skyler's and watched movies all day because I was sick this morning. I watched "[Slam](#)," a movie that reminded me of the importance of writing. I'm sick of all this rage. I don't understand why it comes back when it's constantly being released. I hate love. I don't know love. I feel trapped. I'm lonely but I'll probably want to get as far away from Lucas as possible when he gets here. I'm sick of him. I'm sick of my fear. When does this pain end? Why am I shut off from life? Why do I want to scream and throw up when I think of him? Why do I feel like he's fucking girls all the time? I am being ripped apart inside and I am ripping myself apart. I want it to end. I want to go away.

I don't know if I want to hug him or push him. I'm angry when we talk. I'm anxious for his arrival and so fucking angry. I want him to go ahead and fuck all the women he sees on a daily basis. I want to stop feeling neurotic and jealous. I am only going to destroy myself and consequently him. I don't want to love. I don't want anyone in my life. I could wretch when I think about love and sex. They are meaningless and stupid and people are cruel and fucked up. I have become like them. I am in anguish. I don't want to be *near* Lucas. It's pathetic. I am pathetic. I have brought this upon myself and I wonder why I continue talking to and seeing him after what he did. He talks about it now like he's done his penance and paid his dues and should get a pat on the back for (supposedly) staying faithful to me since I got back from Australia. Give me a fucking break. I am shriveled up inside. I can't give him anything. I have nothing left. I will throw my hands up and say I give up. It's over. Forget this.

M

Thursday, May 13, 1999

Dear Diary,

Wagon Wheel. If you couldn't tell, I was in a rage last night. I called Lucas back and cried. Then I talked to Skyler and went to sleep. I'm exhausted. I went to Elizabeth's to use her hair dryer because mine broke this morning. I talked to Mom and started crying. She must think I'm schizo. Elizabeth and I talked on her porch and had the recurring talk about my bouts with depression. I

don't feel like talking to anyone. Everything I do is half-assed. I can't get absorbed in anything. I want to elevate my mind and unlock the gates to the truth of me.

It was comforting to talk to Elizabeth because the way I see it, if it's depression, okay. I've dealt with that before and it takes time to move out of. I feel isolated. Even my writing is sad. Skyler is comforting. She and I lay in the sun today.

Everyone is drinking tonight but I can't imbibe in that poison if I want to move out of this darkness. I need more hip hop and poetry in my life. Lucas leaves for Bellingham in 10 days. I want to think he'll make it better but he won't want to deal with my mess.

Love, Meghan

Saturday, May 15, 1999

Dear Diary,

I'm forcing myself to write at the Wagon Wheel. Margo and I walked to the water before dark, and talked about our funks, the past year, Lucas and Terrence. My mind began forming poems as I drove home so I wrote when I got back. I'm going to read at Stuart's on Monday.

Things have shifted since I started writing poems again. It doesn't all seem pointless and hopeless when I write. Elizabeth was the first person I wanted to share it with because she comforted me on Thursday morning but she was out and about. I'm sitting on her lawn in sunlight now, waiting for her to come home.

I've been scoping a boy who intrigues me and he was sitting alone under the structure in red square yesterday. After Cody boosted my ego, I got my anti-insecurity stance and walked over to talk to him. His name is Cameron and he's from Bozeman, MT. He's a freshman living in Buchanan Towers and he's a theatre/poli sci double major. His father makes a living throwing pottery. I told him about Lucas. He is seeing a freshman who he says is a great actress. Cody joined us and then Cody and I walked to Skyler's. He taught me the basics of skateboarding and I'm tempted to get my own board.

I worked last night and went to Sadie's for tequila and beer. She wants me to meet Ethan's friend Dan before the hip hop show tonight. Skyler and I went to Owen's to play darts. She stormed into the garage at one point, grabbed my hand and took me into a room where a few people were snorting coke. I did it and it was fun but never again. As Dylan [says](#), "Keep a clean nose, watch the plainclothes, you don't need a weatherman to know which way the wind blows." I have to mob through this week and Lucas will be here at the end of it.

Love, Meghan

Sunday, May 16, 1999

Dear Diary,

I've been studying psych at the Wagon Wheel. I am looking forward to this week and cleaning out my system and abstaining from craziness like this past weekend. The hip hop festival was great. The Pharcyde didn't come on until 2am. I stayed at Margo's. Lucas leaves a week from today. We talked today for the first time since Thursday. We think it's easier and goes faster when we don't talk on the phone.

I have to do five experiments for psych class. Can someone say neurotic? I am stoked to read at Stuart's tomorrow night but I hope I don't get too nervous. I wish Lucas could be there. I feel good about him. I want to be a mother again. I'm not as afraid of love and him and myself as I've been.

I visited Aidan earlier and he read me a passage by Arthur Rimbaud about “derangement of the senses” and the poet being a seer. Writing on Thursday was a turning point. On our walk, Margo and I wondered if this year has helped us in any way or if it’s been one long, stagnant digression. I was convinced it was the latter but I don’t think so anymore.

I’m coming back to life. I’m getting to the good part where I dissect and review the year. This is the part where I look back and realize it wasn’t as bad as I thought. I get to put on my rose-colored hindsight glasses. I get to breathe a sigh of relief and say, “Wow. That was fucking hard and I never want to go through *that* again.” Things feel smooth and fluid. My resistance and struggle are softening. Hard times and misery may come again but for now, I get peace, wisdom and reflection. It’s a renewal time; a time for inspiration, growth, and rebirth.

Love, Meghan

Thursday, May 20, 1999

Dear Diary,

Wagon Wheel. I’ve got a psych test tomorrow and I am on a mission to get an A. Week in review: I read my poems at Stuart’s on Monday night. I saw Matt and we are funny around each other. We approach each other and then retreat. I got positive feedback on my poems. None of my friends came (fine) but Elizabeth did

I went to Ethan’s to see Sadie. Sadie read me her poems and we watched “[Nowhere](#).” I love her and I have been enjoying her company.

On Tuesday, Skyler and I watched “[Rosemary’s Baby](#).” We went for coffee, drove back to Ethan’s, did homework, listened to classical music, and drank tea.

I got a B on my *Anna Karenina* test and I need to talk to Prof. Marguiles and find out what I need to do to get As. It’s within my power but I only do B-level work. My beautiful boy will be here so soon I can barely stand it. He arrives on Sunday and I can’t wait to take him in my arms.

Happy Court is having a keg tomorrow. Nate O. is coming up for it and I am stoked. Shelby, Mary and Claire are coming up, too. I am in love with people lately. Everyone is beautiful and I’ve been enjoying them. I need to get Modest Mouse’s albums, especially the [song](#) about “You wake up early and you live to regret.” It’s Thursday and as much as I’d love to go dancing with Carla and Mason Amstad, I can’t because of my psych test, spending money unnecessarily, and besides that, I’m sick of the drink. My baby’s all the drug I need. I’m having a newfound love affair with my life.

Love, Meghan

Sunday, May 23, 1999

Dear Diary,

Lucas is on the road headed up here. I was driving home from the mall today and “Iris” came on the radio and I got hit with a feeling of last spring, how perfect it was, how much has gone on since and how absolutely excited I am to see Lucas. It was 80 degrees today and I wonder if sitting in the sun all day for the past two days is the culprit for my discomfort. I don’t know when to expect Lucas. I’ve been cleaning and vacuuming and I’m going home to take one of those preparation-for-Lucas showers: long, thorough, and anticipating.

I got a sweet email from Lucas earlier. I could’ve cried right there in Wilson Library. I’m reading Franz Kafka’s [The Metamorphosis](#) for English and it is disturbing. This is a strange, stressful and emotional time for me. I’ve been thinking about last spring and how close we all were (Lucas, Margo, Terrence, Eric, Aidan, et al.). These reunions are going to be crazy and

wonderful and necessary. We were so close and we all went separate ways but have had each other in our hearts and minds while we've been doing our things. If only Cassie could be here. I can't believe I'm at the end of this difficult separation from Lucas. I must do homework tonight because it won't happen when he gets here.

It's comforting to be sitting in the Wagon Wheel on this beautiful spring evening, like it ties loose ends together. I'm listening to songs from last spring. A year ago around this time, Lucas and I were preparing to say goodbye. Now we get to say hello. I remember living in my parents' condo, getting coffee with and from Emma, spending time alone, working, and tormented without him.

I get distracted when I study or read. I feel peace and warmth flooding back into me. I am going through a major transition this week and I'm ready for it. I am in love with people again because of Lucas. He wrote and told me how lucky he is. I'm the lucky one. I want to live my entire life with him. I'm reading a chapter in psych class about growth and development and they wrote about growing old. I'll make sure I grow old with Lucas. He was extricated from my life last August and now he's coming back.

Love, Meghan

Tuesday, June 1, 1999

Dear Diary,

Back at the Wagon. Lucas is here and I owe the absence of writing to that. He came at 5am last Monday. After mixed feelings, I'm glad he's here. We got dinner with Elizabeth and Jared tonight. I've been falling behind in school but that was expected. Having Lucas here is disorienting. I've had to relax on all the patterns and routines I've settled into before his arrival. It's dead week and everyone is studying for finals.

I've slipped back into my sensitive self now that Lucas is here. Terrence got home today and Margo is a wreck.

I hope I finish out the school year strong. It's the same old shit: school and work, school and work, but 100 times better with Lucas here. I miss spending more time with Skyler. Mom and Dad stopped here on their way home from Vancouver, B.C. on Sunday. I miss Seattle. My writing is sloughing but maybe the gates will open soon.

Love, Meghan

Friday, June 4, 1999

Dear Diary,

Friday night at the Wagon Wheel. I got done with work and didn't feel like drinking so I studied for psych and my English final. I saw Lucas at home for a few minutes earlier. He's spinning records at a party tonight. I feel unimportant and second place with him.

I went to Vancouver with Skyler, Sadie, and Ethan last night. We went to the Cambie Hotel and an Irish pub in Gastown. I had a great time until the ride home when Ethan bitched for two hours. I am bitter toward him.

I went to Happy Court to see Terrence. Everyone was belligerent and divided. Lucas was an asshole to me. I took Skyler home and went to bed. I woke up at 8am feeling like shit and drove to Happy Court to get my backpack. Margo was there and stressed because she told Terrence about the abortion and he bailed. She took me to my last logic class and then I got breakfast with Aidan in Old Fairhaven. We found Lucas and he went to classes with me.

Everyone is out of sorts. I know I am. I got irritated today and wanted to get away from everyone here. I'm burnt out and I don't know why and I don't know how to restore myself. I'm ready for classes to be over. I need to do well on my finals. Lucas has a funny effect on me. I forgot how hard it can be to be in a relationship. I wonder how I will look back on all this.

It was rainy and misty and cozy today. "Hey, Hey, What Can I Do?" by Led Zeppelin came on and it is a cut. I remember a day when Tilda and I were having one of our spaz attacks, overwhelmed (guys, school, parents, life) and we drove through downtown near the market and it was raining. All the sudden the sun broke through and that song came on the radio and we laughed and laughed. I miss her. I can't wait to go to Seattle. Dylan and Simon are next weekend. We're going to Evergreen on Saturday for a festival and I must call Sequoia. I'm back to my regular, stupid smoking habit. I want to go to New York and Europe. I must keep writing. Not now, but overall.

Love, Meghan

Saturday, June 5, 1999

Dear Diary,

Something is not working. I am a mess and I don't know what to do or where to go. This time is warped and twisted. It's Bellingham and all the people from last year being back here minus a couple. It feels unfamiliar and fucked. Lucas and I went out to breakfast and were going to go grocery shopping but before we went to the store, he asked if we could go by Happy Court and it rubbed me the wrong way.

I feel let down by him. I feel completely abandoned and rejected by him. He left me to go back to So Cal and even if it was for other reasons (and it was), it still entailed him leaving me. Then all the stupid stuff in the fall: misery and pain and the stressful, long conversations and bittersweet, confusing visits. It's not working. I'm unhappy. I'm a mess within myself and so how can I function in a relationship? He doesn't know what to do. I don't either. I can't imagine my life without him but this is no good. I'm angry, sad, depressed, bitter, and pent up and I'm sick of it. I'm fucked, confused, and directionless. I can't handle staying in Bellingham. I need to go far away and start over. I feel stifled and trapped and the people around me make it worse. They drive me nuts.

I am stressed and the words "peace" and "relaxation" don't exist in my vocab. They are a vague memory that I think I saw someone else experience a long time ago. I hate who I've become over the past nine months. I am upset and in disbelief over Lucas. I'm not kind and good anymore. The Meghan he knew is dead and he doesn't know what to do with who I am now.

I want to talk to Mom. I'm hurting and it's coming out in the form of rage and bitchiness. I feel alone and isolated. I don't believe in love. Everything I used to think, feel, know, and believe has shattered or disappeared. I could puke or scream but instead I keep blowing up and breaking down and popping off. But nothing gets released. I am confused and way back, before this fucked up year from hell, that was okay because I had faith in people. Even if I was confused or fucked up, I had all these people to put me back on the right track and I felt they had infinite wisdom or at least the ability to comfort me. Now I hate them and see that they are just as stupid, messed up, and bad as I feel I am these days. I'm clinging to shit that has so obviously expired. Lucas and I were not as strong as I fooled myself into thinking we were. We weren't strong enough for distance and I can't figure out what the hell we're trying for. They're futile attempts anyway.

How do you sever two years of your life without looking back or going crazy because so many of the elements are gone? I'm pissed at myself for not quitting smoking. I have to start over: new place, new people, new life. That's the only way to get back to who I am. As down on myself as I am, I have this sense that I'm smarter and more down for the truth than any of the people around me. It's this psycho, extreme clash of emotions and thoughts. I'm going to go paint.

Love, Meghan

Sunday, June 6, 1999

Dear Diary,

I got coffee with Margo in Old Fairhaven this morning and found beautiful roses for Skyler's birthday at the flower shop. Lucas and I went rock climbing at beautiful Larrabee. We made dinner and I've been studying for my psych final. Then it's all about logic class and then I can chill. Lucas and I are going to Seattle on Thursday. I don't want to stay in Bellingham. I'd rather be in Seattle or California and then go to Europe. I want to travel again. It would get me out of this slump.

Relations are improving with Lucas. I went to Happy Court last night and people fought. Terrence and Billy both cried. Margo is worried about Terrence.

These beautiful, friendly girls were working at Tony's Coffee today and Margo said, "They look so happy. They look like they've never had a problem." It was true. We laughed and said, "I want to look that way." I'm self-absorbed and taking shit too seriously. I wear myself out. No one is getting on so well. I want to have fun and peaceful times. I want so much. Psychology calls.

Love, Meghan

Friday, June 11, 1999

Dear Diary,

I drove to my parents' condo yesterday afternoon. Emma and I chilled and then she had to go talk to the girl that Dwight hooked up with while Em and he were still together. This chick was supposedly a "good friend" of Emma's. She wanted support so I went with her and got coffee down the street and read and waited. Two hours passed and I didn't hear from her. I called Mom and had her pick me up. I was livid with Emma. Lucas and Aidan drove down and spent the night. We went all over Seattle and out for Indian food.

On Friday, we drank at Terrence's with Margo. Skyler and I went to Olympia on Saturday for a festival. I got to meet Bev and Kane, good friends of Skyler's folks. They had a bbq and yard party. Skyler pointed out one of the women there and said she had had an affair with Kane. I had an immediate distaste for the woman, disgust for Kane, and admiration and respect for Bev. While we were at the festival, I saw Paul playing ukulele on a stage. What an easy way to find someone you're looking for. We saw Sequoia later on, too. Skyler and I wanted to get out of there. Olympia is weird. It's blah and the people we came across were rude. We drove on Hwy 12 through the pass and it was beautiful. We got to Vantage and looked for campsites but ended up sleeping at a view point in the car. We went to the Gorge early yesterday morning and discovered that Skyler and I had both lost our ATM cards. We think it's more than coincidence and that someone took them but we don't know who, how, or when. We went to BP and pulled a "[Reality Bites](#):" Sky filled people's tanks with her parents' gas card and got cash from them so we had enough to camp. We drank beer and went to Vantage with Canadians to go swimming.

Refreshing but cold. I rode back to camp in the flat bed of a truck. I love that. We ran into friends but not Lucas and co. Sky and I headed down to the show and got separated right when we passed the gate.

Inside the amphitheater, I ran into Brandon Caldwell. He gave me his ticket stub through the chain link fence so I could get into the seats near the stage. Paul Simon was amazing. We danced and laughed for hours. I ran into Laura and she said Lucas was back at the campsite. I had left a ticket at will call for him but he didn't know that. I left after Simon to look for him. I couldn't find him and met all these people instead. We went back to hear the rest of the show and sat in a field. I found Lucas and he was shafty. We lay in the grass and then I went back to my site to sleep because it was too cold out. I had a decent sleep and then Lucas came and found me. We packed up and hit the road. I am sun burnt and happy. I'm doing better.

Love, Meghan

(later on) I love driving through the pass right now. It's sunny and early in the day. It feels good not to worry for once and to relax. I hope it lasts.

Love, Meghan

Wednesday, June 16, 1999

Dear Diary,

Things they are a-changin'. I'm doing better than I was. I walked down to Stuart's. Lucas got a job delivering food for Port of Subs yesterday. We drank wine and watched "[Wild Style](#)" at Sadie's last night. I'm leaving Bellingham for good. I called my landlord today and told them I'm moving back to Seattle. I have to put my two weeks in at Little Tokyo House. I feel guilty but it's my life and I can't make major decisions based on what other people want or need to the omission of what I need and want. I have to cancel my summer classes. The tentative plan is to move to Seattle for work; go on a road trip to the East Coast with Skyler in August and work more and then move to Southern California.

I love Bellingham but I've known it's time to move on. I'm a space cadet lately. I'm in a better way but I'm unfocused and it sucks because I have plenty to think about, plan, and organize. I want to go out and conquer the world but I don't know where to begin. I think Skyler might be peeved with me but I don't know why.

I'm reading [Jane Eyre](#). I got my grades back: English - B, psych - A, philosophy/logic - C. That last one is bullshit and I might go talk to the prof. It's insane to think I might not be at Western again. I do love it here. But Lucas is right: it's stagnant.

I wish this coffee were better. I've been thinking about female dynamics lately. I've got it boiled down to two options with how I see women in regard to men. Option one: attractive, flirty, vixen style; free as a bird with no attachments; slightly air-headed (or majorly in some cases); home wrecker/boyfriend stealer; symbol of sex and desire on a surface level for most men; nothing too brilliant to offer. Option two: awesome, down to earth, intelligent; understanding, faithful and loving; beautiful, sexy and stable but spontaneous; dependable but independent; easy to cheat on because you'll always be there and even though sex is meaningful in this option, there's still the human tendency to look elsewhere and want to shag the type in option one. It's awful. It's black and white and contrived and shallow and narrow-minded of me. It's post-cheating residue.

I'm losing it. I've been acting like a goofy freak from hell the past couple days. I'm going to miss being up here and my friends. I underestimate that. But Bellingham holds sadness for me, especially this year. The fall and winter were misery and decline.

I will write lives I want to live. #1: San Diego or Hawaii - awake with the sunrise every day and surf all day. Live in a grass hut or a cottage on the beach. Decline in smoking and drinking. Natural, healthy lifestyle where I spend the majority of my time outside surfing, writing and reading and chillin' with awesome people. Being in top physical shape. #2: San Francisco - Bohemian lifestyle filled with poetry and good, live music. Live in a studio apartment with a roof top garden. Wander the streets forming poems in my head. Lots of coffee, cigs, and conversation. Wine drinking and dancing and maybe going to university. Painting, throwing pots, and meeting good people. #3: New York - a loft in Greenwich Village. Late nights of smoke, drink, and jazz. Poetry and acting old-style. Good shopping. Good people. Characters. Mad drinking binges and daring poetry. #4: Europe - Traveling. Lowdown dirty struggling and elegant high times ("Fine champagne with the beautiful ones; puffin with our mates, stoned off our bums"). Beautiful sights, natural wonders, and good pubs. There's heaps more, I just can't think of them right now.

Love, Meghan

Friday, June 18, 1999

Dear Diary,

Wagon Wheel. I spend so much time here. Mom says our lifestyles are depressing up here. She's right. I'm down again. I've been sleeping a lot. I'm restless, directionless and bored. I have no enthusiasm. I've been sad about Lucas cheating on me for the last couple days. Going somewhere else won't change this. It's within me and what I do. As I walked down here, I listened to "The Secret of Roan Inish" [soundtrack](#) and I had flashbacks of the fall, mostly Sadie and Skyler's old apartment. Drinking coffee and smoking cigs and playing cards and crying and talking about Lucas. It's weird how I can look back fondly on that time now that it's past. All those nights of hanging out with them. I have a hard time getting absorbed in anything. I feel isolated and uncloose to everyone. Lucas and I love each other very much. (Much more than "very much" but how do I write the depth of it with words?) I don't know what it means for us that I can't decide where to live. Our year apart has rocked me.

Why does that little situation still trouble me? We've been with other people, I've been to Australia, he's been in Cali - but one part bothers me. I don't understand it. I wish it could be laid out for me from Lucas's perspective: this is exactly how it transpired, this is what led to it, this is what I was thinking, knowing and feeling while it was happening. This is how it was afterward; this is how I felt, thought and knew afterward, this is how we (Lucas and Danielle) interacted afterward. This made it harder to live and to be down here, etc. Emma said it's good that it happened because it showed us how strong we are. That's a backwards way to look at it.

Skyler and I watched "[Velvet Goldmine](#)" last night and in one scene, the wife of a musician walks in and sees him in bed with another woman, snorting coke, and ignoring her. The maid comes in and apologizes to him for letting the wife in and she yells, "What the fuck?! I'm his wife!" They tell her to leave and he laughs at her without a care in the world. That is my nightmare. I've gotten that feeling from Lucas before. It makes me want to go off alone and shine and do all I love and say fuck it all.

Everyone, especially in this day and age, is depressed or has a tendency toward it but they find outlets and things to occupy themselves or to take themselves out of it. That's what I'm lacking. I want to stand next to Danielle in front of Lucas and ask him, "Who do you want?" Hands down, the answer would be me. That makes it all the more tragic. It perpetuates my constant, "Why?" I dwell on this because I need something to fight for. I told him today that I

don't think that little stunt has helped me as an individual. He's in denial, rationalization mode. He feels bad but it's no big deal.

I hate this culture. I hate how men cheat and fuck up and are lame to women, and it's accepted. If he didn't cheat last September, he would have some time. It's like natural law. Men have to fuck up and get sex any way they can. It sickens me. It's the way it is. It's too much for me to take. Maybe I am hopeless.

Love, Meghan

Saturday, July 3, 1999

Dear Diary,

I'm at the Wagon Wheel. I moved out of my apartment on Thursday but I'm back because Tokyo House wanted me to work last night.

Lucas drove back to California on Thursday. It's strange to think I was with him the day before yesterday. He drove down on Wednesday night and stayed at Terrence's. I drove down to Seattle on Thursday and Lucas and I got coffee at the old Paradiso. We debated about the last couple of weeks and whether or not I would drive to California with him. I wanted to but Mom and Dad wouldn't allow it. Lucas was upset because I drove him away by moving back to Seattle.

I had gone to the first day of classes for summer school at Western and realized I couldn't deal with it. There was an amazing poetry class I wish I had taken but I cancelled my classes the next day and put in my two-week notice at Tokyo House. Bellingham was depressing to me.

But now it's just hard to be without Lucas. I miss him. I cried for hours while I was stuck on I-5 yesterday. The Danielle thing won't let me be. I'm scared and unhappy. I'm nervous and anxious all the time. I'm scattered and shattered. I don't know how to heal. I don't think I was built for this world - for love and society and the male/female circumstances. I'm afraid of having a family. I'm sad and lonely and devastated about Lucas. I told him I'm the only pure thing and I'm surrounded by all that's not. I feel delicate, sensitive, and bruised. I can't stand the thought of Redlands or anything that has to do with it or music or relationships or beautiful people. It all pains me.

We kicked it at Happy Court last Tuesday night. It ended in Lucas destroying the house, breaking things, and being incredibly mean to me. We'd watched "[What Dreams May Come](#)," a disturbing and strange movie. The main character's husband and children die. She kills herself. She goes to hell and her husband has to go find her. Why is it once again a man saving a woman? Women are the ones who save.

She wound up in hell and filth because she was sensitive and awful things happened to her. She was punished for her response to tragedy. If life is the thoughts you think then I want someone to tell me what to think so I can heal and move on and be full again.

Yesterday, Lucas told me I should go talk to someone. He fucked up my entire life and now he wants me to go see a stranger who can mend me and clean up his messes. He doesn't care about the repercussions this has had on me and, in turn, us. He can function in a relationship and I obviously can't because of what he did. He can move on and find a beautiful normal girl and I will suffer silently and alone, impassioned, enraged, and caged.

He's living in Holt at Redlands next year, Danielle's dorm. I don't think she'll be there but that's not the issue. Bekins is next door, where he lived last year and fucked her. A physical iciness comes into me and settles on my skin when I think about it. What are you supposed to do when you can't deal with your reality? I'm 19. I'm tackling major issues and wasting the prime

of my youth. I can't find a source of peace and hope, at least not long-term. Hell, not even short-term.

I was smoking a cig in the stairwell at Skyler's apartment today and it smelled like cigs in Fairhaven hallways. You know, youth, maleness, distance ... none of these things make Lucas's actions acceptable to me. I can't trust anyone. If this is love (what he did), I don't want to think about what hate is like. I hear him say, "But I'll never do it again." I feel hurt and rejected. I could cry right now. My heart hurts and my stomach flips. Sex makes me sad. It's the saddest thing there is.

I'm still soft somehow. I'm afraid. I'm insecure about Lucas. I'm unsure. These wounds are as fresh as if it just happened. I'm listening to "Central Reservation" by Beth Orton and tearing up. When I cried in the car yesterday, it felt surreal. To the point where it was comforting. Like a minute ago. All these emotions were welling up in me to a pinnacle. I got that same surreal feeling and it felt safe. Like when Tori Amos says, "I found the secret to life: I'm okay when everything is not okay."

I want to see Oliver. He's known me since innocence and through all that's happened. I got a drink with Tilda at Machiavelli's the other night. I want to see Terrence. I wonder if he'd have any words of wisdom. I shut down and try to remove myself from what brings me pain but it manages to come creeping in to suck me back into its tentacles and suffocate me. It was a mistake to not write these past couple weeks.

Lucas has conditions on us. I don't have room to make decisions between him and my parents. They're all watching me and shaking their heads. It's painful to hold Lucas sometimes. My whole being wants to but there's this hurt, "Why?" and a feeling of being crushed: "Running back to the arms that betrayed me, burying my head in the chest that breathes lies." I wrote that this past winter. It ends with, "Oh, woman. When you gonna learn?" It's about my duality. The innocent, child-like aspect that wants to love and trust willingly and the last part comes in to say that I've got to be strong and can't put up with bullshit. I don't care what everyone says to rationalize it. It was wrong and awful and far beyond my comprehension. Absolute bullshit. Here I go again. I'm not in my own body. I have to stop resenting men and thinking women have a shitty lot in life.

Love, Meghan

Tuesday, July 6, 1999

Dear Diary,

I need a job. I emailed Lucas yesterday and apologized for being unable to talk to him on the phone. I had a couple beers with Tilda at Dad Watson's in Fremont last night. I need to have a sense of who I am and what I want. Otherwise I get swept away in self-destructive behavior. I told Tilda I want to know my roots and my wings. I've gotten lazy in knowing what I'm about. My pain has been my excuse for my values and ideals flying out the window. I need to realize what's important to me, what I want, what I expect, what I'm willing to do, what I won't put up with.

It makes sense to be in Seattle right now. Maybe I'll go to LA and become a movie star. Maybe I'll be a bohemian poet in San Francisco.

On Fourth of July, Margo and I kicked it at Holly's. We chilled on her roof with a group of people. I met this beautiful guy Josh. We talked about spirituality and God. He said our meeting was a spiritual appointment. It was refreshing to meet someone who isn't in denial of that need or laughing at it. I went to the Hudson's for a bbq yesterday. It was good to see Amber and

everyone, especially Evelyn Blackburn. I admire and love her. She is a beautiful and awesome woman and I admire how much Charles loves her. I'd like to see them before I go to Cali and have a long talk with her.

Mom and I went to a talk about C.S. Lewis and then got coffee last night. I love her. She thinks I'm struggling and directionless. I don't like that. She drove me to get my car at the Hudson's last night so I could meet Tilda and she said it reminded her of driving me to Denny's when I was 14. I hate it when she says things like that.

As "miserable" as I can be, I love life. I get brief murmurs of excitement buried beneath the layers of hurt and mistrust. My spirituality is reawakening, if I can say "re." The only way I can let go of last fall is through God and faith and prayer. I'm asking for and desiring it. It's not all my responsibility and it's not all God's. It's a cooperation. I'm putting my effort in. I run like a scared animal at the prospect of change. My life isn't working on my own. That's the devil's anthem: "You can do it by yourself." We're not meant to. I feel the spirit lifting me right now. It feels good.

Love, Meghan

Saturday, July 10, 1999

Dear Diary,

Beautiful afternoon at Allegro. I worked at Vera's today and save for Rod's entertaining company, it sucked. I need a real job. I'm going to the airport later with Emma to pick up her friends Cara and Steve. Their cats broke Emma's screen and jumped out the window the other night while she was cat-sitting. We found the first one right away but the other one is gonzo. Em told them last night and they took it well. We saw "[American Pie](#)." I talked to Lucas. He's throwing a party tonight with Jeremy and I wish I could be there.

I'm going to Chelan with Emma three days after my birthday. Lying on the beach in the sun, going out on the boat, listening to Jewel, and losing money at the casino sound good to me.

People endure the same kinds of things and I'm not alone when I feel like everything isn't alright all the time. It's a relief: knowing that I'm not the only paranoid basket case. Some people are just better at keeping it under wraps or they wear it differently. I'm not as sad and angry and fucked up as I was. It's back to the usual restlessness and desire to see Lucas. I haven't been drinking at all.

I am thrilled that I will live in Southern California. It's all I can think about. I have visions of working my fingers to the bone, going through floods and fire, risking life and limb, come hell or high water. I will live in Southern California this fall, dammit.

I'd like Lucas for my birthday. We don't always get what we want.

I've been paying more attention lately. I can't explain it better than that. I went downstairs for more tea water earlier and I saw a toddler swaying around and laughing. He was jubilant. I thought he was going to start floating. He couldn't bear his exhilaration. The sun streaming in and the shadows across the wood tables in here give me that feeling. I sit still and look, actually look. It looks like a picture, feels like a gripping movie.

I've not been listening to music enough but every time I do lately, it comes in and fills me up and sends me. Music softens things. It's a mood and backdrop. Like you could read a mushy letter and if you were listening to Fugazi, you'd be neutral or less affected than if Tori Amos or Beth Orton were playing. But some letters rip straight through you to the point where you could cry even if Ween was on. It goes the other way, too. You could read a casual thing, but if the right music is on, you'll fall to pieces. Certain parts of the day (if you're lucky) or week or

month or year are little symphonies. Every aesthetic thing around you and inside comes together in the right way. Similar to when you get in the car on a sunny day and good music is on and you drive and see beautiful people and you feel young, light, and invincible.

Time escapes me at Allegro. "Robbin' Hood Theory" is on and I love, "This world is ours. That's why the demons are leery. It's our inheritance. This is my robbin' hood theory."

Love, Meghan

Sunday, July 11, 1999

Dear Diary,

Lucas and I function differently when we're apart. Forgiving and letting go means trusting him. I feel like, "Whoa. I may let it go, but I have to *trust* him, too?" I can't believe my silly self for not considering that aspect. Mom said it best before I left for the evening and it pissed me off: "What kind of life is that?" referring to how fruitful can a relationship be without trust. I get most upset with that beautiful woman when she speaks truth.

I'm on our deck, listening to Bob Dylan's "Bringing It All Back Home" and having a beer before I go to 700 Club with Oliver. I want to go dancing tonight. I trust Lucas but I don't put it past him to cheat again. It's insane how close I feel to him daily when we're far apart. When we're together, I'm heart-achy. When we're not, I'm strong and stoked and feel fuzzy about him. That's awful.

I'm calling the Seattle Times info line for my bullshit, shallow horoscope and I've noticed that when I dial it (464-2000), it forms the sign of a cross. Is that the devil's work? Did they do it on purpose? Do I read into things? People ask, "Do coincidences exist or is everything pre-planned?" I believe it all. Life is insane and big and full. I'm soaking it in. I want to send the lyrics to "[Pale September](#)" by Fiona Apple to Lucas. Fiona Apple summed up September '97 in that song. The part about, "All my armour falling down in a pile at my feet and my winter giving way to warm as I'm singing him to sleep," makes me feel sad and empty and warm and full all at the same time. Oh, my baby. Why's it so complicated?

Love, Meghan

P.S. Isn't it backwards? I trust him, yet if I found he was untrue again, it'd be a situation of, well, I knew what I was getting back into and staying in. Like that Native American story in "[Natural Born Killers](#)" when the serpent says, "Look, bitch, you knew I was a snake."

(forget it - I'm not done writing) I want to call Lucas or write him a long letter or mail a poem to him but what is there to say? We're apart and it makes us both sad. I don't worry he'll be unfaithful this summer in Idyllwild, but yes, the thought of him at Redlands this fall puts strain on my heart. I made a list of songs to play for him when I had him in person. I played a few but I forgot to play "[Never Is a Promise](#)" by Fiona Apple for him. Now this stupid beer is numbing me. Being sober is necessary for clarity. I'm solid when I'm sober even if all the shit around me is jumbled up. I went inside and danced and I looked in the mirror and cried. Lucas will never know the depth of me and what's become of me. Fiona sings, "I don't know what to believe and you don't know who I am. You say I need appeasing when I start to cry." I wish he could understand, feel, and hear this song the way I do. Now Bjork is on and "Joga" is here. This song is too beautiful.

Love, Meghan

Monday, July 12, 1999

Dear Diary,

So, the big 2-0 tomorrow. Last year at this time, I had been impatiently waiting for the big Meghan/Lucas reunion for a month. I was thrilled. Not for my silly birthday but because it meant being with Lucas again. This year, I'm headed to Chelan with Emma instead.

I miss Lucas like all get out. I went to 700 Club with darling Oliver to see Maktub, or Kaya, as they were called last night. Matt came down from Bellingham to see the show. We danced. I talked to Reggie, the keyboard player. Their singer is bomb. She's beautiful and she can sing. I want to sing.

Oliver and I talked for hours afterward. I told him that Teddy and Matt are the only two boys who have reached out and gotten inside my mind for a minute. Lucas is my dear. These are just two men I am attracted to, who hold my attention and intrigue me. I explained it as a color wheel of light. Lucas is infinite colors and lights. Other boys are one light, if even that, one shade. Teddy and Matt are a few lights. They evoke something and get me thinking. Not doubtfully about Lucas, just thinking of ideas and images. I've created my own meaning of the word "images." Story for another time.

I called Lucas earlier and talked to Jeremy. I can't wait to go down and chill with them. I had a brilliant time with them last summer.

I looked through the Australia book I got for Mom earlier and I felt a deep homesickness for the land down under, Cassidy, and traveling. Will I do all I want? SARK may have had something when she wrote, "Do what you love, the money will follow." I don't see how. It's an impediment. You need time to make money. I don't care for buying clothes, CDs, makeup, etc. I want money for experiences. That may sound shallower than wanting money for material objects. I create my own experiences but I need money for transportation and all the other junk we "need" for survival and enjoyment.

I have come to dread summer. It means Lucas's absence. I'm listening to Sarah McLachlan's "Shelter" and I can't get over the violins and strings. They sound discordant at points but they're not, they're beautiful. I've been dancing these past few days and I love moving my hips and shaking my bum and stretching my arms. I can't wait to sit at Wapato Point at Chelan in the evening with the heat and breezes. It makes me feel whole, like the world is gentle and clean.

Love, Meghan

Friday, July 16, 1999

Dear Diary,

If I don't get a job soon, I'm gonna shoot somebody. I had a good birthday. The family, Emma, Jared, and I went out to dinner at Serafina. I got clothes, picture frames, a book, a journal, a camping seat, a beautiful bracelet, and lotion. Cassidy sent me the script for "Breaking the Waves" from Australia. I cried when I opened it. Emma and I drove to Chelan after dinner and got there at 1am. We lay in the sun yesterday.

Lucas called this morning. I need loving. Terrence wants me to go raving with him tomorrow and I will if I don't have to work at Vera's on Sunday. I could stay up until I have to go to work. If I can't have sex, drugs will do.

Love, Meghan

Sunday, July 18, 1999

Dear Diary,

I've been neglecting my body. I feel foul and out of shape. I've been listening to the song "Unpretty" by TLC lately. Emma and I have been burning a hole in that one.

I'm thinking of Lucas in a soft way. I see him as a strong, mellow, smart and caring person. He's a good listener and understanding with me. I'm excited to have him. I have an image of us waking up next to each other when we're in our 80s. I don't need to go on about how we'll never fade and how much I love him. I feel it and know it. I'm bummed that I've been with other people. It was loneliness and not listening to myself. In Chelan, Forrest said it's awesome that Lucas and I spent a great deal apart, were with other people, and we still want to be together.

I watched "The Real World: Hawaii" and a girl, Kaia, who I thought was shallow and high on herself, was on the phone with her mom. She said she can have anything she wants but it doesn't amount to shit because she can't give. Her dad died and she has a hard time getting close to people and blah blah blah. But it hit me that the people who seem to get what they want because they are beautiful or have money - right on and all that - but maybe the real power, truth, wisdom and richness lie in giving. I know I sound like a damn Christmas special or a sitcom where the dorky main character kid gets this cheesy, "inspiring" light bulb over his head. But it's true.

Love, Meghan

Monday, July 19, 1999

Dear Diary,

I'm at Allegro. I bought George Orwell's [1984](#). I blew up at Mom before coming here because I'm bitter about the job situation. Elizabeth and I woke up and walked to Appassionato. Then we lay by the pool. I went to the Space Needle to see about a job. I talked to Lucas and he gave me weird vibes. He was saying some bullshit about how I don't want to be with him. Cassidy is coming home in September and I am so excited to see her. She said if I'm living in LA by then, we can see each other on her way from Sydney to Seattle.

I went to see Kaya again at 700 Club with Oliver last night. We got sleepy and went home early. Summers get worse every year. I could blame it on aging but it's just me. I'm frustrated that I don't have a job, that it's been three weeks and I haven't been making money; that Lucas is so far away; that I'm impatient with Mom and she's so good to me. I feel off balance when I'm not working or in school. I hate loafing around.

JFK, Jr., his wife, and her sister disappeared in a plane near Martha's Vineyard a couple days ago. The media is milking it. There is something off about it, like it was staged. That may be far-fetched but everyone is willing to be spoon-fed by the media: "It must be true, I saw it on TV." TV is the death of us. I've been watching it lately, letting it suck my brain cells out. My nightmare: to be dormant, out of shape, chain-smoking, drinking, eating, and watching TV while the outside world passes me by.

I'm going to be an extra in a movie on Friday and Monday. It's a reenactment of the Kurt Cobain vigil. \$80 a day to stand around. It's like that Fugazi [song](#): "I like to walk around it, I'm paid to stand around."

The sky looks so pretty above the rooftops from here. I love this coffee shop. I wish there were more environments that could evoke such thoughts and feelings in me. It reminds me of the quote, "The air is filled with dreams of sleeping people." It reeks of cigs, coffee, ideas, and thought. I've been coming to this spot for years with Nina and Aidan and study groups. I feel unable to write poems, to be inspired by one thing that spawns an entire piece of writing. One thing to get me started that allows other shit to come out of me in poetry.

When I walked to Discovery Park yesterday, I let my mind go. I had an image of what I'll call my New York: hardwood, dark floors; intense red; tall stick-straight flowers. Paintings and

jazz. It felt good to have tangible, aesthetic images. I'm at the perfect age to write a book. I'm young enough to remember what it feels like to be a kid but I've seen enough to understand how adults grow into who they become. The transition between having faith and hope in people and life and then growing to realize we can be a pretty fucked up, disappointing species. I don't mean to be cynical. I think we tend to become jaded unless we fight against it. I'm on the brink and gaze on both sides - where I'm coming from and what I'm growing into.

A guy who went to St. Mary's is here and he looks like he's devising mathematical equations. He's twitchy and excited and crazy-eyed.

I want to write a story from a kid's view, probably male, age ten or 11. The idea was inspired by a memory from last summer in Idyllwild. Jeremy told us his mom freaked out and cried one night and threw out her cigs and all the alcohol in the house. It got me thinking about a character, a mom. She's an alcoholic, but she's a happy, efficient alcoholic. Never gets pissed off or cries excessively, at least not as much as your average woman/mom. This is the main character's best friend's mom. Then there's the kid's own father - a loud, obnoxious, angry drunk - and the kid trips on how his friend's mom is kind and functional even though she shares the same addiction as his own father and handles it so differently. Loose ideas floating around. I need a job.

Love, Meghan

Wednesday, July 21, 1999

Dear Diary,

I'm at Allegro, listening to "Tea for the Tillerman" by Cat Stevens. It was my favorite album when I was 13. There's wisdom in it, especially "[But I Might Die Tonight](#)." He sings, "I don't want work away, doing just what they all say. Work hard [girl], you'll find, one day you'll have a job like my mine." "[Into White](#)" is my favorite, though.

Last night, I dreamed Mom and Dad owned an antique store. They had killed someone and wanted me to lie for them. I had to tell Emma about the murder but she didn't feel like dealing with it or listening. We were at a nice restaurant with Dwight and all her friends and I felt like, "Fuck you! I always listen to you!" I woke up feeling disappointed.

Margo and I got coffee, walked along Alki, and watched "[The Dark Crystal](#)" last night. I forgot "[Father and Son](#)" was on this album. Dana Huber used to play this on her guitar and we'd harmonize. Sometimes Frieda sang along. Youth/older people songs are so sad and make me feel like crying. Everyone is alone, scattered all over the place. I think I'll be an actress.

I've gotten surges of the painful event from last fall. I've gotten better at pushing it away. Carla said it's going to come back, I'll have let go of it again, and every time will be a little less painful and it will become easier to let go of. It makes me want to be mad at Lucas and push him away when it happens but I can't do that.

I'm listening to Pete and Dorian's tape right now. I saw Dorian at 700 Club on Sunday and I hate watching him schmooze with other girls when Tilda's not around. I don't like him.

Emma slept with Dwight again last night. Girl is gonna self-destruct. I was mean to Lucas on the phone yesterday. He asked, "Are you writing?" I said, "Ye-es," all pissed off and bitchy. He's a trooper. I wish I knew what my purpose was. It has to do with music and dance. I can't include acting in that until I do it regularly. I had an image last night of good friends and guitars and drums and rhymes.

I have no reason to stress. I never go without. I have a house, a family, food, a car, pen and paper. I'm at the bottom of a mountain (broke) and I have to climb (work) until I get to the top (California).

“Anything, Anything” by Dramarama came on and made me want to conquer the world or destroy something. I need to get more Modest Mouse and “[Mistress](#)” by Red House Painters. I can’t find “You wake up early and you live to regret” anywhere.

I miss Bellingham: Skyler, Sadie, all the music we listened to, conversations, Cruisin’ Coffee, Sadie’s coffee, and her sugar muffins. Despite my excruciating times, I loved my times with them. There’s a feeling to that place and all my times there that I’ll never get anywhere else.

Love, Meghan

Friday, July 23, 1999

Dear Diary,

Back at Allegro. I’m fuzzy, dull, indistinct, unused. I’m constantly in a state akin to waking up from a nap and trying to reorient. Lucas is mad at me. I understand why. I have been indecisive.

I hung out at Holly’s with Margo the other night. Holly and I want to move to LA to live together and act. I can’t do anything about it until I get cash flow. If I’d have known it was going to be like this, I’d have stayed in Bellingham through July. I’d have 10 more credits in school, money from my job, and most important, Lucas would still be around.

I’ve fucked us up with my choices. I didn’t know what I was doing. This has been the worst summer of my life, following the worst school year of my life. I can’t cry. What a mess. I’m lonely as hell. I have no inspiration. I’m broke without a job. I’m sick of our condo and this stupid city. Lucas is pissed at me and probably ready to bail. At least he’s around his friends. I’m depressed and I don’t think that will ever change. After all the phases of supposed happiness, there’s only loneliness and addiction.

Love, Meghan

Monday, July 26, 1999

Dear Diary,

Ever since I was little, I was on a quest to find my true love. I met “soul mates” everywhere I went but Lucas is *the one*. I’ve found him. I don’t need to trouble myself with trifles.

I’m in Bellingham. I’m taking Skyler to the airport in Seattle tonight. When I got to town last night, the sun was golden beautiful, especially during the last part of the drive along Lake Samish. I listened to “Strange Rivers” as I drove and I felt like crying. It was so pretty and I was coming home to the place I met Lucas, where I have friends.

I went to Carla and Nina’s new place on Franklin St. I visited Sadie and hung out with Sky. We went to Owen’s new place. We sat on the deck and talked about movies, the government, and the science behind stars. I hadn’t had a conversation fest like that in ages. I spent the night at Skyler’s, drove by my old place and parked there so I could walk down to the Wagon Wheel. Bellingham looks beautiful. It was strange to listen to everyone making plans for the fall last night. Sad, too. But to think I could be coming back here, I couldn’t do it. This place is too emotionally loaded for me.

I’ve been a neurotic mess every time I talk to Lucas. It feels like you have to establish a delicate balance but you’re always on the brink, teetering toward grand delusions, or if you teeter the other way, self-doubt and destruction. No one’s happy all the time, or at least content. I don’t think people are miserable all the time, though. It’s weird to think that the worst that could ever happen to you is in your own hands. Total mental shutdown, negativity, spiritual apathy, laziness. You’re your own worst enemy. The inverse is also true. When you’re on top, it’s easy

to fall but when you're down low, it's hard to rise. It's unfair. I mailed Lucas a letter today. I need to make money and get to California.

Love, Meghan

(later on) "[Disarm](#)" by Smashing Pumpkins came on. It's one of my favorite songs - all the violins, cellos, and the words are true. It sums up the loss of my innocence in summer '94. I think too much. I get caught up in broad mental landscapes. I don't focus, there's no detail or absorption. I wish I could be in Idyllwild right now, in the hot sun with Lucas. I should go back to Skyler's and make sure she's getting her shit together.

Love, Meghan

Tuesday, July 27, 1999

Dear Diary,

I got a job at the Space Needle. Yesterday, Skyler and I drove around visiting people and running errands. We went to the airport. We drank 22s in the lounge and waited for her plane to depart. I felt friction with Sadie but I love her. I lay by the pool all day with Elizabeth and Shana. Now I'm at Allegro. I talked to Lucas and I miss him. I'm reading a book Skyler loaned me called *Sorrow Floats* by Tim Sandlin.

I don't want to spend more time out of school. Lucas wants to drive up here in August after he goes to Yosemite. I hope he does. I feel like I haven't seen him in years but it's only been a month.

Love, Meghan

Wednesday, July 28, 1999

Dear Diary,

I went to orientation for work today. I feel blah. When I have more to do, I enjoy my time more. I don't know how much longer I can handle living with my parents in this city. It's not my parents at all. That's been fine. I'm restless. If I weren't starting work tomorrow, I'd barf on myself. I'm damn lonely. I want to get to LA, find a great place with Holly, find a job, go to school, take acting and dance classes, and see Lucas as much as possible.

When it comes to work, I want to dive in and go. Sometimes when I have to conquer and do so much or things are out of my reach, I want to run and run and run and run and at the end of this intense, long run, I will have money, be in shape, be refreshed, and all my problems will have worked out or disappeared. Don't I wish. I don't use the word "problem." I don't have problems. I just think everything sucks all the time.

I wonder if my grandkids will ever read my journals. It's like your own kids, the first generation after you, are too close. Like it has to skip a generation to make sense and seem romantic. I wonder, if they do, if they'll think I was boring or prudish or wild and fun or just another person from another time. I have to do something with my writing or my life. Getting coffee or tea and smoking cigs is getting old.

I'm listening to Joni Mitchell at Denny's. If I could learn to really write, or at least edit, I could publish a book of my poems. I'm listening to Ani DiFranco's "Swan Dive" now. I love this song, especially the part when another voice sings in the background (it's her voice; I act like it comes out of nothing) and the guitar gets intense. I like songs with what I'll call "builds." I know a bit about music and I'm sure there's a word for it that an expert could school me on. It's amazing what they do to me, these "builds." The music grows. It builds. It does in this song. The only ones that come to mind (but there are heaps) are on the radio lately. Like one I've heard

recently. I think it's called "Beautiful." It's a fine song in itself but it has these builds that make it amazing. I need to learn more technical terms. Music-wise, everything-wise.

"Independence Day" is on now and it's another one of those fun things that makes me want to barf on myself. It's so last fall, when Lucas went away. I can hardly stand it when she says, "Now you can't leave me here. I've got your back and you better have mine because you say the coast is clear but you say that all the time." I looked at an old journal from high school yesterday. On one page, I wrote out all the stuff I wanted to do. While reading it, I realized this is the time in my life that I figured I'd be doing all of it.

When you're little, you think, "When I'm 16, it will be like this ..." and it never turns out that way. Then again, I didn't know in high school that I'd go to Aus with Cassidy and meet the people I've met or that I'd find Lucas.

Love, Meghan

Monday, August 2, 1999

Dear Diary,

I'm at the Mecca. I ran errands with Elizabeth all day and visited Em at work. I should've been at the Space Needle today but I got fired yesterday. I started on Thursday and couldn't work Friday because my pee was too diluted for the drug test and I had to retake it. I worked on Saturday and all yesterday. Meanwhile, there was this big shoe fiasco. My manager was impossible to please and she had it out for me from minute one. She's out of control - a total white trash power tripper. I liked everyone I worked with except for her. It wasn't the place for me or meant to be. I haven't felt as good in ages as I did when I walked away from there yesterday. I felt light, like there's a bigger and better plan for me.

Lucas called and I explained the ordeal. He was at the last payphone before going into Yosemite. He bought me a plane ticket to go down there on the thirteenth so I'm going for 10 days. I knew we'd see each other soon. I can't wait to climb in Yosemite and go up to Idyllwild.

I've heard so much about Half Dome, El Capitan and Tuolumne Meadows, and now I get to see them firsthand.

Love, Meghan

Tuesday, August 3, 1999

Dear Diary,

Roman was working at Appassionato and both of us want to go out together but we won't say anything. I don't think I will or should considering that Lucas is all I want.

Last night, I dreamed Lucas and I were hooking up and my Mom walked in. I dreamed of woods and trails. I went to Emma's last night and we talked about Dwight. She took me home and he called her on the way. He told her graphic things that he wanted to do with me and Emma just laughed. It was fucked up. I was disturbed.

I've been doing crossword puzzles and they're working my brain in new ways.

Love, Meghan

Saturday, August 7, 1999

Dear Diary,

Last night, I weeded things out and met Nina and Claire at Machiavelli's for wine. Then we picked up Margo and Terrence and went to Queen Anne to drink more wine. Margo and I drove back to where she's house-sitting, an old beautiful hunting lodge.

A couple nights ago, Emma and I went to Rod Piazza and the Mighty Flyers at Jazz Alley. I met the pianist and she's great. She's 48 and looks like she's 25. Her husband is the singer. They are from Southern California and said I should look them up when I move down there.

Elizabeth and I got in a car accident last Monday and I slammed my head up against the stereo. My head has felt messed up the past couple days so I went to the doctor yesterday. She did some exercises with me and said it's all good but my head aches and I feel dim-witted. I can't talk to Lucas because he's in Yosemite.

Why can't I write poems and shit for long periods of time? I'll have a two-day stint when it floods and then it's back to being barren. I'm depressed today and it's no doubt a reaction to last night's poison.

Emma is struggling about Dwight. I love her and I hate seeing her torn apart by him. She's going to meet a great, beautiful boy. It's a matter of time. It's weird to be with Lucas and be far apart. I don't think about freshman year at Western as much but my mind wandered there and I do miss it. I loved it and I won't get over how great it was. We're all getting older and weirder and sadder and more jaded.

I want to organize my life but I don't know where to begin. I'm smoking Winston's and they are foul. I drove on Elliott earlier and it struck me as funny when I was at a stoplight and a guy walked across the street. We looked at each other and shared dejected expressions. Maybe "dejected" is the wrong word; more apathetic, crusty, bored. Little details like that make me want to make movies.

I want to devour life. I want to be full of music and poetry and I want my mind to form masterpieces to the point that I actualize them. I'm depressed. I hope I'm over Lucas's cheating. It's easier to think I am when we're apart but the real test is when we're together again and I usually fail it.

I haven't had any conversations with God lately. I don't have a grand plan right now. I crave discipline and structure but I need outside forces to help me with that. I can't wait to see Beautiful Lucas Holt and Jeremy and Stella and Katie. I'd like to see Rebecca, too. She's so beautiful. I'm a sucker for beauty. Everyone is.

Love, Meghan

Monday, August 9, 1999

Dear Diary,

Sequoia called yesterday and we went to Brandy's for SeaFair on Mercer Island. There were tons of people and they had a band, three kegs, and good times. Claire, Shelby, Mary, Tiffany, and a bunch of other people were there. We spent most of the day out in the water. Sequoia and I took a kayak out and pulled Trent on a raft as we moved across the lake. I drove her back to Olympia and spent the night. We got breakfast this morning at the Place and said goodbye. She's moving back to San Francisco and I'll be living in Cali the next time we see each other.

I haven't talked to Lucas in since he's been in Yosemite. I hope we have fun and that I don't trip out. Love and relationships are odd to me. Being away from Lucas drives us apart in unseen ways. I don't want anyone but him but things are different every time we see each other. I create him to be someone else while we're apart. I build him into a "dream person," like Tim Sandlin wrote in *Sorrow Floats*.

I feel scattered and I don't like that I'm getting used to the scattered-ness. What can I depend on? I develop myself and grow while Lucas and I are apart. Then I see him and I get scared.

Love, Meghan

Tuesday, August 10, 1999

Dear Diary,

I visited Em at work today. Roman is cute. Pardon my teeny bopper antics. On my walk home from Appassionato, I thought about cycles. Shit changes but it basically stays the same. I'm thinking of my trip to Cali. It's August this year, instead of July. Last August, Lucas was coming up here to see me. That trip this time last year came with a feeling of an impending doom (the unknown of Redlands and the future). I can't freak out too much about a major separation or change for us because that's all this past year has been about.

Emma's dad offered to move all my stuff down to LA through his company. That takes care of one aspect. I'm excited to see Lucas.

I'm reading *Sophie's World* by Jostein Gaarder. Mom gave it to me for my birthday. It's educational and entertaining. I've been thinking about Idyllwild. I count my blessings about not working at the corporate nightmare that is the Space Needle and being able to go down to Cali.

I need to get a book of *New York Times* crossword puzzles. I've been conquering the Monday ones but the rest of them are challenging. I like to complete those suckers.

Love, Meghan

Thursday, August 12, 1999

Dear Diary,

In a few hours and I'll be with Lucas. He called earlier and it was crazy to hear his voice because we haven't talked in so long. I'm always excited and nervous before I see him.

Oliver and I went to Café Septieme on Broadway last night. I had a Tanqueray and tonic in the name of Sadie and Skyler. We went to Twice Sold Tales and I ran into Paul. He's going to California tomorrow, too. We often run into each other before we're both about to go down there.

I need to explain things to Lucas. I need to tell him where I'm at and where I want to go. Emma's taking me to the airport at 5:45 tomorrow morning.

I walked in to Denny's earlier and I looked at the lady at the front counter and I'm all, "How ya doin'?" She says, "Okay," in a monotone voice and it was an honest answer, as if to say, "How the hell do you think I'm doing? I work at Denny's." God, don't ever let me smoke in front of my kids. Well, let me quit in general.

Curt Wolport got back from Europe yesterday and spent the night. I took him to the airport and we had the best talks. John gets back from Europe on Sunday so I won't see him until I get back. Curt told us a story about when he and John were in Pamplona. They were out all night and they pass out in a park around 3:30am Curt said it's common to see people passed out all over the city. Curt wakes up at 5:30am and looks over and sees a random guy nestled up against my brother for warmth. Curt wakes him up and asks John to rally, says he'll buy him beers and coffee. They get up and go to a bar (mind you, it's barely dawn). There's a window, like a Dutch door, and a woman is working inside. Her boyfriend shows up and hops through the window and starts serving beer. A few minutes later, he signals to John and Curt to crawl through the window, too. Before you know it, John and Curt are filling up huge glasses of beer for themselves and serving the pub patrons. They take people's money and Curt tries to give it to the boyfriend but he says, "Keep it." So they get all the beer they want and they keep the money. Around 7:30am, the manager says they have to leave. They go up to a random flat two stories above the street. There are over 20 people in a family's apartment and they're getting their floors

redone. A man comes in and kicks everybody out but two guys tell John and Curt to wait. They end up with a bird's eye view of the running of the bulls and they see someone directly below them get gored. They turn around and on the TV; it shows the guy who was right below them getting gored replaying over and over in slow motion. Crazy shit. I gotta make a movie.

I'm nervous to see Lucas because I get used to alone-mode and it's emotionally overwhelming to be around him. It's hard to go back to the vulnerable, in-love, weepy person I am when I'm with him. It's easy to be alone in a weird way. Don't get me wrong. It's been hard - all the days and nights I've gone through without him. I wish I could explain the complexities and complication of it. Right now, it's foreign to me. Relationships and all that come with them baffle me. They used to intrigue me. I could write all night but I have to go shower, shave, and make myself pretty for Lucas.

Much love, Meghan

Saturday, August 14, 1999

Dear Diary,

I just walked across a river and I'm sitting among beautiful rocks and trees with a blue, cloudless sky above and the river as music. I'm at Yosemite. Lucas picked me up in Reno yesterday morning. We had lunch and drove into California. We went to a ghost town called Bodie, down a gravel and dirt road for a few miles. Out before us was an entire town. It was part of the Gold Rush and when gold dried up in the area, people picked up and left town. They shut the mine down but some of the houses, the jail, the town hall, and saloons remain. There's furniture in the houses and desks in the schoolroom. We walked around the town and then drove by a creek and stopped to play. Then we drove to Lee Vining, a town right below Yosemite. We drove by Mono Lake (pronounced MOE-NOE, not like the kissing disease). It's three times as salty as the ocean. A woman told us Europeans flock to it because of its therapeutic benefits. We got dinner and groceries and drove into the park. All the campsites were full so we pirate-camped at a beautiful spot. I saw every star in the sky. It was black and beautiful.

The sun hit the mountaintops and woke us up. We packed and took a nap. We went climbing and drove to our campsite. We're at Tuolumne Meadows now. It's hot. We're closer to the sun because of elevation and I need to put sunscreen on. The mosquitoes and flies are driving me batty. We're going to do more climbs today. I love it here. It's peaceful and beautiful. I'm having a great time with Lucas. I cried in the car yesterday. It's strange. I have to be here right now and enjoy it. I won't be smoking. We have to put our food in bins so bears can't get to it.

Love, Meghan

Dear Diary,

I don't want to keep track of the date while I'm here. Lucas and I had dinner and coffee after climbing. We've been playing cards and it's getting to be bedtime. When we got back from the river yesterday, we drove to a viewpoint to see Half Dome. We hiked down to these rocks and did a few climbs. After that, we walked up a ridge above the viewpoint that overlooks the domes, fields, and lakes. We walked up there an hour before sunset and stayed until after dark. We cooked instant potatoes and took in the awesome 360 degree views and talked. I walked across the ridge and back to Lucas. I could see his silhouette against the twilight sky and it was beautiful. We drove back to camp and played cards and drank tea and then went to bed. I was freezing last night and I had to pee so badly but it was too cold to go. We overslept until 9 this morning. We went back to a rock and did a crack climb but a piece got stuck, I got pissed off and

after three hours, we drove back here for a nap and lunch. We woke up at 3pm. We did a climb on the east side of Lember Dome. It was awesome but when I got to the top, I panicked. Poor Lucas put up with me so well. I was freaked out and being bitchy. I got more pissed when I found out we had to traverse back across God knows how much more rock until we'd be able to hike down. It was all in God's hands. I didn't think He was going to take me today on that rock. But it's hard when you get nervous. It's a mental thing. I need to buck up and challenge myself more.

I'm having a great time with Lucas and I'm so glad he brought me here. I have not felt this peaceful and content in a long time. It's slightly reminiscent of SUWS. It's simple and peaceful. We get up with the sun, get ready for the day, rock climb, hike, sit in the most beautiful atmosphere, prepare food, and organize. It's perfect. I don't mind how cold it gets or the bathroom situation. It drops to the 20s and 30s at night. But my Lucas keeps me warm. I can't believe how amazing it is here and how much it affects me. I don't ever want to leave. City life makes no sense after being out here. I can see why Lucas talks about selling his turn tables and records and getting more gear so he can be here more often. It's great to be here with him, even if we are silly to each other sometimes. I haven't smoked for a couple days. I'm not missing it but I think about it. There's too much other stuff to think about and take in for it to matter. The altitude has helped because it's been hard on my lungs and heart, especially when we're walking up steep, rocky paths. Oh, I love this life. I want to stay here forever.

Love, Meghan

I built a feeble fire that I'm sitting by right now. Lucas and I are off to bed soon and tomorrow we're going to Yosemite Valley. This place keeps growing on me.

Yesterday, we went on a three-pitch climb and I freaked out again. I've been struggling with that. We came back for lunch and went out for another climb. We had to walk up through steep rocks and trees. We got there and went on our climb only for me to find that we had to traverse across another three pitches. We came home and made dinner and coffee.

Lucas taught me how to play dominoes and I kicked his ass after the first round. We went to sleep after reading and talking. This morning, we went on a two-pitch climb. Leaning out on an anchor 100 ft. in the air, I was nervous. I've been thinking about my mortality. Every now and again I think to myself, "What in the hell am I doing?" I'm scared of heights and all I have connecting me to my life is a thin rope. It's more complicated than that, but still. You see, climbing had become more scary than fun and challenging and I do not deal well with fear most of the time. I've been having "change your attitude" talks with myself to no avail. We got through that and came home for lunch. We swam in the freezing river, if you call daring each other to dunk our heads in "swimming." We went for a couple more climbs. I don't know why I keep bringing it upon myself. I climbed my first two 5.10s and felt great afterwards. It was awesome and difficult and what I needed to help me realize that I do love climbing, not solely in support of Lucas.

I'm by the fire alone. A mama bear and her cub are wandering nearby. After our climbs, we came home to make mac & cheese for dinner. Lucas taught me how to play Canasta. After the first round, I kicked his ass at it. Do I see a pattern here?

I love the song "[Milestones](#)" by Miles Davis. We listened to him and Cat Stevens in the car yesterday. It reminded me of Dana Huber. After dinner and a bitter (on Lucas's part) game of cards, we went for a walk to the meadows at dusk. On our way, we saw a buck and a doe eating grass. We sat and watched until they moved on. We walked back and since then, I've been

working on this damn fire. It's about out now. I called home twice today but no one was there. I haven't smoked. I'd feel guilty if I had one. I'm going to join my love for a good night's sleep.

Love, Meghan

It's our last night in Yosemite. The valley was awesome until I lost it in the late afternoon. I was overcome with feelings about last year. We rode on the buses and checked out different rocks and areas. I saw El Capitan and Half Dome - magnificent. El Cap was my favorite. We watched the last light of the sun on it before driving back up here. I cried for three hours. We got home, made dinner, and crashed. We woke up late today and bummed around. We played Canasta and made lunch. Then we walked to Lembert Dome and did an awesome three-pitch climb. Then we got food and beers at the store. We walked back here and played cards and went for another walk to the meadows. We got ice cream and wandered way out to a beautiful bridge above the river with all the domes in the background. We came back and made a fire and we've been playing cards again.

Every night that I've been here, around dinner time or after, we'll be sitting at the picnic table and I'll start hysterically laughing. Last night, we were going to bed and I got images of Redlands and I felt like vomiting. I felt suffocated and awful and sick and I had to get out of the tent. Lucas is bitter. I was going to have a nog but decided against it. I'm getting over smoking if you can believe that. I've got much to say but I don't know how to get it all down.

We're driving to Idyllwild tomorrow after stopping at Mono Lake and Bishop. I don't want to leave Yosemite and, more, I don't want to go home.

I'm going to throw up or die when Lucas goes back to school. Why am I so fucked up about it? I get nauseated every time I imagine him at school and it's a big part of his life. I love him too much for my own good. But if that's the case, why am I selfish about it? We've got a long drive. See you in Idyllwild.

Love, Meghan

We're on the road. It's early afternoon and 98 degrees. Journey's "[Don't Stop Believin](#)" is on the radio. This classic rock station is all that comes in besides a country station and one playing Christmas songs. We listened to the Christmas one for a bit. I saw a long fence lined with cow hides. It was disgusting. Now John Mellencamp is on and Lucas and I are freaking. We love this guy.

We stopped in Bishop at Erik Schat's Bakkerly, a European-style bakery. We flipped out in there because it was big and busy with delicious delights everywhere. We got cinnamon bread and focaccia. Then we got gas at Giggling Springs.

This morning we packed up and drove to Mono Lake to take a dip. Lucas loved it. We had thick salt deposits all over our bodies so we drove to Grant Lake for a rinse off. We chose the windy side. The lake wasn't that cold but the wind was out of control. We were shivering and violently washing the salt off of our bodies. It was cold and fun and hilarious. Lucas is taking me through Death Valley on the way home. I can't wait to live in this awesome state. It's so damn hot out. I'm going to miss Yosemite.

Love, Meghan

It's Saturday afternoon and I'm out on Lucas's deck. We had breakfast and went to town to stop by the leather shop where his dad is working. Jeremy rolled up and we got coffee and headed to his place. Stella and Katie came over. So did Rebecca and a couple other people. Lucas, Jeremy,

and I are at the Holt's for a bbq and Stella and Katie are on their way. The three of us are sitting out here drinking beers. They are talking music so I figure it's safe to write.

I cried and cried and cried last night. Lucas and I had an unsettling conversation about the fall. I have to move to LA, the asshole of humanity. I have to call Holly and make plans with her.

Last night I thought how silly it was to cry about not being able to be with Lucas when he is right here. It's silly for me to trip out and to need to know he'll be around forever. It's not that hard to let go and relax and let things happen but I've got this fear. I get sad after spending time with him. We talked about how we're made for each other. It scares him that he was capable of what he did. I don't know where that leaves it. He won't talk about any of these things with me for longer than a couple minutes. He gets angry, dodges it, and avoids it. He said it happened because he was "adjusting to a new place." I couldn't believe it and he said he doesn't mean that and that it was a stupid thing to say.

My heart breaks around him, every time. I'm sad and anxious, knowing he's my angel, the only one I care to love forever, and he fucking cheated on me.

The back and forth of wondering: am I destroying us because I can't get over it or did he destroy us because of his actions and decisions? Almost a year later but I'm facing the same struggles and questions. I love Lucas too damn much.

Love, Meghan

Monday, August 23, 1999

Dear Diary,

I don't have the structure of knowing that school starts on a certain date for the first time in 15 years. I'm still in Idyllwild. Lucas and I are going to pick up Stella and drive to LA. We went to Stella and Katie's play on Saturday night. Yesterday, we got coffee and drove up the hill to find a place to swim but there was no water. Stella, Lucas, and I watched "[Raising Arizona](#)" and then went to Jeremy's so Lucas could make dinner. We got tons of beer and Alina, a Russian camp counselor, and another guy came home with Jeremy. We had dinner and watched "The Simpsons" and drank. We sat outside and talked until it was time for bed. We crashed at Jeremy's and went home at 8:30 in the morning. Sharon and Bill left for Vegas. We picked up Stella and went to campus to say goodbye to Jeremy. We're driving Stella to LA right now.

I walked around the Westons' deck last night and I looked at all the ceramics Lucas has given them. Everyone is close here and they all create music and art. It's a unique place. I considered aspects of Lucas. Not the usual shit, but how other people see him as this crazy boy who's done loads of acid and other drugs, slightly hippie-ish, guru-esque; crazy meditator who goes nuts all the time. I see those sides but I see way more. When he drinks, he *does* do crazy things. I have an insecurity complex concerning him. It scares me to know how great he is and to know so many other people do, too, because I fear that he'll choose someone else. He has options and he loves people, especially females. I back myself into a corner about it. I make up my mind that he doesn't care and is letting go of me, re-immersing himself into Redlands. I get paranoid that he's fucking with my head. I have a few more hours with him and then I have to comfort myself with the idea that we have to say goodbye, but before you know it, we'll say hello again. Redlands makes me want to puke. I hope I don't fall apart when he goes back in a couple weeks.

Love, Meghan

(later on) I'm on the plane home. It's been an exhausting last few hours. We dropped Stella off and swung in the hammock in her backyard. She has a beautiful house. I met her stepmom. She's

a singer and she's beautiful. We said goodbye to Stella and I started crying when we got in the car. We drove through Santa Monica while I asked him about his feelings about the coming fall and school year. We drove around Hollywood and ate at Urth Café on Melrose. We went downtown and got on the freeway. I was crying the whole time, near hyperventilation. Lucas was about ready to strangle me and I don't blame him. We stopped in Claremont for coffee and we were driving away when I suddenly yelled, "Fuck!" Lucas yelled in my ear, "Stop this!" I had physical surges of pain and sadness running through me. I kept saying, "I can't do this. I can't deal with this." I thought about last year at this time and I was sick to my stomach.

We got to the airport and I didn't think I could get on the plane. I cried and said, "I can't." Lucas hugged me and said it was alright. We kissed. Right before I boarded, he said, "You know you don't have to do this [get on the plane]." That made me feel like I could (probably his intention). I smiled a genuine smile, gave him a kiss, and headed toward the gate.

My future is a mystery. I'm going to miss him too much. I wish we could live in Yosemite together. I need to make money and get back to my baby. Now if only I could stop trippin' on the past and relax about what he's going to do in the future.

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.

Connect with Meghan McDonnell:

Twitter: <https://twitter.com/MegMcDonnell>

Blogger: <http://meghanmcdonnell.blogspot.com/>

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Bob Dylan's Dream - Bob Dylan
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Chelsea Hotel No. 2 - Leonard Cohen
One - U2
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Every Shining Time You Arrive - Sunny Day Real Estate
In a Silent Way - Miles Davis
Guitar and Video Games - Sunny Day Real Estate
Mirrorball - Everything but the Girl
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Strange Rivers - Joan Baez
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Wonderwall - Oasis
Tuesday Morning - The Pogues
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Mozambique - Bob Dylan
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Am I Ever Gonna See Your Face Again? - The Angels
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Possibly Maybe - Bjork
Doughnut Song - Tori Amos
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Joga - Bjork
Robbin Hood Theory - Gangstarr
Moment of Truth - Gangstarr
Shelter - Sarah Mc Lachlan
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Central Reservation - Beth Orton
Subterranean Homesick Blues - Bob Dylan
Whenever You See Fit - Modest Mouse and 764-HERO
Hey, Hey What Can I Do? - Led Zeppelin
Pale September - Fiona Apple
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Unpretty – TLC
Public Witness Program - Fugazi
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Into White - Cat Stevens
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*Unavailable