I will be really annoyed if the world ends and I've wasted time doing a boring internship.
Although, actually, the world is already ending for many people. And it feels like Archway. Mind the gap. The rest of us get dressed, go to work and continue as usual.
Recently I’ve been thinking I need to be less cynical.

I think a lot about when I met Lotte for coffee and

She said she was normally always happy.
I'm hoping I stop feeling lost soon.

I've been listening to a podcast on matsutake mushrooms. A life foraging in the forest sounds tempting.
Some of my friends came with me to Falmouth.

I joked that after the general election we'll be riding only nationalised trains.

Over Christmas we went to see the seals at Gwithian.

We looked at them in the cove from 3 different angles.

They're so playful and carefree.
I recently got a tattoo of a life drawing sketch.

I'm hoping it will help consolidate my identity.

I sat out on the steps of my flat in Montreal a lot.

In the summer, the sun lighting up the leaves was so beautiful.
Ruth, Emily, and I went hiking at Sept-Chutes, a mountain in Quebec.

At the time, I was thinking a lot about home, but I remember the outdoors made me feel so alive.

Making a podcast with Paula has also given me an immense sense of purpose.

Even if 'mange tout' is very silly.
It's funny how much we need to create a narrative about our lives as if our entire worth rests on what we produce or what career we're building.

There's a Vita Sackville-West & Virginia Woolf bot on Twitter:

"Do not part. Do not blur. Let us admit in the privacy of our own society that these things sometimes happen sometimes women do like women."

My favourite is from 'A Room of One's Own':
I never really considered why I had always felt more comfortable around women.

So when I realised I was bisexual it actually made a lot of things make sense.

There was a Sunday in the summer in London when Dyala, Laura and I spent all day painting a giant *yonic* artwork.
DRAWING AND PAINTING ARE PERHAPS THE ONLY ACTIVITY IN WHICH I LOSE MY SENSE OF SELF.

SOMETIMES I WONDER IF I'LL LOOK BACK AT THESE MOMENTS AND REMEMBER THEM AS THE BEST IN MY LIFE. LIKE WHEN WE MADE A CLIMATE JUSTICE MUSIC VIDEO IN MY BACK GARDEN EXCEPT OLD MEN ON FACEBOOK CALLED US FAKE LEFTISTS.
I create the same
nostalgia narrative
about music

Recently
it's been
dress up in you
by belle and sebastian
(I've also been wearing a blue wig)

I think I was entranced
by the narrative of two
people drifting into different
lives

You're a
star now,
I am fixing people's nails

and the
compounded emotions
of contempt and
admiration for
someone

The idea of a relationship
changing so much scares
me a little

If I could
have a second
skin I'd probably
dress up in
you.
Although, it's an organic process to need and want different people at different times.

There's a certain platonic love that I think we feel for friends who help build our identity. I wonder who I would've become without them.
I think this is partly why collective care feels so important.

Also being extroverted means I probably always need attention.

When I went to Italy in July we went to a pebble-only beach. We debated whether sandy or pebbly beaches are better. Pebbly won (to my dismay).
Montreal is really beginning to suit me

It feels like a dream sometimes
But reality and dream merge

Imagine if I didn’t spend as much time
As I do thinking about my own insecurities

Thinking about the world
All the time
Would be exhausting though
The last time I was feeling anxious, I walked up Mont-Royal, and reminded myself that there are millions of other people who probably feel similar.

Meanwhile, I have been trying to train my pelvic floor muscles, because every time I laugh hard I wet myself a little bit. I’m sure that’s not normal for a 22 year old.
It seems like it is a privilege to not care nowadays and like everything outside of politics is just hedonism and a waste of time.

Even though I know activism needs to come from a place of happiness and love, not romantic, soppy love but radical self-less love.
Sperm whales are the world's largest predator.

And the females are highly social and live for a long time just with other females.

It sounds like the kind of women's commune I would join.

Or, in fact, it makes me think of the Hampstead ladies pond. I spent so many days there last summer.
"If I can't dance, I don't want to be part of your revolution."
- Emma Goldman

I love this quote.

It strikes me as so important for building sustainable social movements.

Kind of like creating the society we'd want to live in,
we don't ask for the future; we take the present.

I guess that's why people coming together for a protest and marching, talking and dancing is a radical practice beyond the act of disruption.
On New Year’s Eve 2019, we went to Kynance Cove.

I ordered a crab sandwich but it had lots of pieces of shell inside. I think it was a vegetarian punishment.

At a festival in August, Laura and I found a stream to swim in. There was a moment when we both dived underwater and my whole body tingled.
When I stopped in New York on my way back to Montreal in January.

I spent a day walking around and thinking about that moment and missing Laura and all of my friends.

Feeling neutral all the time would be terrible though I would definitely prefer to feel very happy and then very sad or angry or passionate.

Taking magic mushrooms in Florida, June 2013.
April 2018, Sara and I cycled from Oxford to London. It was so much fun. Except we didn't make it the whole way and got the train at Reading. Google Maps told us three hours but this stretch took six alone.

Spending a lot more time on my own has actually been good for figuring out my—self and my insecurities. It's funny how you need that space sometimes.
Turns out extroverted people do need time alone even if they need to be somewhat forced.

I'm thinking I'll write a list of things I enjoy and make me feel good so that I can use them as self-care whenever I'm in a depression slump.

I just wish that time could always be spent with a dog on a beach.
In a way I think everyone is a bit programmed to have bouts of depression exacerbated by capitalism of course or part of our generation.

I often wish I didn't have a body.

It feels like a big mass of insecurities that weighs on my confidence and lingers at the back of my mind.
Ideally I would be a plant just existing and the only impact I would have on the world would be giving oxygen and serotonin boosts.

If I can't dance though I don't know if life would be worth it. That sounds melodramatic but imagine losing such a happiness-inducing thing as music and dance.
Everyone seems to be walking around with their heads down in Montreal getting through the winter with minimal exposure to the outdoors.

However, the cold really distracts me from climate change. My mood flips from complaining about the freezing temperature to feeling existential about...
...THE ABOVE AVERAGE TEMPERATURES. IT FEEL LIKE IT MAY BE END OF DAYS BUT THAT'S NOT A HELPFUL WAY OF THINKING. AT LEAST THESE CRISES WILL PROVE CAPITALISM ISN'T WORKING

WE HAVE TO DO SOCIAL ISOLATION TO STOP THE SPREAD OF CORONAVIRUS

BUT ACTUALLY IT'S MEANT I'VE DONE A LOT OF PAINTING AND READING AND WATCHING FILMS, A PRIVILEGE I KNOW
A squirrel moved into the tree just outside my flat. I think he's self-isolating or plotting the next stage of the pandemic.

I wonder how people don't use self-destructive coping mechanisms for anxiety. It would be nice to have a strong enough will power to avoid them.
Recently I’ve been rollerblading around, now that it’s warmer and also Paula bought skates so we can go together.

It feels like being a child again, zooming around the streets wreaking havoc.

The rate at which we’re all getting haircuts and stick and poke tattoos is alarming.

If this keeps going I’m going to be covered within a week.
Some physical contact would be nice right now.

Unfortunately convenient that's not during a global flu pandemic.

I miss being able to go into town to buy a pasty and hang out with my friends, although pasty deliveries and Skype have helped.
It's strange, well predictable, how we've all lost all conception of time.

I feel so spaced out a lot of the time, and apparently we're indefinitely under forced lockdown.

I've only been home for four days but it could be four years.

Boredom has even driven me to make a live-stream of making a fish finger sandwich.
This all seems like rather privileged complaining while others are in far more vulnerable or worse-off positions.

In a way, insomnia is just a symptom of trying to control everything in our lives even things as basic as sleep.
Even though I don’t feel stressed all the time or anxious about life floating past me, apparently my body has other ideas.

Back in February I went to Mexico with the Montreal girls. Bizarre to think that was only a month ago.
We’ve been planting courgette and tomato plants for the garden, except there are too many for the garden.

I keep seeing adverts for online courses entitled ‘How to be productive during lockdown’ or ‘How to get the perfect body’.

It’s like the world is literally falling apart and we still have to be our perfect selves.
I'm preoccupied by the idea that my friends will all eventually get families, settle down and drift apart.

Given that none of my generation will be able to buy a house except the rich of course.

It's fairly likely we'll be co-habiting rented places for the foreseeable future.
When I went to Normandy

Last year to stay at Ada’s
parents’ house, we spent five
days just drinking wine,
smoking zoots, and
rambling through the countryside.

It’s therapeutic to remind
myself of these
moments because it brings
me back to the real world
and reminds me I exist in a social
sphere.

Not to sound like a massive
narcissist but I think
about myself all the time.
It's easy to start thinking about yourself too much instead of the world around you when individualism is actively demanded by society.

There's a flower shop in Mile End, Montreal which is covered in ornate bird cages (without birds). It was next to my flat so I used to walk past it everyday and smile.
Sometimes I have the thought that I’ll never really not feel alone even if I have the closest of friends because I always seem to stay partially in my own head.

I think the trick is to accept yourself and trust that you are liked and loved which I do sometimes but how do I maintain that mindset?
It would be cool if we could just tell our brains how to feel and that would be that.

Like coding an emotional computer, however I don't understand coding or technology at all.

Also it does kind of defeat the point of being human if we can be programmed like a cyborg.

So I'll resign myself to having uncontrollable emotions and sometimes intrusive thoughts.
There was a strange time in my life when I worked as a healthcare assistant at Southmead Hospital for a year.

It’s like I peaked motivation-wise 5 years ago and now it’s just an uphill battle.

It seems odd to imagine an 18-year-old me waking up at 5:45am to do 12.5 hour shifts on a colorectal ward in Bristol.

Still, cycling up Park Street everyday wasn’t exactly a highlight of my life.
During a particularly emotionally fraught evening, I deleted all my Facebook photos before 2018 to try and purge old photos of myself.

Not that this actually gets rid of my image from the internet, but it does limit what people I know can see.

I didn’t like looking at photos of myself from across so many years (7), it makes me think too much about whether I was, or still am cool.

You think you’ve gotten past that kind of thing, but no, my whole life is still about being cool (or not cool).
April 2nd, I made my first attempt at swimming in the sea this year.

Unfortunately it was only a little bit exhilarating and mostly deeply unpleasant. It was so cold.

It must be good for your mental health but in the moment it feels like you've been dunked in a tub of salty ice cream.

Which I imagine is very traumatic. It's very difficult to resist the pressure to accept the icy challenge though.
Minnie and I have started doing a radio show on Panic FM, a radio collective that some friends from uni set up.

It's called Domestic Disco because we're all confined to our homes and can only dance domestically, so we play disco songs.

It's the first time we've done anything together in years. So it feels strange but nice to actually be spending time together.

I can't remember a time when we enjoyed each other's company or had an interest in common.
I think maybe when we were younger I resented her popularity because I was always bullied at school. I'm not sure why I think of myself as special in this regard. Everyone is competitive and argumentative with their siblings.

I think one of the reasons I love disco is that it introduced freeform dancing to the world. Before 1970s disco, social dancing always consisted of a man and a woman dancing together.
Just imagine going to a nightclub and having to only dance with someone of the opposite sex.

The main reason I love dancing is that I can move completely freely and it can be a kind of communal ritual.

Me and Laura met up at Port Isaac, as it’s in-between our hometowns, and walked around the coast.

It’s such a beautiful part of Cornwall. It felt like a scene from a lesbian indie film except with social distancing.
I think the main thing that worries me in my life is whether I'm contributing positively to the world and those around me.

It's probably way too much responsibility to take on and most people don't even have time to think about it but maybe it's a good driving force.

I feel underwater so much of the time, occupying a world inside my head and struggling to get a hold on the real world.

It's strange to imagine similar events happening inside of everyone else's heads, but it also gives me comfort.
Anyway, I started this book to tell fun anecdotes but it’s turned into a therapy tool. I hope in some way it is useful and interesting.