Light The Corners Of My Mind

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Light The Corners Of My Mind

by Genly

Summary

My therapist is a fucking weirdo. I brought my journal with me to the appointment and he didn't even say anything about me not writing shit for the past three days. He just asked if I had a specific time of day for writing. When I said no he just nodded and asked if I could remember any specific thoughts that made me want to write something. Like, no dude, this fucking journal is just sitting on my desk and it makes me feel guilty if I don't write something, okay?

Originally posted on AO3 on October 3, 2024

Thursday, October 12

My therapist said that I should try journaling. So I bought this notebook and now I'm journaling, I guess. I don't know what I should write about. Nothing happens in my life. My therapist said maybe I could write down a list of things I'm grateful for each day.

- *Frogs*
- *Coffee*

That's it.

Friday, October 13

I love Friday the 13th. I wish there were more of them. Everyone acts so stupid about it and it makes me laugh. It's just like any other day. Except that I love seeing that fear and worry on other people's faces when they talk about all the things that can go wrong. Welcome to my life, assholes. That's literally every day for me.

Saturday, October 14

Sam and Abby made me join them for pool night yesterday. I was worried they'd ask me questions about how I was feeling but it was just a normal evening. It was good, in a way. I like how they let me pretend that I'm just normal.

Sunday, October 15

Yeah, fuck this.

Monday, October 16

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Tuesday, October 17

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Wednesday, October 18

My therapist is a fucking weirdo. I brought my journal with me to the appointment and he didn't even say anything about me not writing shit for the past three days. He just asked if I had a specific time of day for writing. When I said no he just nodded and asked if I could remember any specific thoughts that made me want to write something. Like, no dude, this fucking journal is just sitting on my desk and it makes me feel guilty if I don't write something, okay? I didn't say that, though, because it sounds stupid. I know he'll just say something like I should do it for myself, not for him. But that's not how it works.

Things I'm grateful for today:

- *The ability to keep my face completely expressionless while I lie through my teeth*

Thursday, October 19

Mom actually yelled at me today because I said I didn't want to go to the Valley Fair. I mean, I get why it's important to her but it's just not my thing. She's always in my face about going outside more and making friends and I just can't seem to make her understand that that's not who I am. I wish people would just accept that.

Friday, October 20

Sam just texted me asking me what time I'd be at the pub. I told him I was working. He didn't text back. I know I should make time to hang out with him but I just can't.

Saturday, October 21

So the fucker just walked into my bedroom carrying two six-packs and that stupid grin of his. We spent all evening playing games, just like we did in high school. I've never told Sam that being friends with him was the only thing that kept me sane and functional in the last two years before graduating. He's just so... I don't know how to describe it. He just keeps taking care of people even when they don't ask him to, and he's always worrying about his mom and his little brother. I don't want to add to that burden. I need to be a better friend to him.

I also need to check my email more often. This morning I found two job offers, not big ones but still. Apparently Liz from Bloom-In-Dale told them about the work I did on her website, which is nice. I'll have a look at what these people want me to work on, and email them back with a time estimate and my prices. I should probably do that today, but I don't know. I just spent 20 minutes behind my computer and I'm already feeling exhausted. Maybe that's why I'm writing in this journal. Procrastination. I'm sure my therapist won't like that answer.

Sunday, October 22

Demetrius was back on his old shit again. He knows exactly what to say to really get under my skin. I'm sure mom saw me cry when I left the house. I know it's what he does but I really wish I could stop letting it get to me. He's just so wrong about everything he says about me. And god knows I say much worse things to myself. So why does it always affect me so much? It's so stupid.

Monday, October 23

Managed to get those emails out. Yay me.

I need to start being more professional if I want to make some serious money. The more money I make, the sooner I can get out of here.

Tuesday, October 24

I wish I could tell people how much I just want to stop existing. It's not like I want to kill myself, seriously. But it's just so exhausting to keep going through each day. I don't even know why I keep going. Nothing ever changes.

Wednesday, October 25

I don't want to go to therapy today. Maybe I should just call him and tell him I have the flu or something. I hate that there's this pressure to show up every time, like it should be okay to just not be in the mood sometimes, right? It's making me so tired.

Update: mom started crying when she found me in my bedroom instead of being at therapy. Now I feel even worse. Why can't these people just leave me the hell alone.

Thursday, October 26

I'm so tired.

I don't have anything else to say.

Friday, October 27

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Saturday, October 28

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Sunday, October 29

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Monday, October 30

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Tuesday, October 31

So I guess I need to write about what happened on Friday. We actually played some pool, and then we went over to Sam's house afterwards. Abby didn't come, she said she had a big assignment due on Monday. So it was just me and Sam. And I don't remember exactly what we were talking about but suddenly I just started crying and I couldn't stop. It was awful. And Sam was just so fucking NICE about it. Like he didn't care that I was a blubbering mess all over his shirt. He always does that, he just lets me cry all over him, like it's no big deal. I hate it. I don't want to cry, it's so exhausting and it's never this big relief that other people say it is.

But anyway, he just kept holding me and afterwards I kind of said something about how nice that was, you know, just to say thank you. And then he just sort of pulled me down on his bed and kept holding me? I still don't know exactly how that happened. But like... I didn't want him to let go of me. It felt so good. I normally don't like being hugged and he knows that, but lying down like that felt different, I don't know. Like I could just forget about stuff for a while. And it was nice and warm, I mean Sam is always like this human space heater. But then he just sort of... started wiping away the tears on my face with his thumb, and I still can't describe it, but he was looking straight into my eyes with just such a sweet look on his face, and I felt butterflies. Like, seriously. Fucking butterflies. Even now that I'm writing this down

I get the same tingling feeling in my stomach. This is such a DISASTER. I can't do this. I can't.

Wednesday, November 1

I broke down in therapy and told him that I was falling in love with my best friend and saying it out loud made it sound even more awful. But the fucker just nodded and said something like that it was good that I was letting people in, which is like complete nonsense and totally not the point. Therapy is such bullshit.

Thursday, November 2

I can't see Sam tomorrow. I don't know what to do.

Friday, November 3

Sam cancelled. He gave some lame excuse but I'm sure it's because of me. He must have seen the way I looked at him last week. Or maybe he's just tired of dealing with my shit.

I need to get better at lying. I can't let him see how I feel.

Fuck, I miss him so much.

Saturday, November 4

I'm acting like some fucking lovesick teenager. Going through my phone staring at pictures of him. I even went on his socials and downloaded every photo of him that I could find. I don't know why this is happening now. We've been friends for four years. This is so pathetic. But god, he's so beautiful. I love the way he smiles. He smiles in nearly every picture. I can't stop looking at him.

Sunday, November 5

So, new development. Sam texted me to ask if I still play the piano. Apparently he's been very busy learning to play the guitar he got for his birthday this summer, and he wants to try playing together sometimes. So me being the idiot that I am, I said yes. But then he immediately called me and he just sounded so happy and excited about it, that now I can't make myself back out. I mean, maybe it's not a bad thing. It will give us something to talk about, besides feelings and life and stuff. And if I'm being totally honest I just want to spend more time with him. Fuck, I'm in so deep.

Monday, November 6

Another project. I think I actually need to start planning these out.

Tuesday, November 7

More work. I'm close to finishing the first website but the second one is giving me problems. Or I should say, the client is giving me problems. It's like nothing I send him is good enough. I wish I could just tell him to fuck off and find another programmer.

Wednesday, November 8

My therapist asked me what I'm afraid would happen if I started being more honest with people. Like, that's not a fear. I know for certain what would happen. They all end up running away because I'm just too much for them to handle.

Thursday, November 9

Thankful for:

- *Coffee*
- *More coffee*
- *Rain*
- *Cold*

Friday, November 10

Thankful for:

- *Still being able to kick Sam's ass at pool even though I can't stop thinking about him*

Definitely not thankful for:

- *He's always touching me. I never really noticed until now. Like a hand on my shoulder or my arm when he walks by, or sitting with his legs wide when we're on the sofa together. He probably doesn't even realise.*

Am I even allowed to write down things I'm not thankful for?

Saturday, November 11

Okay, so apparently Sam is a fucking musical genius. We had our first session today and I can literally spend hours just listening to him play. He's taught himself to play the guitar in like four months and he's already better at it than I am with the keyboard, even though I had years of lessons. I should be jealous but I've never seen him so enthusiastic about something and that's really saying something, because the guy is a human rubber ball. And actually playing together was seriously a good distraction, I could just focus on the music instead of him. He wants us to go on a trip to the city soon to find some better equipment. Maybe we can take the bike. I wonder what it would be like to have his arms around me for the whole ride.

Update: I tried jacking off to that thought and it didn't work. What the fuck is wrong with me.

Sunday, November 12

Got heartburn again. I was hoping it was gone forever but I still need the coffee. I think maybe Maru has some Rennies in her room. She won't notice me sneaking a strip or two. If I

ask mom she'll just go on and on about how I need to have more healthy habits.

Maybe when I thought I had feelings for Sam it was just heartburn, too. Who knows.

Monday, November 13

Nope, I'm definitely in love. Why why why does he always just walk into my bedroom like he owns the place. And I can't even be mad at him. I was busy working and then he was just standing there holding a pizza and telling me I should take better care of myself, and I realised I hadn't eaten all day, and how the fuck does he know? So we had pizza and he even made sure that it was my favourite, with extra pesto. I love him so much. I don't deserve someone like him.

Tuesday, November 14

I want to get over this stupid crush. I can barely focus on my work.

Wednesday, November 15

I was crying again in therapy. I'm so sick of crying. I wish I could just turn all my emotions off.

Thursday, November 16

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Friday, November 17

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Saturday, November 18

We had band practice again today. It went well until Sam told me I looked like shit. Yeah no shit Sherlock, I lie awake for hours every night thinking about your stupid face and how much I want to kiss you. I just left before I said anything I'd regret. Shit, now that I think about it, he probably thinks I'm mad at him. I should text him.

Sunday, November 19

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Monday, November 20

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Tuesday, November 21

Grateful for:

- *Rain*

- *No people (because everyone hates the rain)*
- *Being on the beach when there's no people and it's raining*

I think it's getting easier to lie to Sam.

Wednesday, November 22

The stupid thing is, I want to go to therapy today, but this time I do actually have a fucking cold. It hurts to breathe and I've already gone through an entire box of tissues. Mom brought me some soup which was nice but I can't even taste it.

Update: Sam came by to see me. I told him to stay away but he just ignored me. He looked all upset and worried even though I told him that it was just a cold, but then he sat on the bed and we talked for a bit about the band and what music he wanted to try next. But I couldn't stop shivering which was so embarrassing. And he noticed, which made it even worse. Because then the fucker put his hand on my forehead and said I had a fever which, like, yeah I could have told you that without you touching me, you moron, but then he took off his shoes and just fucking climbed in bed with me.

He literally held me until I stopped shivering. And I fucking fell asleep like that. I just want to die of embarrassment.

Thursday, November 23

He did it again. Why is this guy so touch obsessed. And why do I fucking like it so much.

Friday, November 24

I wish I could always fall asleep with Sam's arms around me. We even missed the Spirit's Eve Festival tonight which is the only holiday I actually like. I tried to make Sam go but he said it wouldn't be the same without me and he just wanted to make sure I got enough sleep so I'd be better soon. I think he's spent more time here in the past two days than he's been at home. I was worried he was missing work until he reminded me that he only works on Mondays and Wednesdays. And then he said me forgetting shit like that was proof that I wasn't well enough to get out of bed yet. The guy is like a human octopus. I can't do anything to make him let go of me.

Saturday, November 25

I'm actually feeling much better today. I could taste my mom's pumpkin soup again for the first time since Wednesday. And I could smell Sam's shampoo and the stuff he uses on his face when he shaves, not that I think he has to shave more than twice a week. He smells nice, though. Almost like rain. Like that particular smell where everything just smells green and vibrant and I don't know, like I can just breathe without everything hurting, without worrying what will go wrong, like it's actually good to be alive. Sam smells like that.

I should probably tell him that he no longer needs to hold me. I just like it so much. Maybe I'll tell him when I'm ready to get back to work. Maybe I can figure out which products he

uses so I can have something that smells like him.

Sunday, November 26

My favourite scents:

- *Coffee*
- *Sam*

Monday, November 27

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Tuesday, November 28

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Wednesday, November 29

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Thursday, November 30

I keep forgetting that I should be writing stuff down.

Friday, December 1

I'm thankful for:

- *Sam*
- *I'm so bad at this shit*

Saturday, December 2

-

Sunday, December 3

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Monday, December 4

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Tuesday, December 5

-

Wednesday, December 6

-

Friday, December 29

He wrote me a goddamn love song for my goddamn birthday.

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