

Dear Diary, 1:00pm 7/22/21
 The last week has been a rollercoaster. But then everything went downhill and crashed, and exploded. I guess it all started last week when I started having panic attacks and mini freakouts. But I kept pushing through. Then we went to the Philly and it was so much fun. Well, only the first day was. I was a real body connoisseur. I was my first clubbing. It was so magical. Time and it was so magical. Trans formative even. Life was in a coming of age film. We went to two clubs, Woody's and Vexx. Woody's gave off weird white twink vibes but it was fun dancing to music more ironically. But the second club, Level Up... what? LA VED! It was an all Black + brown gay club. It was so cool and hot. I tipped a stripper and grinded on a "bitch" sista. For sex, food and s'ms. It was so

fun. It felt so good dressing up with a bunch of buddies before going out for a night of dancing. Hoping for more nights like this that.



At the link of vintage clothing sexy + powerful!



Level Up club
 Band from up

But then everything became a shit storm afterwards. I won't go into detail because frankly - I'm tired. Let's just say it ended with me having a divorce episode. Then on Tuesday (Eve), I had a breakdown. I went to a prospect park to relax and calm my nerves before travelling the next day to LA. I came back with my parents but suddenly, nothing felt real. I felt like I wasn't actually a person. Like I wasn't