

Mon, 9 May 2011

2:59 AM

First entry, down for the count

Ok this is my first journal entry on the computer. It's not a good. The whole reason I'm making this is so when I need to talk I can type and feel like someone is listening. My old one on paper is still around here somewhere, But i can't write fast enough to get my feelings out. Hopefully All these entries won't be negative because my life is full of lots of positive and happy things, but i don't have friends to talk to, my family isn't close with me, and I can't exactly talk to Mary when the problem is related to her because she jsut gets mad and doesn't listen. So... congratulations Wordpad, you're my new friend.

All my life I've been in relationships off and on with different people, and none of them have every truly thought I was attractive or, "wanted," me. I have tried everything I can to be attractive, I've changed the way i dress, I've changed the way I talk, the way I act, and even changed the way I think. This feeling... is honestly one of the worst feelings in the world. Particularly with Mary.

I love Mary more than I have ever loved any human being. I would go to the ends of this world and back for her. I'd give up anything for her, I'd die for her, and I'd stand before the entire world and tell them all that she is the one; that I don't care what anyone thinks, she's my soulmate... the one I am meant to be with. But what I don't understand is why she doesn't find me attractive anymore. When we first got together, Mary honestly wanted me, she found me almost irresistible, and atleast acted like she really thought I was an attractive person. However, as time past, she slowly started to phase out of it. She began wanting to have sex with me less and less, she started touching me less often (in both sexual and non sexual ways), and she almost completely stopped kissing me. I mean, she honestly kisses me so rarely, that when she does, it feels like I've done something good and something very very special is happening. Which of course is a good thing, however I don't think anyone should ever have to feel that pure embarrassment and internal hurt that comes from having someone turn away when you close your eyes and go to kiss them. Especially when there is as much feeling behind it as there is with me. Why is it like this? I ask myself that question all the time.

I thought for a while recently that she

maybe just wasn't that much of an affectionate person, which would have been a whole nother problem in itself, since I am a very sensitive, loving, and caring person, and I feel a great amount of extasy just physically touching, hugging or kissing. Well, It's been getting to me more and more lately, It seems as if there is always some kind of excuse. One night she's sick, then the next she's still sick, then her knees hurt to bad, then we have to get up early, then she has a headache, then it's to late, then she's on her period, then we have to get up early again, then she's sick again, then it's to late, and so on and so forth. What do I have to do to make this woman want me enough to the point there once in a while she'll enjoy making love to me so much that she will make an exception???

So naturally, as my mind wonders and I worry, I start to remember things I don't want to. "I really liked him, so I gave it up to him anytime he wanted it." (in reference to Matt.) ... You don't really like me? wtf? Am i completely wasting my time? Or the references to Brandon atleast on a weekly basis, sometimes with fucked up shit, like when we were about to go horse riding together for the first time, "Holy shit, brandon was almost that big." ... that's awesome, you made it repeatedly clear before we got together that brandon was fucking huge and that you took a giant dick repeatedly and it, "Hurt so good." (if you havent figured out at this point, everything in parathesis are exact words that have come out of her mouth). ... again, that's just fucking fantastic, sorry I don't have a 12 inch dick, and sorry I don't remind you of a god damn fucking horse when you see me naked. Sorry, If I could change it I would, just for you hunny, but I can't, so If what I have isn't good enough, spare me the embarassment of you edventually getting bored and fucking around on me, or the embarassment of me trying to appear attractive or sexy to you and being shot down repeatedly. I really wish that rather than you constantly reminding me of brandon, you would just focus on trying to build some memories with me. He's fucking gone, he screwed you over almost as badly as I got screwed over, so move the fuck, on and let's see if this can be real? I'm not brandon, you need to hit the fucking refresh button on your brain and stop laying expectations on me based of him. I don't lay expectations on you based of my ex's. Granted most of them were bad experiences, but everyone has, "Good times" as some point, otherwise relationships wouldn't have happened. I don't carry over any expectations from those times to this relationship because that's fucked up and simply not right.

I'm really begining to wonder why Mary doesn't associate sex with love. Another thing she's made

abundantly clear before is that after brandon, she went around hate fucking people left and right. ... That's great, but hate fucking, and making love are two completely different things. Instead of just having someone who wants to fuck you and not be there to do the dishes tomorrow, or who when you're upset, sad and the whole world feels like its coming down, won't really give a rat's ass, how about you open your fucking eyes and look in front of you, to the man who is making it repeatedly clear that he'd do anything for you, and that honestly truthfully loves you for you, not just for your pussy. Don't put words in my mouth and fucking say that's all I want, because it's not. I haven't had sex with people repeatedly, or given oral to random people of all races, and gotten oral from random people in showers (Fucking thanks for mentioning that). I'd hate to say it, but I just haven't been sexually involved with enough people for me to feel like love can't be behind it, and that the feeling of making love can't be very similarly compared to the ecstasy of love. The same feeling of laying in bed late at night watching a romantic movie together, or the same ecstasy of love that you feel when you come in from a bad day and that significant other gives you a hug and kiss and tells you that you're an amazing person. I was brought up on values of love, My parents loved me as a child. We had our problems, as do all families, but they honestly loved me. I loved all my siblings and they loved me also. But there's a different kind of love, that i was taught, you only share with one special person. Someone you've never met before, but someone who will complete you and you'll share so many things together. One of those things being the unparalleled feeling of making love. I don't understand how the feelings you have when you are making love, don't set off the fireworks inside, don't light the fire of love, and don't make you look at that other person, the one person in the world who should care more than any other at that moment in time, any differently.

There are two types of people in this world when it comes to sex. There are the people like me, who honestly think that sex is simply a way to show affection and love, the kind of people who don't have sex with people if there is simply not some kind of feeling there. Granted, I've been there and tried, "hate fucking," one time, and it was honestly one of the most miserable moments in my life, not to mention that i despise thinking about myself doing that. I am simply a better person than that. Sex and Love go hand in hand, it's the one thing that you can share with one other person. In theory, no one else in the whole world can share that experience with either of you during that relationship, except the two of you. so yeah... that's the group I fit into. Then there's another

group. There is a group of people who feel absolutely no feeling inside of their heart when they have sex. That's simply all they do, have sex. Women who just want to be drilled as hard as possible, don't want to hold hands, do want to run their fingers along each other's bodies, don't want to say I love you. They just want it quick, dirty, and feelingless. <---- That thought... honestly is perhaps the most appalling thought in the entire fucking world to me and honestly makes me nauseated to think about. This is the category my ex wife fits into, and one of the major problems we had. Since there is no feeling tied to it, there is no reason not to cheat, if you think it'll be good, and there's no reason to care about anyone's feeling but your own. "It's all about me and what I get out of it." That's how women in that category think. I fight with myself almost on a daily basis and tell myself that's not Mary. If she wants it like that, fine, as long as she enjoys it and still wants me. Everytime we do it, I completely freak out on the inside, afraid of whether I performed well, because if not, Mary simply won't want it again for a while. and even if she doesn't end up wanting it, she'll just go masturbate in the fucking shower by herself or when she sends me to get food (That particular experience matched some of the most pissed off moments in my life).

If you honestly love me, stop thinking the same way whores and women who don't care do. you want to be called a whore in bed, that's fine, but don't act like one outside of the bedroom. There should be some kind of feeling associated with it, not simply the pulsing in your vagina during and afterward. What about the beating in your chest, what about the butterflies in your stomach, what about the thought that this person may honestly love me, and if I make an effort this person will be here with me, through the entire rest of my life. The good, and the bad. Some day this person may share a home with me, and may become my husband if I can get the fuck over the fact that people make mistakes, and maybe just fucking maybe, this person will raise some kind of child with me some day.

I guess maybe the thought of all those things just aren't as special to me as they are for her. Mary's priorities are so fucking backwards it's not right. I'm trying, so fucking hard, with every ounce of energy I have, to be the man she wants. For her to look at me and think to herself, "He's so fucking amazing in every way." and for her to find me attractive. Mary, I can find an excuse every single night of the week not to make love if I want to, Anyone can. But that's not what lovers and people who are honestly in love

do. People who are in love honestly, don't let the fire burn out, and even if they stay up half the night, get 3 hours of sleep and go to work, and school, they do it anyways, because it's worth it to both of them. Then when they are tired and feel like crap the next day, they think back to the night before and how amazing it was.

Am I the only person left in this world who feels this way? What can I do differently? Why do I feel like I'm never special to anyone? I'm 22 years old, All I want is to find someone who will love me and feel the same way.

Security: Public
Location: Home
Mood: Rejected
Music: Hurt, Vol.1 - Falls Apart

4:14 PM

recovery

Well, Today thus far has been better. Got a debit card finally! I've been waiting on one of those since the bank took mine over 2 years ago and told me I couldn't have one because my ex wife kept over drafting my account. Seems stupid to be excited over such a little thing, but now I've got access to my money when ever i want it :-)) no more waiting until the bank opens or closes.

I really didn't feel that great this morning, Ended up not going to school. Mary stayed home with me, she's sweet. She didn't want to go and leave me home by myself not feeling well. She rubbed my back and took care of me this morning, that made me happy. Maybe tonight will be better? Idk, im not sure if i'll have the courage to even try honestly, we'll see. She upset, problems with the VA. No surprise, it's a branch of the military so of course it's going to be a big pain in the ass and there will always be problems. It's monday, never heard from my team leader, or anyone in my chain of command. I'm beginning to wonder what's going on with this weekend. Do we still have drill on thursday? Who knows. Got to go see the attorney tomorrow about consultation for this divorce that's going to get ugly... ugh. every time i think about it, I dread it. Gotta find all the paper work to take to the lawyer tommorrow also. FAFSA is going to get knocked out today too, so hopefully I'll get the dough in time to go to school this summer quarter. I hope there's still some online classes available, but i know therer probobly won't

be. *Sigh*

Life's a bitch, but that's just how it is I suppose, you take the hit and keep on moving, because that's how it goes, "The show goes on all night."

Security: Public

Location: Home

Mood: Hopeful

Music: Lupe Fiasco - Show Goes On

Fri, 13 May 2011

3:34 AM

Changing of the Tides

May 13, 2011

Ok, some things are going to change pretty drastically in my life. I have continually lost things over the past few months. Some were out of my control, and some I had complete control over and failed to keep. I've been getting lazy, becoming worthless. I didn't go to school one time this week, I've been missing way too much school. I've been letting my relationship go, and getting picky about things. Rather than being thankful for what I have in my relationship, I've been complaining and bitching and expecting rather than appreciating. This is over. The old Nathan - The Demon is showing again. The Lazy, worthless fuck who fails at life. That's over. Starting today I am taking responsibility for all my actions. I'm taking responsibility of becoming independent, this means getting a job and fully supporting myself, as well as leaving a leeway to support someone else if the situation where I need to every arises. I am a man, My job is to provide and lead. Whether I am proving for myself and leading myself to better decisions, a better life, and a happier inner self, or whether I'm leading myself and another significant other to all these things, it does not matter. I am a Leader and a Provider. I pride myself on that today. I will not lose shit. From now on, all of my items, no matter how small and insignificant they are, will be maintained, no more lost I.D. cards, wallets, phones, military equip, etc. I'm going to get a job. Whether it's fast food or working in a department store, I'm going to do it. I'm not going to be irresponsible with my money. I will spend ONLY what needs to be spent.

I am a Man, It is my Responsibility to Provide and Lead,
I will lead myself to a better life,

I will lead myself to a happier inner-self,
I will lead myself to a more enjoyable relationship,
I will lead by making good decisions and doing what I know is right,
I will lead by taking responsibility for my actions,
I will lead by always keeping accountability of my belongings,
I will fully provide for myself,
I will provide for any significant other in my life,
I will maintain an income at all times to enable myself to provide,
I will provide emotionally, financially, and physically for myself,
I will provide emotionally, financially, and physically for my significant other,
I will provide by being understanding and non-judgemental,
I will provide by being persistent in all I do,
I will never accept losing, If I lose I will re-evaluate and try again,
I am a Man, It is my Responsibility to Provide and Lead.

Success and Happiness in my life start here, with me.
No one can, and no one will give it to me. I have to be responsible and strong enough to go after it myself and make the decisions, and take the actions I feel are necessary for me to be successful and happy. This week, I find a Job. This week, I recover the items that are now lost in my wallet.
Beginning this week and continuing moving forward, I will not expect from Mary, I will instead appreciate everything she does and remember that - I could be alone with no one. I will love her like I have never loved before and expect NOTHING in return.
I will provide for her so that she doesn't have to and so that she feels secure with me. When my GI bill and Refund from school come, I will start this divorce, no matter how many hours I spend looking for a lawyer or how many days I spend dreading court.
This week, I will remind all the people in my life just how important they are to me. This week, I will get my school work caught up and stay caught up. This is it, no turning back, I've crossed a line. This demon inside of me is NO MORE. Mind, Body, Soul, - the three things I need to be happy. I have them all. I need to focus them in on happiness. This is it, time to be a somebody.

Security: Public
Location: Home
Mood: Tired
Music:

