
his 2 missed calls right after he got *the* message, a gap of one week? I suspect this is the week he either travelled or that the friend came from out of town. When I didn't return the message that finally came after that gap for two days, he made what I suspect was a final attempt one day before leaving. So I was truly ignored for two weeks – 5 days at one time and a week and a day the second time, what happened in the latter two weeks I suspect was a matter of circumstance, as I have said. I am going through all this to find an answer to why it took so long to apologize. In the end I have the satisfaction of knowing that through it all I never called and left a voicemail unless he had called first. I never sunk that low. It was always a back and forth. Once I came near humiliation when I was going to go straight to his house one morning. But I stopped myself in time, I will always be proud of that. I hate the fact that I need to write all this down. But it is having a cathartic effect. I need to get it all out. Every time I wipe/blow my nose I think of him too, as if I am ridding my system of him with each such action. Must keep that in mind when I am shitting and pissing too. Especially when I am shitting during my detox, and flushing all the shit.

Week 0

Last real conversation – Sunday (call initiated by him)

Week 1

Missed call from me – Tuesday
Missed call from him – Saturday
Voicemail from me – Sunday
(burned his name by the Wednesday)

Week 2

the voicemail from me – Monday
Missed call from him – Wednesday
Missed call from him – Thursday
Voicemail from me – Saturday

Week 3

Voicemail from him – Saturday
Conversation 1 – Tuesday morning (call initiated by him)
Conversation 2 – Tuesday night (call initiated by him)

So, looking at this, it took me two weeks of getting jerked around to leave *the* message. Fifteen days. In the two weeks after that he called 5 times before he said what he had to say, and I called only once in that time. Of those 5 times he spoke to me 2 times only. We called each other almost equal times (me 4), but all that time I had the decency to leave voicemails. I didn't just ring and run. *KENENISA INDEED!!!!*

Shit + Snot + Piss = KENENISA, keep remembering that.
shitsnotandpissshitsnotandpissshitsnotandpissshitsnotandpissshitsnotandpissshitsnotandpiss
itsnotandpiss.

January 6, 2007

Somewhere between realizing all the lessons I was meant to learn from this recent ordeal – honesty (with self), communication (with others), knowing that “things happen outside of you; the things that happen outside of you do not define you” so that I am not defined by others' treatment of me (rather, what he did tells me something about who he is: that he is a