

245 810X

Things do get better; Always include an abstract! “Anathem” by Neal Stephenson; Sleep-xxxing

0.1 Soundtrack

“Glory of Love” by Peter Cetera.

0.2 Light Mind Reading

It’s nice that family members can read my mind. We can make jokes without spelling everything out.

0.3 Things do get better

This year has been so good, I don’t even wish that the breakups hadn’t happened.

(although I’d prefer if they hadn’t happened)

0.4 Cavey

“Seeing someone reading one of your favorites is the book’s way of recommending the person; it tells you a great deal about the person”

Cavey, from The Naked Convos

0.5 Read my lips!

What do you lose by believing that others are telling the truth?

0.6 Why can’t we do it better?

Apparently the ifthen \LaTeX package is not recommended because it, like the native \LaTeX conditionals have problems with nesting¹.



\TeX ’s programming facilities are really poor. I’ve spent the past couple of hours trying to get nested conditionals to work!

0.7 Conjecture

Conjecture: the most fun path through life is if everything goes well, then everything goes badly, then everything goes well again. That way, you’ll *really* appreciate it when things go well.

¹<https://tex.stackexchange.com/questions/5894/latex-conditional-expression>

0.8 Language Workout

This publication project is testing all my computer knowledge. So far I've had to use the following languages: \LaTeX , XHTML, and now Makefiles. I'll probably need CSS2 before I'm done.

3.1 Nightmares on Demand

Conjecture: sleeping while getting a mild electrical shock will generate a nightmare of the form where I actually feel, not just see, the evil in the monsters.

3.2 Is it the lungs, doctor?

I'm feeling an itch right below my left breast, like it is on the inside. I suspect that I inhaled a lot of dust while sweeping this morning.

If the dust is the cause of the itch, then why doesn't the right side of my chest itch as well? Perhaps because my right nostril is more blocked than my left.

Perhaps.

3.3 Respect my limits

This is an order: If you don't get a standing desk, do not work at the computer for 10 hours a day or your back will hurt.

4.1 Aging sux

Just saw Friend 6 538 for the first time since Friend 5 641's wedding. As I hugged her, I could feel how she's like a walking skeleton; she's old and has been particularly sick since the wedding.

Feelings: I'm excited to see her after so long, and sad to see her wasting away.

4.2 Always include an abstract!

Remember that short guy (Michael?) in my first year in college who thought me about having a thesis in my essays?

Thanks, dude.

4.3 \neg Shu

I just love the way Stockholmiens pronounce the Swedish word for "seven."

5.1 Punch/counterpunch

Remember that time in college when some black guy made some comment on Facebook about how black girls don't put out like white girls do. And then a bunch of black girls (I'm guessing) put up screenshots of his comments with a picture of his face in all the dorm bathrooms on campus.

LOL.

5.2 Soundtrack

Rockin' that Shit by The Dream

7.1 Ennui

I've spent the past decaday (pretty much) compiling the last centiday's entries into a form I could put online. Last night I finally finished. This morning, I was to wake at 6:00 to mop the house so that I'd be finished by the time everyone else got up, but when I woke up it was too dark to do anything and the inverter was out of power. So I went back to bed and purposely didn't set my alarm for 30 minutes later.

I woke at 9 and still didn't do any of the usual morning rituals (e.g. mopping the floors, making my bed). As I rolled in bed before getting up, I felt a sense of bleh-ness, perhaps frustration? Perhaps hopelessness? I'm not sure.

I've stopped my math studies because I wasn't really feeling it and more interesting things came up. I don't feel like going back to probability studies, at least not to that book.

The plan is to finish reading *Anathem* today, and to send out my Happy Solstice messages tomorrow.

I'm not looking forward to talking to Friend 9960 when I get back (did I mention? She texted me, "hi" after a few days silence and I was like, "Hi. I miss you but I feel that talking to you will cause you heartache again and I'd rather that didn't happen. If you still want to talk, let's do it in person").

I have a work-sample test scheduled for the 3rd of January, and I might apply for another temp job in Oxford.

And I'm campaigning to get a date with the bloggers, Lipglossmaffia, MissO, and Cosmic Yoruba. I'm just on their blogs making comments; hopefully they'll find my

comments interesting, and then start making moves on me, too.

7.2 "Anathem" by Neal Stephenson

Just finished "Anathem" for the second time. It made a lot more sense than back when I first read it. Perhaps because I've been doing a lot of reading about transhumanism and long-term thinking, and I read the book this time rather than listen to like the last time.

And I wanna live in a math. I'd be a Decenarian cuz I like seeing the real world, but I want to have enough colleagues who focus on long-term thinking than the Unarians might have.

7.3 The Interview

Friend 7815 came to say hi to me in my room. Haven't seen her in a while. After the pleasantries were over, I asked her what order she was in, and she (while freezing her smile) stood up and said something like, "I've got to get some air before I start answering your questions. I'll be in the parlour" and left.

Thanks for the feedback.

(I guess)



Turns out she had changed and had been waiting for me downstairs when I went down a long while later.

9.1 Sleep-xxxing

As I was rolling around before waking up, I had a full bladder. I was also dreaming about some scenario where a bunch of people were saying random things about me and I wanted to correct them. But first, I said to myself, lemme take a leak. And I was suddenly in the dining room and I pulled the water dispenser around so I could drain myself into the overflow tray.

And then I remembered that afternoon (when I was a kid) when I had sleep-walked into the kitchen and taken a leak in the dustbin. I didn't wake up until Friend 3657 caught me and hit me on the back and made me take out the trash and wash the basket.

I cried. And I felt it was unfair (still do). She didn't have to hit me; I didn't know what I was doing. And I'd have taken out the trash at her command.

She didn't have to hit me.

9.2 Happy Holidays

I didn't anticipate that composing personalised messages to all these old acquaintances would make me happy reminiscing about all those past positive interactions.