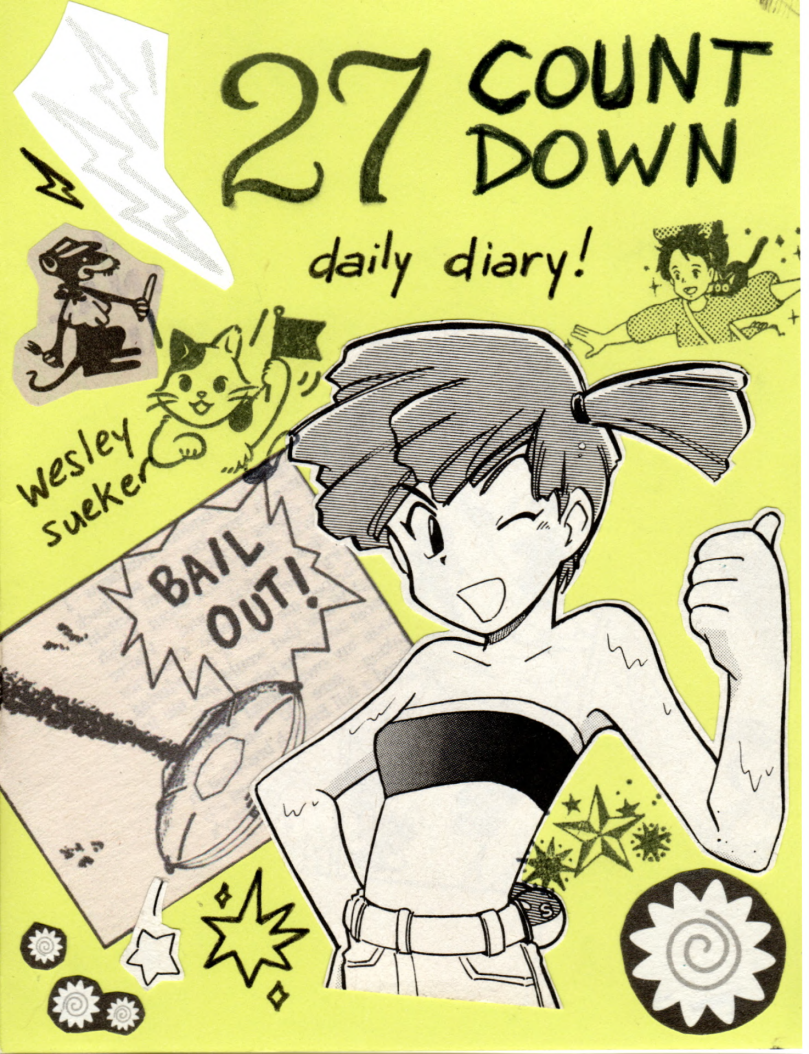

27 COUNT DOWN
daily diary!
wesley sueker
BAIL OUT!

WEDNESDAY SEPTEMBER 27

"might as well start a zine today"

My birthday is coming up soon and I don't know what I want. Maybe another cactus? I have a lovely two-stem red tail cactus that's grown an additional 1/4 of its size since we got it in April!

I've been using this set of oracle cards (the Hidden Forest) to generate my to-do lists for the day, or at least the order of operations.

Today's cards:

River
Owl
Quill



I like cozy mysteries, though they can be really hit-or-miss. Of course I always go for the ones with the tackiest, lamest sounding names, so they're mostly miss for me. That's part of the fun, but the latest one I tried, "Murder, she knit," wasn't even fun bad, it was just bad. Like boring and the text was really hard to understand cause she kept changing tones and she took two paragraphs to describe parking a car that was irrelevant to the mystery. A shame cause the cover was so cute, sorta looked like this. It was worth the hours spent though cause it lead me to the book's Goodreads page to read the other bad reviews and feel vindicated and someone literally gave it a one-star review for a quote unquote "homosexuality mention" which is the funniest thing I've seen all day. Currently reading "Comic Sans Murder" ☆



thursday sept 28

FRIDAY SEPT 29

dude you chose to move to a town you knew would be crawling with tourists in October. you do not get to complain. you don't get to declare your business "anti-tourist". [redacted] and something about complaining about how "locals can't even get a pizza" just makes you sound like a whiny entitled child who hasn't learned to share. you don't even drive so traffic doesn't affect you. and you haven't even lived one season in town yet. i'm not doing a good job of vagueblogging here everyone who would know what i'm talking about probably does and thinks this is a shitty thing for me to say, it's happened before when I wasn't even trying. but it's a full moon in Aries and so I am going to write whatever I want because it's stupid trying to censor myself and keep the [redacted] peace in a group I've gotten distanced from anyway. this is my fault live and let live and just do my own thing but the only way I can express myself is in a way that glorifies others because that's what mom taught me that I can't be mean on my period

KEN JENNINGS IS A SCAB - he crossed the WGA picket line to film more episodes of Jeopardy for the fall and I lost any lingering respect I had for him, if there was any left after seeing some of his arrogant comments to participants who got questions wrong. Anyway this was like six weeks ago I'm just reminded cause I broke up my schoolwork with half a dozen ~~rounds~~ games of Jeopardy for the PS2.



I don't know if I'm built for having friends. It's not like I can't make friends I just start to feel trapped by the pressures of maintaining relationships. The first time I was authentic with a friend in 10 years was this summer and it came back to bite me weeks later so I just wanna be alone with Sean and my dog okay

SATURDAY ~~XXXXXXXX~~ SEPTEMBER 30

OCTOBER 1 SUNDAY

I'm like fucking creatively constipated or something like I have things I want to make but it's not coming out right or like when I make stuff it just is like... contrived or not cool or whatever. yesterday I made the cover for this zine and it turned out really awesome and then I looked at the pages I'd made so far and hated them in comparison. I was gonna just get over it but I started reading the graphic novel I checked out called Time Zone J and it's so unique and punky and inky and so you know what I'm redoing my pages goddamn it

I've just been kinda mad lately at everyone and everything well that's not true more like I'm feeling insecure like is it okay that I just don't feel like maintaining relationships right now and I'm gonna complain about other people complaining so much? when I was 13 I was getting a ride from my crush and his dad and when I tried to join in the talk he said "I wouldn't get it" and the dad did not even try to include me it was something about genetics of farm animals or s/t



october 2 moonday



I decided what I want for my birthday — roller blades! I've wanted to try roller blading for, well, most of my life cause I thought they were cooler than skates, but in the last year or so I've been consistently talking about it. So I bought a super cute pair of pink blades with blue wheels. They're actually called "Zoom Cotton Candy"!



We got an actual, real-life toy catalog in the mail today, with actual, real-life Holiday 2023 theming. It was fucking surreal for two reasons— one, it's barely October, and two, it was from AMAZON.

I'm trying to remember the physical toy catalogs I went through as a kid and when they arrived and what companies they were from, I guess it was like Toys R Us probably? But yeah something about this feels sorta Uncanny Valley.



Barbie 2023 Holiday Doll (6+ years) B0BSN18PD8 (Black Straight Hair), B0BRSKFGB1 (Blonde Wavy Hair), B0BSMQJ2PP (Brown Wavy Hair), B0BSMRCWD5 (Wavy Ponytail Hair)

OCTOBER 3 TUESDAY

OCTOBER 4 WEDNESDAY

I do love this funky little dude though with these awesome grizzly bear hat and paws with velcro or something to fish for salmon I love it



Sean and I have committed to going on walks for exercise and not just to take the dog out. It was hot the last couple days but I've loved walking to the beach and back ♡

oct 5 whatever

Sean's at the optometrist and i'm reading my first lynda barry book checked out from the library "what it is" and it's really cool but makes me feel like why do i never know what to draw how do all these punk artists just draw stuff like it's whatever dame darcy Katie skelly lynda barry how do you do it am i just creatively empty now? lynda asks on page 85 do you wish you could draw but i haven't gotten to the advice portion yet



October 6 Fryday

The Thea's Tarot is really something special.



I like cooking, I like eating, I like cleaning even... sometimes. But I hate meal planning. And having no plan makes every other part harder. We made some fancy homemade mac and cheese and put chicken and broccoli and bacon in and it was n't the greatest in the world but it was pretty good for a first try.

oct 7 sat

i'm so tired today, just totally exhausted. I can't afford to be tired, I have an essay to finish. And it's a group project so people are counting on me.

5 pm update: i left the house and went to the library to research for the essay. it was kinda nice and i got my steps in (6000/day goal right now) but now after lunch and my break i'm staring down the evening when i just want to be done but i have to actually write the thing. often i feel like i only have four productive hours in the morning and then my energy and motivation just plummets.

it's now 7:30 and i'm officially giving up any hope that i'll actually work on this essay tonight. hopefully my project partner will understand without me having to send an email. it's not due till monday anyway so i will spend my productive hours tomorrow on it (though i'll still feel guilty tonight)

OCTOBER 8 SUNDAY

okay I spent like the whole day finishing that essay, here's what I listened to during:

The Orchids: The Boy Can't Dance
The Clash: Koka Kola
Snake Pool: Figure in the Background
nobonko: Music for Animal Cafés
Sixpence None the Richer: Kiss Me
Jerry Terry: Kiss Me (Kill Me)
Tommy February6: I Only Want to be With You
They Might Be Giants: We Want a Rock
Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark: Enola Gay

and whatever they were playing at the café, it's usually some boring breathy white woman cover of something but sometimes it's the Cure.

October Ninth
Monday

don't be too impressed this is just a Rembrandt copy

I really love lions, always have, always will. I think im experiencing some sort of depression-induced madness right now and I just keep coming back to lions

10 - 10

Today's my birthday!

I'm 27 now

I always love my birthday because I feel special all day.

I want my whole house full of lions

Sean bought me a copy of "Lost in the Library" about the NYPL lion statues (named Patience and Fortitude).

He really knows me



I'm a little nervous now... starting to feel the hands of the ticking clock squeeze around my neck. I haven't got a job and I feel ashamed about it (even though, or maybe because, I'm still in school).

Is that too heavy to put on the back cover?

(At least I'm still proud of my essay)

I'm 27 now... and I still don't have that ROTH-IRA my mother in law always tells us to get... and somehow I'm still in school...

