



Hi Rachel,

I know less every day. Truly. I get that this is a thing old, wise people say to try and humble themselves, but I am really feeling it. I thought I knew how a bill was passed—wrong. Do not have an opinion nor an understanding of the debt ceiling, rules committee processes, or “pay-fors”. I thought I could manage my own brokerage account and figure it out later—definitely not. And I *thought* I could hold my own talking about poetry at a cocktail party—also wrong. I am not as well read as I thought, and I can’t fake it anymore.

How do things work? What is equity? What’s an “escrow”? When am I supposed to learn these things, and who is supposed to teach me?

If I stay very still and don’t move, one day I will retire and then die. But until then, I will continue to embarrass myself and sail blindly through life. Speaking of, I often avoid saying that I “need” things. As long as I don’t feel the pangs of hunger and am not exposed to the elements, life is just an endless stream of silly little desires. So for fun, here is a list of things I want right now:

- An app that makes your phone shock you when you pick it up after 2 hours of screen time.
- The recipe for Publix white bread. How do they do that?
- A psychic reading from a dubious old lady with clunky jewelry
- Five full glasses of Brita water to appear on my nightstand at 2 AM
- Rawhide, but for humans. (Trader Joe’s dried mango?)

- A social media platform that shows you 1) Only posts from people you follow in 2) chronological fucking order
- A nice cup of apple cider
- The will to be more organized, complete with a color-coded planner, highlighters, and whatever else you dumb Virgos do
- A dog. Ideally a mutt with a brindle coat. But if I get a dog, I'll need a car, and at that point I might as well buy a house that has a yard and oh my god is this why people move to the suburbs
- The knack for learning new languages
- A guarantee that if I disappeared for a few months, I'd still have my job when I return (employer DNI)
- hmm. a redo of summer, because what was that, and why did it last for two seconds.

LET'S CONSUME MEDIA

TV & Movies

I finished Sex and the City. What a show! I loved every bit of it and can finally read this hot take: "[The Difficult Women of Sex and the City.](#)"

I have lots of opinions on SATC, but unfortunately I am twenty years late to the game. They mostly boil down to:

- Steve is great and can do no wrong.
- Say what you will about Big and Aiden, but Carrie clearly only loved one of them and if you believe otherwise, you are projecting!
- Still think it is incredibly bizarre to go through six seasons of a series and barely—if at all—touch on the main four's family. Like, what do they do for the holidays? Where did they grow up? When Miranda's mother died, why did no one say anything about their own parents?? Are they alive or dead?! Real people in real life do not monologue at one another during a funeral!

Books

- *The Secret to Superhuman Strength* by Allison Bechdel. Nothing will ever make me want to “get into running,” but this book came close. An intimate look at ambition and self-loathing, and the lengths we’ll go to try and run from ourselves.

These are called “pieces” for some reason!

- “[Everyone is Beautiful and No One is Horny](#)” Paraphrasing from a tweet I saw a while ago: People in movies NEED to start getting uglier
- “[An Ex-Drinker’s Search for a Sober Buzz](#)” If you fuck around long enough, you’ll start finding out.

Music

- I’ve gone to five concerts in the last two weeks, including **Nas**, **Bleachers**, **Coheed and Cambria**, and a chamber music series at the Arts Club of Washington. Go see live music. Wear a mask! It’s wonderful.

GARDEN UPDATE

I stepped on a mouse (rat?) while harvesting this. Please clap.

