

Life scares me too much

Written by Diana

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I can't sleep and that's not "normal" for me. I'm the type who wakes up four hours later and can't get BACK to sleep, Unisom's even stopped working for me. I can't stop thinking and worrying and driving myself nuts over the thought of buying a condo and moving out. I'm terrified and so far no one's been able to give me the slightest bit of helpful, calming advise. I've heard the "you can deduct your mortgage payments from your taxes" bit, but that doesn't tell me exactly how much more money I'll have each month. I've heard the "utilities are much less in a small condo than in a house" speech, but I have yet to see proof of that. I've heard that teachers make very little, like \$45K a year and yet they can do it, but I don't make \$45K. And everyone I've heard these things from either make a ton more than me or are married and have two incomes and have NEVER lived alone in their lives. Splitting everything in half doesn't make it sound so hard, but I'm not dating, I haven't the slightest idea of when I'll start or if I'll ever get married at all. Life scares me too much. I wish I could buy a condo and rent it out for just enough to cover my costs each month, then move in when I'm ready (and convinced that I'll be able to pay my electric bill). I wish so badly that I could do that, if there's a god in heaven (I'd be willing to revisit the possibility) if only someone thought that was as great an idea as I did. I'm terrified, and the more I say it the more it sounds insignificant compared to what I'm really feeling. The more time goes by the more scared I get, because eventually the tension in this house will squeeze me out and I'll have no choice but to move out or live on the street, or go crazy. I've been there, I've searched for apartments, and everything was so far out of my reach, and I had no one giving me any sound advise. Supporting me and helping me are two VERY different things when it comes down to it. Wondering if I can pay my bills and thinking about being alone, all the time, those two things scare me more than death. I'm scared of death, don't get me wrong, but I'm scared of who will take care of my animals, and whether they'll be treated well, not really of death. In the words of Stephanie Meyer: "Death is easy, life is hard." I wish someone had told me when I was 21 and starting my 1st job to start saving \$500/month for a down payment, it didn't occur to me then. I'd have \$42,000 saved up, PLUS INTEREST! Then consider that we would all like to retire one day, one more thing to save up for, to add to the budget, and my work doesn't contribute to a 401K like larger companies do. I'll have to set up my own retirement account and I'll be the only one adding anything to it. Life just seems too hard sometimes, especially if you're living it alone, and the people around you complain and worry out loud about their lives all day long, but you're shut down every time you try to find an ally, a f***** OPEN EAR! How is one supposed to live when every moment of every day is painful?