

July 27

Singapore

Arrived in Singapore this morning. We are staying at the Raffles Hotel, apparently a very beautiful and historic place. From what I saw from the car window coming here from the train station, it didn't seem impressive. Very modern and almost forced cleanliness like a 3<sup>rd</sup> world attempting desperately and unrelentingly to appear to the rest of the world, as if. We arrived in a super rushed manner as always. This station (our final destination here in Singapore), sprang up on us in a surprise 5-min-til-we-were-there kind of way. After 3 hours of sleep and the TERRIBLE fight we got in last night, we are both walking zombies today. I am of course still upset. Still heart- and frankly

PLT / Det. 4101  
Date 04/11/2022  
Judge 10004  
Case # CL-2019-2911

feel like crying. But attempting  
to fake through it and pretend "it's  
all behind us now"... so as to not  
continue to fight about everything  
again - I know he's doing the same

He came out on the patio where I was  
sitting just now writing to try to talk  
to me. Said he wanted to move forward  
all of that. Started great. Even though I  
was crying because of the heart sickness  
I am burdened with - The fight here  
over plus melancholy I feel about  
returning to the states and  
'effectively' ending our honeymoon.  
We don't have a place to go  
after this. He wanted to continue  
the adventure and go to Vietnam  
or something but the plane has to  
leave tonight - I hate that once

again our plans don't hold up against  
the "powers" that be - wherever they  
are. That's particularly frustrating  
for me because I have no control  
over them. That's the thing. Even if  
I can get ~~to~~ a consensus on  
some plan of some sort - its never  
entirely respected, remembered held.  
Think of the wedding date for christ  
sake. How this! <sup>19</sup> you the foreymson too  
that also is being bastardized by some  
oversight or something. "The plane is  
booked" Nathan said before adding  
"can you imagine how upset I was  
when I heard that?" (on the day of  
~~before~~ leaving Hamilton island to  
start said journey. ON THE DAY? )  
THATS when they tell us our plan  
to continue traveling to Southeast  
Asia (because when are we going to be

back in this neighborhood?!) until finally going back home in 7 days or so on the plane. So we had 2 options - surprise! - stay here and continue the adventure / honeymoon OR go home on the plane ONE day after arriving here at our last train stop (Singapore). Fucked up choice to have to make considering it forces us to pay for the cost of getting ourselves home (never knowing there's the plane Disney covers) OR leaving not 3 days after arriving in Singapore, but ONE. Again - out of my control. Out of my hands. Other than now I am burdened with the unpleasant task of pushing for an early return home which isn't even known if it's still being worked on as Laura/Kevin still aren't done or pushing for honeymoon

to be prematurely over. when I don't want it to be.

Sitting out on the patio here of this beautiful hotel suite. I come out to talk - I'm crying - dispelling pent up anger - rage, pain - looking for internal mental justifications for the hot tears rolling down my cheeks. Pent up anger. Left overs from last night, no doubt. A night that ended at 3:30 and was brutal. Interrupted by the train's imminent arrival to the Singapore station too early this morning. After 3 hours of sleep - it has felt like an even more heart hangover. Thus, last night <sup>brutal</sup> was particularly bad. We finally fell asleep, with one another smashed together in desperate child-like anger, fear and love - fragile

succumbing to the exhaustion and realization of the ultimately ~~next~~ unavoidable futility. After hours of relentless arguing. Maybe we need to walk away and cool down. But why can't I when I'm upset? Why can't I? I know it would help. Our fight was terrible. I finally at one point found himself with his shirt unbuttoned around my neck (amazing to think about the precision/coordination that required considering the circumstances). He hit me several times. I don't even know how I wound up with this huge rather annoying knot on the back of my head. Fuck, I hate that it wound there. I hate that I allow it to be never using that as a line for which ~~to learn~~. I stand my ground. Where are my lines? do I have any left?