

Right now believe it or not I am writing with a hard-on that developed out of nowhere and it sure feels good, and like it's Valentine's , so what the hell

The doctor is grilling some patients and it sure sounds interesting. About all he can say is you can't fool the doctor, but anyway my hardon is lost already, just about a two minute rush.

I went before the staffing meeting and met the doctors and therapists. My chief doctor is Dr. B. and a Mr. R. will be my personal therapist. There were lots of pretty therapist ladies also so I am hoping to get in there socially at least.

But all this goes along with another weeks sentence so a week from Friday I should be back in the custody of my parents. All this makes me feel so childish, but what can I do, but stay in the program as planned and finally get phased out of patient day care or least that's how I presume it will go.

Feb 15 - Second day of the fourth week and any wrong doings I did on the outside should be well paid for. Tomorrow I have a pass for leaving in the afternoon, but I gotta talk to the doctor to confirm it all around. I am on the out sheet or whatever it is called.

I have a full day today and the coach even promised bowling in phy ed today, hope that comes about. It's almost 8:30 and I haven't a thing to do but write again, I say