

Feb 18 - Mom cooked me some Frech toast and bacon and sliced me a grapefruit, in turn I made her an omlet and we split it.

This is starting to sound like a gourmet diary, but I guess that's what weekends are for. Tried MP twice, no answer, hope this audition comes through and I become a rock star.

Relaxed the rest of Sunday. Back on the ward my second home has changed a good deal, lots of new people.

Feb 19 - Gray day but a big one for me as I start my new schedule. Something new is always a gas. R III put my head into perspective when he said, "This is Wuirdale, man, that's all that it is."

In group therapy, I have noticed the concept Group therapy is something I gotta learn, the concept escapes me yrt. RIII vocalived extensively in GT, seems he has a problem, but don't we all, mine is being in here, period.

This full schedule is a blast though, something is going on all the time. Had OT, creative art, and music therapy so far and OT and Soc Rec this afternoon.

Don't step on my melody
Don't step on my rhyme
mean to be a movie star
if I only had the time

All them high and nasty people
don't think they can be put down
when you make a triumph
they'll say you are a clown