

i guess this is growing up...

I feel like 22 is when I stopped being cool.

I went through most of my life coping with insomnia by empowering it. in middle and high school I'd often spend all night daydreaming and writing and somehow find the energy to brag the next day about not being able to fall asleep until three or four am. my academic performance suffered, and my sleeplessness was attributed to everything except hereditary insomnia - anxiety (which I know plays a part), the amount of screen time i had, whatever I'd had for dinner, my inability to do math problems. I found myself struggling to wake up in the morning and too often forgoing a proper breakfast or lunch to make it out the door on time. I was still late, frequently and with an inappropriate amount of repentance. Sleep felt beneath me - less time in my day for what I felt was necessary, and more time spent unable to avoid my anxiety as I laid in bed for hours on end, staring at the ceiling.

in college it felt more like a necessity. finish the paper, watch paint dry - the amount of times I was up editing photos before a deadline or comforting an upset friend... it doesn't feel like a badge of honor, exactly, but it's a handy talent to have in your back pocket. Maybe worthy of a name tag: Hi, My Name Is Milena. Sometimes I Stay Up All Night!

when I moved in with my grandparents, I found myself overeager to wake up at seven am with them to go to breakfast. this introduced a steep learning curve into my already fatigued routine, but I did it, and eventually I realized how well this fit into my schedule. Get into bed at ten, hope to be asleep at midnight, and wake up at seven. It worked. And then it made me feel so old. I stopped being cool because I started to deeply and sincerely value my sleep schedule, as opposed to feeling like it was a burden, or just a life necessity. In the first six months after my return from Washington sleeping felt like something I couldn't get enough of, but being able to function on so little of it was something actively encouraged in the workplace. The only time I enjoyed it was when it was my turn to put my little sister to bed, and I'd get to hang out with her for an hour while we talked about our days and told stories. she, much like me, is one of those obnoxious people who needs to talk for a bit before falling asleep. This was one of the few instances where I could easily drift off, and because no good deed goes unpunished, I was often berated for it, because sleeping well for a few nights apparently disproves a whole lifetime.

I digress. waking up and walking to breakfast made me feel wholesome, and more grown, and admittedly, sad for the part of me that relishes staying up late and sleeping in. But it's better for my health. It makes me that much more regulated, and a regulated sleep schedule is golden.

in the immortal words of Alice's therapist, there's no prize for white knuckling.
xoxo milena



ICE ICE (COFFEE) BABY

quickie coffee chain you love to hate:

starbucks nitro cold brew: an important distinction needs to be made this is not regular cold brew. this is elon musk level cold brew. it comes out of the tap cold, so no ice will be given. you will chug, and you will shake, and you will see god. but that's what cold brew is for.

alice's preferred mix: raw (black)

milena's preferred mix: sweet cream!

starbucks matcha: powerful, a little sweet, but not too much so. been drinking a lot of venti matchas lately and i haven't died yet so i think that's a good sign. i feel like we all knew what this is like, but i truly cannot believe i've been chugging venti iced matchas and like... been fine.

alice's preferred mix: half sweet, iced, extra scoop, coconut milk

milena's preferred mix: 2%, hot (raw)

