

The Leviathan in the Room

There is a storm outside tonight. This has been some strange late autumn weather - Nor'easters and warm, wet weather instead of dry and cool. Nothing is as it should be, or so it seems. Is it time for Plan B? My posts lately have been hinting that something is brewing below the surface and I can't ignore it anymore. A contingency plan, or an unscheduled departure from my anticipated course, or something that makes it seem like something other than what it is. A failure on my part, plain and simple. I need some serious CBT.

“For every action, there's an infinity of outcomes. Countless trillions are possible, many milliards are likely, millions might be considered probable, several occur as possibilities to us as observers - and one comes true.”

I can sit around and lament the fact that I will probably rot to death in this God forsaken town or I can make some lemonade. Tomorrow, I have to talk to advising, financial aid and anyone else who will listen to me at QC. Keep asking questions and making deals until I have some reasonable expectations of what to expect.

1. Am I allowed to choose a new major and just keep going? It will be Math, just no nonsense Math.
2. How does that affect financial aid?
3. Do I have any alternatives right now?
4. Can I expect more financial aid in the fall?
5. Was my plan of living on campus just a pipe dream?
6. Has everybody been allowing me to indulge in this fantasy?
7. If so, why?
8. For fear that the truth would cause me to relapse?

I'm writing this post in fits and starts not because that helps me to organize my thoughts, but because it keeps me getting too agitated about the uncertainty that is as ever present as the cloud of doom that hangs over me. As my anxiety over this situation and as deadlines and expiration dates near this site will be my refuge.



On a more lively note, I had a very successful time teaching myself about matrices today. I studied the nomenclature, or the etymology, of matrices. I toyed with linear algebra, but haven't ventured beyond solving systems of equations. There is a special algebra for matrices and calculating the inverses for anything bigger than 3×3 matrix can be quite daunting. Nevertheless, I have the background that I wanted to revisit some of the differential equations solutions involving the Wronskian.

$$\begin{bmatrix} a & b & c \\ d & e & f \\ g & h & i \end{bmatrix} \cdot \begin{bmatrix} x \\ y \\ z \end{bmatrix} = \begin{bmatrix} \infty \\ \varpi \\ \chi \end{bmatrix}$$

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The LaTeX plugin apparently doesn't like the code for matrices. I'll have to work on that.

I have to reevaluate my options, or lack thereof, regarding my future plans. Not the least of which involves me freezing production on the newsletter - on account of the fact that ,y showcase article was supposed to be my farewell, so to speak. Now that it seems almost certain that I will not be going anywhere I need to drum up some new content. Maintaining my sobriety during these tumultuous times might make decent cover, hmmm...

Regardless, I have to set up a schedule and prioritize my next moves.

- Talk to QC financial aid. Wednesday at 9:00 I will be there (I just checked the website and it seems that they will be open at 8:00! Even better.
- Call Bridgewater State University financial aid to determine whether or not the award I can see on the student portal is the final award.
- Other steps have less urgency.
- However, I can't forget to reach out to Lesley University. If I'm going to be sticking around here for a while, Cambridge isn't such a bad place to be slumming it.

Trying not to get disheartened by all of this is a challenge. I discussed it a little bit with my new therapist today. It was our first meeting and we spent the time feeling each other out. I have to be cool, not seem overanxious to say the right thing or fit some sort of category. She is straight forward, personable and my first impression was decidedly positive.

This housing thing is just going to loom in front of me, like the fucking Colossus of Rhodes. Me, in my tiny boat, doesn't stand a chance before that gargantuan edifice. That reminds me of a science fiction fantasy writer named China Mieville. His work is original, broad and intelligent. Anyway, one book is called Kraken, while another, the Scar deals with attempts to recapture some terrifying Leviathan.

Wherever that thought was going it went without me. I got lost in my online searching for a suitable word to describe what I intended; of or pertaining to the staggering vastness of the empty ocean, or outer space. Any suggestions?

"Scars are not injuries... A scar is a healing. After injury, a scar is what makes

you whole.”

**I'm still not ready to address the Leviathan in the room
- where am I going to be living in September, or even
next month?**

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