

Sunday 6th 5:20 p.m.

Damn, I don't want to write today. I got out from bed sort of twisted; what I mean to say is, I got out of bed with the sort of instability that I have since forgotten and that is related to my arterial tension, that instability that had left me a month ago when I started taking the medication. Why has the pain returned despite my taking the medication? I don't know, at least unless it has to do with the times I take the medication. My doctor recommended I not take the pills in the early morning hours; instead, that I take them before midnight. And yet I don't take the pills at reasonable times, with the twelve hours of difference. I have planned to take the first one at eleven in the morning and the second at eleven at night. The problem is that at eleven in the morning I am never awake, and more likely I end up taking the first dose at two or three in the afternoon. The second dose I end up taking at eleven thirty, or twelve midnight, which means the next dose is spaced incorrectly: fifteen or sixteen hours later in fact; and this could be causing the problem. I shall see about going to bed earlier...hah

All right, well, in any case, my back still hurts and I don't want to write. In a little while Chl will come by (which is a whole other story, like Rosa Chacel often writes in her diary: "A story which should not to be told here," teasing me like some sort of cliffhanger); she will bring me a pea casserole, homemade. Chl prepares marvelous casseroles, but says this one hasn't come out as well as her others; something about the peas still being a little hard. I would have to eat in anyway, because it's been too long since I've had vegetables. I've been living off of meat (and tomato with garlic) for days now; a diet that doesn't bother me, only scares me a little.