

I went to Greece this summer for vacation however I found it lucklaster in comparisson to the muddy weather of London that makes my bones cold and my heart sink to depression.

I feel the need to withdraw from the world using the excuse of bad weather, fending of any attempt of resistance from my friends before my obvious depressive tedencies.

Greg tells me to go to a shrink but was content to just drag me to this god forsaken place of happiness full of sunlight and laughter.

He hopes the enviroment of Greece to work wonders on my crumbling heart and bring form within me a new person, ones that he likes

.I plan to escape his belevolent grasp and flee for a colder land, one I deserve to be in. One that will treat me like the piece of shit I acctually am, probanly Alaska.

This was supposed to be a litte paragraph to test my PDF Scanning document but in the end the spite and blackness of my heart spelt on this paper like a raging horde of Orks.

I definetly don't keep writing as a means to procrastination.