

All I know is September 7<sup>th</sup> - October 1<sup>st</sup> is going to be the roughest period of time for them, my 25<sup>th</sup> birthday is on September 17<sup>th</sup> and my brother's 23<sup>rd</sup> is September 11<sup>th</sup>. Then you obviously have Thanksgiving and Christmas in November/December. 2018 will be a little odd for them but I see them being normal again by mid-January 2018.

The best advice I'd have is to just pretend that I moved out. I mean be honest, in 2018 you were gonna hint/nudge me to do so. All I ask is for you to remember me as the spirit that I am, a deceased white female ghost. Play "Remember" and "Comeback Song" in memory of me at your future parties/family gatherings. I don't want you to remember me as that putrid lanky boy, it's not who I am nor who I was. You need to accept that and I know it's very hard, but that's that. I don't care if you never accept that or forever want to beat the ~~thing~~ dead shit out of me (although the dead don't shit so...), I'll never regret doing what I did. It was fate, and there's nothing you can do to change that.