

Anyways, I'm going to leave these final 5 months in Goddesses hands; whatever happens happens. What I do know is I need to carefully monitor my behavior around my mom. I want that gun within the next 4-8 weeks; I've come this far, I can't crack now, nor with E. I'm pretty good at hiding things. Hiding severe depression is no different than hiding dead bodies under your bed; no, I don't do that, morons. As I said, night shift has been the perfect mask because I hardly ever see my parents anymore. They have no clue how bad I really am in terms of spirit and depression. I don't cut myself either, so that's a plus. If you cut yourself then you're fucking retarded. You deserve to die. "It helps get the pain out" BULL-FUCKING-SHIT! You're unbelievable. Just end your life if you frequently cut yourself. You'll be happier, trust me. Just die.

I've had enough venting for a while. I'll be back tomorrow or Sunday night. Later,

-AB