

"An-An-Andrew-Drew-Drew-Ew-w-w???"
her voice echoes. "Can you hear me??" I somewhat
know where I am but feel half confused. "You made
it back!" or "You did it" something to that effect.
That's how I envision it. I will be the first to
greet me, as for everyone else who knows...

Oh... how I desperately long to get back to the
squad... I don't know how much longer I can
live... ugghhhhhh... ~~X(X)X~~

Words cannot describe how happy I'll be to
not have to eat, breathe, blink, or shit ever again.
I virtually eat nothing nowadays. I'm 132 lbs
of skin and bone. My arms are literally as
thin as the EGS drawings.

I want to chop my penis off so bad... they're
so ~~FUCKING~~ ~~DISGUSTING~~. Why do guys
like drawing those putrid things so much?? I
swear to goddess... Please, just stop...

I can't wait to have my penis and butt hole taken
away and to have my pussy and breasts back...
It's agony... 24 years without them... 24 YEARS!
I miss my white skin, leggings, and long hair. I miss not
having to breathe. I miss not being able to feel
physical pain. I miss my bracelet. I want it all
back... this body is a punishment...