

On a side note I'm picking up the shotgun on Saturday. It's a Mossberg 500 cruiser/persuader 12 gauge pump action shotgun with matte blue finish. It was black in the stock photo but whatever, I don't fucking care. I might even buy a second shotgun before September. I can't wait to shoot that beauty.

As each night passes I become more and more comfortable knowing I'll be dead in 5 months; 5 months tomorrow, can you believe it? I have zero worries about life anymore; nothing matters. With how my life is it doesn't take much convincing from Mackenzie to pull that trigger. She talks to me every night, every day.

I'm tired of waking up sleep deprived. I'm tired of working a dead end job 5/7 nights a week for 8 1/2 hours. I'm tired of eating. I'm tired of being pinned down by the laws and weight of this world. I'm tired of using the bathroom. I'm tired of breathing. I'm tired of having a penis. I'm tired of being a boy. I'm tired of depending on a clock to control my life. I'm tired of humans. I'm tired of having to shave my face, arms, and legs every 3-4 days. I'm ready to die.....