

It's a very strange feeling going through life knowing you're gonna be dead in September. Even the subtlest every-night tasks feel different. I haven't really had my conscience scream second thoughts at me; all it takes is one look at Mackenzie, Rachael, Froggy, or Sonata Dusk and I'm fine. The first like "oh shit, I'll be dead by then" moment happened yesterday. The "My Little Pony" movie is out in theaters in October, and I'll be dead. If my confidence is strong enough I firmly believe the dead can return to Earth. I have to see that movie... I find a way back, you can count on it. I mean honestly I'd prefer another Equestria Girls film but hey, I'm pumped as fuck. Even dead I'll do my best to see it.

The ultimate punch to the gut would be if the Cowboys win Super Bowl 52. They won in 1992 when I was born, 1993, and 1995, all well before I was even in control and aware of my body. I've completely lost interest in the NFL nowadays (the last 2 seasons). Just watch, this year or next year haha that'd blow.