

As I said in the recordings, I'm getting bored of it now. I think I'm done practicing. It's time for the real deal. 11 more nights in that's it. It's so weird knowing you're gonna be dead in a week and a half. You interpret the subtlest things so differently.

I'm ready. and I know my heart's gonna be racing around midnight that night. but all it takes is a brief moment of thought of the EGS and I'm ready to go. I've played everyone perfectly up to this point; they don't suspect a thing. I'm probably going to have to insert some animatics into the massacre video because I'm just at the point now where I just don't care anymore. Laura hasn't even emailed me since Tuesday, and she said she was gonna try and get the rest of the Mies to me that evening. Sure, a big surprise. Whatever, I like Laura so it's okay. but dammit, I'm up against the clock here.

I listen to my suicide tapes every night at work, even more than music now (when I'm there). I like hearing myself talk, one thing I do a lot is go into excruciating detail on things, but the reason for that is so you know exactly what it's I'm talking about took place (because I'll be dead and won't be able to answer your questions about it). That's why I go so in-depth with details, I've always done that for that very reason. I knew in 2012 I'd be dead by 2018.