

If I find the key, it changes everything. Imagine putting 2-3 in a shopping cart and pushing it towards someone and shooting it with a slug. KABOOM! Flesh wounds for everyone! I'm not holding my breath but I'm 75% sure that key is in there. I have a set of keys but there's no way that key is on there. Either way, the floor guy has a propane tank. Let's hope the fucker fits it.

I'm not fuckin' around; I'm going in and doing my shift for 5-10 mins and getting the hell out of this retarded fucking world. I almost don't even care about blocking all the exits. Way I see it, Victoria and Christen die, Brian and Terry get out. Whatever happens, happens; but I ain't leaving this world without bringing someone down with me... someone's gotta die.

It's sheer agony counting down the days. Each day feels slower than the last. I'm beyond ready. Life's like opening up a present the size of a big screen TV and finding a pebble at the base of it. All I ever expect is to have so much more. I'm as stressed as much as I've ever been in my life right now. I keep saying it's as if there's this dark and excruciating tightness in my chest. It's agony. Just.

FUCK! -AB