

There's still that 10% chance of just killing myself in my room. We'll see what happens over the summer. If I change my mind, big fuckin' whoop. I just wanna die, that's all I truly care about. I change my mind so fucking much.

All that matters now is finishing the massage video and getting everything essential uploaded to medafire for the "death set." I might even pull the plug early at this rate; I just don't fucking care anymore. As long as the first portion is decent. But the other half of me wants to make it fucking badass and abstract. As much as I don't care, I can't quit. It's the last production I'll ever do; it's gotta be good. We'll just see how summer goes.

July 7th is the earliest I'd consider dying. I have a vacation in June so that'll give me a week to crank out stuff. The second half of the video will probably be weaker but so what. I'm one girl, I did what I could. People will appreciate it nonetheless.

I swear around 85% of my thoughts are about death at all hours of the night and day.

Anyways, I'm gonna get to bed. I hope M's in my dreams. I don't understand it; she'll talk to me or I'll look/think of her all night, yet she's never really once been in my dreams. I don't fucking get it.

-AIB