

I've been envisioning it all for around 7-8 years. So many times in late elementary / middle school I'd pray for the planes I travelled on to crash (vacations). Plane crashes are virtually insta-death. It never happened. I didn't want to go back to school or back to work. I wanted to die.

I used to believe in heaven, God, Jesus, and all that shit, until I graduated high school.

Ehhh... more like 11<sup>th</sup> grade... once I realized how the world "works", I would either daydream in class about YouTube videos, girls, or death.

To this day those are still my big three's at 24.

It never gets boring; life gets boring. This body is beyond boring. Humans are beyond boring.

Just be thankful I don't experiment with drugs. I've always wanted to try LSD but it'd be the death of me, hands down. Could you imagine me on acid? Good... lord... Besides

~~and~~ alcohol and cigarettes the only drug I've done is weed, and I barely felt anything.

I did it two or three times. It's so overrated.

I'm not a fan of injection so heroin's out.