

I can't wait to finally not hear you lecture me for once about responsibility, money, car shit, and jobs. How does it feel knowing money can't keep a family together? How does it feel knowing you wasted a shitload of money on giving me an education? What are you gonna do now, Bob? Huh? What are you gonna do now to keep the three of you remaining afloat? What's your plan? I got news for ya, it's nowhere near your time; you're gonna suffer for at least a decade and a half over this, and I'll enjoy every nerve-racking minute of it. You'll retire at 65 as a supermarket manager, some profession. Why would you spend the bulk of your life in that worthless profession? I wanted to put a bullet in my head after 10-11 months there, let alone 30+ years.

I've debated the living hell about shooting up that Tinkhammock store. I could totally do it but I don't wanna die there. That's the only thing holding me back. No matter what someone would die; it's fucking night shift. No one would see me walk in with that shotgun.