

Fuck, Fuck, Fuck! Running out of pages. Gotta wait until Monday night to get a second journal; forgot last night. ~~XC~~ It's such a weird feeling. Knowing I'll finally be dead and gone in September. There's no fears, no worries, no remorse, no regrets, no future. Like it's as if the light switch was turned off. I can't see 2018. All I see is Mackenzie, Ember, and the ghost squad. Mackenzie always comforts me and talks to me throughout the night and day. She's been the final missing piece of the puzzle besides Columbo. I love her more than anything. I'd rather spend eternity with her than anyone on this putrid planet. Girls on this planet are all the same, "impossible". Dead girls are perfect. There's no contest.

I just can't get the thought of putting that shotgun in my mouth off my mind. It's just so crazy knowing I could end it all right this very second. I'm on borrowed time right now. I know this summer's gonna fly by and then I'll be staring death in the face. It's going to be crazy. There's still a lot to do but I'm making it happen. That's all for now. Gotta get some sleep. I can at least briefly escape life in my dreams.

-AB