

The list goes on and on. Option 4 and 5 are the prime options. I can't have both. I've wanted to murder people for at least 8 years. If I'm able to steadily control that shotgun without the stock then game on, 75% sure anyways. I change my mind more than girls touch their hair. Anything's possible; I'll keep an open mind. I flip flop ideas constantly. All I know is I won't be alive come October 2017.

There are two types of dead people; one are the ones who shine and glow like ~~clear~~ clear sunny skies on a warm summer day, the other, dark, sinister, macabre, spirits only existing in darkness and illuminated by moonlight. I fall into the second type. I can't wait to be a ghost. I've dreamed of it for 2 decades, and it'll finally be a reality. I'll be with Mackenzie, my true love. Gone will be the retarded "social standards" and laws of the living, in wru be the carefree and freedom of the dead. It won't be long now...

