

Saturday, May 20th, 2017

I don't want to eat anymore; I'm tired of it all. I've had it all. I don't crave anything anymore. I virtually live off of trail mix granola bars, water, pretzels, and Taco Bell/Wendy's. I don't wanna eat anymore yet my body wants it every few hours. I'm 133 lbs; been that weight for years. I don't wanna put on weight either. I wanna lose it. losing weight would be catastrophic at this point. I have 17 days to live.

My boss (Brian) has had enough of night shift; it's literally just the two of us and Sam. I feel bad vibes leaning towards him quitting before June 7th. Ohhh please just rough it, Brian. You want a change, you'll have your change. I can assure you that.

Assuming he survives I can almost guarantee he'll quit. I wonder how long the store will be closed for. knowing how fucking greedy Wells is they'll reopen the following day. I wanna trash the fucking place.

Outside on the patio theres a cage full of propane tanks. I'm gonna dig through the manager's desk and see if I can find the key for the lock. If I can, it'll be mass devastation. There's around 8-12 tanks in there. The key's gotta be in that desk somewhere. It'll be a lot of trial and error but I'm gonna try tonight on my break.