

Sunday, April 16th, 2017

Shotguns... shotguns everywhere, man... Had a dream yesterday where my shotgun got taken away by the police because a guy reported me for laughing in my car on the highway... umm... What the fuck? All that's on my mind anymore is Shotguns, dying, and blood. It's constant suicidal and homicidal ideation. It's as if I can feel myself dying from the shot, or rather "seeing" it.

As the days pass the more anxious I get to do it. The nervousness has drastically declined while ~~the~~ desire has increased. I've had so many Columbine related dreams that I've lost track (this year). I had one where I either fell out of the sky to my death or shot myself (can't remember) but I was laying dead in my backyard; the sun was shining brightly, and cops approached my corpse. I was dead but ~~still~~ in my body and could see them from my eyes. It was like they were examining and discussing my dead body like how Eric and Dylan's bodies were photographed in the library suicide photo.

I think I had a VERY vivid one where I was hiding under one of the Columbine library tables during the shooting, not 100% positive on that though. The long and just of it is I've had so many dark, brutal, and disturbing vivid dreams this year; and I like it.