

Monday, June 5th, 2017

This will be my last entry... I need to finish up everything and get it an uploaded by tomorrow afternoon. Laura fucking screwed me over with Rachael's voice over; still missing the rhyming portion. Pucker hasn't emailed me back for over 12 days. She's fucking dead. 2 1/2 months of being patient and you fuck me over like that?!! Drop fucking dead...

I'm so ready to die. Two more full nights and that's it. I've officially accepted that Wednesday night will be the death of me. Everything around me seems to have faded away. It's felt as if I'm the last soul alive on this planet for the last week... I see people but they feel like an illusion. I've never felt so distant from society... and I love it. Nothing feels the same anymore; my perspectives on everything are different.

I wish I started writing this journal back in 2013... so many things have changed... I've never felt so close to returning back to my spiritual body... the girl in me is clawing to get out. 62 more hours... that's the only thing standing in my way... I can almost feel Mackenzie holding me in her arms...